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# The American Magazine

25 Cents; \$2.50 a Year



VOLUME XCV

January, 1923, through June, 1923

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY

381 Fourth Avenue

NEW YORK

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VOLUME XCV—JANUARY, 1923, THROUGH JUNE, 1923

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JOHN M. SIDDALL, Editor

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

George D. Buckley, President; Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President; Thomas H. Beck, Vice President; J. E. Miller, Vice President;  
A. D. Mayo, Secretary; A. E. Winger, Treasurer

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., and Harrisburg, Pa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.  
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# IVORY<sup>SOAP</sup> FLAKES

*Makes dainty clothes last longer*





# Teach Me, My Dog!

*By Booth Tarkington*

ON MY thirteenth Christmas someone gave me a little old-fashioned "quotation book," and at intervals during the next year I made autobiographical entries in it. One of them must have been written on an overcast day in October, but there was a real pang in part of it, for I still have the scar. "It has been a terrible year," I wrote. "Fritz died on the fourth of September. He was the noblest, bravest, truest, and faithfullest dog that ever lived. Yes, poor Fritz is dead and so are the two Stimson boys. Also, Mrs. M. L. Crosby and President Garfield." But this was an order of precedence that came from the heart of one whose first intelligibly spoken words were addressed to a little dog: "Hyuh, Jock!"

James Whitcomb Riley used to tell a story of two boyhood friends of his: they were brothers; someone had given them a pup and each of them claimed exclusive ownership. The dispute was so hot and the problem involved appeared to be so insoluble, that at last the claimants decided to place themselves in the hands of a court of their contemporaries. The verdict of the boy-jury was that the pup was "both their dog," and this was accepted as satisfactory. Nevertheless, it has always seemed to me that the boys belonged to the pup as much as the pup belonged to the boys. They were bound by their hearts to serve him even more than he, with the best will in the world, could serve them. Since he was their dog, they must feed and shelter him, attend upon him and cure him in his illnesses; they must keep him from sorrow, bathe him and help him with his fleas, and be ever ready to rush to his aid when he warned them that he was in danger or in pain.

The point of ownership is thus seen as somewhat subtle, and suggests the general

question: Does anybody really own a dog?

Of course such a question at once spreads itself out into that more general one: Does anybody really own anything? We do not need to die, nor even to read "Hamlet," in order to discover that we have been but temporary tenants of our very bodies, as we have of our garments;

and when a communist accuses a millionaire of owning a country place the very trees shake with mockery of both of them. No, I think we do not own our dogs, although it is proper for us to speak of them as ours; and I well may say "my dog," just as I say "my friend." My dog and I have certain mutual privileges—or obligations, if you choose—of service and affection; and thus simply we arrive at an ideal relationship. There will never be a dog soviet.

The strangest thing about this relationship between a man and his dog is the profound difference between the parties to it. They are congenial; they are intimate; they commune sentimentally, perhaps even spiritually; they often impart to each other their moods; and they are able to communicate in a language with and without words—yet there exists between them that "abyss between the species" of which Maeterlinck speaks in his touching and incomparable essay on dogs. Man and dog, in spite of their deep intimacy, have each of them their secrets, unfathomable by the other; but my dog has the advantage of me here. He is not curious about my secrets, though they may trouble him—as when I inexplicably close a door between us—but I often puzzle myself about his mysteries, and spend time fruitlessly in trying to unravel them. In fact, one mild secret belonging to a little dog, a rather Scotch terrier, has puzzled me for more than twenty years.

He arrived with his mistress one night at a cottage near the border of a lake, and could have had but the vaguest idea of his whereabouts. He had left his city home that afternoon in a carriage; had spent some hours in a baggage car; had been transferred to a steamboat after nightfall; crossed the lake thus to a pier, walked up the pier and through a little grove of trees to a cottage—all of this experience being on the leash and wholly

## The Most Wonderful Dog I Have Ever Known

### Prize Contest Announcement

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S appealing tribute to his canine friends will arouse responsive emotions and memories in your own mind.

While you are still under the magic of Mr. Tarkington's article, tell us about the most wonderful dog *you* have ever known. What were the characteristics or qualities that impressed you so greatly? How did he show his wisdom, or devotion, or powers of perception? Tell us all about it, letting your narrative take the form of definite anecdotes.

For the best letter of not more than 400 words we offer these prizes: \$20, first prize; \$15, second prize; \$5, third prize. Competition closes January 20th. Winning letters will appear in the April number.

Address Contest Editor, The American Magazine, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest cannot be returned, so make a copy of your contest letter if you want to preserve it. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

the hair of our heads is swept from the barber-shop floor; the surgeon and the dentist lightly forget what has become of other bits of us; and we are always three-fourths water, evaporating rapidly. What is left to the man forty years old of the body he had as a youth of twenty?

A tramp is wearing "my" old overcoat, and for a little while (until the ragman gets it) he thinks of it as "his" overcoat;





PHOTO BY ARTHUR H. HALL, INDIANAPOLIS

BOOTH TARKINGTON AND "WOP"

**H**ERE are Booth Tarkington and "Wop," the black Florentine poodle dog to which the famous Indianan pays a touching tribute in this article. Mr. Tarkington is the outstanding figure among living American writers. Recently he won, for the second time in four years, the Pulitzer prize for the most distinguished novel of the year. Almost simultaneous with this award, readers of the "Literary Digest" voted him the greatest American author, and in a poll conducted by the New York "Times" he was included in the list of the greatest ten Americans. No other literary man appeared on the list. Both as a novelist and as a playwright Mr. Tarkington has a long record of great successes. Among his novels are: "Gentle Julia," "The Gentleman from Indiana," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Cherry," "The Conquest of Canaan," "His Own People," "Penrod," "The Turmoil," "Seventeen," "The Magnificent Ambersons," "Ramsey Milholland," and "Alice Adams," the book that won for him the most recent award of the Pulitzer prize. His plays include "The Man from Home," "Monsieur Beaucaire," "Mister Antonio," "The Country Cousin," "Clarence," "The Wren," and "The Intimate Strangers." Mr. Tarkington is fifty-three years old. He was born and always has lived in Indiana.

unfamiliar to him, as he had never before been out of the city where he was born.

I was staying at the cottage, and, having an errand to the village across the lake, the next morning, I set a signal upon the pier to warn the steamer to stop for me, and noticed that Robin, the terrier, was of a mind to accompany me. As I had his acquaintance in the city and he sometimes walked with me there, I thought it pleasant to accede to his wish for this excursion and so, when the steamer came, I invited him aboard with me.

We crossed the lake, disembarked and went to a drug store in the village, but

there I thought best to leave Robin outside the screen door; for a cat could be seen within, cosily arching herself to make the rung of a chair caress her; and Robin's lifelong inimical convictions about cats were already known to me. Therefore, I told him to wait for me, and went in alone.

When I came out, five minutes later, I was disturbed to find only a dusty village street lying placid in the sun and devoid of any visible animal life—Robin had departed. I returned in haste to the steamboat landing, calling and whistling as I went; I hurried up and down, making

that townlet resound with his name, but Robin continued to be elsewhere and I began to be dismayed. For he was a city house dog; he had no experience of open country or lakes or woods; one direction would certainly seem to him as good as another, and the cottage in which he and I were visitors was deep in a grove of trees, miles away, across the lake.

No one in the village had seen him; no one arriving by the roads that led from the village had encountered him upon the highway; and after an hour of searching and questioning I found myself in a low state of mind indeed; for naturally I was distressed about Robin myself, and almost the last thing anybody cares to do is to lose somebody else's dog.

**F**INALLY, I went to the office of the village newspaper, and there found three men and a boy warmly engaged in the printing of that week's issue on a large hand-press. "I'm too late," I said regretfully, turning back to the door, but the oldest of the three men stopped work, and came toward me genially.

"Too late for what?" he inquired.

"I wanted to put an advertisement in your paper. I'm sorry to see you're already on the press."

"An advertisement?" he said. "You write her out and she'll go in. I'm the editor."

"But I wanted my advertisement to go in this issue."

"She will," he said. "We ain't turned out only seven or eight copies."

I sat at his desk, and he and his assistants looked over my shoulder as I wrote:

Lost! Near Lowe's Drug Store on Tuesday morning, a small Scotch Terrier, mixed; white with brown spots; answers to name of Robin. Return this dog, or bring information that will lead to his return, to Woodland Cottage near Kewonah Landing. \$10.00 Reward.

"Ten dollars?" said the editor. "Well, I don't know as there's any such a terrible rush to get this paper out right now!" And he and his staff immediately went forth to look for Robin.

Other inhabitants were already engaged in the search, and more joined them. They brought me all the dogs they could find, while certain boy optimists, who had been carefully instructed upon Robin's appearance, came hopefully tugging along with them large dogs as well as small, and were disappointed when I could not in good conscience declare an Irish setter or a "part collie" pup to be the terrier for whose sake I had declared myself ready to part with ten dollars. But of his veritable self there was never a word to give me hope, and at last I went aboard the steamboat and departed, leaving the village still busy.

As I approached the cottage from the pier, revolving in a downcast mind how I could best break the news to Robin's mistress, I saw that the veranda of the cottage supported only empty chairs and hammocks; hostess and visitors were either indoors or away, and I sighed a shamed sigh of relief for the respite—and then, coming closer, stared incredulously. For there sat upon the veranda steps a small, complacent figure—that of one who knew himself to be established and at home upon those steps, and had nothing in the world to agitate him.

"Robin!" I shouted.



He approached me genially, but inquiringly. "Why the commotion?" he asked unmistakably.

"See here!" I said. "When I went into the village drug store you simply turned about and came back to the cottage; but that is a thing manifestly impossible for you to do. In the first place you couldn't have known which road would take you 'round the lake; in the second place, if you did find that road by some freakish chance, you couldn't tell which lane would bring you from the road to this cottage; in the third place, you couldn't have followed the edge of the lake itself, because there are insurmountable obstacles; in the fourth place, it's obvious you didn't swim; and, in the fifth place, and all the rest of the places, your entire performance is incredible. So what I want to know is, *How* did you do it?"

"I don't seem to get the drift of your conversation," he remarked, looking somewhat bored, and returned to the veranda steps.

Inquiries addressed to human beings developed for me the fact that he had trotted into the cottage about half an

hour after he had left me at the drug store. He was calm, casual, and neither dusty nor wet.

He was two years old, and of course a human being three times his age could not have done what he had done. And he kept to himself the mystery of how he did it. I suppose that even if he had possessed a human voice, he could not have explained, because the question was "too simple." If you ask a person, "*How* do you walk?" he may reply, in some surprise, "Why, with my feet!" Probably Robin would have made that same reply, in spite of the obvious fact that he did it with his head.

AT HIS home in the city Robin would sit upon the front lawn, observing with an air of meditation the passing traffic of the street. I have watched him as he sat thus, a tiny figure of comedy, alone on the broad space of green, and I have tried to follow his thoughts. "Rather a dull day," he might be saying to himself. "I wonder if we couldn't liven things up around here."

Just across the street lived a brother of

his, Princeton, called Prince, "for short," and Robin, having decided to brighten up the neighborhood a little, would rise and go to see if Prince sympathized with the idea. They would exchange amiable greetings in Prince's yard, and then Robin would obviously offer the suggestion "Let's drive everything off the street!"

Immediately assuming in simultaneous perfect accord a manner of ravening frenzy, they would charge into the highway and attack every passing vehicle. "How dare you!" they would shriek. "How dare you roll your wheels over our asphalt? Out of here with you! Out! Out! Out!"

That is what a dog says when he charges your automobile; he is indignantly ordering you off for trespass, and his words are usually "Get out! Out! Out! Out of our street!" Of course, though, like Robin and Prince, some dogs only pretend to be in a rage and do the thing for their own amusement; because they know well enough that the vehicles will come and go in spite of them. Nevertheless, there are numbers of serious little dogs who are always (Continued on page 58)

## Sid Says:

*Take a seat, mister—the Almighty will see you presently*

A SUBSCRIBER writes—"Give us a New Year's editorial that will tell us what this earthly struggle is for. Sometimes I think it is a lot of foolishness. Why work and thrash around, when the end of it is death, which comes soon?"

Some question! And why pick on me for an answer? I can't solve the riddle any more than you can. But here is a thought, old as the hills, maybe freshly expressed:

This world looks to me like the anteroom to an office. We are shoved into it and told to wait our turn. At the call of death each one of us passes through the door, to face we know not what.

Now you don't have to know anything about the next world in order to know about anterooms. We have all sat in them by the hour—at the banker's, the lawyer's, the doctor's, the customer's. And we all know that it is a dreadful bore unless we have something to do. So, as we sit, we read anything we can lay our hands on, or think as hard as we can, or take a pencil and paper and make notes of things to do and how to do them. In other words, we busy ourselves if we can. And—miracle of miracles—two wonderful things happen! One is that the time passes more pleasantly while we are waiting; and the other is that when we get inside, the business we have come to transact is better attended to than if we had spent the waiting time idly loafing. We are better prepared by work than by idleness.

Now, this is a very simple, a very ordinary statement—but it is all that I see in it. We are in the Almighty's anteroom. We don't know what He wants to see us

about; but while we wait we shall be far happier if we work as hard as we can at the job of developing all our talents. And out of that development we shall be better prepared for the interview that is ahead of us. Nobody has any use for a dead, inactive, lazy mind—and I can't imagine that the Almighty has.

This is all I know and all I can say on the subject; but I can't resist putting down the briefest little account of one of the busiest men I ever saw in the Almighty's waiting-room. I refer to the late Lord Northcliffe, who died a few months ago at fifty-seven, having come from nothing to the ownership of a hundred newspapers and periodicals, and a place of stupendous power—as we poor little human beings look upon power. I saw Northcliffe in a New York hotel at the end of a hot day and had an hour's business with him. During the morning and afternoon he had had personal interviews with one hundred people! I saw him from seven until eight in the evening—the last night he was ever in New York. When I left at eight the man had had no dinner—yet he plunged into another business interview just as I walked out of the door. Perhaps you will think that he was overdoing it—this matter of keeping busy. I suppose that he did overdo it, but of all the active-minded, interested, up-and-coming human beings I ever saw, Northcliffe, I think, took the prize. I don't know what use the Almighty may have for him, but I can assure you that if any questions are asked, Northcliffe will have something to say! He certainly kept stepping while confined to the waiting-room. And it was best for him that he did—just as it is best for you and for me—according to our strength and capacity.



"No," said Jerry quickly, "you must decide yourself. . . . If in your heart of hearts you feel that the change will make you happier, you must make it. I only ask that you think it over another week"



# The Wife Who Wondered if She Could Leave Her Husband

A story

By Christine Whiting Parmenter

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE L. BENSON

MARGARET MASON closed the door on her departing callers, and going to the window watched them walk down the street in their smartly tailored suits. They were the Brimmers, old friends whom she hadn't seen for months.

Sarah was a teacher in a girls' school, and Caroline had married the History professor at the college. Their talk had been of college days and old times, but, although they had kissed her good-by effusively, Margaret felt a subtle pity in their manner which vaguely hurt her.

"Hadh't she led them both in college?" she thought vindictively.

Neither of them had won the honors she had; yet, because she was married and still teaching, they pitied her.

As they turned the corner, she sighed, and cast a discouraged glance about her living-room. There was an air of fastidiousness about the Brimmers that brought to light all its shabby makeshifts; and it was most unfortunate that her neighbors in the apartment below were cooking cabbage. Margaret had remarked upon it, laughingly, but her laugh had fallen a little flat, and even her dainty tea tray could not cover the aroma from below.

Now that she was alone again the odor seemed to choke her, and opening wide the windows she went into the kitchen to peel potatoes for Jerry's supper. She slashed at them savagely, with an extravagance that would have shocked her in saner moments. The water crept into a half-healed crack in one of her fingers and she winced at the smart, wondering discouragedly if it was all worth while—this eternal dish washing and scrubbing. Had she followed in Sarah Brimmer's footsteps, she, too, might be teaching in a fashionable school; or like Caroline, she might have married—

Suddenly the drift of her thoughts appalled her. Never, in her inmost heart, had she allowed herself to criticize her husband. It was *she* who had insisted on continuing her teaching, much against Jerry's will. Should she blame him, because as time went on he had become accustomed to it? For a long time he had made no protest against a state of things that now seemed permanent; yet she sometimes thought that, had she given in to Jerry at the first, he would have managed to fend for two.

Even had they had children they would have got on somehow. People *did*. They had been married for six years, and for some time Margaret had realized that the long hours, and coming back to a dusty

apartment to get supper, were beginning to tell upon her nerves. She hated the shabby cretonne cushions in her wicker chairs. She *loathed* the Bagdad couch cover, its stripes forever gaping because she was too tired to mend them.

Why on earth, she thought angrily, hadn't they bought something that wouldn't rip?

Her thoughts went back to the day they had bought the couch cover. The salesman had tried to beguile them with one of soft blue velvet, which Jerry said just matched her eyes. Margaret had surveyed it longingly. Had the salesman known *how* longingly he might have pressed the matter—but Jerry knew. He had carried the Bagdad home under his arm, and when she had arranged it to the last cushion, he took her unexpectedly into his arms, and kissed her.

"Bagdad rugs and Mission furniture," he said regretfully, "when you were made for old mahogany and velvet. It makes me feel like a sinner! But some day, dear, when the invention is perfected and our ship comes in—well—my first purchase will be that velvet couch cover."

THAT was five years ago, and the "invention" over which Jerry still tinkered at the electric company's workrooms, was as far from completion as ever. Margaret didn't understand just what it was, but she knew that, once perfected, it would save innumerable moments in a telephone exchange.

It had been a long time now since Jerry had even mentioned it. Perhaps his dreams and ambitions had been strangled by the incessant struggle for bread and butter. It came to her with a sinking heart that Jerry wasn't making good. She wondered if ten years hence she would still be mending the hateful Bagdad.

The thought brought tears, that fell unheeded over the potatoes. Margaret tried unsuccessfully to obliterate their stains before Jerry should arrive—dreading his questions. For Jerry was sensitive, and might not understand why this call from her old friends had left her so discouraged, and she mustn't hurt him.

But—strangely and un-Jerry-like, the questions did not come. He greeted her in an offhand manner that was unusual—spoke of the cold house, and she explained about the cabbage; and when he asked what she'd been doing, she replied with studied carelessness that the Brimmer girls had called.

"Those two aristocratic icebergs?" he asked; then added a hasty and surprising apology for criticizing her friends.

"They're no special friends of mine," Margaret retorted.

"Why, in college—" began Jerry; but she interrupted.

"College, my dear, was a long, long time ago." And her husband, after one furtive glance, was silent.

In the days that followed, Margaret felt that something intangible had crept between them. Jerry was often late to supper, and more often didn't come home till after Margaret was in bed. It was extra work, he explained once. He was sorry to leave her so much alone, but it was only temporary. And she must get someone to help her clean on Saturdays.

"You look tired, Margaret, and I can't stand it."

His voice was strained. He seemed "on edge," Jerry, whose sunny nature she had always leaned on. As the weeks passed all the happy-go-lucky charm of him was clouded. He seemed morose and moody. Then, just as Margaret felt she couldn't endure the strain another day, came an astonishing offer from Sarah Brimmer.

Sarah had been made principal of a girls' boarding-school on the Hudson. An English teacher was needed, and she offered the place to Margaret at a salary which seemed unbelievable. It would enable her to dress as well as Sarah Brimmer. There would be no more dish washing and weekly cleanings. She could even save something for her old age; but—it meant giving up her home. Jerry would have to board, and she would see him only on vacations. Yet, if they made the sacrifice for a few years—

The vision dazzled her. She was to let Sarah know on Saturday—to-day, and she still lacked the courage to talk with Jerry.

SHE would have spoken that morning, but he said he'd be home to supper, and in cowardly fashion she had put it off. Then came supper, and Jerry—her *old* Jerry whom she had almost forgotten, who whistled as he brought in the supper and, once seated, got up again to kiss her. How *could* she tell him? Yet it couldn't be put off longer, and with dessert she made the plunge.

Jerry listened quietly, but as she talked she felt the invisible wall rise up between them. He pushed his dessert away untasted, and looked at her intently:

"You want to do it?"

"I want—to do what's best for both of us," said Margaret breathlessly. "You see, I'd have no expenses except my clothes; and I can never hope for anything else as good. We could afford to spend vacations at decent places, or—or travel—"



"On your money?" cut in Jerry shortly.

"Is there any difference in my paying the butcher, or a hotel bill?" she retorted; then, as he winced, she left her chair to put an impulsive arm about his shoulders.

"Please, please forgive me," she pleaded gently. "You know, don't you, that I've been glad to do my share? I've wanted to. But I'm so tired of having nothing the way I like it. How can I keep house properly? And when I come home to this dusty place it makes me sick! We might try it for a year. It would be a relief just not to mend that Bagdad for a while," she added lightly.

JERRY stood up, facing her. "When do you go?" he asked.

"I sha'n't go at all unless you wish it."

"And you expect me to decide a thing like that?"

"I thought we'd decide it together."

"No," said Jerry quickly, "you must decide yourself. I've led you a wretched life, and you're not to consider me in your decision. I'll manage somehow. If in your heart of hearts you feel that the change will make you happier, you must make it. I only ask that you think it over another week."

He started hastily to clear the table. Margaret, watching him, realized suddenly how much he helped her; but he refused to discuss her plans again, and in the days that followed he wore an air of cheer that hurt her. She wondered if he didn't care.

It was a wretched week; a week of indecision and changing plans. Monday was all uncertainty; but Tuesday, when Jerry departed

whistling, she decided, as she fought for a seat in a crowded car, that she had had enough of it, and that her absence would make no difference to her husband, anyway. She was blue, and school went badly. Two boys had to be kept in, and it was late when she reached home. She was thinking, as she climbed the narrow stairs, that she was too tired to get supper, when the door opened on Jerry, dust cloth in hand.

"Had to come up-town on business," he explained. "It was too late to go back, so I've been dusting. The potatoes are cooking and the table's set. If they fire me at the electric company will you give me a job as housemaid?"

It was impossible not to give an answering smile, or feel a sense of cheer as he kissed her and took her coat.

"I'll get supper," he continued. "You're all used up." And before she could protest he had deposited her on the hated Bagdad and covered her warmly. "Now, don't you stir till I come back. I'm going out to buy some chops."

"There's some left-over stew," she began feebly, when he interrupted: "There is not. I gave it to the cat. Don't look so horrified, honey. This is my treat."

When he had gone a wave of homesickness swept over Margaret at the thought of leaving him. Jerry, himself again, was so dear. She wondered what had caused those weeks of moodiness, and if his cheerful manner was to hide his anxiety about her decision. Her tired eyes closed drowsily, and Jerry had to wake her when supper was on the table.

Late that night, as she lay with her cheek pressed against her husband's arm, she told herself that she couldn't leave him; but in the morning things looked different: It was storming. Her rubbers leaked, and her rain coat was so shabby she was ashamed to wear it. Jerry, too, had lost the cheer that charmed her. They left the house together, that he might hold her umbrella against the wind, and parted breathlessly at the subway entrance.

Jerry didn't come home to supper



When she came from the bathroom to find him sewing a button on his pajama jacket, a queer, uncomfortable feeling crept over her

and Margaret was glad of his absence. It gave her time to weigh things without bias. The rain had changed to sleet, and she shivered at the thought of her early morning start. Those dreadful early starts! There would be an end to them if she accepted Sarah's offer. It was absurd to hesitate. Surely, Jerry could endure the separation for a year; and she would be able to give him things—things he'd wanted for ages. There! Her mind was made up; but she needn't tell Jerry until Saturday. She felt almost lighthearted as she went to the kitchen to make a cup of chocolate against his late return.

Her exaltation lasted even through the early start next morning and the long school day. It lasted while she got supper and pressed the skirt

she'd been wearing in the dampness. She wouldn't always be pressing skirts, she thought relievedly. She even planned recklessly about the wardrobe she would purchase.

Now, if Jerry would only keep on being cheerful—

He did. On Friday, when her new-found courage was again weakening, he came home whistling, and kept the conversation going in a manner that left Margaret breathless. It struck her, as they were getting ready for the night, that his cheerfulness was a little overdone. When she came from the bathroom to find him sewing a button on his pajama jacket, a queer, uncomfortable feeling crept over her.

"Why didn't you call me?" she asked, almost angrily.

"Might as well get used to jobs like this," he answered, still cheerful.

AFTERWARD, when Jerry was asleep, she lay with eyes wide open, staring at the darkness. It was a shame that he should have taken that special time to fix a button! But she mustn't let it upset her. Absence was said to make the heart grow fonder, and didn't she owe something to herself after all these years? If that uneasy feeling would only pass away—

Then with morning came courage—

Saturday morning, with no sense of hurry. The storm had passed. The world was frosty and beautiful. Margaret hummed as she got the breakfast, and decided that sentiment shouldn't run away with her again; but—she would wait till evening to tell Jerry. When she kissed him good-by her mind was firmly settled. She would call Sarah up at noon. Then—strangely—her thoughts reverted to—the button!

It was a busy morning. Margaret went through her slender wardrobe, making neat piles of things to be repaired. Later, she remembered a sweater that needed darning, and going to the storeroom found that Jerry, hunting a pair of gloves, had left a trunk open. She was about to close it when her eyes fell upon a little book, a diary. It must have dropped from Jerry's pocket. She carried it into the warmer room and glanced idly at its contents. It seemed to be specifications of some kind, and sketches—something connected with his work. Then her own name attracted her and she read: "Margaret looks tired. Poor kid! She would have been better off had we never married, but I pray she never finds it out."

Margaret sat down, suddenly. That didn't sound like Jerry. It—it wasn't cheerful. She turned another page: "My

dear girl's birthday, and I can't give her a darn thing. I hope she knows how much I love her. When our ship comes in—"

Here the writing ceased, as if he'd been interrupted. Margaret read the words again. "I hope she knows how much I love her."

Her eyes filled suddenly. She turned more pages—figures mostly, then, only a week back: "And I thought life had already disciplined me thoroughly! Do all dreams come true too late? If I should lose her—" The rest was erased, and underneath in a black scrawl: "Cut it out! Be a sport, can't you? Cheer up!"

That was Jerry! Margaret laughed, even as she cried. Oh, he *was* a sport! He had been one through all this dreadful week. She saw it now in a dozen things that had escaped her notice at the time.

SHE laid the little book down gently, realizing with a sudden lightening of her heart, that her way was clear. Of course she would stay with Jerry!—not from duty, but because she couldn't leave him. All else was secondary: shabby raiment, discouragement, the disillusionment that comes with ripening years were all as nothing, compared with the really big thing that was theirs. The straight road was not always the easy road perhaps; but she had found her way. She felt no shadow of indecision or regret as she went to the telephone to call up Sarah Brimmer.

Jerry was late to supper. Margaret heard his latchkey and called cheerfully from the kitchen. When he joined her some minutes later she thought he looked a little haggard; but he spoke gayly:

"Is it possible that I smell steak?"

"You do; and (Continued on page 80)



# Is Your Brain Power Increasing With Your Age?

There is every reason why it should, says Dean Robinson, who presents some remarkable facts about the mental abilities of students from seventeen to seventy

An interview with Frederick B. Robinson, Ph. D.

Dean of the School of Business and Civic Administration and Director of the Evening Session of the College of the City of New York

*Reported by Merle Crowell*

**D**O YOU still cling to the "camel" theory of education? The camel, as you know, is a queer quadruped that drinks enormous quantities of water before setting out on a long journey across arid sands—and depends on this supply to sustain him for the entire trip! A great many people, unfortunately, believe that their minds have this odd capacity of the camel. By drinking deeply at the fountain of knowledge in school or college they consider themselves stocked up for life. Or, after once having learned their business or profession — after having "made the grade," as they say—they think they can now "coast." These are the people, as I have long observed, who never rise above mediocrity.

I have been fortunate enough to know many men of achievement in industrial life and in the arts and sciences. Almost without exception I have found them to be more eager and effective "students" at forty or fifty than they ever were in their school days. On the other hand, I have seen young men and women start out with plenty of promise, only to wither on the branch as middle age came on. Most of them followed the "camel" theory, and some of them were victims of the general delusion that after a man passes thirty-five or forty his mind is not capable of grasping new subjects with the celerity of youth.

In the evening sessions of the College of the City of New York, we have an unusual opportunity to study the human mind—one of the finest opportunities of its kind in the world. With more than seven thousand students from seventeen to seventy years of age, foreign-born and native-born, male and female, well-to-do and very poor, brilliant and dull, we are handling a typical cross section of

American life. Here I am always discovering fresh confirmation of my observations about the unused talents of age.

Our experience has demonstrated the fallacy of the current belief that the mind of youth is more capable of effective study than the mind of maturity. The young man, I will admit, often gives an impression of mental agility. He seems to

be filled with the mere shadows of knowledge.

In his excellent book on the Elements of Physiological Psychology, Professor George T. Ladd, head of the department of philosophy at Yale University, remarks:

It is from want of mental curiosity, attention, careful and comprehensive judgment, sound moral purpose, etc., that most men fail to develop during adult life in their mental powers. . . . Many minds not only make vast acquisitions but also experience a large unfolding of mental capacities during the period of middle life.

## Who Learns Quicker—the Boy of 20 or the Man of 45?

"COMPARING youth and middle age," says Dean Robinson, "I find that there is hardly a subject in our curriculum that the average mature mind will not grasp with equal ease and with superior understanding. Take two men of equal intelligence, one forty-five and one twenty, both in good health and with good habits, both free from hampering worries, and turn them loose on a new subject in which they are both interested. One finds immediately that the man of age and experience has all the advantage. The individual between forty and sixty—who, as Du Maurier says, has "ceased to hunt the moon"—is normally at the height of intellect and judgment. If health and optimism and determination remain, he has a marked strategic advantage over immature youth."

"catch onto" things more promptly; he is ready with a glib answer. The mature man, meanwhile, is feeling his way. He insists on *knowing*—he refuses to accept labels when he is not sure of the contents of the bottle. He mulls over things and thinks them out for himself.

He is not content with someone else's say-so. Unlike youth, he is seldom satis-

—practically all of whom are regularly employed in office and shop during the day and are thus forced to sacrifice their evenings if they would add to their education. The test was so conceived that it did more than give a line on general information. It challenged one's capacity for thinking out the significance of things.

The freshmen in our day college had an



average age of 19.2 years, while the first-year students in the night classes ranged from twenty to forty, with an average age of 26.6. But despite the fact that the day students generally had educational and cultural advantages, the more mature night students, with the benefit of their practical experience in business, outstripped them emphatically. Their average mark was 80.3, while the regular day students could average only 70.5.

Age has a peculiar advantage in the so-called "practical" branches of knowledge—those that are tied up directly with everyday business and professional experience. I recall vividly the case of a lawyer who had been graduated from a high school many years before and who entered our collegiate night course at the age of thirty-eight. He had come from a family in which culture had always been spelled with a capital C. For years he had lamented the fact that he was not a college graduate and could not write "A. B." after his name. He won his degree, and, incidentally gave us a most interesting record of the operations of a mature mind.

**IN HISTORY**—where his experience and observations were of great value—he achieved a rank of 100 per cent, and he approximated the same mark in the related subjects of government and political science. In philosophy and ethics, two subjects that maturity is particularly fitted to cope with, his ratings were also excellent. In higher mathematics, which had scant practical bearing on his life work, he dropped into a great gulf. Indeed, he barely managed to pass his first-year course. Most young students would have been satisfied merely to "get through," but this man possessed the directed purpose of maturity. Voluntarily he reviewed this course and came out the second time with a considerably higher rating.

An illuminating commentary on his quest for the official seal of culture was that in such purely cultural subjects as Latin his marks were low. In the branches of science that dealt with mere facts and their theoretical manipulation he was a commonplace student, but in the *practical application of science* to the world of industry he did exceptionally well.

Five years ago our night collegiate course was completed by a man holding an important managerial position in the shipping industry. He was about sixty years old and had two daughters who were college graduates. His previous scholastic training had been terminated in the spring of 1874, when he left high school.

Finishing our course with flying colors, he went from our halls a *cum laude* graduate with the golden key of Phi Beta Kappa. His adventures in education corresponded closely with those of the man whose case I have just cited.

Although he won marks of from 95 to 100 in nearly every subject, his poorest showing was made in those studies which were purely academic and remote from daily life. His lowest mark was in advanced algebra, which was for him merely a disciplinary subject unassociated with anything practical. In Latin and German, cultural subjects, he was considerably below his average, but in French his rank was high. This was probably be-

ing geography is its bearing on human welfare, the factors that affect world progress, the national ambitions that produce wars. Only the adult mind can properly appreciate these things. The facts of geography stick in proportion to their associated significance in human experience—and here the mature mind has all the advantage.

A boy who has been graduated from public school at the age of fourteen has been studying geography, presumably, for about five years. By the time he has finished high school, four years later, I venture to say that he will have forgotten nine tenths of the geographical facts that he learned in grammar school. But if a mature man should spend an equal amount of time in the study of the same subject, I would defy you to wrench that knowledge from his mind until the day of his death.

Turning to grammar and habits of speech, we find a somewhat different situation. The words and their arrangement that make up one's conversation are largely the result of daily contact and daily use. At maturity a man has his habits of speech fixed by years of reiteration. He may, indeed, correct his English and familiarize himself with all the rules of grammar, but in moments of emotional excitement or absent-mindedness he is likely to lapse into some of his old inaccuracies. Habit is a mighty taskmaster!

**THE** same handicap does not apply to the acquisition of a new language. I am familiar with the prevalent impression that no adult can learn a foreign tongue perfectly, that one should always start such an undertaking in childhood or youth. This sounds to me like mere theory, and it would take convincing proof to make me accept it—especially in view of the fact that I have known adults who learned to use other tongues flawlessly.

Dr. John D. Prince, our Ambassador to Denmark, is said to be able to converse fluently in twenty-seven different languages.

Strangely enough, Danish did not happen to be one of the twenty-seven at the time he received his appointment. Upon his arrival in Denmark a few months ago he was called on to make an address.

"You will pardon me," he told his audience, "if I speak to you to-day in Swedish. I will learn Danish and be able to use it in an address to you next week. . . ." And it is reported that he kept his promise.

If a youth of twenty and an adult of fifty, both Latin students, should be called on to make a translation of the Odes of Horace, (Continued on page 100)



PHOTO BY CLAUDE A. DILLON  
Frederick B. Robinson, Ph.D., is the recognized leader of the movement for adult education in the larger cities of the United States. Under his direction the College of the City of New York gives to more than seven thousand students regularly employed during the day, an opportunity to gain through night classes all the advantages of liberal, technical, and professional college courses. Dean Robinson planned the reorganization of the evening high-school system of the city of New York, organized the training course for municipal employees, and established the first summer session of the City College. He believes that we should have "more life in education and more education in life"

cause the World War was in progress on the fields of France and he was intensely interested in everything that threw a light on it. In philosophy, ethics, civil government, history, and allied subjects his marks were of the highest.

A man of forty or fifty has a distinct advantage in the study of geography. The child, even in youth, sees no special reason why he should study geography. His interests are confined to the region that lies close at hand. His mind is not yet capable of grasping the world at large.

Now, the underlying reason for study-



# A Great Expert on Nutrition tells us What to Eat

An interview with Professor E. V. McCollum of the School of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

*Reported by M. K. Wisehart*

SOME years ago, a friend of mine, an architect who was a little over thirty years old, was complaining of his health. He was a typical dyspeptic, with persistent and distressing indigestion—one of those people who, after meals, usually report that this or that particular food has disagreed with them.

The illusion this man was under is common to many people who think that their indigestion is due to some particular food recently eaten, instead of to the diet they have followed regularly for a long time past. The fact is, however, that most of our "stomach aches" and bilious attacks—nearly all our digestive troubles—are due to an unhygienic condition of the intestine.

We know, as a result of comparatively recent discoveries, that when there is a decomposing mass or irritated condition in the intestine, the peristaltic movement of that organ is likely to be reversed; that is, the running waves of muscular contraction move so as to bring the contents of the lower bowel back toward the stomach instead of away from it.

The gas which forms in consequence of the irritated condition does not come from the stomach but from the lower intestine. The regurgitation of the gas and of the intestine's contents cause nausea and belching. Bile is forced from the intestine back into the stomach, and some of it goes up with the gas, so that one experiences a bitter taste. This is a typical "bilious attack." It is not due to sluggishness of the liver as most people think, but to the abnormal reversed direction in which the intestine moves its contents, and this intestinal trouble is most commonly due to faulty diet.

The young man I have mentioned suffered from this "bilious" condition and many other troubles. He seemed to have lost much of his ambition. He could not turn out his work in the way he would have liked to. He became discouraged easily.

When I made known to him certain fundamental facts about the diet he should follow he was not inclined to take the facts seriously.

It was some years before that young man could be convinced that a generous piece of beefsteak did not contain all the essential elements necessary for good nutrition. In the end, however, as he was getting worse, he decided that he would

yielded to the temptation to eat heartily for a considerable period of the foods which had originally caused his trouble, and that trouble came back. Then he returned to a proper diet, and became well again.

Another man I know was in much poorer health than this young fellow. From youth up he had suffered from catarrh, sore throat, and infected tonsils. He was weak, "skinny," and had never known what it was to feel really well. In the end he developed tuberculosis in both lungs.

Having adopted various measures in an effort to gain health, he finally put himself upon a diet, which, in the light of modern scientific discoveries, was the right one. He drank milk, ate eggs, lots of "greens," and fruit. Gradually and steadily he improved. To-day, he is past middle age and has no sign of his old troubles. He will tell you that he feels well, and he is energetic and capable of prolonged hard work daily. Like the young fellow, he had at first made the mistake, while trying to get well, of adhering to the bread, meat, and potato type of meals. In his case, too, the lacto-vegetarian diet, supplemented by eggs, made all the difference.

The error these men made is the very one that is commonest to a great majority of people in this country. Most of us confine ourselves mainly to a diet of cereals, meat, potatoes, and sugar. And yet we know now that a diet consisting mainly of these foods is insufficient to maintain health either in animals or in men.

Some time ago, in a series of experiments I was making with animals, I took two groups of rats and regulated their diets for almost a year. The result was very striking. The rats were taken just after weaning time and, until then, both had had equal chances to grow up to be good, healthy little rats. Rat No. 1 I fed on wheat flour, corn meal, cooked and dried potato, peas, navy beans, beets, turnips, cooked and dried beefsteak. Rat

## Does This Describe You— Or Anyone You Know?

THE man who limits himself mainly to cereals, meat, potatoes, and sugar—and this is the type of diet favored by most of us—is bound to suffer certain bad results," says Professor McCollum. "At an early age he loses his vitality and energy. His intestinal tract becomes debilitated and fails to respond with the production of the intestinal juices. Consequently, he retains, instead of disposing of, waste products. He becomes chronically constipated and poisoned by his own faulty digestion. This causes him to feel fatigued. He has vague disconcerting pains of various kinds. It is almost impossible for him to attain clarity in his mental operations. He shows his age prematurely in thinning hair and wrinkles. And these symptoms come upon him all too soon—when he is between thirty and forty.

"Remember, too, that a man's mental outlook is very much affected by the condition of his digestive tract. Derangement of the digestive function is often the underlying cause for a person's failing to realize the importance of tact in business and social dealings. It sometimes accounts for a person's lack of respect for others and for his failing to see the futility of antagonizing people. It tends to encourage idling, and dislike of one's work.

"The man who finds himself in the physical and mental condition that I have described usually knows vaguely that something is wrong; but he is not likely by himself to discover the real cause of his trouble. His health does not fail completely because his diet and mode of life generally are not bad enough to cause that, but the chances are that if he goes along as he has been going he will find himself wanting additional life insurance at the age of forty-five—and be refused. And the point I want to emphasize is that this man can, by the proper change in his diet, improve his health, increase his happiness, and lengthen his life."

try a diet of the kind recommended. He had been living mainly upon a bread, meat, and potato diet. For a time, he stopped eating these altogether, and his meals then consisted of greens, vegetables, fruit, and milk.

He began to improve from the very start. In three or four months evidence of bad digestive processes had disappeared. Then he was able to add to his diet the kind of things he liked. After a time, he



No. 2 I fed upon the very same diet, with the exception that I added a liberal quantity of milk. What was the result?

The life of the domestic rat is about three years. So, on the 308th day, when the experiment was concluded, the animals corresponded in age to a man of twenty-eight or thirty years. Rat No. 1, which had had no milk, was very much under-sized. Its hair was thin. It was very old, starved, and miserable in appearance, so much so that you would have known it was a sick rat.

Rat No. 2 was much larger than the other. He was youthful and vigorous, alert, and prosperous-looking. You would have known him for what he was, a healthy, well-fed rat. The addition simply of milk to the diet of rat No. 2 made all the difference.

This experiment is but one of many thousands which have brought to light facts which are of great value to all of us. We know now that milk is of great importance in the diet of adults as well as of children. Fresh vegetables and fruits are equally essential. Also, we need to remember that a deficiency in the diet which seems slight may have very pronounced effects on the health.

SOME time ago, the nine-months-old baby of a well-known opera singer became very ill while with its parents on their summer vacation in the Adirondacks. The baby's skin was so sensitive that the least touch of a hand was more than it could bear. It could not be lifted in the ordinary way but had to be carried in a blanket arranged as a swing. Its knees, ankles, and elbows, were badly swollen, and some of the blood vessels in the skin had burst.

Completely mystified as to the nature of the trouble, the parents called a neighbor and friend, a surgeon, who was not, however, a dietary specialist. After examining the baby, the surgeon had to confess that he was without the least suspicion of the nature of the trouble. "In two weeks," he said, "a friend of mine, a specialist in children's diseases, is coming up from New York to visit me. He will take charge of this case, and if anyone can solve it he can."

When the surgeon reached home that evening, he found that his friend, the New York specialist, had sent him his latest book on children's diseases. The surgeon began reading it at once, thinking he might find some light on the nature of the child's mysterious affliction. Finally, he came across a description of "Barlow's disease," and he knew at once that this

was the trouble with his friend's child. The book stated that orange juice given in liberal quantities is the treatment necessary for cure.

The next morning the sick baby was given orange juice, and this treatment was kept up until, at the end of ten days, the child was well along toward recovery. It no longer suffered pain when touched and the swellings of its joints had disappeared. When the specialist in children's diseases arrived his services were not required.

The rapid recovery in this case, which was recently called to my attention,

fact that they have been fed principally upon heated milk. It is definitely established now that heating milk results in the almost complete destruction of its anti-scorbutic vitamin, a substance which protects against scurvy.

Presently, I am going to explain how important it is that all grown people should have an adequate supply of vitamins; but first I want to give a word of caution to mothers. Any mother whose baby is fed upon heated milk (whether pasteurized or heated at home) should see to it that the child has a teaspoonful of orange juice once a day after it is three

months old, and this amount should be increased gradually to a tablespoonful by the time the child is five or six months old. By the time it is a year old the child should be having a whole orange every day. If orange juice is unavailable, the vitamin supply necessary to protect the child from scurvy can be furnished by giving strained tomato juice in the amounts just mentioned.

THE vitamins are newly discovered substances which must be present in the diet of adults as well as of children. We have definite evidence of the existence of four. Any diet containing whole milk, raw fruits and vegetables, especially the leafy vegetables such as are used for greens and salads, will be rich in all the vitamins.

We have found that there are three diseases—we call them the "deficiency diseases"—which are due to lack of specific vitamins. Xerophthalmia is due to the lack of fat-soluble A, or vitamin A. Beri-beri is due to a lack of water-soluble B, or vitamin B. Scurvy is due to lack of water-soluble C, or vitamin C. It is impossible here to give a detailed account of all the conditions which result when the vitamins are not in the diet, but I can give you an elementary idea of the characteristics of the three deficiency diseases.

Xerophthalmia (ze-rof-thal-mia) is an eye disease in which the eye becomes inflamed; the lids swell to an extent which may prevent them from being opened. Blindness may result. In Europe, owing to a lack of the proper food during the war, this disease caused the blindness of many children. The vitamin which protects us against this trouble is found in milk, butter, and egg yolk, leafy vegetables, and codliver oil—and not to any great extent in any other of our ordinary foods.

The disease beri-beri results in general paralysis. It is common in the Orient among people (Continued on page 112)



Dr. E. V. McCollum is professor of biochemistry in the School of Hygiene and Public Health of Johns Hopkins University. He was born on a farm in Kansas forty-three years ago, and after working his way through various schools attended Yale University, where, in 1906, he received the degree of Ph. D. in organic chemistry. A year later he became associated with the work of the Agricultural Experiment Station at Madison, Wisconsin. His work there led him, in 1913, to the discovery of what is known as Vitamin A. Two of the four known vitamins have been discovered in his laboratory. He is the author of several scientific books, among them are "The Newer Knowledge of Nutrition," and "The American Home Diet"

greatly astonished the surgeon and the baby's parents. It was, however, not at all unusual. We have had in the Johns Hopkins Hospital a number of children suffering from Barlow's disease. Some of them have been in such a condition that they screamed merely from the pain of lying on their backs. Yet in some of the worst cases the treatment with orange juice has caused such quick improvement that within a few days the child could be handled without discomfort.

What is "Barlow's disease"? Nothing more nor less than scurvy. Its occurrence among children is generally due to the



# Can You See Through Other Men's Eyes?

The man who sticks closest to his associates, and who makes their problems his own, is the man who wins out, says Owen D. Young, guiding genius of one of the greatest companies in the world—Mr. Young's remarkable personal story proves this

*By B. C. Forbes*

ON a hot summer day in the late eighties a lanky country youth wandered into the courthouse at Cooperstown, New York, the seat of one of the sparsely settled rural counties in the central part of the state. He had come to town on an errand from the tiny hamlet of Van Hornesville, a few miles to the north.

In a big room, its windows shaded with awnings that partly shut off the view of the spreading shade trees on the lawn outside, the youth dropped down on a bench and looked around in wonderment. A smartly dressed man, with an air of easy assurance, was intermittently talking and reading from a big book, while a dignified personage on a raised platform was listening gravely. Presently another prosperous-looking man rose to his feet and broke in. By this time it had dawned on the country lad that these were lawyers and a judge.

In the next few minutes Owen Young made the most important decision of his life. He contrasted the fluent, impressive activity of this cool, high-ceilinged room with the interminable racking labor of the backwoods farm.

"If a living can be earned like this, I'm going to be a lawyer!" he announced to himself.

Dating from that decision runs a curiously consistent and appealing romance that reveals the country boy, to-day, while still in his forties, the guiding head of one of the most important business enterprises in America—an enterprise with national and international ramifications and an army of more than one hundred thousand employees. Moreover, the attainment of this position was so splendidly merited that it was practically inevitable. For years it had been a foregone conclusion in the electrical world that Owen Young would succeed the veteran pioneer and upbuilder, Charles A. Coffin, as chairman of the board of directors of the General Electric Company, whenever Mr. Coffin

was ready to announce his retirement—an event that happened a few months ago.

The lonely farm on which Owen Young was born in 1874—and on which, every year, he still spends many weeks—lies in the fringe of that rugged section made famous by Cooper's "The Last of the Mohicans." It had been cleared of virgin forest by Young's Alsatian and Dutch ancestors more than a century and a half ago.

From a local cross-roads school, which

lated community. When the plan leaked out the neighbors were all scandalized. College, they said, had led thousands of youths into bad habits and ruined their lives. Owen was an only child, with the makings of a perfectly good farmer. Why should he desert the farm operated by his family for generations?

The boy's ambition received encouragement from two sources, however. His parents were willing to sacrifice their modest savings to help him along, and the

principal of the little academy already had decided that he had a brilliant future. Indeed, he believed that Owen could bring glory to the old-fashioned institution, by capturing a scholarship for mathematics from Cornell University. This scholarship would go far toward paying for his college education. Owen steeped his mind not only in mathematics but in Latin, Greek, and physics. Eventually his proud teacher was sure that the scholarship was as good as won. Then, at the last minute, the dismaying discovery was made that competitors must be more than seventeen years old—and Owen was only fifteen!

While pondering over some other method of helping to earn his way through college, Owen kept at his studies with indefatigable energy. Even in the midst of the hardest farm work, when he tried always to do as much as his father and the hired man combined, he pored over books at night by the light of a kerosene

lamp, often falling asleep from sheer exhaustion.

One Sunday there came to the village to preach the president of St. Lawrence University, then a modest institution at Canton, some thirty miles away. Young talked with him, and a family council was held. The president was sure that such money as the youth could earn, supplemented by what he could get from home, would take care of his expenses. So it was decided that he should start his college course forthwith. (Continued on page 62)

## Do You Like Responsibility— Or Do You Run Away From It?

"I HAVE been astonished," says Mr. Young, "to find in business how many men *run away* from responsibility rather than *welcome* it. Most men are willing to venture opinions, but when it comes to deciding on definite action they like someone else to take the final step.

"Now, I have always welcomed responsibility. Nor have I been afraid to spend the necessary amount of study and work to fit me to discharge a responsibility to the best of my capability. Such increasing responsibilities as have gravitated to me have come largely because of my desire to make myself at all times more useful to the company.

"I figured it out this way: The company had bought and paid for everything I had to give. This included my judgment, good or bad. I was prepared, therefore, to exercise that judgment to the utmost—always taking pains to acquire all possible 'raw material' out of which to form my conclusion. Then, having acted with the best judgment I possessed, I never allowed myself to become worried over the outcome. Of course I recognized that if my percentage of mistakes became too great I would have to get out or be put out."

he attended when there wasn't too much work to be done on the farm, he entered, before he had reached his teens, a rural academy in a village five miles away. Every Monday morning his father drove him over, with a cheese box containing his week's food. Up to this time he had never ridden on a railroad train.

It was during his attendance at the academy that the boy reached his momentous decision to become a lawyer. This meant attending college—a step never before taken by anyone in the iso-





*Owen D. Young*

**OWEN YOUNG**, the new head of the General Electric Company, was born in Van Hornesville, N. Y., forty-eight years ago. He managed to get an education despite poverty, taking an A.B. degree at St. Lawrence University in 1894 and graduating in law at Boston University in 1896. To pay for his law course

he tutored and did odd jobs about the university, and even at that finished a three-years curriculum in two years. After a general practice for several years he became connected with the General Electric Company as vice president. He succeeded C. A. Coffin as chairman of the board and active head of the business.





Photograph by Izzy Kaplan

*Hudson Maxim and his little granddaughter, Doris*

ON FEBRUARY 30, 1923, Hudson Maxim will be seventy years old. He was born in Maine and had a boyhood of almost bitter poverty. He was bound to have an education, however, and managed to go through the Maine Wesleyan Seminary at Kent's Hill. He invented "Maximite," the first high explosive

to be fired through armor plate, and has made other important inventions and improvements. He is consulting expert for the Du Pont de Nemours Company at Wilmington, Delaware, and has been a member of the Naval Consulting Board since 1915. He has written a number of scientific books and many articles.



# My Adventures in Learning Self-Reliance

If you haven't anybody to lean on, you've got to do one of two things—fall down, or stand up by yourself!—If you have to carry your own load your back gets stronger—And heavy burdens carried make ordinary ones seem light

*By Hudson Maxim*

**N**OT only was I not born with a silver spoon in my mouth, but also I never saw silver enough to make a spoon during my childhood.

In boyhood, I had only a scant allowance of the bare necessities of life. Our family ogre was the oft-predicted hard snub coming. Mine was the sort of life that makes or breaks body and character. Through it all, I had one supreme solicitude—that of getting an education. There was no hardship that I would not bear, and no difficulty that I would not undertake toward that end.

It would be hard to over-estimate the formative influence of my mother's dauntless courage and prophetic foresight at this period of my career.

Short rations in food was the hardest thing to bear with us children. It did not matter much how coarse the fare might be. It did not matter much that we seldom saw wheat and flour and had to use corn meal instead, so long as there was plenty of it we had no complaint to make.

I had neither a hat nor a pair of shoes until I was thirteen years of age. When it was too cold in winter to go outdoors, I had to stay in the house. But my feet were so accustomed to the cold, never having had a covering, that they could endure a good deal of frost without great inconvenience.

Very well do I remember playing on the ice of a nearby stream with the boys of a neighbor who had shoes. They could run and slide on the ice, while I could not, because my bare feet would not slip. Happily, I thought of the expedient of coating the bottoms of my feet with snow by rubbing them in the snow or frost, when for a while I, too, could slide on my feet.

At one time I went to school barefoot, a distance of two miles, for several weeks after the early snows came. I ran along through the snow as long as I could stand it, then I climbed up on a fence or a big

boulder, and rubbed my feet and ankles to warm them—then, went on.

My thirst for knowledge was always a passion, yet I was nine years old before I had a chance even to learn my letters. I had then made up my mind that I was going to the country school as soon as it opened for the summer session. I went to

Our main interest, however, centered in the dinner that was put up for us to take to school. Although it consisted solely of crackers and cheese, it was, to our minds, a feast fit for the gods.

My sister, being the eldest, took charge of the dinner-pail; but we boys watched her vigilantly from our distant seats to see that she didn't get at those crackers before we had a chance to share them.

The boys and girls did not have recess together, but the girls had recess first, and after the girls were called in the boys had their turn. That morning, when it came time for the girls' recess, Eliza took the precious dinner-pail with her. She did not dare to leave it behind, lest Samuel and I should get possession of it.

As we two boys did not know the ways of the school, we thought it must be dinner time when we saw Eliza making off with the dinner. We couldn't understand why we were not liberated, too; but we were taking no chances, so we ran after her and stuck to her.

At this the teacher interposed, telling us that Eliza was only going out for recess and that she would soon return, when we also could go out. But we refused so emphatically to trust Eliza alone with the dinner-pail that, at the teacher's suggestion, she went back to her seat and lost her recess. When our turn came, the teacher told us we could now go and play, but we wouldn't leave "them crackers." And so

we held the fort until noon.

We rarely saw candy or any sort of bonbons. Our staple diet was mainly corn bread and mush and molasses, and sometimes fried fat pork and boiled potatoes. When we kept a cow, we had milk with our corn-meal dishes—food that is hard to beat.

Once, my mother offered to reward, with a quart of molasses, such of us children as should be able to go a whole day without calling one another names. The

## "To Lick, or to Be Licked!"

**H**UDSON MAXIM is a strong man, strong in body, sturdy and independent in character. He will be seventy years old within a few months. Yet his muscles are like iron and his nerves like steel; he does his own thinking, and he doesn't hesitate to say what he thinks.

In other words, he stands on his own feet; he has the great quality of self-reliance. He developed that quality in the school of privation and struggle. Read what he tells here about his boyhood and youth. No frills and no easy going for young Maxim! But hardships did not make him weak, they made him strong. He might have let himself be licked by circumstances. Instead, he chose to do the licking! When he did that, he became a living illustration of the old myth that if you conquered your enemy his strength would be added to your own.

school bookless, but after a few days the teacher took pity on me and gave me a primer.

My sister Eliza, four years older than I, my brother Samuel, a year and a half younger, and myself, went together to the school. The opening day was a memorable one for the three of us. In the first place, our hands and faces were vigorously washed before we were allowed to start from home—the rigorous thoroughness of this we thought quite unnecessary.



other children did not hold out long, and were soon calling names worse than ever, but I held out all day until supper time, because I so much wanted that quart of molasses; but at the supper table, when my mother was pouring the allowance of molasses into our plates, I thought that she gave Samuel more than his share, whereupon I forgot my resolution and called out that she had given old "Suney," which was Sam's nickname, more molasses than she had given me. Then I realized, to my consternation, that I, too, had lost.

**SCANTY** fare for the body was, in truth, a real hardship; but to me—a boy eager for knowledge—it was secondary to lack of food for the mind. The first book I bought was a geography. I was about twelve years old, and my father had been thrilling us with the story of Napoleon. My school-teacher had told me that I was getting to be a big boy, and ought to know something about geography. The thought that a geography would tell me about France, the country of Napoleon, stimulated my desire to get one. Then my opportunity came: My father offered me five cents a day to help at haying for Deacon Bartlett. My work was to help spread the hay to dry, to help rake it up, to help load it, and, finally, to help stow it away in the barn.

I was barefoot, of course, and there were lots of thistles in that hay! Though my feet were tough, it was painful work. But I thought of the geography and braved the thistles.

At the week's end I received my pay—thirty cents. In spite of my sore feet, I started for the neighboring village, Abbot, as hard as I could run. There I bought a beautiful geography—and the wonder was that it cost just thirty cents.

Then back I started for home, again running for all I was worth, until I got well out into the country. Here I turned into a pasture, climbed up on a big stone and opened my precious book. The first thing I did was to hunt up Napoleon's France.

The next year, when I was thirteen, my Uncle Amos came to our house one day and told us there was to be a private school in the district schoolhouse, to run for three months, and that it was to be kept by a young woman who had an excellent reputation as a teacher.

Uncle Amos said it was a pity that as bright a boy as I seemed to be should not have a better opportunity of getting an education; and he offered to pay for my tuition and books for that term.

This assistance of my Uncle Amos for that term of school was the only help I ever received from anyone toward getting an education—except the primer that

was given to me by my first teacher.

It was a serious problem to find clothes for me that would cover my body sufficiently to clear the law. The only garments the family could muster were a cast-off suit of my elder brother Hiram. On me, these clothes were suggestive of the name of the two towns in France—Toulouse and Toulon. But, anyway, I wore them.

Although I was thirteen years old, I was only in the Second Reader. But I improved so rapidly that I was soon placed in the Third Reader, the teacher lending me the book.

It was customary for the classes to read various poems in concert and, by listening to the classes above me, I soon learned by heart all the verses which were read in concert in all the books in the school—and I remember many of them to this day.

The teacher quickly noticed that I joined the more advanced classes in reading these poems—that is to say, I would repeat the

verses from memory while the others read them. After that she invited me to join the Fourth and Fifth Reader classes when they read in concert.

I have always remembered with profound gratitude the way that teacher awakened my interest and stirred my ambition. She helped me to find myself, directed me to discover my natural abilities.

**MY PROGRESS** was rapid whenever I had an opportunity of attending school, but such opportunities were rare. However, by working on farms, on railroads, in brick-yards and stone quarries, I managed to pay my tuition, during three months of the year, at the Maine Wesleyan Seminary, at Kent's Hill. I boarded myself, while there, living mainly on brown bread and baked beans, which I cooked myself. This I did until I was able to teach school. Then I could go to the seminary two terms a year.

During this time my home was at Wayne, seven miles from Kent's Hill. Every week-end, I went to Wayne to bake my supply of brown bread and beans for the coming week.

One Monday morning, my mother woke me at half-past three with the disturbing news that a great blizzard was raging and that two or three feet of snow had already fallen. But I was young and I was strong, and felt that I (Continued on page 66)



PHOTO BY KYLE ILLUSTRATION  
JAMES H. TAYLOR



PHOTO BY CENTRAL NEWS  
PHOTO SERVICE

(Above) Hudson Maxim in his laboratory at Maxim Park, New Jersey. Some years ago, an explosion occurred while he was testing some fulminate compound and his left hand was blown off. In the accompanying article he tells the extraordinary story of this accident and describes some of his narrow escapes from death. (Below) Mr. Maxim, at seventy, has the muscles of an athlete. In spite of the fact that he has only one hand, he plays tennis and other games. This picture was taken at his home on the shores of Lake Hopatcong, New Jersey



# Indecision—the Worst Of Bad Habits

*By Dr. Frank Crane*

**I**NDECISION probably causes more human misery than is caused by crime.

Measured in terms of the disagreeable effects it causes, it is worse to be afflicted with indecision than it is to be malicious.

And at that, not only worse for others but for yourself. For, like most bad habits, indecision bears harder on its possessor than on his friends.

I have called indecision a bad habit, for that is what it is. It is nothing more nor less than a vice, like drunkenness, drug-taking, or drumming with your fingers. It is simply a bad rut into which people fall, and ruts are as fatal to human beings as they are to automobiles. In fact, most people who go to the devil go because they got started and could not quit, and not because they are wicked-hearted. Most of the wrong in this world is caused by people who meant to do right, half of whom didn't know, half of whom didn't think.

The indecision victim likes to imagine that it is a matter of temperament, that he was just born that way. He tells you that he hates to decide things and has the audacity to laugh about it. Especially if he is a she, for it is characteristic of a certain type of woman to think that wishy-washiness of character is something feminine and charming. "I never know what to do, what to put on, or what to say. I just can't make up my mind," says Mamie, flirting her fan. To which you are expected to respond, "Ha-ha."

Indecision, however, is a serious matter, quite often a matter of life and death. More people are killed by not deciding quickly what to do than are killed by coming to the wrong decision.

A woman was crossing Fifth Avenue, New York, which thoroughfare, as everyone knows, is as full of automobiles as a sick man's blood is full of microbes. She got half way across, saw a motor coming, and stopped, wondering whether to go on, or go back, or stand still. The traffic policeman saw her, and catching her a little roughly by the arm, said:

"Don't stop, lady. Whatever you do when you are crossing the street, do it fast, and keep doing it. Don't stop and think, if you don't want to get killed."

As a matter of fact, a blind man who is also deaf and dumb could walk across Fifth Avenue at its hurliest and burliest

hour without danger, if he would keep on walking and not change his gait. When a person acts as if he knows what to do, and goes ahead and does it, everybody else knows what to depend on in his movements and nobody bumps into him, runs over him, or even gets peevish at him. It is your hesitator that is the public nuisance.

"Stop! Look! Listen!" is a good motto in its place, but its place is before you start. You should do your thinking before you enter the danger zone. It is no time to sit down and meditate when the sheriff is chasing you or when you are running to catch a train.

A marked and almost invariable characteristic of the efficient man is the habit of

The other desk is that of Judge Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, which is one of the biggest business concerns of the world. I called to lunch with him one day. I found him alone in a big room in which the furniture was very scarce. He sat at a big table in the middle of the room. On this table there was nothing at all except a little bundle of papers that contained things about which we were going to talk. There were no secretaries flying in and out, there was no stock ticker, there were not half a dozen telephones buzzing; in fact, I did not see any telephone at all. The room was as peaceful as a church. And the judge's mind was as orderly and as satisfying as the room he was in and the table at which he sat.

I might mention a third desk, which was that of an actuary in a Massachusetts life insurance company. When I made a visit to this gentleman his desk was piled a foot deep with all kinds of papers. There was only a little clearing down in front where he could write. He had occasion to look for some document, and it took him ten minutes before he discovered that he could not find it. I was not surprised when I heard several months afterward that this official had died of softening of the brain.

You can also tell the character of a woman by looking at her house. Of course you cannot tell everything about her, but you can tell one very important thing, and that is whether she has the golden habit of decision. Of course every house gets cluttered once in a while and at certain times of the day; but the point is that the houses of some

women stay cluttered because their souls are cluttered.

It is a good thing to go through your catch-all every so often and clean up. Junk accumulates from the habit of indecision. In fact, we might express it scientifically by saying that indecision secretes junk. The reason the top bureau drawer looks like a Kansas town after a cyclone is because you could not make up your mind what to do with this, that, or the other, and so just put it there for the present. Thus the superfluous accumulates. Dr. Lorena Breed, the distinguished biologist of Pasadena Hospital, once made an epigram which I have never forgotten. Speaking of diseases and their causes, she said, "The superfluous is always septic." (Continued on page 98)

## One Way to Tell a Decisive Man

**"M**OST of us hate to think about money. That is, we hate to decide," says Dr. Frank Crane.

"The way out of poverty is by thrift; but no one can come to thrift except by daily decision and self-mastery. The idea of thrift we are perfectly willing to entertain so long as it can float as a beautiful golden cloud in the sky of our mind. But actually to be thrifty requires that we form the habit of swiftly deciding twenty times a day not to spend money on foolishness.

"Most of us get tired of the eternal struggle. That is, we think it is eternal. Really, it is not, for if we persistently keep up the struggle by and by it ceases to be hard and becomes the rarest form of pleasure.

"Most people dislike to speak of money, and the reason is that money is about the hardest fact in the world. And if you speak of it at all you must speak decisively. You can hem and haw over the color of your necktie or the quality of your ice cream. But fifty cents is fifty cents, and it is never anything else but a half dollar."

decision. Perhaps that is why most of the wobbly-minded and flabby-willed hate him. He is a constant rebuke to them.

You can tell an efficient business man by looking at his desk. Two desks are in my mind's eye now: One is that of Paul Dupuy, who owns and manages "Le Petit Parisien," the Paris newspaper of enormous circulation. I called on him recently at his invitation to go to lunch with him, and sat down for a moment until he had finished up his morning's work. There were three or four pieces of paper on the table. He picked them up, called in a clerk and disposed of them before he left, leaving his desk clean; and said with a smile, "I do not like to go away leaving anything undone." That remark may contain a hint of one reason for his success.





• There he stood now, balancing the light hay fork in his

**H**IS full name, which was too long for ordinary use, was entered upon the books of the breeders' association, together with the date of his birth, a record of his blue-blooded ancestry, and his registry number. For short, he was called "Sir Colintha." That was the way his polysyllabled title began.

He was black and white, and weighed nearly a ton. Just now he was standing motionless, regarding with luminous eyes a small, two-legged animal on the other side of the paddock fence.

This other animal's full name, as far as society was informed, was Bill. If he had any blue-blooded ancestry, all trace of that fact had been lost forever. He was fourteen years old, and none too big for his age. He was looking at the new herd sire with a curiously intent and preoccupied glance. Bill knew something about pure-breds. He had been raised among them.

Instinctively, the keen, puckered eyes of the boy took in the Holstein's splendid heart girth, his symmetrical barrel, the straight back line, the perfect V of the

dairy type, his superb masculinity. These things were to be expected. Sir Colintha came of a long line of known milk producers, and he showed his aristocratic descent in his perfect conformation. So far as the boy could see, the Holstein wasn't "out" at a single point. But to-day, Bill was studying not so much form as temperament.

Sir Colintha confronted the staring boy without so much as the quiver of a nostril. His glowing eyes never wavered. His fine, silky tail, carefully groomed, hung limp. Yet Bill felt, rather than saw, that the

blood lust which seizes most of these big fellows at one time or another was seething in the heart of Sir Colintha.

A short, brisk, perspiring man came hurrying along the path fronting the paddock. He seemed not to see Bill, and was passing by, engrossed in his thoughts, when the youngster spoke timidly to him, with the hesitation of a boy who has been much neglected:

"You ought to do something about the fence, Mr. Adams."

"Nonsense," returned Adams brusquely. "That fence has six wires and good solid

# Little Bill and

The story of a boy's bravery

*By Paul Ellsworth*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY



hand and staring unwinkingly for an instant at the bull

# the Mad Bull

and a dog's cunning

*Triem*

E. F. WARD

posts—if you're scared of the bull, stay away from him!"

He hurried on, and Bill looked after the retreating figure for a moment with troubled eyes. He didn't blame Mr. Adams. The superintendent of Knollcrest had his hands full managing the farm; and as for kindness or sympathy for an almost nameless and entirely homeless boy, the little man had his own family to think of whenever he had time for that sort of thing. It was good of him to let Bill hang about the place and sleep in the great haymow at night. And there

was always plenty to eat at the clean, plain mess hall where the farm hands took their meals. No, Bill wasn't surprised that Mr. Adams hadn't listened to him.

He examined the fence. Evidently, the staples had been driven into the posts when the wood was green, and they had gradually worn loose in the hot white sunshine of California. As Mr. Adams had said, the fence had six wires; the posts themselves were solid and firmly set. But the wires were smooth—owners of prize-breeding livestock have an aversion to barbed wire—and Bill knew something of

what a ton of bone and muscle can do in the way of battering down a fence.

The boy hesitated, studying the face of the herd sire. He imagined those great eyes glowed with a new light. He could read remorseless courage and determination in the massive face, which was turned unwaveringly toward his. . . . Twilight was shifting down over the green and purple hills. The boy shivered; then he turned and betook himself to the tool house, where he got a hammer and a pocket full of bright, new staples. With this equipment he went back to the paddock fence.

He had returned the hammer and unused staples to the shed and was passing the brightly lighted barn, with its broad cement floor, iron stanchions, and narrow-gauge iron track for feed cars, when Dorsey, the barn boss, called him:

"Hey, Bill, bring Colintha over for me, will you? Here's the staff!"

Bill's face brightened. He liked to help, having discovered that people who ask favors are usually cordial. He took the stout oak staff with its snap-ferrule and returned to the paddock. The bull was standing in the corner by the gate. He



stood like a statue while the youngster snapped the clip into the ring in his nose, and then tramped sedately along behind his small conductor. The boy and the bull circled a corner of the dairy barn and entered the big front door.

Hezekiah Adams, superintendent of Knollcrest, beheld this phenomenon from a distance. He stood still, with his hands hanging at his sides, and stared.

"Well, I'll be switched!" muttered Mr. Adams. "I can't make that boy out! You'd think he was scared to be on the same planet with that bull, then he acts like Sir Colintha was a pet lamb! He's a card, that's what he is. I'll be glad when I get a chance to turn his case over to the new boss!"

THE "new boss" was a certain Mr. Baker, who had recently bought Knollcrest and had had the new Holstein sent out from a famous breeding farm. Mr. Baker arrived on the day following the superintendent's soliloquy, and for a time he and Adams walked about the grounds surrounding the "farmhouse"—a modest little affair of fifteen rooms, with five bathrooms and a "library"—destitute of books but provided with a splendid floor on which thirty couples could dance to the music of the phonograph. Farmhouses are that way sometimes—on "gentlemen's farms."

Eventually, the two men came out into the lane from which the pastures and paddocks opened. Half way down it a boy in ragged overalls and a diminutive cap with a worn tassel was standing with his back toward them. In his left hand he held a coil of rope, and in his right was a loop, which he swung briskly round his head. Suddenly he released his hold of the rope, and it shot out with a vicious hum and settled over a post. The youngster gave it a jerk and for an instant held it taut.

"Neighbor's boy?" Mr. Baker asked.

"He doesn't belong in this neighborhood, Mr. Baker," said the superintendent. "The fact is, I don't know where he belongs. And I don't know what to do about him. That's one of the things I wanted to ask you about."

He met now the attentive look of the city man, leaned with his back to the paddock fence, and continued:

"About six months ago, this boy and his father came walking in here, with a blanket roll and some other junk on their shoulders. They were tramping it, and at first I was for having them move on. However, I was short a hand in the milk shed—I usually am. Milkers are the hardest people in the world to keep, and I don't wonder at it, for it's a dog's life. So I asked the father if he could milk, and he told me he could. I had him scrub up and gave him a clean jumper, and he went to work. I soon found that he knew more about cows in a minute than most of us are ever going to know."

"The man told me part of his history. He owned a farm once, back in the corn belt. Had bad luck—sickness in the family, a run of bad crops, the old story. You've heard it before. When the wife died, he and the boy came West, mostly on foot. They had worked their way down through the dairy country in Washington and Oregon, and had kept on till they reached our place. The father didn't look very well to me. He was pouchy un-

der the eyes, and had a bad color. But he did his work right up to the handle until about two weeks ago, when he suddenly went into a sort of stupor, and died without ever regaining consciousness. And now we come to the funny part of it all."

Mr. Adams may have seen the joke he referred to, but his honest face looked anything but amused:

"When I asked Bill there who his nearest relatives were, he told me that, as far as he knew, he didn't have a relation in the world. And there was no friend, nor old neighbor, whose address he could give me. He was just a little tad when they began their travels. That's all I know about it!"

The superintendent ended his story abruptly and looked at the boy. Bill had finished his practice with the rope and was leaning against the pasture fence, eyeing a bunch of young heifers. Mr. Baker regarded him with something approaching consternation:

"Why, great Scott, man! I don't know what to do about it!" he said. "Where does he sleep—and eat?"

"He sleeps in the barn, and he eats with the men. He's a helpful little chap, and more than pays for his board and keep. But there's the matter of his dog—the pair of 'em had picked up a mongrel of some sort in Idaho. The old man said he was a good ranch dog; but my idea of good ranch dogs is the same as the old Westerner's idea of a good Indian: the deader they are, the better. That's him howling now. I make Bill keep him fastened up in the garage—when he doesn't manage to get out!"

Mr. Baker called to Bill. "Come over here, my boy. I want to talk to you."

BILL came promptly. He seemed anxious, but he raised his eyes courageously to this stranger's.

"Mr. Adams tells me you have no friends nor relatives to take care of you," began Mr. Baker, not unkindly. "Are you sure you can't think of someone who might know if you have a family?"

Bill shook his head. He had answered that question many times.

Mr. Baker eyed Bill much as he would have looked at a unique and not particularly attractive deep-sea creature washed up by the tide. He was not unsympathetic, deep down in his heart; but he had an aversion to getting entangled in anything with a sentimental aspect. He heartily wished Bill's father had found some other place in which to die.

"Well, we'll see what we can do," he said. "But if I were you, my lad, I'd get rid of that howling cur and that rope. You aren't in shape to support much live stock. That rope looks to me like dime-novel influence. I hope you don't read such rubbish!"

Bill stumbled away. The green lane danced before him like a gaudy many-colored ribbon dotted with diamonds. How was he to know that the big, florid, prosperous-looking man from the city was at heart a baby, afraid of his own gentleness? How was he to know that most of the superintendent's brusqueness was an attempt to steel himself against misfortune with which he felt himself too clumsy to deal? All Bill could see was that he seemed to belong nowhere. They even wanted to take his dog from him—

"Slim," the shaggy greyhound collie who had been Bill's only real friend for many a month! Slim would not bother the cattle. He never molested any animal that minded its own business. He was a grave-eyed, self-respecting fellow, always ready to live and let live.

AS FOR the rope, Bill had learned to throw that up in the panhandle of Idaho, where he and his father had been for a time on a beef ranch. In that country, a few old-time cowboys were still to be found. Various kindly members of the vanishing species had taken the boy in hand and instructed him in the use of the lariat.

Bill's first impulse on leaving the two men was to hurry off to a thicket and lie down on his face and cry. That was what he felt like doing. But there was something on his mind that kept him from carrying out this impulse. He knew that Mr. Baker and the superintendent were looking over the place, and that sooner or later they would visit the paddock where Sir Colintha was confined. Earlier that morning Bill had led the Holstein from his box stall to the little pasture. Sir Colintha had walked with the stately tread of conquerors, and had seemed unaware of the youngster's presence. But again Bill had felt, with that mysterious, unclassified sense of the true live-stock man, the radiant energy of the huge body. He suspected that spring madness was stirring in the brain of Sir Colintha, that the first unwary act might release it like the spring of a trap.

Instead of running away, therefore, he kept within sight of the men as they tramped about. Finally, the superintendent in the lead, they came out of the calf barn and crossed to the paddock gate. The superintendent approached the gate, and was about to enter without so much as a club in his hands.

Again Sir Colintha was standing like a breathless statue. His head was up, his nostrils wide, his great eyes smoldering with hidden fires as he watched the newcomers approach. His tail twitched, ever so slightly.

"Gentle as a lamb, sir," the boy heard Adams tell his employer. "Anyone can handle him!"

Bill stepped forward, greatly concerned by this heresy.

"Please, sir, never trust a bull!" he said earnestly. "I like 'em as much as anyone, sir, and I get along with him—with this one. He can't help it, sir; but never trust him, nor any of 'em!"

He felt his knees quivering under him as the two men turned and looked at him.

"What did you say, my boy?" Mr. Baker asked, not unpleasantly but with stiff formality.

"If you please, sir, never trust a bull because he acts gentle. Any dairyman'll tell you that. The safest bull is the one everyone is afraid of. Then he's treated careful, and he won't do no hurt. It's the gentle ones and the ones that have been made pets of that kill people. The fit comes on 'em sudden; you don't know when to expect it, unless you've been watching 'em close. They go mad, like, and no one can stop 'em."

It was a long speech for Bill to make. He felt very shaky and uncomfortable, especially as the superintendent



turned red and eyed him resentfully. "Better get back to the barn, lad," he said crisply. "And don't talk such nonsense. The animal is absolutely gentle, sir," he added reassuringly. "After lunch I'll show you."

Bill went back to the barn; but he was troubled. Sir Colintha had been tearing up the sod in the paddock. Bill had watched him rest his huge head against a corner post in the fence and throw his mighty body against it, till the post creaked and sagged.

Mr. Baker ate a leisurely luncheon in the cozy room attached to the superintendent's bungalow, and afterward sat looking peacefully off across the shimmering valley. His mind came back to the Holstein and to Bill. Then with a shrug he threw off these irritating details. The world was beautiful. Down by the paddock there were great patches of flowers. Birdstrilled in the underbrush, and the wistful kiss of spring was in the air. He sighed luxuriously and stretched himself.

**P**RESENTLY he noticed that the superintendent's four-year-old daughter was playing in the lane adjoining the paddocks. She had a gaudy little tin pail and a small shovel, and was industriously collecting dirt and flowers. He smiled and waved his hand to the tiny laborer, and forgot her. In spite of himself he was thinking of the boy whose story he had heard that morning. It seemed a pity that pure-bred cattle should be cared for so tenderly, while a growing animal that would one day be a man should have no home. Even so, Mr. Baker was thinking, one human being could not be expected to correct the imperfections of civilization. Obviously, this waif should be placed in an institution of some sort. The state ought to look after him; it was its duty.

A sound—a cry of fear and anguish—brought him back to earth. It seemed to come from the distant orchard. Looking in that direction, he saw Adams, the superintendent, running toward the house. He was at the farther end of a long meadow. The words he screamed as he ran were indistinguishable. Instinctively,

the man on the porch turned to look for the child he had seen in the lane between the paddocks. She had disappeared.

The next moment, having located the child, Mr. Baker had vaulted across the low railing of the porch and raced toward the yard occupied by Sir Colintha. He shouted hoarse words of command and entreaty.

The little girl had gone under the fence. With tin pail and shovel in her hands, she

on his way across the farm yard; but he would have gone just as readily without anything. But there was no chance that he could save the child—the bull was already three quarters of the way across the paddock, galloping, head down, his front hoofs circling high at each bound, his tail swinging.

Mr. Baker saw that he could never make it. Again and again he shouted.

Then, something dark shot like an arrow from under the laurel bushes at the south of the paddock. That something was a slim-nosed, shaggy dog, which ran like the wind, with leveled head and tail stretched straight behind—not at Sir Colintha's head but at the flank. The dog crossed the bull's path, and in doing so shot up and grabbed the Holstein's tail close to the body. The bull let out a roar as his hind quarters swayed, and he was swung off his stride. He stumbled and all but fell.

**T**HEN he gathered himself, whirled, and belled again—a raucous, ear-shattering challenge to his enemy to face him in the open. The dog released his hold, and after standing for a moment with his sharp ears cocked straight up, regarding the bull, disappeared in the thicket.

Sir Colintha swung back with his face toward the middle of the paddock. He could not deal with a phantom; but there were more substantial enemies. The child had slipped back through the fence, but Mr. Baker had reached the middle of the enclosure before this sudden change in the situation.

There he stood now, balancing the light hay fork in his hand and staring unwinkingly for an instant at the bull. Then hastily he appraised the distance to the four sides of the paddock. There was small chance of his reaching even the nearest.

And now the bull, every ounce of his terrific strength aroused, every drop of his hot blood boiling, was tearing up the sod with his hoofs and swinging his horns down and to the right and up, with a mighty swing. The man in the path of the charging bull (Continued on page 125)



As for the rope, Bill had learned to throw that up in the panhandle of Idaho, where he and his father had been for a time on a beef ranch

was trudging briskly up along one side of the bull's enclosure. Her bright eyes were intent on the nodding blue and yellow flowers beyond, and already she was within twenty feet of the upper fence. But below, his great body alert, his tail switching slowly, stood Sir Colintha, biding his time. There was menace in the quiver of his massive shoulders. Suddenly, he belled. The roar rumbled over the hillside and down into the valley, like the echo of distant drums.

He charged. Mr. Baker was under the fence. He had caught up a pitchfork



# How I Sold Myself To My Wife

I AM beginning to suspect that every suburbanite leads a double life. I have week-ended with many of them, and I know.

Especially I have in mind James C. Waverly, star salesman of the most important lumber company in our part of the world, with whom I spent a week-end only recently. He is a big, jovial human being with a laugh like the exhaust of an automobile, and a fund of comic stories which Al Jolson might envy. There are fifty concerns that have given him their business for years just because of the joy that he carries with him into their offices.

Saturday noon he and I took a taxicab over to the depot and rushed through the gate just ten seconds before the train pulled out. As we settled ourselves in the smoker and opened the afternoon papers the change began to come over him; it was well developed by the time we stepped out onto the platform at Mixenhurst.

An attractive little woman, with a couple of bounding youngsters, was waiting for us in an open car. Jim took me over and introduced me, kissed his wife perfunctorily, asked the boys if he hadn't told them a hundred times to keep their feet off the upholstery, took his place at the wheel, and threw the car into gear. As he leaned forward to release the emergency brake, however, a sudden frown gathered between his eyes. He pointed to the hood and looked accusingly at his wife.

"That big scratch wasn't there this morning," he said; "how did it come?"

"I was just going to tell you, Jim," she answered nervously. "The baby climbed up there. I came out of the back door and there he was, standing on both feet and laughing away. I thought surely he was going to fall; it scared me 'most to death, but I got him just in time. He must have made that scratch."

"It's funny to me that with all the folks around the house to watch him you can't keep the kid off this car," Jimmy responded.

With which genial little comment the week-end started.

It continued just like that all day Sunday, which was rainy; and all Sunday evening. The three youngsters, cooped up by the rain, were noisy and restless, and Jim grumbled and growled from nine o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock at night. At that hour I made some excuse and slipped up to the spare bedroom and turned in. The sun was flooding the house the next morning, but there was no sunshine in Jim's soul when we met at the breakfast table. He grumbled about the coffee.

"Three women in the house," he sputtered, "with nothing to do all day but to learn how to make good coffee; and they can't learn to make good coffee."

I maintained a discreet silence. Later, when I had said good-bye at the depot and Mrs. Waverly had told me how much she had enjoyed my visit (which couldn't have

been very true), and I had told her how glad I was I had come (which wasn't true at all), and Jim had given her a little husbandly peck on the cheek, we climbed on board the smoker. And immediately the change began.

"Hello, Jim," cried three commuters in unison. And, "Well, Jim, how's the gentlemanly bootlegger," echoed another voice farther down the aisle. Jim broke forth into one of his famous laughs and we made our way to a vacant seat, shaking hands and exchanging pleasantries all the way. The Jim of Mixenhurst was gone; the Jim of Business had returned.

We had little time for talk that morning, but a week later I had him for lunch at the club. As I was lighting my cigar I looked across the table and said: "Jim, you're a rotten salesman."

"How come?" he demanded, a little taken back in spite of his effort to appear unconcerned.

"You cover a lot of territory and turn in a nice bunch of orders," I answered; "but you're in Dutch with your most important customer, and it's all your fault."

"I don't get you," he answered, and there was no smile in his tones.

"You take an awful lot of pains to sell yourself to every two-by-four jobber on your list," I went on evenly; "you make him think that you're the greatest fellow in the world. But you've never made the slightest effort to sell yourself to your wife."

His face flushed; he was about to tell me pretty plainly that I was talking about something which was none of my business, but I got up and put my hand on his shoulder and led him away from the table.

"Come into the library a minute," I said, "I want to tell you a story."

THIS was the story I told.

My father was one of the thousands of men who might have been rich and famous if the "interests" hadn't held him down. He was a country lawyer who moved to a town that wasn't so very big, but was just a little too big for him. There we lived in a cottage on a quiet street which might have held us quite snugly if we had been able to use every room. But the biggest and best room on the second floor couldn't be used for sleeping or for play. It was Father's study, sacred to him; and when he wasn't there it was locked tight.

I can well recall my mother's half-reverent, half-terrified look as she pressed her fingers to her lips and warned us that Father was at work in the study and must not be disturbed. We were never allowed to go to his law office, but from the hints that he dropped at our solemn Sunday-morning breakfasts we children pictured a great suite of rooms, furnished with rich Oriental rugs and mahogany desks. It was not until after his death that I learned the truth.

Most of the wisdom which Father imparted to us came at the Sunday-morning breakfast. He would sit enthroned at

the head of the table, turning the pages of the Sunday paper and settling the affairs of the universe by vigorous pronouncements which none of us ever opposed. He knew so well just what was going to happen. "Prohibition!" he said sarcastically; "when Gabriel blows his trumpet there will still be saloons on Broadway. Prohibition might go in Kansas, but it will never go in little old New York." He was positive that the day of opportunity in this country had passed. The Interests had worked everything into their own control; there would never be any more chance for the poor man—so he assured us very positively. And neither he nor we knew, of course, that a poor man named H. Ford was, at that moment, struggling along on twenty-five dollars a week in Detroit, and a poor man named C. Schwab was driving stakes for a living in Pennsylvania.

I WOULD not seem to paint an unfriendly picture. He was a devoted parent, after his fashion. The point I want to make is simply this—for fifty years my father fooled himself and my mother about himself. It would have been worth a comfortable little fortune to my father if he and my mother had sat down frankly in the early days of their marriage and analyzed themselves. If he had said to her, for example, "I'm not a remarkable man, but I am honest and willing to work. And if we are frugal and have reasonable luck I know we can get together a competence." That single speech would have established them on a basis where she could have been of immense help to him; it would have created a wholly new outlook for him on the business world. Instead, he sold himself to his wife as a Success, and by so doing he sentenced himself to lifelong failure.

I enter into this rather long explanation regarding my father because his character and example had a profound effect on my own married life. My wife and I met in the offhand fashion which big city life makes possible. I was walking along the Lake Shore in Chicago one Sunday afternoon when I noticed a young woman coming down another path a hundred feet ahead. Suddenly the wind caught her hat and whirled it toward the lake. We both started after it; I arrived first, picked it up, and handed it to her. She smiled and our acquaintanceship began. It ripened fast and three months later we were married.

My wife was an orphan. At the time we met she was employed as an assistant buyer in one of the department stores of the city—a very good and well-paid position. She pretended, however, to regard her work as merely a sort of extended lark. Whether she ever said it in so many words I am not sure, but I got the distinct impression during our courtship that she had been very carefully raised by a wealthy aunt who thought it scandalous that she should stay alone in Chicago instead of going back to take her proper place in the society of the home town. It seemed to



me a perfectly natural story, for she was clearly a girl of superior talent and refinement. She enjoyed opera and had a fine taste in art. She had read books I had never heard of, and spoke familiarly of people and places in New York and Europe.

From the very beginning I was afflicted with a bad case of that lover's malady whose principal symptom is a profound sense of unworthiness. How could I, a low-brow of the low-brows, ever make myself good enough for a girl whose cultural background was so rich? What would she think if she knew that I had never seen a performance of opera in my life? That about all I ever carried away from a visit to the art gallery was a couple of blisters on my feet? What a shock it would be to her to visit my home town and see my family!

That visit should never be made, I determined. At least not until we had been married a year. Nor would I run the risk of exposing my crudities to the critical inspection of her aunt if it could possibly be avoided. I suggested to her that we keep our engagement and marriage a secret, and surprise them by a visit later on. To my intense relief she consented after a little protest; and I took it as a wonderful evidence of her affection that she should be willing to spare me what her woman's instinct must have told her would be a severe ordeal.

HAVING thus made myself secure, I built up a little harmless platform of deception in order to lift myself a trifle nearer to her high level. I hinted that the "Judge," my father, might have been United States senator from our state if he had been willing to compromise his principles only a little. I pictured to her our big, hospitable old home, presided over by my mother, the daughter of an old Southern family; and she, on her part, told me of her aunt's eccentricities, of her prejudice against fine clothes and automobiles. "She's a lot like Hetty Green," she said with a laugh, "although of course not nearly so rich."

So with opera, picture exhibitions, and reading aloud from the works of advanced thinkers, we plunged onward toward the great day. My twelve-hundred-dollar salary was crying "Kamerad," but I had a few hundred in the bank, and there was always the hope that the sales manager would act the way good bosses do in books, and celebrate the young man's wedding with a handsome raise. After the wedding was over she and I would have a talk about finances; but I couldn't bring myself to cheapen the fine intellectual atmosphere of our courtship by mentioning money. At least, not such a small sum of money as twelve hundred dollars a year.

She weakened a bit at the end on one point. It would break her aunt's heart, she said, if we did not confide our secret to her and at least send her an invitation to the wedding. "She won't come,"

Marion explained confidently. "She hates railroad travel like poison. But she would never forgive me if I deceived her. And remember, dear, that I owe everything to her, and she's just a lonely old lady." Of course, when the girl you love puts her arms around your neck and talks that way you do whatever she suggests. So auntie was advised and invited. I spent an awful week in fear lest she should come, but she didn't. Instead, we received a money order for two hundred dollars and a note of blessing in a cramped old-maidish hand. We cashed the money order, and I borrowed the two hundred of my wife to get us back from New York at the end of the honeymoon, making the excuse that I had foolishly forgotten to bring along any blank checks.

So we laid the foundations of a new

I just can't run the risk of letting her know the truth."

The strain was telling on me, both at home and in the office. Two or three times during the summer I sneaked off to a ball game; and of course whenever I got out on the road I washed the opera out of my system with a good dose of vaudeville and motion pictures. But this relief was temporary. Something had to happen; my steadily mounting indebtedness would have told me that even if my low-brow soul had not. And one evening toward the end of our first year the Something came. A thick-voiced Something with a black mustache, and a very plain and outspoken intimation that if we did not pay a certain bill at once the lawyers would have an unpleasant message for us.

I must say that I think I carried the thing off pretty well. I assumed the tone of the injured aristocrat who finds himself brought into distressing contact with the vulgarities of trade. I refused to debate the bill. I went into our bedroom, and digging down to the bottom of one of our bureau drawers I brought out the little stake which we had salted away as a last line of defense in case of grim necessity. With a disdainful gesture I paid the bill in cash, took the receipt and showed the intruder out.

RETURNING to the bedroom I tucked the balance of our little hoard back into its place. I took my time about the matter; I needed time to compose myself and think out what I should say to Marion. As my hands fumbled around in the bureau drawer they touched a book. Mechanically I pulled it out and looked at it. And in that moment my whole little world began to whirl around me. The book was Marion's, there could be no doubt about that; she must have been in the midst of it that afternoon, for the place where she had stopped reading was marked by a little red slip. I opened to that page and received a second shock.

The book was the latest and most sensational novel; and the bookmark was the stub of a theatre ticket, issued by a theatre which specialized in light operas of the lightest type. A novel and a comic opera—and this from a wife who loathed any music except "the best" and to whom only serious books had any appeal at all! Holding the novel in plain sight I stepped back into our living-room and sat down on the couch beside my wife. . . .

It was two o'clock when we finished our talk; and she had cried twice and I had been almost on the point of crying myself. But we made a complete job of it. She knew, at two o'clock, that my father wasn't a judge but only a poor country lawyer and that my real salary was twenty-one hundred dollars, and that I sold jewelry to jewelry stores, and hated opera and loved baseball and would rather see a good boxing match than to hear Michael Angelo explain his statues and pictures while (Continued on page 126)

## If You Have a Smart Wife —Use Her!

"THE instinct of a fine woman is one of the greatest business assets any man can have," says the writer of this article. "It supplements his judgment and often leaps directly to the goal which he, with his slower reasoning, reaches only after a long struggle. The man who doesn't talk his business over with his wife—provided of course that she is the right kind of a wife—is hitting on only three or four cylinders instead of six."

household, using hollow tile instead of granite; and sweet chocolate for cement.

We told ourselves that young couples ought to have the fun of starting economically, whether they needed to or not. So we took a "cute little apartment," which was just about twice too big and expensive, when measured by my income; and she set to work joyfully to furnish it by opening charge accounts at all the stores. The boss did celebrate the wedding with a raise of eight hundred dollars, and by a series of diplomatic interviews with the credit men of the stores where we—or rather *she*—traded, I managed to arrange to take care of the furniture and rugs and even her clothes, on the instalment plan. I was full of the optimism of youth, as well as of opera, art, and literature. I had my moments of bitter self-criticism, you may be sure. I accused myself of deceiving the finest, truest little girl in the world; I called myself a cad and a villain, and more than once I was on the point of coming out with the truth and asking her to try to love me for just what I was—a two-fisted specialty salesman with a sneaking fondness for detective stories and fried tripe. But I just couldn't quite make the grade. I excused myself with this plea: "If I am pretending to be better than I really am," I said, "at least, I'm struggling hard to improve. And perhaps some day I'll catch up with myself. Meanwhile,



# On What Does a 100,000-

Here is the answer, along with thrilling stories of our torrents, and other

*By Franklin*

**F**RANKLIN REMINGTON founded and is chairman of the board of directors of the Foundation Company, which has built the foundations beneath many of New York's greatest skyscrapers and put through many other important and spectacular engineering jobs in all parts of North America. Starting on borrowed capital in 1902, Mr. Remington has built up the biggest organization of its kind in the world. Its war contracts alone, from April, 1917, to the end of 1918, reached a total of more than one hundred million dollars.

**O**N a crisp morning in the early fall of 1910 one of our engineers was standing on the Third Avenue Elevated platform at the Brooklyn Bridge terminal. Below him to the west was the spreading stretch of ground on which was shortly to be erected one of the greatest office buildings in the country—the Municipal Building of the city of New York. Two men, leaning over the platform rail a few feet away, were viewing the same site.

"Just look there, will you?" remarked one of them. "A million and a half dollars sunk in the foundations for that building—and nothing to show for it!"

*Nothing to show for it. . . .* The remark seemed almost true. And yet beneath that scarred, unrevealing surface lay a supremely difficult piece of foundation work, in many ways the toughest job of its kind ever tackled by the company of which I happen to be the head.

The great building shortly to stand on

The photograph in the oval shows an enormous Canadian grain elevator, weighing forty million pounds when empty, after the lopsided settling of the concrete mat that served as its "floating" foundation. Engineers had made allowance for the foundation to settle, but they had not expected that a ridge of boulders fifty feet below the surface would make the earth jam on one side and throw the huge structure off balance to the rakish angle of twenty-seven degrees. How the building was restored to the upright position, shown at left, is one of the ingenious engineering jobs described by Mr. Remington



Carrying on construction work in the face of an ice jam is one of the many difficulties with which the engineer is confronted. He must battle continually with the forces of nature to prevent the results of long months of painstaking effort being swept away in a single night. When the photograph at the left was taken, caissons were being sunk in midwinter to the bedrock at the bottom of a Western river. With the thermometer standing at twelve degrees below zero, work progressed steadily, despite the fact that the stream had been brought by unseasonable floods to a thirty-foot level



# Ton Skyscraper Rest?

battles against floods, landslides, quicksand, underground  
relentless forces of nature

## Remington

that piece of ground would contain *one hundred and sixty-five thousand tons* of steel and stone. Below, to a maximum depth of more than two hundred feet, lay bedrock. Our job had been to link the two—the bedrock and the building-to-be—with gigantic columns of solid concrete.

For nearly a year that placid-looking site had been a battleground of engineering ingenuity. Straight through the heart of it, at the surface, ran one of New

York's busiest thoroughfares, ribbed with street-car tracks. The building was to straddle this, like some stub-legged colossus.

Parts of the site were veined with three-foot water mains, sewer mains, fire-service mains under two hundred pounds of pressure, and telephone, telegraph, and electric lighting conduits, serving one of the most important areas of the city. During the excavating, all these had to be

carried on steel girders and bracket hangers, without the slightest interference with service.

South of the lot was one of the most congested traffic centers in the world: underground at the western boundary was a subway tube; at the east was an elevated railroad, with piers forty-two feet below the curb; and near the lot in every direction were important buildings, with comparatively (Continued on page 107)

Two photographs showing work in progress on the foundation of the world's tallest office structure, the Woolworth Building. The picture at the left shows a concrete caisson and the one at the right gives a "close-up" of the air lock—both of which Mr. Remington describes



The foundation of the 165,000-ton Municipal Building presented some of the most difficult underground problems ever encountered in the skyscraper area of New York. Part of the site of the building was found to be over the surface of an old pond. Although the caissons sunk in this area are among the deepest on record, it was impossible to carry them to bedrock. The photograph at the right shows the foundation work in progress, with one of New York's busiest thoroughfares, Chambers Street, carried across the excavation on temporary supports. The completed building straddled this street. Much of the excavated earth was treacherous quicksand



"You mean—*David Brown*? I'm  
not responsible when I talk about  
*David Brown*. He's wonderful!"





# Back Home—And Back

The story of a conquering hero who gets a great surprise

By Hartman La Forge

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. F. UNDERWOOD

**Y**OUTH leaves the old home town with but a single vow—to come back some day and “show them!” Out of the many, most of them never come back at all. That’s pride. A few straggle in from year to year and remerge themselves with a sad bravado. That’s tragic. Fewer still occasionally visit the old town, semi-successful, pretending large and implying much. That’s amusing. Fewer yet come back in the fullness of real success. And that’s a wonderful thing.

It was a wonderful thing to David Brown. As the train rushed through the farm lands of Indiana he stretched languidly in his berth and laughed out loud.

He had looked forward to this day for a long time. He could have come three years ago; but the goblins of success had compelled him to put it off from time to time. His play had shown two hundred nights on Broadway, and each of his latest novels had been a best seller. No small achievement for a man still young.

So David Brown was returning to the certain adulation of Elk Bend’s best. He was certain to be entertained at the Century Club. He would be compelled to speak before the Chamber of Commerce and the Thursday Club. He would have to stand up on the platform of the old high school and tell Elk Bend’s youth how easy it is to make the sparks fly if you strike when the iron is hot.

He chuckled at that as he was shaving in the dressing-room. Being a conquering hero among his own was going to be a great sensation. He was a bit jaded with the industrious and professional mutual admiration of his own little group of serious thinkers. There would be a new kick in the good old back-home stuff.

Back in Elk Bend they’d be saying, “Why, hello, Dave! Back with the bacon, hey, kid!” Couldn’t he hear them! “Who’d’a thunk it? An honest-to-heaven author! Com’on, gang. Got a little bit left in the locker over at the club. Couldn’t waste it in a better cause, now *could* we? Musta made a lotta money out of that book, Dave, what-da-ya-call it? Haven’t done so worse myself—”

And the women! They would be shy and coyly admiring, or boldly advancing. The same girls that had passed him up in the old days for some football hero would now tell him how wonderful he was.

“How do you think of it all?” they would say. “It’s terrible! I feel so self-conscious! You must know women awful well to write about them so—so understandingly! Will you put me in a story sometime? I’d love it!”

The limited stopped at Elk Bend, and Brown slid off, smiling, undisturbed by the fact that there was no porter in sight to help with the bags. Gathering them together, he entered the dingy red brick

station. He remembered when it was built. Then it seemed a magnificent edifice, but now it was dingy and—*little!* Queer how things change like that.

Inside the station, he went up to the ticket window. The ticket agent had been a great friend of his father’s, and he wanted to say hello to the old fellow. But when Brown asked for the agent of yore, a strange and very bored young man looked out at him indifferently.

“Hasn’t been here for more’n five years,” was the brusque reply.

Still smiling, David went out to the street and found a nice shiny auto that had taken the place of the old two-horse bus. He climbed in with two traveling men, and almost before he knew it they were rolling around the corner onto Main Street.

**H**E WAS just a little annoyed that they passed places too fast for him to recognize certain things set in his mind as landmarks. Nothing seemed to look the same. Dingy, dinky, small. He had got to be a regular metropolitan snob, and couldn’t seem to shake it off. Down at Johnson Avenue and Main Street the bus stopped at the Hotel Corwin, for many years the prize hostelry of Elk Bend. The rottenest hotel David Brown had been in for ten years.

“Wanta check the sample case?” asked the clerk.

David Brown refused to be irritated. “No,” he answered smilingly.

“Charley!” bawled the clerk into vast back spaces; and Charley, an undergrown adult of middle age, ambled into view and led the way to the most deliberate elevator outside of France.

David Brown, playwright, novelist, and widely known teller of tales, was back home.

It was mid-afternoon when he strolled up Main Street with all the glow of ten years’ expectation. However, he was puzzled to see no one he knew. He didn’t suppose there would be so many strangers. He had thought he would know by sight at least one out of every three. But he kept on stopping every now and then before a store. Funny stores! And a lot of strange and unfamiliar names.

He went on down to the Elk Bend “Daily Times.” Somewhere, during the past, the news had trickled into his New York fastness that Billy Barstow was the editor and part owner. Billy was one of the old gang. It would be good to see old Billy again. Being a newspaper man, Billy would appreciate the accomplishment of David Brown. Not that David Brown felt any condescension toward Billy. Not at all. There is a distinct fellowship among all writing men.

But Billy Barstow looked up inquiringly from his desk, slightly puzzled. He

was a little fatter, a little thinner on top but otherwise the same old Billy.

“Well, Billy, the old town sure looks good!”

Billy seemed a trifle embarrassed, “Pretty fair,” he offered, and waited diplomatically.

“I’ll bet you don’t even remember me,” said David Brown.

There was a slow dawning of recollection beating about in Billy Barstow’s news-laden mind.

“Sure I do,” he said brightening somewhat and holding out his hand. “It’s Dave Brown, isn’t it? I’d know you anywhere. When’d you hit town?”

They talked for half an hour, during which time Billy went out seven times to “see about something.” Takes a lot of work to run a small-town newspaper. During the talk, however, David got some of the gossip about the rest of the gang. Most of them married! All more or less prosperous and successful. Stable, conservative citizens! But Billy didn’t seem at all excited to see him. He didn’t ask him over to any club. Didn’t even ask him out to his house for dinner. A world of years lay between them that were strangely impossible of crossing. Only as Dave Brown was leaving came the sudden jolt that rather dazed him.

“You look prosperous, Dave. Whatdya do to get that way in the big town?”

“What do I do?” (Billy must be kidding.)

“Yes, what’s your line?”

It was a blow between the eyes. What did he do? He, David Brown, who had struggled and starved and succeeded as few men do. *What was his line?* He stood there for a moment with his whimsical eyes half closed, smiling a bit as he looked at Billy Barstow.

“Oh, I’ve never set any worlds on fire, Billy,” he evaded, as he moved toward the door.

“Bet he’s a bootlegger,” said Billy Barstow to himself, as he watched Brown cross the street and enter the Elk Valley bank. “Lucky he didn’t try to borrow any money. Wonder what he *does* do.”

**I**NSIDE the bank, David was asking a youth in the cage for Mr. Lewis. Billy had said that Frank Lewis was Elk Bend’s baby captain of industry.

After a few moments of undertoned parley behind old-fashioned ground-glass partitions, Frank Lewis came out.

“Why, it’s Dave Brown!” he said pleasantly. “When’d you hit town?”

“Oh, just this afternoon.”

“Here on business?”

“No-o; just going through. Thought I’d stop off and take a look at the old town before going back to New York.”

“Oh, that’s so. Now I remember, I did hear somewhere that you had located your-



self in New York. What's your line?"

"Line?" said David feebly. "I—I—haven't any line."

"Lucky guy! Musta married an heir-ess!"

"No. Not married at all."

"Oh, you'll fall some day. We all do. But what is your line—your business, or profession, or whatever you call it?"

"Books," said David meekly.

"Book salesman, eh? Suppose you object to being called a book agent. Well," condescendingly, "I've heard that there was big money in it when a fellow had a special gift for it."

"Not bad," acknowledged David.

"But listen, Dave. Don't try to sell me any books. Don't care who wrote 'em, don't care what kind of bindings they've got. I haven't time to read 'em. And Emily's too busy with the house and the kids to read, either. It's just hop, skip, and jump with us all the time."

"All right, Frank. I'm not trying to impose on old friends, you know."

"Course not. I know that. . . . Be sure to stop in again before you leave town. Want to talk to you about little old New York. I'm comin' to that town some of these days and burn a few Roman candles. Want you to put me next to where they burn best."

**H**E WINKED wisely as David Brown, dazed and baffled, walked out of the door and up Main Street of Elk Bend, the back-home town.

Within a hundred feet, he met George Starr.

"Well, if it isn't Dave Brown!" said George, stopping hurriedly. They had kind of a formula in Elk Bend, it seemed.

"It certainly is. You seem in a hurry, George."

"I am. Darn busy. Got an important case coming up to-morrow. Be long in town? Hope I'll see you again. Sorry I can't stop now."

Their hands fell apart, and he was on his hurried way when he turned and hesitated a moment. Men have curiosity, too.

"What are you doing these days, Dave? What's your line?"

"Books!" said David jauntily.

"Selling?"

"Well, yes; I suppose you'd call it that."

"Well, here's luck!" And George Starr passed on.

David Brown stood there in the center of the walk and watched him curiously. Another one of them. The old gang. Yet, as far as they were concerned, David Brown had ceased to exist. He strolled on thoughtfully.

Across the street was Kramer's feed and coal store. Jerry Kramer's father had retired and the son had taken over the business. David crossed the street and stepped into the store, wondering what was going to happen to him this time.

It happened. Just as before. Jerry was friendly, but not too friendly. He repeated the historical gossip that the rest of them had given him. He asked the same question: "What's your line?" But Jerry went a step further.

"Oh, books," he beamed. "Do you remember Al Page?"

"Sure," said David.

"Bet you don't remember Frances; Al's little sister Frances?"

David looked blank.

"Oh, she was just a kid, you know. Skinny legs an' everything. But, say, she's the tall and stately beauty of this town now; and her line's books, too. Librarian over to the Carnegie Library."

David was only mildly interested—until Jerry, running true to his form of old, leaned over confidentially and reduced his high long-distance voice to a local whisper.

"You see, there's coming a time when Frances is going to quit that book stuff. Been trying to persuade her for the last three years. All the time she's been telling me that she couldn't ever marry a man that didn't have what she calls artistic appreciation. Can you beat that? Artistic appreciation! Me, a literary lily! But she'll come around. They always do. My old man's got plenty of dough, and I'm making a lot more right here at the little old stand. That's what talks to the girls these days. Take a look at the new car out there. Some spinning wheel! And you ought to see the house I'm building over the river. That's where all the swell houses in town are these days. Little old Jerry isn't so slow. She'll come 'round all right."

"Sure she will," agreed David.

"You bet! Goin' to be in town a few days? If you are, stop in again for a chin. It's good to see some of the old boys who went out into the cold, cold world. They almost never come back. Haven't got the price, I guess."

**I**F YOU think that David went right to the hotel to pack up for the next train back to New York, you're wrong. He went straight to the Carnegie Library. He sauntered in and looked around gravely. He fingered a book or two. He gazed out of the window into the green treetops of maple-lined Second Street.

But he did it all with a divided glance. The other half was cast in the direction of the main desk, where a girl was dishing out books to the few of Elk Bend's literary wanderers who had the energy to straggle in during the late afternoon of a very warm spring day.

For a few moments business was a bit brisk; then it lagged. The lagging brought David, hat in hand, blandly impersonal—at first.

He asked about several books. How people were taking to Wells's "The Outline of History." Was "Main Street" popular in Elk Bend? Had she read the "Moon Calf," or "Zell"? and then came the innocent question:

"Did—did you ever read anything of Brown's?"

Now, most people don't get Frances Page at first. She has a certain aristo-



"Here's where you get off, kid," Billy Barstow

cratic dignity that fools them. It fooled Frances herself, for a long time. But her brown bonfire eyes, gypsy eyes, gave David about a hundred and twenty volts when she said in her soft warm voice:

"You mean—David Brown? I'm not responsible when I talk about David Brown. He's wonderful! To my mind, the most promising thing about the Great American Public is the fact that 'The Only Thing' is a best seller."

"Do you really think so?" David was only human.

"I do, indeed." She stopped, half confused, looking out where the afternoon sunlight streamed through the doors.

David was noticing her mouth. It was worth noticing. Her gypsy eyes came out of the dream, and caught him noticing. She rolled the pencil, with the rubber date stamp on its top, slowly between her slender palms.

"Did you . . . want a card?"

"No-o," said David; "I'm just a straggler for a day. You see, many years ago, I lived in Elk Bend; and to-day I stopped off for a few hours to see what the old town looks like."

"Does it seem the same?"

"No. It probably is the same; but I've changed a lot, I suppose, and that makes it seem different."





was saying, tugging at one of his arms. "Old Elk Bend's got something on ice for the Honorable David Brown"

She looked at him gravely. "I could never imagine you belonging to Elk Bend."

"I can't myself—now; but I did, very much so. And I'm a little ashamed of feeling so out of place here to-day."

"You needn't be. What I am ashamed of is that I *stayed* here." Her gypsy eyes glowed. "It's hard for a girl to get away. The boys just seem to get up and walk out; that is, the worth-while ones do. All that the town gets are the ones that are left."

TEN minutes later, again outside the library, he crossed over to Main Street and started back toward the hotel, pausing for a thoughtful moment in front of Reed's book store. Then he went in.

As he emerged from the store, David looked at his watch. In just forty minutes the train was due that would carry him back to his own world, back to the crowd that understood. He grinned a little at the fallen idol of himself, the vacuous sentiment that had made him want to come back here a conquering hero. It served him right.

As David Brown loaded his bags into a decrepit taxi in front of the Hotel Corwin, Frances Page looked up from her card file with a nervous jump. A freckled-faced

boy had suddenly plumped a package down on the counter in front of her.

"What's that, Tommy?" she asked.

"Don't know," twinkled Tommy. "He told me not to tell you how I got it."

Frances frowned puzzledly as she started to unwrap the book.

"Who told you not to tell what?"

"The guy with the cane over in front of the Hotel Corwin. He gave me a dollar, and he says—"

But Frances Page was not listening. She turned back the cover of the book and in a dazed tumult read what was written there.

To Gypsy Eyes, the only one in Elk Bend who has ever heard of David Brown.

Not an hour ago, *he* had been standing there! David Brown! And she had chattered to him like a foolish child about "The Only Thing!" She felt herself warm and flushing as she looked over the book at Tommy, who was watching her closely.

"What did he say, Tommy," she demanded.

"Gee, you're red, Frances." Tommy snickered behind his grimy hand. "Thought Jerry Kramer was your fella!" Then he suddenly whirled and beat it, sticking his head back in the door to yell, "Good-by, my lover, good-by!"

Frances was furious, but she forgot it the minute old Mrs. Gardner came in.

"Oh, my dear," said that lady impressively, "I've just heard that David Brown is in town! You know, the David Brown who wrote 'The Only Thing.' You see, I called up Billy Barstow at the 'Times' to put in a little item about Myra's baby, and he said David Brown had just been in. Asked me if I wasn't an old friend of his mother's—when we were more like sisters up to the very day she died. And Billy says David's been in New York these many years all alone—the poor boy! And what do you think that fool Billy told me? He said David told Frank Lewis that his line was books, and Billy thought he meant he was a *book agent*! Can you beat that?"

"BOOKS!" I almost yelled, the name of David Brown suddenly jumping up and down in my mind, 'of course' it's books, you fool! *He* is the author of "The Only Thing." Just to think of it! It never occurred to me that *the* David Brown could be our Dave. When I hung up, Billy was saying a lot of things with swear words, about losing out on the biggest story the 'Times' has had since the lumberyard burned.

"It's just like (Continued on page 132)"



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*By Mary B. Mullett*

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Mitzi has the biggest blue eyes I ever saw. Perhaps it was these early experiences at the Budapest theatre that developed them so phenomenally.

"At first," she went on, "I did imitations just for the fun of it. The family was my only audience. Then

I used to show off my accomplishments to visitors. I began going to school when I was five years old; and of course, as a sort of infant prodigy, I did my stunts at the school entertainments. Before I was ten years old I was giving imitations at concerts and big charity affairs. Mother didn't like it, said it kept me up too late and interfered with my schooling. But my father always encouraged me.

"Not that I *needed* encouragement! It was as natural for me to sing and dance and imitate (Continued on page 92)

## What Mitzi Knows About "The Courage of Fear"

**"I WAS scared!"** says Mitzi, in relating one of her experiences. "But when you are *enough* scared, you can run faster, and jump farther, and shriek louder than you ever dreamed you could. Figuratively speaking, that's what I did when that actress left me in the lurch, hoping I would make a failure.

"I felt as if I could play the whole show that night—and I pretty nearly did. I mean that I made a big hit. She thought she was kicking me into a hole. But if you are kicked hard enough, you sometimes travel a good deal farther than the kicker intended.

"Of course I won't give her all the credit. I had some steam myself! Here was the chance I had been longing for. I knew that if I didn't make good then it would be a weary wait for another chance. I didn't *dare* fail. So that gave me some more of the courage of fear."

death of the man who had held it. That's the only way any position ever did become vacant in Hungary. If you wanted to step up you had to do it in dead men's shoes.

"Well, when this particular pair became available, my father applied for them. So did hundreds of other men! It was about a thousand-to-one chance that my father would be chosen. But the very day I was born the appointment was made—and he proved to be the lucky man. He came rushing home and, not knowing of



# A Great Editor Tells What Interests People

Edwin A. Grozier, who has made the Boston "Post" one of the most successful newspapers in the world, explains the two most important factors in that achievement—Stories of his experiences, and also of the most remarkable man he ever knew

*By Keene Sumner*

**T**HERE is a Boston newspaper which has one of the largest circulations in the world. Now, there is one thing that is true of the story of any great newspaper.

You won't get very far into that story before you come to the figure of some one man. And it is also true that, if you go very far into the story of that one man, you will find that the secret of his ability to interest thousands of human beings is his *understanding* of them—his knowledge of human nature.

The man in this case, the man behind the great success of the Boston "Post," is Edwin A. Grozier. When he bought the paper, thirty-one years ago, its circulation was only about thirty thousand—and that was largely free! I don't know what it will be when this article appears, for it has a way of jumping up every now and then by perhaps ten thousand a week. But even now, almost half a million copies are sold every day.

It isn't often that a man's story is interesting from its very beginning; but Edwin A. Grozier's starts in an unusual way. He was born, September 12th, 1859, aboard his father's ship, as the vessel passed through the Golden Gate to enter the harbor of San Francisco. Some folks are born with a silver spoon in their mouth; but Mr. Grozier is the only person I have met who entered life through a Golden Gate.

When the boy was six years old, he went to live at Provincetown, down on Cape Cod. More than two hundred years before he arrived there, some of his ancestors had gone ashore from the "Mayflower" at that very spot. Their stay was brief; but their several-times-great-grandson lived there and went to school until he was fifteen.

He must have made good use of his time, too; for he was ready for college

then, at an age when most boys are only half way through high school. He was too young, in fact, to go to college. So his family sent him around the world; and for almost two years the boy traveled here and there, mostly on sailing vessels, seeing strange places and learning to take care of himself in any circumstances.

written some fugitive verse. But he needed two things which the writing of verses did not provide: They were *action* and *money*. His mind was too keenly alive to let him become a dreamer, even if his purse had been well enough lined, at that time, to permit it.

"When I graduated from college," he told me, "General Charles H. Taylor was the owner and editor of the 'Boston Globe;' and he, personally, gave me my first job, as a reporter on his paper. My salary, at the start, was ten dollars a week—which seemed large at the time and was very welcome. It was soon raised to twelve, to fifteen, to eighteen dollars. I wanted more money—because I needed it! I couldn't seem to get any more from the 'Globe,' so I went to the Boston 'Herald' at twenty-five dollars a week.

"During the famous Robinson-Butler campaign for the governorship, in 1882—the fiercest political campaign ever waged in Massachusetts—I traveled with Robinson and reported it for the 'Herald.' When he was elected he made me his private secretary, and I was with him at the State House almost two years.

"Then came one of the most interesting, important, and *strenuous* periods in my life. In 1885, I became private secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, then actively engaged in making the New York 'World' one of the greatest newspapers in the country. I was with him, in one capacity or another, for six years. And to any

young man, that experience—provided he could live through it!—was a wonderful training.

"Mr. Pulitzer was the most remarkable man I have ever known. He was Hungarian by birth: half Magyar and half Catholic. During our Civil War he landed in New York, (Continued on page 116)



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Although he was not yet seventeen when he returned, he entered Brown University that fall. Later, he went to Boston University, where he was graduated. As a boy, back in Provincetown, his ambition had been to become a writer of novels and of verses. Like most boys with any imagination he really had



# Most Folks Can Be Fooled About Furs

Would you, for instance, know Russian sable and silver fox—the costliest furs in the world—from Hudson sable and pointed fox?—Could you pick out the best mink, or chinchilla, or ermine, or squirrel?—Do you know which furs are the most durable, and which are the most perishable?—An expert tells here all kinds of interesting facts about furs

*By Allan Harding*

**W**HAT would you think of paying three thousand dollars for the skin of a little animal no larger than your pet cat? The answer prob-

ably is that you *wouldn't* think of it. However, there are people who not only think of it but who do it.

A New York furrier showed me two Russian sable skins which he assured me he will sell for three thousand apiece. He added that the purchaser gets her money's worth; but, so long as it's our money, we needn't worry about that.

However, suppose you had an automobile as big as Henry Ford's and that you

decided to buy your wife a fur coat; a grand and glorious one that would cost more than any other fur garment in the world.

"Have you got anything more expensive than these two Russian sables?" you ask the furrier, pointing to the pair I have just mentioned.

"No, sir! There ain't no such animal!" he says, or words to that effect.

most of us are so ignorant that an unscrupulous dealer could fool us without the slightest difficulty. One fur coat may be cheap at fifty thousand dollars and another may be expensive at fifty dollars; but most of us don't know why. We can't even recognize a rabbit skin in some of its disguises.

To become an expert in furs requires years of training. The man who gave me the information contained in this article, for instance, has been dealing in furs since he was a boy. He has graded thousands of skins for the wholesale markets. He knows furs inside and outside. This



A striking garment of Persian broadtail, trimmed with Kolinsky and worn by Alice Brady, the well-known actress. Broadtail, or baby lamb, is beautiful but also perishable. Persian lamb itself, however, is one of the most durable of furs

ment. The sable coat which Mr. Corey, the steel magnate, gave to his wife, Mabel Gilman, is said to have cost eighty thousand dollars. The price of the one Peggy Hopkins received when she was Peggy Joyce has been quoted at from sixty to seventy thousand dollars. Those are the top figures, so far as I know."

And there you are!

But, at any rate, you have learned something about furs, a subject on which



Kolinsky is another fur-bearing animal whose habitat is Russia. It is very soft and silky in texture, light in weight, and of a deep reddish-brown shading into darker brown along the center of each skin. Kolinsky is often imitated in "blended" squirrel





Right: This soft and graceful garment, worn by the young actress Margalo Gilmore, is made of "bunny chinchilla" on a georgette foundation. Bunny chinchilla and bunny ermine are really rabbit fur, sheared and dyed.

Left: Chinchilla, one of the most beautiful and delicate of furs, is becoming so scarce that a coat of the finest quality may cost from \$20,000 to \$35,000. This one is worn by Miss Jules Dowling, a well-known professional model.



man, Mr. Joseph Newman, is now the expert with Otto Kahn, Incorporated, the New York firm which has made three fur coats for Mrs. Harding since her husband became President.

**E**VEN if we can wear only rabbit-skin ourselves, we would like to know about the furs we *would* wear if we had the price. So I asked Mr. Newman what are the most costly ones in the world.

"Russian sable," he said, without a moment's hesitation. "It has brought the highest prices ever paid for single skins, although silver fox is a close second. But if you take into consideration the comparative size of the two furs, sable is decidedly the more expensive, for the fox skins are about twice as large.

"However, silver fox costs enough to put it with Russian sable at the very top of the whole list. I have paid twelve hundred and fifty dollars apiece for silver fox skins, just for the raw furs. When a skin of that quality has been dressed and made up, it may easily bring two thousand dollars or even twenty-five hundred dollars at retail.

"Silver fox is chiefly a rich, lustrous black. It gets its name from the white-tipped hairs scattered among the black ones. On some parts of the animal these white hairs are so numerous that they give the fur a hoary or silvery appearance. The markings are never just the same on any two animals, although the tip of the tail is always white.

"Coats are not made of silver fox, however; the fur is too deep. So no one person could ever wear as many thousands of dollars' worth of silver foxes as of Russian sables, or even of chinchilla.



Irene Castle, wearing a wonderful ermine wrap with a detachable train. The finest quality of ermine must have not the slightest tinge of yellow. It comes from northern Russia and Siberia and is obtained only in winter, the fur being a pale bisque color in summer.

"The fur known as 'pointed fox' is an imitation of silver fox, and is made by gluing badger hairs here and there on the skin of a black fox, or of one that has

been dyed black. Of course no reputable dealer sells this as 'silver fox.' You wouldn't think he could, even if he wanted to. But while I doubt if it ever is attempted, I know it is possible.

"One of my salesmen came to me once and said, 'I have a customer who wants a silver fox scarf. She thinks she knows all about them—but she really doesn't! She won't take my judgment, but I think you can convince her.'

"I selected a number of silver fox skins, put with them one of pointed fox, and took them to the customer. She examined them all very carefully. Then she selected the pointed fox and said, 'There! that is exactly what I want!'

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Absolutely!" she declared.

"I held the fur out to her and said, 'Give one of the white hairs a sharp pull.' She did so, and, to her surprise and chagrin, it came off! After that demonstration, it was easy to convince her that it was safer to rely on the judgment of an honest dealer than on her own."

**B**UT can't the customer learn enough about furs to be able to judge for himself?" I asked.

"No, he really cannot," declared Mr. Newman. "Even an expert can be fooled sometimes, so what chance has the average person? There is only one rule to be followed in buying furs: Deal with someone you can trust, both as to his knowledge and as to his honesty.

"In dealing with the high-class furriers, a customer sometimes selects the skins to be used in making up a fur garment to order. But the average woman buys one that is already made up, so she does not see the *under* surface of the fur. Suppose



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Mitzi has the biggest blue eyes I ever saw. Perhaps it was these early experiences at the Budapest theatre that developed them so phenomenally.

"At first," she went on, "I did imitations just for the fun of it. The family was my only audience. Then

I used to show off my accomplishments to visitors. I began going to school when I was five years old; and of course, as a sort of infant prodigy, I did my stunts at the school entertainments. Before I was ten years old I was giving imitations at concerts and big charity affairs. Mother didn't like it, said it kept me up too late and interfered with my schooling. But my father always encouraged me.

"Not that I *needed* encouragement! It was as natural for me to sing and dance and imitate (Continued on page 92)

## What Mitzi Knows About "The Courage of Fear"

**"I WAS scared!"** says Mitzi, in relating one of her experiences. "But when you are *enough* scared, you can run faster, and jump farther, and shriek louder than you ever dreamed you could. Figuratively speaking, that's what I did when that actress left me in the lurch, hoping I would make a failure.

"I felt as if I could play the whole show that night—and I pretty nearly did. I mean that I made a big hit. She thought she was kicking me into a hole. But if you are kicked hard enough, you sometimes travel a good deal farther than the kicker intended.

"Of course I won't give her all the credit. I had some steam myself! Here was the chance I had been longing for. I knew that if I didn't make good then it would be a weary wait for another chance. I didn't *dare* fail. So that gave me some more of the courage of fear."

death of the man who had held it. That's the only way any position ever did become vacant in Hungary. If you wanted to step up you had to do it in dead men's shoes.

"Well, when this particular pair became available, my father applied for them. So did hundreds of other men! It was about a thousand-to-one chance that my father would be chosen. But the very day I was born the appointment was made—and he proved to be the lucky man. He came rushing home and, not knowing of



# A Great Editor Tells What Interests People

Edwin A. Grozier, who has made the Boston "Post" one of the most successful newspapers in the world, explains the two most important factors in that achievement—Stories of his experiences, and also of the most remarkable man he ever knew

By Keene Sumner

**T**HERE is a Boston newspaper which has one of the largest circulations in the world. Now, there is one thing that is true of the story of any great newspaper.

You won't get very far into that story before you come to the figure of some one man. And it is also true that, if you go very far into the story of that one man, you will find that the secret of his ability to interest thousands of human beings is his understanding of them—his knowledge of human nature.

The man in this case, the man behind the great success of the Boston "Post," is Edwin A. Grozier. When he bought the paper, thirty-one years ago, its circulation was only about thirty thousand—and that was largely free! I don't know what it will be when this article appears, for it has a way of jumping up every now and then by perhaps ten thousand a week. But even now, almost half a million copies are sold every day.

It isn't often that a man's story is interesting from its very beginning; but Edwin A. Grozier's starts in an unusual way. He was born, September 12th, 1859, aboard his father's ship, as the vessel passed through the Golden Gate to enter the harbor of San Francisco. Some folks are born with a silver spoon in their mouth; but Mr. Grozier is the only person I have met who entered life through a Golden Gate.

When the boy was six years old, he went to live at Provincetown, down on Cape Cod. More than two hundred years before he arrived there, some of his ancestors had gone ashore from the "Mayflower" at that very spot. Their stay was brief; but their several-times-great-grandson lived there and went to school until he was fifteen.

He must have made good use of his time, too; for he was ready for college

then, at an age when most boys are only half way through high school. He was too young, in fact, to go to college. So his family sent him around the world; and for almost two years the boy traveled here and there, mostly on sailing vessels, seeing strange places and learning to take care of himself in any circumstances.

written some fugitive verse. But he needed two things which the writing of verses did not provide: They were *action* and *money*. His mind was too keenly alive to let him become a dreamer, even if his purse had been well enough lined, at that time, to pay for it.

"When I graduated from college," he told me, "General Charles F. Taylor was the owner and editor of the 'Boston Globe,' and he, personally, gave me my first job, as a reporter on his paper. My salary, at the start, was ten dollars a week—which seemed large at the time and was very welcome. It was soon raised to twelve, to fifteen, to eighteen dollars. I wanted more money—because I needed it! I couldn't seem to get any more from the 'Globe,' so I went to the Boston 'Herald' at twenty-five dollars a week.

"During the famous Robinson-Butler campaign for the governorship, in 1882—the fiercest political campaign ever waged in Massachusetts—I traveled with Robinson and reported it for the 'Herald.' When he was elected he made me his private secretary, and I was with him at the State House almost two years.

"Then came one of the most interesting, important, and strenuous periods in my life. In 1885, I became private secretary to Joseph Pulitzer, then actively engaged in making the New York 'World' one of the greatest newspapers in the country. I was with him, in one capacity or another, for six years. And to any

young man, that experience—provided he could live through it!—was a wonderful training.

"Mr. Pulitzer was the most remarkable man I have ever known. He was Hungarian by birth; half Magyar and half Catholic. During our Civil War he landed in New York, (Continued on page 116)



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Although he was not yet seventeen when he returned, he entered Brown University that fall. Later, he went to Boston University, where he was graduated. As a boy, back in Provincetown, his ambition had been to become a writer of novels and of verses. Like most boys with any imagination he really had





Left: A year or two ago, the Scottish Rite Masons of St. Louis presented to Mrs. Harding an Alaska seal coat made from the pick of 30,000 skins. This picture was taken outside the White House the time the coat was presented. On Mrs. Harding's left, the fourth man is Mr. Otto Kahn, who made the garment.

In oval: Peggy Hopkins, arrayed in the Russian sable coat which was one of the costly gifts from her husband, Stanley Joyce, during their brief matrimonial experience. Russian sable is the most expensive fur in the world. This coat was said to have cost between \$60,000 and \$75,000. Some years ago, Mr. Corey, the steel magnate, gave his wife—Mabel Gilman, the former actress—a Russian sable coat which was reported to have cost \$80,000. The price would be even higher to-day.

the garment is of Hudson seal. This is really dyed muskrat, but 'Hudson seal' is the recognized trade name for it. The best quality is beautiful; it wears well, and it is not extravagant in price.

"In addition, it is easy to work with. If an Alaska seal garment becomes shabby in spots, you can't simply cut out the worn pieces and sew in new ones. The seams will show, unless they are put in certain places. But when two pieces of Hudson seal are skillfully sewed together there is no external evidence of the patching; at least, none that the average person will detect.

"WELL, then, suppose you go to an *unreliable* dealer to buy a Hudson seal coat. He shows you one at what seems to you a bargain price. It looks all right—on the outside! But, perhaps, if you could see the *reverse* side, you would find that it is made of very poor skins, and also that it contains dozens, or even scores, of little patches of the fur. It isn't surprising that when a hodge-podge coat of this kind has been worn a short time it begins to fall to pieces. That is an extreme example, to be sure; but there is so wide a range in the quality of fur, and there is so great a range, also, in the quality of workmanship, that what *seems* to be a good bargain in price may really be a very poor one.

"There are other ways, too, in which you might be deceived. For instance, the quality of furs depends largely on the season when the animal was killed. Muskrat is at its best in the spring. But the best months for other furs are December and January; the poorest are the summer months. The former are called *seasoned* furs; the latter, *unseasoned*.

"At the height of winter, the fur of an animal is thick, rich, and glossy. In summer it is thinner and less lustrous. Not only that, but the skin itself, the 'leather,' changes with the season. I can tell at what time of the year the animal was killed simply by looking at the skin side



of a pelt. In winter the skin is thick and strong, with plenty of oil in it. As the warm season approaches there is less and less oil in the skin. It becomes so dry that it cracks easily. The skin itself be-

comes thinner. I have seen skins so thin that when the inner surface was shaved off in the process of dressing it there was literally 'fur' on both sides! The roots of the hairs came (Continued on page 134)



# What I Like—and Don't Like— About a "One-Horse Town"

By W. O. Saunders

Editor of "The Independent," Elizabeth City, N. C.

I HAVE lived in big burgs and little burgs. After trying both kinds I am back in a small town and expect to finish out my days right here. I am having lots of fun, and wouldn't trade jobs with a lot of fellows in New York who are making ten times more money than I am making in Elizabeth City.

Life is what you make it, whether in a big burg or a little burg. Your world is no bigger than your own job and your own circle of acquaintances. Folks are folks, wherever you find them; the folks in Elizabeth City are no different from the folks in New York. But the difference in living in New York and in Elizabeth City is: In New York one may live a lifetime without getting acquainted with his next-door neighbor; in Elizabeth City I know just about every man, woman, and kiddie in the town, and we all speak whenever we meet.

I like small-town life because I like folks. Life in a small town is living in a very laboratory of human nature and human experience. The life of the small town, and every man and woman in it, is nearly an open book. Life in the small town is an endless open air drama of human interest; one gets an endless repertoire of romance, comedy, tragedy, and all the rest of it. And one is most times permitted to see behind the scenes as well as from the front row in the orchestra. The gossips are busy from morn till night; they leave no item of human interest uncovered. They know how many boxes of candy every stenographer receives in a week and where she gets them from. A substantial citizen has to be a pillar in the church and walk decorously; he deserves no credit whatever for being the staid and sober citizen that he is; he doesn't dare be otherwise, because he can't fool even his wife in a small town. God bless the gossips!

I say God bless the gossips! That doesn't mean the scandalmongers. The curse of the small town is the disappointed and fading woman whose life has been cheated of experience, and who, embittered by her own barren prospects, is determined that no one else under the sun

shall do the things she would have done herself if she had ever had the nerve or the opportunity to do them. She sits behind half-open shutters at night and spies upon her neighbors, reporting everything she sees or thinks she sees, and often defaming innocent mortals by placing false interpretations upon their conduct. Every small town has that type; I hate them, and am very polite to them.

But the gossips! They are the news gatherers and the newsmongers who never

to his office, and he is now doing time in the state prison.

Only once in a long while are the gossips misled. There was the case of a couple who lived in a nearby town, who were always pointed out as the happiest of married couples. One morning the woman was found in her bedroom with her throat cut from ear to ear. She had done it herself with a razor. When neighbors found her and one sent hurriedly for a doctor, she protested with her dying breath, "Do

not try to save me, I want to die! My life has been a very hell on earth!"

One finds every element of tragedy in a small town that one finds in a great, overflowing, overwhelming place like New York. Only a few months ago two young women came into town on a night train and registered at the hotel. Two hours later the husband of one of them came by automobile and registered at the same hotel. He asked to be shown to his wife's room. When his wife opened the door he shot her dead, shot the other woman to death, and then put the pistol to his own head and killed himself. New York or Chicago couldn't scare up a greater thriller than that.

There have been numerous murders and suicides in the town since I have lived here and the mystery of most of the murders has never been solved. One living in a big city reads about these things in the papers or catches a glimpse of them in vast crowds. In the small town one gets the whole story, views the remains, and follows them to the cemetery.

The greatest difference between New Yorkers and North Carolinians is in their attitude toward per-

sonal wealth. The average New Yorker that you meet wants everyone to believe that he has more money than he really has. The average small-town man is chiefly concerned in concealing his wealth and posing as poverty stricken. Uncle Bart Brownley hadn't bought a new hat in ten years, not because he didn't like new hats but because he was sensitive about letting his neighbors know that he could afford a new hat. A stranger would spot the men of means in my town with a great deal of (Continued on page 128)

## Why Hat Brims Wear Out In a Small Town

"THE speaking part is, by the way, the greatest nuisance of small-town life," says Mr. Saunders. "If I meet Miles Clark or Jule Selig fifty times a day I have to speak to them, and if I have something on my mind and fail to speak on occasion, word immediately goes 'round that I have got the swell head since I got my picture in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE; or Jule comes around next day and wants to know what I've got against him. Most folks in my town think I go bareheaded for the sake of my seldom hair. I am letting them into the secret for the first time. I don't go bareheaded in hope of restoring my lost hair by exposure to the air and sunshine; I go bareheaded to relieve myself of the confounded nuisance of sawing the air all the way from the post office to the apothecary shop, tipping my hat to every woman I meet. You never saw a small-town man in your life whose hat brim didn't sag and flop about his ears. It gets its dilapidated condition from overmuch handling, saluting every feminine person you meet."

permit small-town life to stale. There was Uncle Bart Brownley; bought himself a brand-new hat one day, the first he had had in ten years, and got up before day and sneaked out of town on a night train. Everybody in town knew it before ten A. M., and knew that he was on his way to some place in Maryland to marry an eighteen-year-old girl that had nursed his former wife in her last illness. And there was another prominent citizen who thought he had 'em all fooled; but the gossips bored a gimlet hole in a side door



**T**HERE were moments—usually just before dinner during an hour's ride on the over-crowded subway—when Mary Dale saw New York, bitterly—as a huge, unfriendly city that lured people to it by its sheer bigness, and, when they had come, swallowed them up and left them unutterably lonely.

She did not mind a solitary breakfast, or even luncheon, but dinners were different. Dinner was a time when you sat across the table from someone who belonged to you, whether husband, mother, or friend, and talked of the trifling happenings of the day. Talking itself was not important, but being able to talk to someone interested—that was important.

Mary had no one to talk to. Tom and Eleanor were too newly married to care for her company, and she knew no one else except the people at the office.

Thinking of the office made her think specially of Malcolm Barr. She wished he would not smile at her with such friendly eyes. It made her doubly lonely afterward. If he had not smiled at her when he left to-night she would not have felt so lonely. . . . Or would she, perhaps, have felt more so? At any rate, there was no use in thinking about him. There was no way of knowing him better.

Mary had been eager to escape from the small town of East Littleton to New York, the city of wonderful possibilities and adventure, to broaden her horizon, to see something of life. By "seeing something of life," she did not think she meant, as most women do, finding romance. Eleanor, who had come to New York with Mary, had found romance. Two months ago she had married Tom Nelson.

Something in Mary was vaguely offended by this. She herself would not have said that Eleanor had followed Tom Nelson from East Littleton to New York, but there were people who said so. Mary could never have followed a man, or taken the initiative like that. Love came. One did not work for it. To Mary, love seemed inextricably bound up with the Hand of Fate.

Eleanor thought differently. Eleanor and Mary did not agree very well in their ideas of men and of love.

"It's up to the girl quite as much as the man," Eleanor would insist. "You pick him out just as much as he picks you. You have to make the opportunities to know him, so



Mary's temper had been rising. Her eyes were bright she said suddenly: "I'd never in the world marry a man

# The Hand

A love

By Irma

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

you can decide whether he's the right one."

"Oh, I don't see it . . . it's too much like pursuing a man!"

"Mary, you have to do it! If you think you can sit back and wait for some man to fall desperately in love with you without raising your finger, you're all wrong. That kind of thing's out of date. Besides, there are too many girls looking for a man. The competition is too keen."

"Well," Mary had flung back, "then I

don't want a man. I couldn't scheme and maneuver to make him fall in love with me!"

Eleanor laughed. They were sitting on the divan in her living-room one evening when Tom was out.

"You may think you don't want one, but some day you will. And then just tell me how you're going about getting him."

She looked into Mary's warm brown eyes. They were steady and frank as a man's and just the kind of eyes to go with





and the color glowed in her face. "I know one thing," I didn't thrill about or who didn't thrill about me!"

# of Fate

story

*Waterhouse Hewlett*

GERALD LEAKE

auburn hair. Mary's nose was rather small, her mouth rather large. Her figure was attractive, lithe, and boyish.

"I'm not going to 'get' him, Ellie. I think it would happen like this: We'd be just awfully good friends for a long while—and then, by and by, we'd know we were in love. A man ought to like you first as a friend. That's the real basis."

"But it isn't what gets him," said Eleanor. Mary frowned. "I hate your ideas."

"Yours are so impossibly idealistic, Mary dear. It's no use giving a man a perfectly wonderful fifty-fifty kind of friendship. He doesn't want it. It isn't exciting enough. He'd far rather get a thrill out of looking into the depths of your eyes."

"I don't believe thrills have any business coming before friendship," Mary remonstrated.

Eleanor made a despairing gesture.

"Oh, all right, have it your own way. But if you stick to those tactics, if you scorn to try to charm him a little, I'll wager that you'll lose him. You've got to charm men. Don't give them anything too freely—make them work for everything they get. Giving a man too much, even a perfectly square, fine friendship, makes him careless of it."

**B**UT it was nothing Eleanor had said that brought her any nearer to knowing Malcolm Bart. Her little French dictionary was really responsible for that.

Mary kept the dictionary on her desk at the office because business letters which came from France were frequently turned over to her department to be answered. The man whose job it was to make translations of all foreign letters was at luncheon one day when Mr. Marden, the head of Mary's department, came in a hurry to have a French letter translated. Mary volunteered. Thereafter, she kept a small dictionary of commercial French close by, mistrusting her vocabulary, which was not commercial.

Passing her desk one day, Malcolm Bart saw the dictionary. He stopped and picked it up.

"Would you lend me this for just a moment, Miss Dale," he asked, with his ingratiating smile. But it was not until the end of the day

that he returned the dictionary, and then it was with a rueful face.

"Your dictionary's no good," he announced. "Would you think I had an awful nerve if I asked you to . . . translate a French letter for me?"

The letter was from a nineteen-year-old French girl, who inquired solicitously after his health, gave the exact condition of each member of her family, and concluded by saying that though they heard from him but seldom, they would never forget "Monsieur l'Americain."

"I was billeted with those people," Malcolm explained. "Miss Dale, I want to learn French. Would you teach me?"

In view of these circumstances they agreed to have dinner together once a week with the object of speaking French.

During dinner, a few days later, Malcolm explained haltingly, with many lapses into English, that the firm was considering opening a branch office in Paris next fall and that, if he acquired a fair knowledge of French, he hoped to be given a chance to go over. For her part, Mary





She sank one month's pay in a marvelous green and gold gown. The gown had disturbed her peace for two weeks from the window of a Fifth Avenue shop.

explained her fluency in the language by telling about her mother's brother, who had married a Frenchwoman. After the death of her husband this French aunt had lived with the Dales in East Littleton.

Not until the check was brought was any hitch in the new dinner arrangement apparent. When the waiter went for change, Mary, a little flushed, pushed a dollar and ten cents across the table.

"*Qu'est-ce que c'est?*" demanded Malcolm promptly, pushing it back.

Mary replied in English.

"As long as it's going to be every week I can't let you. It must be on a fifty-fifty basis." (Eleanor's words flashed into her mind.)

It was hard to convince Malcolm.

"But why the ten cents?" he grumbled, pocketing the dollar, scorning the dime.

"My part of the tip," said Mary.

Malcolm's scowl gradually relaxed and his face lit up with his delightful smile.

"I didn't know there were any girls in the world like you," he said.

Later, from the vantage point of her own room, Mary felt a glow at the memory of Malcolm's eyes. A man *did* appreciate friendship and squareness. Eleanor was absurdly wrong.

**I**N THE weeks that followed, as she grew to know Malcolm better, Mary became aware of the tremendous rush of social activity that occupied his other evenings. He seemed to know a great many girls. She ran into him one day when he was going out to luncheon with Miss Noyes, Mr. Marden's pretty new secretary.

Unconsciously, she began to be more critical of his manner toward herself. For a while, it had seemed quite satisfactory—half banteringly personal, half friendly and disarming.

"Mary, did you know you were a contradiction of all our best fiction?" he began one night in the usual vein.

"Why?" said Mary, studying the menu.

"You've got red hair, and you're not a vamp."

"Oh," Mary smiled, "are they always vamps?"

"Absolutely. . . . I wish you'd tell me something. . . . Have you ever been in love?"

Mary was slightly piqued.

"Why, of course," she said, hesitatingly.

"That is—well—perhaps not *really*."

"I'll bet you haven't."

"Why?" She was decidedly piqued now.

"I don't know exactly: You're too sort of crisp and cool, and too—square."

Mary's brown eyes frowned on him.

"Can't you be square, and be in love?"

"I never saw a girl who could. . . . Girls do the unfairest things in the world to get their own way."

"But you like it, don't you?" Mary said, suddenly a little cross.

Malcolm laughed.

"Well, maybe I do. I don't see how anyone can help liking girls. I can't."

Mary felt vaguely unhappy.

"Then I suppose (Continued on page 140)



# Folks Who Talk Too Much

We all do—more or less—and sometimes we find it expensive

I HAVE sometimes wondered what was the most expensive word ever uttered in history. What careless remark, what bit of foolish conversation cost the race most dear? The unhappy phrase "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" is of course one celebrated case in point. James G. Blaine was tired; he had been speaking and attending conferences steadily for weeks; he made the mistake which no public man should ever make, of allowing a speech to be made to him without having some trusted friend read it over in advance. And when that well-meaning clergyman at the head of the delegation let the unlucky sentence slip, Blaine probably never heard it. At least, he claimed later that he had not heard it; but the denial did little good. The phrase appeared everywhere in the papers the following morning; a storm of protest greeted it, and Blaine lost the Presidency.

How many well-laid plans of statesmen have been spoiled because someone told someone else something in strict confidence? How many battles have been lost because the plans leaked out in advance through the carelessness of one who could not keep guard over his own lips? How many business deals that might have ended with profit all around have fallen through because, in an elevator, or a club, or the smoking compartment of a Pullman, a man who ought to have known better swelled up with the sense of his own importance, as the custodian of big tidings, and talked when he should have been silent?

Every experienced man who reads this will think of instances out of his own career when mere words undid the work of weeks or months. And perhaps a scholar some day will write a history of foolish talk, tracing its consequences for evil in the world. I am not a scholar; merely an ordinary business man entrusted with the management of a rather important enterprise. But I have seen enough of the effects of careless conversation to feel that it is one of the great evils of the business world. And an incident in our own business, so recent that the smart of it still remains, makes me feel that what I have in mind may be worth passing on to other men.

We are manufacturers of certain special lines; and while our business is not

as large as that of some of our older competitors, it has shown a substantial increase every year. What we have lacked is a "leader," a specialty that would, in a measure, carry all of our other products with it, both to the trade and to the public. The ideal "leader" for us has been manufactured for many years by a little factory in the Middle West. We have coveted that factory for a long time, and finally, through a change in its stock control, the opportunity seemed to have come.

our competitors—threats that were not idle by any means—this enterprising gentleman extracted a price from us that was many thousand dollars in excess of the highest figure that we had ever expected to pay. When the deal was finally completed, in an atmosphere of chilly reserve, the gentleman—who scarcely deserved the name—stretched himself, lighted a cigar, and said nonchalantly:

"I really feel as though I should divide this little gift with your Mr. Hawkins; I believe that is his name."

"Hawkins?" I repeated in amazement. "You mean our auditor? What has he to do with this affair?"

"Nothing, nothing," the offensive person replied, with a wave of his cigar. "Nothing except that he unwittingly gave me the tip."

"What do you mean?" I demanded, itching to throw him out of the office. He sensed my hostility, but disregarded it, as he could well afford to do, having our certified check in his pocket.

"I happened to be on a train going to Chicago one afternoon," he explained coolly. "I was in the smoking compartment of the Pullman, not paying any particular attention to the landscape, nor to the other two men who sat there beside me. All at once the train pulled up at some town to take water, and I looked out the window to see this neat little plant

that I have just sold you staring me plumb in the face.

"It meant nothing in my young life—just a bit of brick and mortar like a thousand other bits; but I noticed that one of the two gentlemen sitting beside me got quite excited all of a sudden. He began to tell his companion all about that little factory, and wound up by leaning over and whispering very confidentially that his people expected to take it over before long.

"At that I pricked up my ears a little, for where there're two men anxious to trade there's usually a profit for somebody. I didn't let out a peep, however, until we had traveled fifty miles or so; then I came to sort of sudden and, looking at your man as if I had discovered him for the first time, I blurted out:

"'Aren't you Jim Ritchie of the Consolidated Electric?'"

"He said, no, (Continued on page 114)

## Beware of the Person Who Tells You Things in Confidence

"I HAVE trained myself never to use the words 'confidential' or 'in confidence,' or 'This is under your hat,' or 'This is graveyard stuff,' or any other phrases by which men are accustomed to introduce subjects that ought better to be left undiscussed," says the writer of this article. "If a thing has to be told under the seal of secrecy it presumably should not be told at all. I am willing that anyone should tell me anything he chooses; but when he starts in with 'confidentially,' I put on the muffler and think up interesting things to tell him about the weather; and what Napoleon said to his aid-de-camp at Waterloo."

For very good reasons it did not seem wise for us to appear in the transaction as the intending purchasers. There is a certain jealousy in the trade that would have led the owners to hold us up for a higher price than they could expect to get anywhere else. The negotiations were proceeding through a third party therefore, and were apparently about to reach a satisfactory conclusion when the bomb-shell exploded.

We received word one morning that the plant, stock, and good-will had been sold to another party, and that any future negotiations must be with him. We were not long in hearing from this new individual. He was a business adventurer and promoter, who had somehow got wind of the proceedings and, stepping in ahead with a show of ready cash, had carried away the prize. I need not enlarge upon this part of the story except to say that under threats of selling the plant to one of





"We've got each other, Lollie, anyhow. *I* won't ever run off and leave *you*; and oh, Lollie, *you* won't ever run off and leave *me*, will you—ever, ever?"



How could she hope to compete with this younger woman?  
She had never required youth so much as now

# Stella Dallas

The story of a great love

By Olive Higgins Prouty

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SIMONT

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## This Will Lead You Straight Into the Story

THIS is the story of a mismatched pair, Stella and Stephen Dallas, and their lovely young daughter, Laurel. Stephen came from a good old family of wealth and education. In the midst of his postgraduate course at the university, his father committed suicide. It seems that the family resources were exhausted, and he had even used trust funds of his children and friends. Stephen was in despair at his family's disgrace, and determined to change all circumstances of life. Through an advertisement he got a job in Milhampton. There, after a time of loneliness, he met Stella, a pretty young teacher, daughter of a workman. She was clever, natural, affectionate, with just enough school education to hold her job—but really ignorant, flirtatious, pleasure-loving. She had a way with men. And so in a few months they drifted into marriage.

Shortly after, Stephen woke up to his mistake; saw that Stella was at heart somewhat vulgar, and cared nothing for the things that mattered to him. So his ambition was aroused. Then his good work brought him to the notice of superiors. He became an authority in the complaint department. His mastery of some legal points attracted the attention of his manager. He studied law nights, and later went over to the legal department.

Meanwhile, he and Stella were taken up socially by his associates in business. Her vulgarity became more evident to Stephen, and she would not, or could not, learn. Only his ability and social fitness kept her from being dropped. A daughter, Laurel, was born. Years passed, and the child grew up to girlhood. Stephen made progress, hoping and working. So when a chance came to go into a law firm in New York, he took it. For a while he went back and forth. Then finally he wrote to Stella that he would not come again, perhaps never. The breach was complete.

Stella tried to hold up her head, to keep the position Stephen had given her, but she was slipping. Alfred Munn, a vulgar riding master of the fashionable set, was her main dependence for companionship, and she recklessly accepted his attentions. Poor Stella's social bubble is about to burst.

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STELLA sent out a dozen invitations to a party for Laurel in June. All Laurel's schoolmates were having parties this year, and Stella intended that Laurel's party should surpass them all. Laurel had been told all about the elaborate plans. She had helped select the invitation cards with the pretty colored pictures in the corner, and had watched the addressing of each one of the little pink envelopes. Afterward, standing on tiptoes, she had dropped them, one by one, into the green box at the corner.

Laurel mailed the invitations on a Friday night. All day Saturday and Sunday she was full of the exhilarating consciousness that others were sharing her wonderful secret now! When she started to school on Monday there was a sparkle beneath the calm gray surface of her eyes that made them look almost black, like the pools of meadow brooks in mid-morning sunshine. When Laurel came home at noon her eyes seemed to have faded, like the pools when the sun is hidden behind clouds. Instead of the blackness and the sparkle, there was a grave, wondering, bewildered look in them.

"Nobody can come to my party, Mother," she announced briefly.

Twice Laurel had to tell her mother that nobody could come to the party, before Stella grasped the significance of the

announcement. Then fiercely she threw her arms about Laurel and held her tight.

"We don't care!" she burst out. "Let them stay away! We'll have the party just the same—you and I and Mr. Munn. Cats! Just because Father runs off and leaves us all alone! Well, we've got each other, Lollie, anyhow. I won't ever run off and leave you; and, oh, Lollie, you won't ever run off and leave me, will you—ever, ever?" Stella was crying now.

Laurel did not cry. She stood very still, and listened and afterward remembered.

It was several weeks before Stella knew how serious the situation was. She was calm by that time. She could talk over its details with Effie McDavitt with perfect composure and with a touch of brusque humor, too.

"Why," she said, "Ed bores me. He never gave me a thrill in his life. Oh, Milhampton makes me sick! I'll tell you just how it was. I was down there in Boston, for two days, shopping, getting favors and things for Lollie's party. Naturally, when Ed suggested that he run down and take me to the theatre in the evening, I was pleased to pieces, and when he suggested after the theatre that he drop around and have breakfast with me, why I said, 'Sure Mike,' quick as a wink. It never entered my head but what that was all right. I didn't want anything of Ed but a little

fun. When Stephen wrote to me and asked me if I would like my freedom, so as to be able to marry Alfred Munn, I could have screamed! Marry Ed? Why, I'd commit suicide first! Hasn't anybody any understanding of the human animal? A woman can have other reasons for liking a little attention than just the one the shady stories are all based on. I like a little dinner and theatre party just for fun's sake. Honestly, Effie, sometimes I think I'm the only one who's got a clean mind in this town."

Stella took rooms, for the season, at a fashionable hotel on the coast of Maine that summer.

"I'll give the mud-slingers in this town a rest for a month or two," she said to Effie. "By the end of the summer perhaps their muck will have all dried up. Of course it would be rather nice if I could fall into some harmless, but showy 'little affair' this summer with some attractive gentleman or other, up there at that fashionable hotel. That would prove there wasn't anything serious to this Ed Munn business. It would be rather nice, too, if some of the cats in this town could hear that I was having a wonderful time this summer—being taken right into all sorts of inner circles and select groups. Oh, there are lots of possibilities in this summer-hotel scheme of mine, Effie, my dear."

STELLA equipped Laurel with a dozen new frocks, replenished her own wardrobe, and, stout-heartedly, set forth to new fields and untried country, in search of fresh laurels with which to cover up the dried and dead ones.

That was the beginning of her summer-hotel era. In the fall, not even Effie was told of the disheartening experiences of the first experiment.

Stella didn't go back to the detached house when she returned from Maine. Instead, she took two-rooms-and-a-bath in an apartment hotel that had lately been built in the residential section of Milhampton.

The apartment-hotel offered her more companionship than the detached house. Besides, she could have people to dinner more safely. The invaluable Minnie, who had been with Stella ever since Stephen had engaged her and trained her in, more than half a dozen years ago, had left to be married. Stella hesitated to trust a new servant, with all the hard and fast rules. Moreover, there were social advantages. The King Arthur (that was the name of the new apartment-hotel) was to



be patronized by what Stella called "the right people." She needed all the advantages that she could get from close proximity to "the right people." Stella was determined not to let her injury of the preceding spring incapacitate her. Stella wasn't going to become a social invalid just because she'd been unfortunate and the target of a little disagreeable gossip. Alfred Munn had left Milhampton by the time Stella and Laurel returned from Maine. He had gone into another business in another city. In time, people would forget about Ed. Bullet wounds heal! Scars can be covered up.

**W**HEN Stephen's business took him to New York, Laurel was enrolled as a pupil in the exclusive school of the community. She attended the exclusive dancing class, and she attended the exclusive Sunday-school. Stella belonged to a few helpful organizations herself. Her name was in the Blue Book. She had at least a bowing acquaintance with almost everybody "worthwhile." There was, besides, Stephen's membership at the River Club, an asset indeed to her *now*, since she had no house of her own in which to entertain a crowd.

It was a very unhappy day for Stella when she first learned that Stephen had resigned from all his Milhampton Clubs. She thought it was the cruelest blow he could deal her. At that time Stella was mercifully unaware how many more cruel blows were to follow, not from Stephen alone, but from *everybody*—from all sides.

The blows didn't come all at once. Her defeat was gradual. Her various points of vantage and fortresses of strength fell slowly. This season she failed to receive an announcement of the Current Events Class; next season her name appeared to have been dropped from the Charity Ball list. The season after, the small luncheon club she belonged to was reorganized, and she was omitted. But Stella managed to

keep her eyes bright, her lips smiling, and her head erect, in spite of repeated rebuffs.

"Why, I've got to, for Lollie's sake," she said. "Lollie mustn't know. Oh, we'll be all right after a while—Lollie and me," she told Effie McDavitt. "Don't worry, we'll come out on top in the end. You watch us."

**IT WAS** always "Lollie and me," always "we," and "us," by that time. Stella didn't even think in the singular, once her maternal instinct had worked its way up through her vanities and self-interests and appeared in her consciousness. The seed of it must have been planted deep, for it took a period of years to appear. In vain Stephen had looked for it. However, it had been growing be-

neath the surface, and growing according to nature's own methods—sending down tough, wiry roots in the dark, all the while it was sending up its tender arrow-pointed shaft of life, for when it did shoot through into the light, the plant was strong and vigorous.

Perhaps the first time that Stella was aware of the new insistent force within her was the day Laurel came home from school with the news about the party.

"Gosh, Effie," she had said afterward, "I don't care what people do to me, but to stick hatpins into Lollie—into *my baby*! Say, that's more than I can stand. I'm ready to use my claws on anybody who hurts Lollie."

During the years between Laurel's sixth birthday and her thirteenth, there were many times for Stella to use her



Behind the belying paint and elaborate make-up the white Smith clear and defined for an instant, like a white-sailed ship





Image of this woman's innocence stood out before Morley when the fog lifts a moment—a white-sailed ship in distress

claws. There were many times that Laurel was hurt, and Stella knew it, "Though the funny little kid doesn't think I do. She never lets on to me. I just have to guess at it from the way she acts."

It would never be from Laurel that Stella would get the first wind of a party in prospect from which Laurel was omitted. Laurel would never tell her that the girls in her class were meeting every few days at each other's houses to work for a fair, or to rehearse a play or fête in which she had no part. When information of an event of this sort did reach Stella, she knew, then, what had been the cause of Laurel's quiet, brown-study day a week ago. And yet she couldn't use her claws, after all. For the sake of Lollie's future, for the sake of that dim far-away, full-of-promise time

when Lollie would "come out," she must be as nice "and purry," as she knew how to the women who could help her daughter.

AS EXPERIENCED as Laurel was at thirteen in certain of the world's cruelties, she was amazingly young and innocent about many of the facts of life. Much younger and much more innocent than the group of sophisticated little girls in her class at school. They were constantly spending days and nights with each other. Their intimacies led to easy discussions of all sorts of subjects. Most of these girls became perceiving and canny little women-of-the-world before they had finished playing dolls. Laurel was still groping for many of the puzzling whys and wherefores of life long after her dolls were put away.

When Helen Morrison caught in her soft deft hands the timid, butterfly-like little creature Laurel was at thirteen, her interest was instantly aroused. She had never seen a little-girl specimen of Laurel's sort—so composed and self-possessed in speech and manner, so skilled in smart, up-to-date sports, so familiar with the smart up-to-date beauty-shop secrets, but underneath like a child who has lived on an island, alone somewhere, untold and untaught.

"SHE'S like a book I bought in Florence once," Helen Morrison told Stephen one day, after Laurel had been visiting her. "It's a beautifully bound book, in full leather, and hand-tooled, in old blue and gold. But its pages are blank. I bought it to write odd bits of poetry in. Yes. Laurel is a little like that—beautifully finished on the outside, but full of pages, as white as snow, that never have been written on."

On a small table beside Helen Morrison's bed was a picture of a little girl whose pages, also, had never been written on. Often Helen Morrison would take the lovely little miniature of her dead child close to the strong light, and gaze at it hard and long, in a hungry attempt

to recall how the soft cheek used to feel when she brushed her own against it. Helen Morrison had worshiped her gentle flowerlike little daughter. For years and years before she was born, she had longed for something feminine of her own. She had never had anything feminine of her own. Her mother had died before she was old enough to remember her. Helen used to plan by the hour what she would do for a daughter, if she ever had one of her own. Even before she thought seriously about marriage, she built air-castles about that little dream-girl of hers. Helen had ideas about girls, and what made for happiness in their lives. She would have filled the blank pages of her little daughter's book full of inspired and lovely things.

When that little girl was born Helen Morrison had been (Continued on page 70)



# If You Really Want to Win Out— Get Ready for It

How William Livingstone, by substituting "preparation" for "inspiration," has had a remarkable run of business achievements—To-day, at an age when most men have retired, he is president of a big Detroit savings bank and head of the biggest shipping organization of its kind in the world

*By Thane Wilson*

ON a November evening in the year 1860 a fitful wind was rattling the windows of a certain small cottage in Detroit. This wind was the residue of that fearful gale of the day before in which the

steamship "Dacotah" had broken up off Sturgeon Point before the sledgehammer wash of Lake Erie and had gone to the bottom with every soul on board.

Crouched in an arm chair, a boy of sixteen was reading by candle light. It was

a big book over which he bent—five hundred and thirteen pages, to be exact—and from its flyleaf one could gather that it was a recently published life of George Stephenson, by Samuel Smiles. Between its covers was told the amazing story of the "father of railways," whom a nation had called mad when he had declared that his hand-built locomotive could run twelve miles an hour on fixed rails. Breathlessly, the boy read of those years as a cowherd, driver of the gin-horse at a colliery, and assistant fireman at a shilling a day; how Stephenson learned to read at eighteen, and later earned enough money mending his neighbors' watches at night to give his son the education he himself had been denied; of his epoch-making invention and his struggle against the bitter prejudices of the British House of Commons and the eminent engineers of his day.

At one paragraph the boy stopped reading and looked long and earnestly at the guttering candle.

"Stephenson was never cast down by obstacles," said the author; "but he seemed to take pleasure in grappling with them, and he always rose from each encounter a stronger as well as a wiser man. He knew nothing of those sickly phantasies which men, who suppose themselves to be 'geniuses' are apt to indulge. When he failed in one attempt, he tried again and again, until eventually he succeeded...."

The wind was rising again and its hollow moan was ghostly. Once more the boy thought of the ill-fated "Dacotah," gone to join that spectral fleet which to-day, more than two thousand strong, studs the bottom of the Great Lakes from Oswego to Duluth. Also there came to him the memory of the "Lady Elgin," which, two months earlier, had collided with the schooner "Augusta" in Lake Michigan, and had gone down with three hundred men, women, and children. Great tragedies were these to the boy—for they had happened on "his seas."

Long since he had learned to climb the rigging of the big fore-'n'-afters, that were yet monarchs of the lakes, and he was on friendly terms with every bark, brig, and sloop that touched at Detroit. But it was the steam vessels that fascinated him most—the side-wheelers and propellers that made up scarcely more than five per cent of the total tonnage on the wind-swept waters. Whenever he had a few hours of freedom he would spend it out on the river and lakes, climbing into pilot

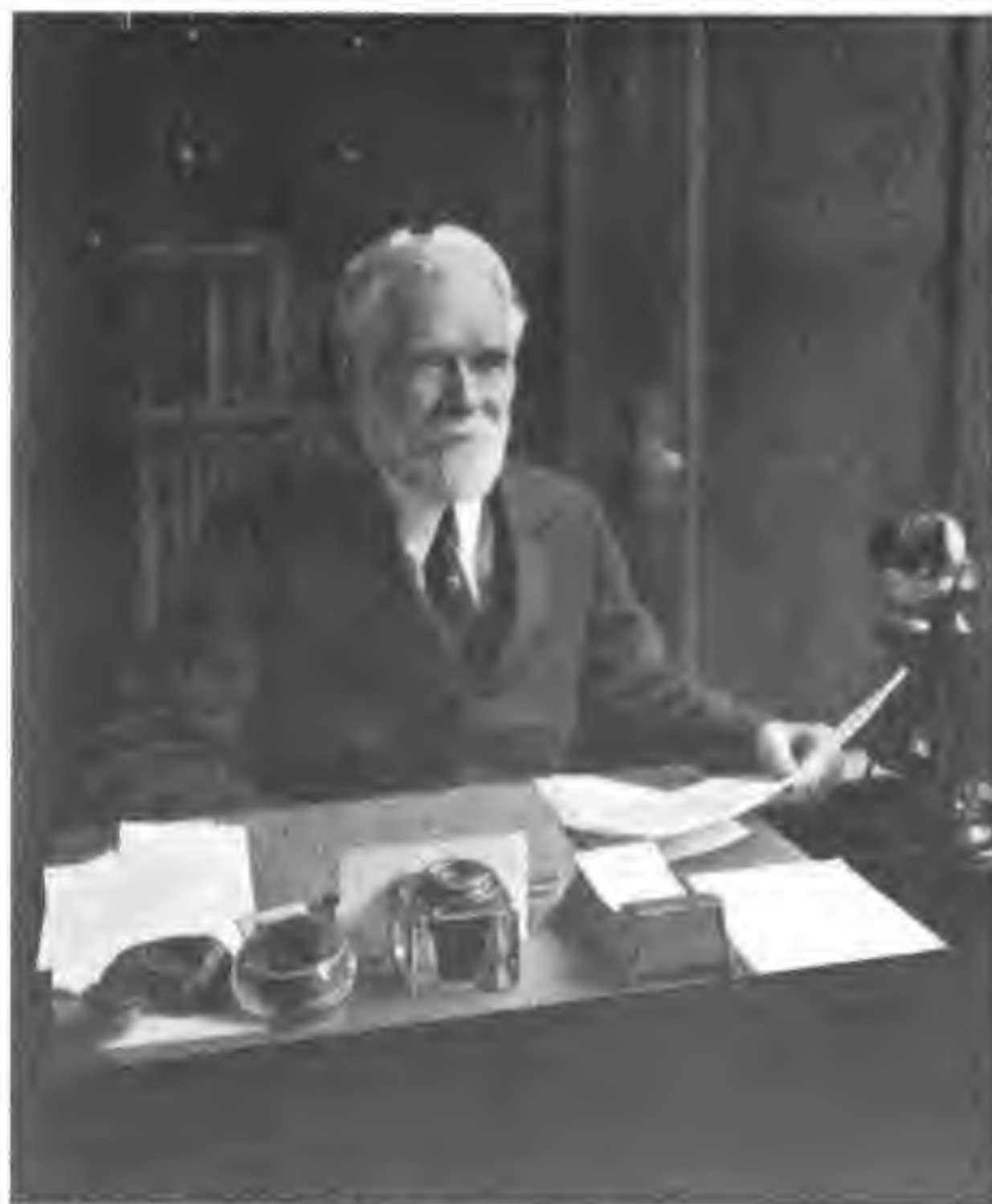


PHOTO BY SCHALDENBRAND

WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE

Long a prominent figure in the Great Lakes shipping industry, Mr. Livingstone was elected president of the Lake Carriers' Association in 1903 and has been reelected unanimously ever since. The Livingstone Channel, on which the Government spent many millions of dollars to wipe out the menace to navigation of the lower Detroit River, was named in his honor, as the result of his seven-year single-handed battle for it. One of the organizers of the Dime Savings Bank of Detroit, he has been its president since 1900 and he has raised its deposits from less than \$2,500,000 to more than \$42,000,000



houses and begging the captains for even a tiny turn at the wheel. . . .

But now the candle was burning low. Looking back at the open book, the boy thought again of the successful struggle of the railway builder. Then and there he resolved that he was going to make certain persistent dreams of his own come true. Some day he would know those great inland waterways as well as any man living; he would tread the pitching decks of his own ships; and, particularly, he would strive for the installation of lighthouses and such other aids to navigation as would remove the menace of many an unmarked shoal.

"Genius is the power of making effort. It is nothing but persistent patience!" Stephenson had said. . . . Well, he might not be unusually smart, this boy, but at least he could work as hard as anyone. And work hard he would! With this thought fixed in his mind he closed the book and crept up-stairs to bed.

**SIXTY-TWO** autumns have come and gone since that November evening. And to-day I have been talking for hours with that boy—grown up and grown old, as we reckon time. He is seventy-eight; but you would find no hint of the fact in his brisk step and eager gray-blue eyes.

Aloft in the towering office building that houses the two most important of his many activities we looked down on the Detroit River—that astonishing stream, through which, in an eight-months season, sweeps an endless parade of freighters, bearing a tonnage in excess of that which enters, in a year of twelve months, the four great ports of New York, London, Liverpool, and Manchester. For the Detroit River, you must remember, is in the Great Lakes chain, a narrow link between the enormous ore beds of Minnesota and the hungry furnaces of the East—between the spreading wheat lands of the Middle Northwest and the congested centers of population toward the Atlantic seaboard.

To understand what William Livingstone has done and is doing you must have some idea of the almost incredible volume of this traffic. One enterprising statistician has figured that if the stuff carried by these vessels in a single season were loaded into forty-ton freight cars they would extend in an unbroken line from New York to San Francisco, thence follow the fortieth degree of north latitude across the Pacific, span Asia and Europe to the Mediterranean, and bridge the Atlantic to New York again, with a balance of miles to spare. As president of the Lake Carriers' Association—an office to which he has been elected unanimously for the last eighteen years—William Liv-

ingstone is spokesman and official representative of the grouped companies that create most of this enormous lake traffic.

Nor does this job furnish sufficient outlet for the man's inordinate energy. Since 1900 he has been president of one of the strongest savings banks in the Middle West, a bank whose deposits he raised from less than two and one-half millions to over forty-two millions of dollars. As a tribute to his financial ability the American Bankers' Association elected him president in 1912—when he was sixty-eight years old! Moreover, for many

necessary millions for excavating a great channel decreed that it should forever bear the name of the man whose fight had made it possible.

In the fall of 1917—with the World War approaching its climax—the eyes of the United States and its Allies turned toward the grain crop of our great prairie regions. Although this crop was less than had been expected, the overtaxed railroads were unable to handle their share of it, and an ever-increasing burden was thrown on the bulk freighters of the Great Lakes. Day and night they steamed on their long journeys between the western and eastern lake ports—and still a world on short rations held out its half-empty hands! Thousands of tons of grain remained in the elevators, awaiting shipment, when the usual end of the shipping season arrived.

**MADE** hopeful by an unusually mild November, the Food Administration asked the lake carriers to use every effort to prolong their season until December 20th—so that the grain and ore bins of the East might be stocked for the winter. The ship owners promised to do their best, and their fleets of mammoth freighters strained every steel sinew to meet the test.

On the night of December 4th the temperature at the head of the lakes began to drop with frightening rapidity. In the morning Duluth reported four degrees below zero. This was the first breath of an unprecedented cold wave. By December 10th the temperature in the northwestern lake regions was from ten to twenty below—and then a gale, accompanied by intense cold and a blinding snowstorm, swept down across the whole lake region from the head of Lake Superior—Duluth, Ft. William, and Port Arthur—to Buffalo, one thousand miles distant.

The lower rivers and channels, between Huron and Erie, were ice-locked almost overnight. Lake St. Clair, open water up to this time, became a sea of grinding ice piled up in places many feet deep. The Detroit and St. Clair rivers were frozen fast. The important passage from Whitefish Point, through the St. Mary's River and across the Straits of Mackinac, was also sealed. Even the western reaches of Erie succumbed to the cold. Traffic was paralyzed. More than a hundred great freighters, carrying grain and ore and other precious commodities, faced the appalling prospect of spending the winter hemmed in by insurmountable barriers of ice!

In the office of the Lake Carriers' Association sat William Livingstone—"Sailor Bill," as his (Continued on page 82)

## Preparation Beats Inspiration

**"THIS** quality they call 'inspiration,'" says Mr. Livingstone, "is one of the most worthless commodities I know of. It's not inspiration but *preparation* that counts. You hear about men rising to an emergency—and they often do. But the man who rises to an emergency is the man who has fitted himself to do so by years of labor and study and work.

"Genius is supposed to be some peculiar capacity for spontaneous accomplishment. If so, it's one of the rarest things in the world. I've been studying business and human beings for more than sixty years, and I've never yet seen anything permanently worth-while that was accomplished on the spur of the moment.

"The man who expects to win out in business without self-denial and self-improvement and self-applied observation stands about as much chance as a prize-fighter would stand if he started a hard ring-battle without having gone through an intensive training period. Natural ability, even when accompanied by the spirit to win, is never sufficient. We had the finest raw material in the world when we entered the World War—but you will notice that our men had to spend a long training period on this side, learning discipline, before they were sent to France."

years he has been president of the Detroit Bankers' Clearing House Association.

Make no mistake about either of Mr. Livingstone's main jobs being merely "honorary." As president of the Dime Savings Bank of Detroit he watches every pulse-beat of the institution. As head of the Lake Carriers' Association he coordinates a multitude of activities, projects and propels such state and national legislation as the enormous water traffic demands, and takes a guiding part in all general emergencies. No other man has been responsible for so many aids to navigation on the Great Lakes. Almost single-handed he battled for seven years to conquer the "Hell Gate" of the lakes—the shallow, treacherous Limekiln Crossing in the Detroit River. Eventually he won; and the Congress that voted the



Does anybody in your family know what ambergris is? Just ask them!

## Queer and Ugly, But Worth Its Weight in Gold

Few people have even seen ambergris, or know its strange history, yet it helps to give pleasure to countless human beings—Where it is found, how it is used, and stories of men who, by a lucky chance, have discovered ambergris that was worth a small fortune

*By Stuart Mackenzie*

**T**O YOU, a whiff of some delicate perfumery suggests rose gardens or beds of violets. But to me it is a reminder of an old wharf, redolent of sea smells—fish and oil and tarred ropes.

The wharf is at Provincetown, Massachusetts; and whenever I visit that quaint old town I go down to a little building at the head of this wharf for a gossip with David C. Stull. Before I have been there long, he is pretty sure to take out of his pocket a piece of queer-looking stuff, carefully wrapped in tissue paper. It doesn't look as if it were worth the paper it is wrapped in. Yet that commonplace little lump is worth its weight in gold.

It is ambergris; and they call D. C. Stull the "Ambergris King," because for the past forty years he has bought most of this rare substance that has been found.

The last time I saw him he had just purchased a little over forty-four pounds, and had paid \$9,750 for it. He had delivered it to a New York firm, who probably sent most of it to Paris, where it would bring over \$300 a pound. Pure gold sells for about \$250 a pound. There have been times when ambergris brought twice that figure.

Whenever you buy fine perfumery—and people are buying more of it now than for many years past—part of the high price you have to pay for it is due to the ambergris it contains. A solution of a few ounces of ambergris in a gallon of spirits forms the "binder" for the essential oils used in making the best perfumery. It keeps them liquid and gives the fragrance its lasting quality. There is nothing that is equal to ambergris for this purpose. One reason why cheap perfumery has no "staying power" is that it contains no ambergris.

The story of this strange substance is

one of the most interesting chapters in the whole book of nature. And the stories of the finding of ambergris give the same thrill we get from tales of discovering nuggets of gold, or of picking up pebbles and having them turn out to be diamonds.

People from all over this country, and even from far-off lands, are always send-

ing to the seashore don't waste your time hunting for ambergris.

There is only one place to look for it; and that is where Jonah spent his vacation—in the roomy interior of a whale! Practically all the ambergris found anywhere in the world is obtained by whalers. It forms in the intestines of the sperm whale, which is hunted chiefly in West Indian waters.

"Apparently," says Mr. Stull, "it forms because the whale is sick! Something goes wrong with his digestion. When you know what he feeds on you wonder that every whale doesn't have acute indigestion, for his chief article of diet is the squid, or cuttlefish, an ugly creature with long arms, or tentacles, supplied with dozens of 'suckers' underneath. If one of these devilish, as they are sometimes called, should get hold of you, your only chance of escape would be by cutting its arms off its body.

"The sperm whale has teeth—a lower set, but no upper ones. The lower ones, however, are regular ivory tusks from six to ten inches long. With these big teeth it chews its meal of squid, then swallows it. But there is one part of the squid which seems to defy even a whale's powers of digestion. That part is the bill.

"The squid has a beak like a parrot's. It is about half an inch long and is sharp and horny. Ambergris always

contains some of these undigested squid bills. I have seen pieces that were simply packed with them.

"Now, we don't know just what happens inside of a whale to cause it to produce ambergris. Apparently there is some obstruction in the intestines. Part of the matter which should be got rid of stays there in a lump which keeps growing larger and larger. Occasionally it is a very thick, brown, oily substance; but in this state it is less valuable than the kind



Most of the ambergris found anywhere in the world passes through the hands of D. C. Stull, of Provincetown, Massachusetts. Mr. Stull has paid thousands of dollars for a few pounds of this extraordinary substance, which is found, although very rarely, in the intestines of the sperm whale. It is used in the manufacture of fine perfumery

ing Mr. Stull samples of something they have picked up on a beach or found floating in the ocean. They fondly hope the stuff is ambergris. But it never is! According to Mr. Stull, there isn't one chance in a million that it could be.

The encyclopedias tell you that ambergris is usually found on sea beaches or floating in the water. Yet in Mr. Stull's experience of forty years he has known of only two cases where anything like this has happened. So when you spend a va-



Mr. Stull is not only the "Ambergris King," but a sort of watch-oil potentate as well. The finest watch oil in the world comes from the head of the huge blackfish. These fish are seldom found nowadays, so the oil is worth at least ten dollars a gallon. The above picture shows Mr. Stull, with a force of men, ready to begin work on a small school of blackfish which came ashore on Cape Cod a few years ago

that is dry and hard. The thick, oily variety never becomes dry after it is taken from the whale.

"All ambergris has a faint odor of tobacco leaves. The best quality is pale gray, something like a piece of coal that has been burned but still keeps its shape. It is rather hard, but is very light in weight. It may be in one big mass or in several lumps of different sizes. The better the quality, the lighter the weight.

**A** GOOD deal of ambergris must have been lost years ago, because whalers didn't know enough to look for it. They were after blubber, most of which is taken from the head of the whale. They removed the blubber and turned the rest of the carcass adrift.

"But nowadays, when a whale is brought alongside the ship, the first thing the captain does is to cut down into the intestines with what sailors call a spade, a sharp instrument on the end of a long handle. If this encounters anything hard he has the carcass opened up, for he may find ambergris, which will be worth more than the blubber from a whole season's catch of whales.

"Some years ago, a man wrote a newspaper article on this subject; and when I read it I had to smile.

"When you are walking along the beach at Truro, or Chatham, or Barnstable," this



At the left is a lump of the finest quality of ambergris. The cask on which it rests is eight inches across the head, which gives an idea of the size of the lump. It weighed about nine pounds, and brought \$3,300 at the ship, later selling for considerably more. The largest single mass of ambergris on record weighed over 900 pounds, but no other piece has ever approached this in size

man said, 'Keep your eyes open, for you may run across a small piece of grayish matter. Don't give it a kick and pass on. Examine it carefully. It may be ambergris.'

**I**N THE first place," said Mr. Stull, "the whales that produce ambergris are not found in these northern waters. And, in the second place, I never have known of a piece of ambergris being found on a beach.

"The find that came nearest to it was made years ago down in the Caribbean Sea. There were a couple of Provincetown men mixed up in that case, one of them being the captain of a whaling vessel from this port. He told me that he was on deck one night, as he was homeward bound, when his mother—who had died some years before that—appeared to him and told him that he would not go out with his ship on her next trip.

"He didn't pay much attention to this, because he was perfectly well at the time. They made port all right and returned for another voyage. He had got his papers and was actually on board ready to start when he was taken suddenly and violently ill. They had to put him ashore; but as the vessel was all ready to sail she started, with the mate in command.

"When they were down in the (Continued on page 104)



The rough dark mass here is ambergris, not of the best quality, but semi-solid and very oily. Above hangs the squid, on which the sperm whale feeds; and in front are two of the whale's teeth, about six inches in length. It has only lower ones with which to chew the squid. Ambergris apparently forms because of some trouble with the whale's digestion



# INTERESTING PEOPLE

## Engineer, Explorer, and Lecturer on Jungle Life



G. Caryeth Wells began his career as a young engineer in the Malay jungle, where he used his opportunities to become an observing naturalist. For his services as an explorer he was made a Fellow of the Royal Geographic Society. A few years ago, when stranded in America and "up against it," he found that his early experiences had given him something to tell of great interest to everybody, and he became a successful lecturer

**G** CARVETH WELLS, an engineer and explorer who has recently become a remarkably successful lecturer on jungle life, owes the turning point in his career to the loss of a finger tip while using a planer in a shipyard. Back of this bit of "bad luck" and what it led to, there is an interesting story of real grit.

Years ago, as a young engineer, Wells was sent to the Malay Peninsula by the British Government to make an exploration survey for the East Coast Railway from Singapore to Bangkok, Siam, a distance of seven hundred miles. Much of the route lay through a virgin tropical jungle.

For nine months at a stretch the engineering party could not see the sun,

which was obscured by the tangled foliage overhead. Wells was the only white man in that region, his helpers being Malays. They lived and worked in daily contact with curious birds of rare plumage, chattering monkeys, monstrous snakes, hungry leeches, lizards, enormous spiders, cockroaches, crocodiles, elephants, tigers, and panthers.

At the end of two years, the authorities gave their consent for his wife to join him, providing he did not ask any favors for her. Together, they made hundreds of unusual snapshots of the jungle. Meanwhile the war came on, and during this conflict Mr. and Mrs. Wells started home, returning by way of San Francisco.

Arriving right after the Armistice had been signed, Wells sought employment as an engineer. He was offered seventy

dollars a month, but refused it. Putting on a pair of overalls, he returned to the shipyards and obtained employment as a laborer at seven dollars a day. Eventually he became a riveter.

After Wells had acquired some skill in his new job, the management discovered that he was a highly educated engineer, and he was promoted to the mold loft.

One day a piece of wood slipped, and the planer cut off about a quarter of an inch from the third finger on Wells's left hand. Small as it was, that accident changed the whole course of Wells's life. He was fired, with a bonus of twelve dollars for hospital expenses, and had to find a new job.

It was rather a gloomy outlook for two young people in a strange land. As a last resort, Mrs. Wells could have appealed to influential relatives in England, but that was not their way.

One evening, while waiting for his finger to heal, Wells went to the public library to hear a lecture on birds, given under the direction of the Audubon Society. After the lecture he got into a dispute with the speaker about robins, which resulted in the discovery that Wells was perfectly familiar with jungle birds. He was challenged to come and tell about them on the following night. He did so, and talked to an audience of thirty people. The next night he had a much larger attendance, and on the third night there was a full house. A lecture-bureau man heard the last talk and offered Wells sixty dollars a week to give all his time to lecturing on jungle life. Wells joyfully accepted; but after he had been on the road for a week or two he discovered that the traveling expenses for himself and wife about equaled his pay and that he was really giving his lectures for nothing. He had failed to specify that he should receive sixty dollars a week "and expenses," and when he realized just what had happened he quit.

When he told his wife, she exclaimed, "That's good. I am glad of it. You will continue lecturing, and I'll be your manager. That will enable us to keep the profits."

"Very well; what is the first move?"

"Have slides made from your snapshots to use in illustrating your lecture, and then take along native weapons and costumes, and dress up some of the people like Malays. That would be interesting. Leave the booking to me."

Mrs. Wells was young and inexperienced, but she realized that she had something to sell that people wanted. And now for over three years she has gone from one city to another, making dates for Wells with high-grade clubs and organizations and institutions all over the country.

"Have you any suggestions to offer others that may help them in the struggles of life," I asked Wells.

"Yes, there is one thing I would like



to impress upon every person," he responded. "Learn to believe in the existence of things that may occur outside of your own experience. The Malays were very curious about the country from which I came, and that meant England and Canada. I told them that in my land I had seen ice come out of the sky in lumps big enough to break the windows in people's houses. Thereupon they shouted '*dia chacap buhong*,'

which in English means 'you are a liar.' That story sounded incredible to the people living on the equator where it is eighty degrees in the shade all the time and hail is unknown. Since I have been telling about the things I saw among the Malays, such as five different animals that fly, fishes that climb trees, and lizards that break off their tails, my hearers in America have more than once looked as if they wanted to exclaim

'*dia chacap buhong*,' but politeness restrained them.

"Another bit of advice I would like to pass along is: Don't be a quitter. There is always a way out of every difficulty. When a man throws up his hands and surrenders in the face of bad luck and discouragement, he is a dead one, unless a friend gives him a swift kick and starts him going again."

ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

## At Eighty-two She Retires from Active School Work

**F**OR forty years, Mrs. Esther H. Richardson has taught in the Hutchinson, Kansas, public schools, most of the time in the senior high school and part of that time as principal of the high school.

Thirty-four graduating classes have gone out from her schoolroom into the world of business affairs and home-making. Boys and girls who were her pupils in the early '80's are now grandfathers and grandmothers, and pupils of her classes in recent years are the sons and daughters of boys and girls who studied under her years before, studied the very same *Cæsar*, *Cicero*, and *Virgil*, and the same English classics and ancient history.

Thousands in all are the boys and girls who have gone out into the world from the high-school classes taught by Mrs. Richardson, and it is wonderful how she has kept in personal contact with them since they have become business men and women.

"Of all these boys who have gone out into the world, I know of only one, just one, who might be regarded as a failure," she remarked. "And most of them achieved success right here in the old home town. Many of them have become heads of big business establishments, and prominent men of affairs, right here in Hutchinson."

At the age of eighty-two, Mrs. Richardson retired last year from active work, although she will be retained as one of the substitute teachers and has no intention of completely quitting school work.

No; the schools are not doing as efficient work as formerly, in the judgment of Mrs. Richardson, based on her observations and experience of forty years as a teacher. The young folks of to-day have too many outside interests and attractions, and the school authorities are endeavoring to include too many of these in the school curriculum.

"The result is that we are trying to give the young folks too much, in too little time, and they

are not getting anything very well." Mrs. Richardson says the boys and girls of long ago were much the same as the boys and girls of to-day:

"We had the same studious, earnest boys and girls then that we have to-day, and we had the same mischief-makers, and the same careless and stupid ones then that we have to-day. The parents? Just the same. They are just as much disposed to leave it all to the teachers. The main concern is shown in looking after the grade cards. How few parents really pay much attention to the education of their children!

"Of course there is much interest taken in what college the boys and girls are to go to. But the most important education our young people get is in the pub-

lic schools, the high school especially."

"But of course the girls and boys, especially the girls, are changed? Take the flappers, for instance—"

"Flappers?" interrupted the veteran teacher. "I do not believe I know just what you mean. I have heard of the flapper, but, really, I hardly know what a flapper is. If you mean the vivacious, lively, spirited girl who dresses in the modern fashion, does her hair in the modern style, and lives as the modern girl lives, why, of course, forty years ago the girls were just as up to date, for that time, in dress and modes of hair adornment, and way of living as they are to-day. After all, girls haven't changed so much." And so Mrs. Richardson dismissed the discussion of "flappers" right there.

She plays no favorites as between the boys and the girls. Which, in her opinion, are quicker to learn? Which are more mischievous? Which make the best scholars?

"Really, it isn't a question of sex," she insisted. "Some of my brightest and some of my stupidest pupils belonged to either sex. Neither is mischief a matter of sex. Boys, as a rule, are more frank in their mischief, and more willing to admit what they have done and to abide by the consequences. But I should hesitate to say that boys make better scholars than girls. Boys seem more inclined to concentrate, while girls, if studious, seem more conscientious."

It was really sixty-two years ago that Mrs. Richardson began her career as an educator. She graduated in 1860 from school at Springfield, Ohio, and began teaching in the Hillsboro, Ohio, female college. Then the Civil War came along and interrupted, for Doctor Matthews, the president, was a Southerner, and he left for the South. Later she taught in the female college at Springfield, Ohio, and afterward, in the early seventies, went to Kansas.

FRED HENNEY



Mrs. Esther H. Richardson has taught in the public schools of Hutchinson, Kansas, for forty years. Although she "retired" last spring at the age of eighty-two, she says she is still too young to give up active life entirely. She will remain in service as head of the substitute teachers



## A Salesman—And a Poet of Childhood

**T**HERE is a feeling deep-rooted among men that business is a cold-blooded proposition in which sentiment should have little or no place at all. This, according to John J. Eberhardt, is but a time-worn fallacy. And he *ought* to know.

I went to his office the other day, and he talked with me about those things for which most busy men insist they have no time. During business hours he is rated as a high-class insurance salesman. But in the investment of his spare time he has what he describes as "lots of fun."

"You mean that most people don't enjoy picking their share of Ellis Parker Butler's 'goat-feathers'?" I suggested.

"That's it exactly! Aptly applied, I have found that a bit of sentiment embodied in the postscript of a business letter is an invaluable solicitor. For instance, here is a line that resulted in my securing a sizable policy from a man who had withstood all other avenues of approach." He handed me this clipping:

P. S. Life Insurance to you is as a spanking to the little boy: It's what you *need*—don't *want*—but *ought* to have!

"The same thing is true in all lines of work. Regardless of whether it is a striking sentence in a letter, or a bit of community service well performed, they yield mighty big dividends in the long run. The point is, a bit of sentiment well invested is always worth while."

And when I remembered his enviable record of \$249,000 worth of business written at his desk during the first four months of 1919, of the \$172,500 record for one month, of the one week which resulted in \$91,000 worth of applications, likewise of his record day in which ten applicants were signed up, I felt that such a man's counsel must be worth-while.

Mr. Eberhardt, together with the nine other children in his father's family, grew up in Salina, Kansas.

In his early twenties, while leader of the old Fourth Regiment Band, he qualified as an expert penman and was placed in charge of the policy department of one of our great insurance companies in Springfield, Massachusetts. Here he found time heavy on his hands again, and since the mandolin-club idea was then sweeping the country, he organized and directed one of the best clubs in the East, playing in every New England state, besides finding time to write several concert books for stringed instrument clubs.

He has continued his musical work merely as a diversion from his real business—that of building up one of the best insurance agencies in the state. And since his duties as a Rotarian and a Chamber of Commerce member, as well as chairman of a college campaign committee which recently raised one million dollars in a sparsely settled rural district, have not supplemented golf in keeping his spare time filled, what do you suppose he has been doing on the sly?

Writing poetry to his little boy!

He consented to produce it only after considerable urging. The book itself, called "Lines from Ladville," is dedicated to the mother—the poems to the son. This is one of them:



PHOTO BY MAXIMILIAN, SALINA, KANS.

In office hours John Eberhardt is a life insurance salesman, in Salina, Kansas. But outside of office hours he is primarily a father whose greatest delight is writing poems expressive of happy childhood. Most fond parents keep a baby book full of photographs in which to store their recollections. But John Eberhardt keeps a book of poems, poems that have been inspired by the boy's sayings and by the wonderful companionship and understanding that exists between the two. The book itself is dedicated to the mother—the poems to the son.

### My Corduroy Breeches

I kept my Mother darnin', kept her patchin'  
half the night  
Until, in desperation, she exclaimed, "This  
isn't right!  
I'm gona be heroic—gonna save a lot o'  
stitches."

So she purchased me the toughest kind o'  
"Cordurary" Britches.

The first day I possessed 'em a football game  
we played,  
An'—'course—when I came home, at night,  
I looked tore'd up 'n' frayed!  
But if a lickin' has to come (the kind with  
willow switches)

It doesn't feel so "burny," under—  
Cordurary Britches.

An' when I'm runnin' races my britches make  
a noise  
That spurs me on 'n' helps me win from other  
britchesed boys.

I somersault 'n' "rassle," on the grass er in  
the ditches,  
When my mother's got me locked up in my  
Cordurary Britches.

On Sunday morn they dress me up, they  
"scrub" my hands 'n' face,  
Put on a tie, paste down my hair (I'm usually  
"a disgrace"),  
But 'fore the day is half used up my body  
fairly itches  
Fer the com-fer-ta-ble feelin' of my  
Cordurary Britches.

Oh! the fondness of possession—the gladness  
of the heart  
Paradin' past the Big Folks—a-feelin' kinda  
smart;  
You could never buy me *nothin'*—with your  
pockets full o' riches—  
That'd make me feel much *gooder'n*  
My Cordurary Britches.

Mr. Eberhardt has tasted of the fruits  
of material success, yet he knows of no  
possession which can equal that so splen-  
didly described in his own lines:

There's nothing sweeter  
Than a little boy's smile  
When he's fillin' up the buckets  
In the old sand-pile.

EUGENE TINKER



SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

I'm simply full of nerve and punch  
 For I've had Campbell's for my lunch.  
 It gives me all the strength I need  
 And makes me just a train for speed!



## It's all in knowing how!

And the very first spoonful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup proves it! Thirty-two different ingredients prepared and blended by master-chefs whose whole lives have been devoted to good soup-making! Serving Campbell's regularly is one of the ways a housewife shows she "knows how" to set a good table.

### Campbell's Vegetable Soup

is a hearty, filling dish. Sweet little peas, baby limas, juice-laden tomatoes, sugary corn, Chantenay carrots, golden turnips, white and sweet potatoes, chopped cabbage, snowy celery, alphabet macaroni, choice barley, French leeks, okra, and fresh parsley combine their rich flavors and nourishment with invigorating meat broths. Real food when you're hungry!

**21 kinds**

**12 cents a can**

# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# Teach Me, My Dog!

(Continued from page 7)

in earnest about such trespasses, and have no humor at all in the matter.

A friend of mine was acquainted with a scrubby little dog who lived in a village through which passed twice a day, at a high rate of speed, a magnificent limited express train. When the hum of the coming train grew into a roar as of a planet approaching, this little dog, who weighed seven pounds, would rush from his yard, beside himself with indignation. "Out! Out! Out!" he would shriek. "How dare you come here again? How many times have I got to chase you out of this town! Out! Out! Out!"

Then, when the rear car dwindled in the distance, Fido would give over the pursuit and return, frowning and muttering to himself—"Well, I guess *now* he knows I mean what I say!" My friend said he never knew a vainer dog or one more offensive in manner. When people addressed Fido, or offered to pet him, he turned away coldly, with the air of one upon whom care sat too heavily to permit frivolous intimacies.

"Kindly refrain from annoying me with these attempted familiarities," he would seem to say. "My time is not my own. A dog that has to whip an express train as often as I do cannot forget in dalliance with inferiors either his position or his duties to the public."

EVERYONE must have observed that it is almost always the smallest dogs who are the most self-important, who believe themselves to be charged with the greatest responsibilities, who assume the widest supervision of what goes on in their neighborhoods, and feel called upon to express the most authoritative disapproval of everything. Large dogs and middle-sized dogs often retain their optimism even in old age; but little dogs, especially very little dogs, are likely to become pessimists soon after adolescence.

Now, here appears to be a contradiction, or at least some inconsistency: If a little dog has so much self-importance, why is he not happy to be great, and why is he not hopeful of a world in which he thinks he plays so grand a part? How can he be pessimistic who has so stout a faith in himself? The answer is that pessimism and self-importance may well and consistently be united in the one bosom, for a pessimist is one who believes that his own plans for the universe are better than those of the Supreme Being.

Perhaps the smallest dogs are not the best dogs—but here we run into danger of self-importance ourselves, for there may be the most obnoxious self-importance in one who sets himself up to tell you just which or what is "best." We can show with reason that some pies are half cooked and that some writings are written in ignorance, but it is only little Fido who is pompous enough to set forth his own likings as the law, and proclaim a certain pie to be the best and greatest of all pies. When Fido does this he may mean less about pie and more about himself; you are to find the prophets embodied in him, final authority and best of all critics.

Therefore, when we timidly suggest that in a general way the littlest dogs may not be the best dogs, we must at once admit that they are certainly the best to the ladies who love them; and they most touchingly help many a lonely life to be the more happily lived. It happens that middle-sized dogs have been the best to me, three of them; the first in my boyhood; the second in my younger middle age, and the other—well, let me say—later.

If we choose, we may see the life of a man falling into the seven ages; or, if we choose, we may see that life as a series of groupings, close relationships: such as the infant and his nurse; the boy and his dog; the youth and his sweetheart; the young man and his wife; the middle-aged man and his children; the grandfather and his grandson; but if I were painting pictures of such groups there would be none upon which I would bestow a more sentimental care than upon that called, "A Boy and his Dog."

For indeed such a picture should be most sentimental and old-fashioned; the figures pensive beside a picket gate at sunset, so that no banker or labor leader could pass this one touch of nature by without feeling the whole world akin. The man has lived too hard who has forgotten the little companion that followed his every boyish step, and worshiped him as steadfastly on a day of disgrace and punishment as in the hour of glory.

The boy that I was, so short a while ago (reckoning in geologists' time), had a beautiful spaniel—mostly he was spaniel—the "Fritz" whose passing seemed to me then so much more calamitous than the merely national tragedy of the death by assassination of a President of the United States. The mortal part of Fritz was buried in "our yard" and still lies there; and beside Fritz, three decades later, we laid the body of Gamin, a native of France.

GAMIN, whose American negro friends called him "Gammire," was a Parisian, of that coal-black breed of poodle known favorably to fashion in this country after the pug and before the terrier and the Airedale. With remorse I recall my first sight of a French poodle, an occasion coincidental with my first sight of Fifth Avenue, when I was a schoolboy escaped from New England for an Easter holiday in New York. The strange creature lolled beside a large and bedizened matron in a glittering victoria; and I stared, finding such a dog incredible. With his jowl, nose, legs, and afterparts shaven, but fantastically tufted, and the rest of him a great hummock of curled and corded long black fleece, he seemed to me the topmost effect possible to pretentious artificiality. So I said to my schoolmate, "Anybody who'd have a dog like that awful black thing ought just to be shot!"

Not until I knew Gamin did I discover that dogs like "that awful black thing" are made of black sunshine. They are the friendliest humorists in the world; you must laugh with them and at them—Gamin would do anything to make you

laugh at him. He was as ardent as any circus clown or stage comedian for your laughter; and begged you to help him to learn imitations of human beings and other tricks that would make people laugh. He took the world as a place to be made merry, and did so much more than his share of the merrymaking that little trouble would be left on earth if the rest of us could be of Gamin's way of thinking. Yet he knew how to be serious at the right time, but sometimes he had too much of D'Artagnan in him.

Mr. Harry Leon Wilson and I were doing some work together in Paris, and Mr. Wilson had an English bulldog named Sprangle, Gamin's almost daily companion; they played together amiably and were of good accord. However, Mr. Wilson and I had occasion to come over to America for a few months, and Mr. Wilson took Sprangle with him, but I left Gamin with a friend of mine in my own apartment. This friend was also a friend to Gamin; and the latter, in good company and accustomed surroundings, did not repine unduly; but letters reported that he would sometimes bring an old slipper of mine from a clothes closet, set it down on the floor before my friend, then look up at him wistfully and utter sounds of plaintive inquiry: "When is he coming back?"

GAMIN made great rejoicings upon my return—I never knew a creature who more eloquently welcomed his friends. He would rush at you and, just before he reached you, leap high in the air—quite as high as your shoulders—and keep on leaping thus, time and time again, like a great bouncing rubber ball with a very genius of elasticity; and all the while he was in the air he shook himself and gestured in such an ecstasy of hilarious welcoming that your mood was grim indeed if it gave not way to merriment at Gamin's door. How much that means—a true rejoicing as you open a door to come in!

He forgave me for having been away from him so long, but there was another whom he could not forgive, and here we touch upon what seems a kind of divination; yet I believe the matter was simple enough. The morning after our return, Mr. Wilson came to my apartment, bringing Sprangle; and Gamin greeted that complacent bulldog thoughtfully, and then, all upon an instant, made a decisive attempt to slaughter him. Gamin's reasoning was as clear as day: "I haven't seen you since my man and your man went away. Upon my soul, I believe they left me here and took you with 'em! I'll destroy you!"

Never afterward could he by any means be reconciled to Sprangle, but always began to swear hysterically at sight of him, and could not be left at liberty with the bulldog in reach. Sprangle was the only creature Gamin ever really hated. Other dogs became acquaintances of his for a time; would be absent from his horizon a while, then encountered again and received upon the previous amiable footing; but not the odious Sprangle, who had gone upon a voyage from which Gamin



## T H E • S T O R Y • O F • T O B A C C O



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Robt. Burns  
Perfectos  
2 for 25c



WHAT cared the Cloud Blowers for bite or rasp in their peace tobacco? Would not the wigwam-dried leaf conjure up words of wisdom quite as great as leaf dried in any other way? Was not tobacco the weed sent by the Great Spirit to promote good will and sober thought among men?

But in the Havana tobacco that you enjoy today in Robt. Burns Cigars, the drying of the harvested leaf is an important step in the direction of the perfect cigar. The accumulated tobacco wisdom of centuries is employed to keep the flavor IN and to keep the rasp OUT.

The selected leaves are suspended by the stalk and allowed to dry slowly in huge sheds. Nature is allowed to do her work unhurried and unhampered. The finest leaf of the world's chosen tobacco country is thus made ready for the process of curing that may extend for months and years into the future.

And so the best of care of the best of tobaccos has, year by year, developed a cigar of such marked individuality of flavor, that smokers everywhere who might select higher priced brands, insist upon Robt. Burns.

Have you tried one lately?

*General Cigar Co., Inc.*  
NATIONAL BRANDS  
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*Robt. Burns Cigar  
is Full Havana Filled*

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**STAPLES**

10 cents straight  
Box of 50—\$4.75

**PERFECTOS**

2 for 25c  
Box of 50—\$6.00

**INVINCIBLES**

15 cents straight  
(Foil-wrapped)  
Box of 25—\$3.50

All Robt. Burns cigars are filled with the choicest Havana tobaccos, aged, cured and blended to a wonderfully pleasing mildness of flavor.



was excluded. The poodle knew what had happened; he could not have known it better had he been human.

He had disagreements with other dogs sometimes, when D'Artagnan or Cyrano de Bergerac prevailed too valiantly in the French soul of him; and his most disastrous encounter was on the heroic scale but magnificently ill-considered. He and I went to live in a country house outside Paris; and, after taking possession, our first exploration of the place brought a discovery that delighted Gamin with the promise of happy hours to come. Close by the garage there was the cottage of the *gardien*, or lodge keeper, and there, enclosed within a rectangle of high iron fence, were the keeper's two watchdogs; great fierce creatures, mighty in size, rough, plebeian, and wholly warlike. They were kept in their cage until sundown, then let out to range the place and protect it until morning, when the keeper would lock them up again—and from the very first, the sight of the free-running Gamin, that clipped and elegant dandy of the boulevards, roused in them a most vehement class-consciousness.

He knew it, and for his pleasure played upon their loathing of him. He would come strolling leisurely from the house and seat himself upon the terrace with the air of the Marquis de St. Evremonde idling about his estate, while the two watchdogs dashed at their iron bars and shocked the quiet country air with ravings: "You horrible swell! We'll kill you! We've got to kill you! We've got to! Got to! Got to!"

Gamin would watch them indifferently, and when they had wrought themselves into a state of hoarse and foamy insanity he would rise, yawn with insufferable languor, and stroll away, remarking, "Odd beings, very; but not too exciting! I wonder where I can find something going on among my own class!"

LATER, when the two had exhausted themselves, quieted down and gone to sleep, he would return by another way, keeping out of sight of the enclosure until he was within a few feet of it. Suddenly he would rend the silence and the slumbers of the two with outrageous barking: "Who? Who? Who was it you were going to do all that to?"

The watchdogs would leap up, trying in vain to express their feelings, and ranting at the bars that saved their enemy from them; whereupon Gamin would sit down and observe them for a time. Then, while still they raved, he would turn his back to them, scratch his ear dreamily, yawn again, and saunter away. "Dear me! How noisy the laboring classes are this afternoon!"

He did not care to stroll about the place at night, however, when those two were at large; he was careful to keep out of their way then, and thus showed wisdom. But one day he and I had gone into town, and for an hour we sat outdoors at a café table on the boulevard, watching the unending parade of Parisians and tourists, as so many generations of men and poodles have watched that show from those same tables. Gamin, upon a leash that was looped about my wrist, sat under the table, discreetly out of the waiters' way, and I had almost forgotten that he was there, when a princely youth came along the pavement before us, followed by a

Great Dane. This was a dog almost astounding in size and stateliness, the largest Great Dane that ever I saw, and the most imposing. In a word, he made everybody stare.

He would have weighed better than thrice the pounds of Gamin; was more than twice as tall; more than twice as long; could have eaten him in a pie and have been not incommenced—but when this monster walked by our table and into the limited view of the doughty eyes beneath it Gamin was probably too startled to pause for a second disreeter thought and, uttering terrible threats, made a most violent hostile dash at him. The attack reached only to the end of the leash, which jerked my wrist furiously; but the Great Dane, having no thought that there was near him anything not engaged in admiring him, was so disconcerted by the unlooked-for onset that he shouted in horror, and fled yelping down the pavement, while the occupants of the tables rocked with laughter.

UNFORTUNATELY, this triumph went to Gamin's head, for later it was evident that he said to himself: "Since I can whip a dog the size of a cow with such perfect ease, I certainly don't need to be so discreet as I have been about going up against that riffraff out home!"

The riffraff had dinner in the basement of the house at six o'clock every evening, and it was six when Gamin and I returned from our excursion to Paris. He immediately walked down-stairs, entered the basement room where the two were feeding, and said, "Here! When did I ever give you two outsiders permission to eat in our cellar?"

Probably those watchdogs had become atheists because of too many unanswered prayers that such a moment as this might come into their lives; but now that it had come indeed, they made the most of it. No equal uproar have I ever heard produced by only three dogs; and Gamin outdid himself long after he must have perceived his mistake. Several human beings and strong water-power finally subdued the riot; Gamin was brought upstairs and given first and second aid, but he slept uneasily for several nights, muttering to himself in strange and painful dreams; nor would he leave the house for a week. When he did consent to set foot outdoors again, he could not be coaxed in the direction of the *gardien's* lodge. "No; if you don't mind, I believe I'll go the other way," he would say. "Not that I have any particular reason. No—I just like the landscape on this side of the house better; that's all."

He was in his young middle age at the time; but, except for some futile attempts to get at Sprangle, that was his last fight; and he became something of a pacifist so far as other dogs were concerned. With human beings he had always been a pacifist, for he could never endure that people should fight or even pretend to fight. One night on the "Boule 'Miche" he leaped between a strange man and a stranger woman who were threatening each other; he protested by every means in his power, barking and jumping upon them alternately to push them apart—nor is he the only dog I have seen thus engaging as a peacemaker between human beings. In fact, one might easily come to the con-

clusion that a finely civilized dog hates to see men fight about as much as a finely civilized man hates to see dogs fight.

Gamin was a motorist in the early days of motoring, before wind-shields and muffled exhausts; and he liked to wear a motorist's goggles and to sit beside the chauffeur. To many a peasant of Touraine the sedate black dog, goggled, his fantastic ears streaming on the wind, must have appeared as the demon spirit of the thundering new engine, when that car swept down the road and left old people crossing themselves in the dust cloud behind it. Gamin loved his place in the machine; but, alas! he did not learn how to keep out of the way of one—and there are drivers who will not slacken speed to save the life of a dog. Mr. Augustus Thomas once said what he thought about people like that. The sheriff hero of Mr. Thomas's play "In Missoura" was trying to help a little dog that had a broken leg, and someone said, "Why don't you shoot him?" The sheriff answered, "Why, I wouldn't shoot a man."

Four years after Gamin's passing, there came to me from a friend a larger black poodle of the same race but of Florentine descent; and he should have been named Lorenzo di Medici, for he was truly magnificent, but since we Americans are jealous to preserve our democratic irreverence he was called "Wop." Seven years he kept a household merry, and amazed visitors and neighborhoods with feats beyond all previous conceptions of what a dog might do—or even should do—with a tennis ball. He played games that he invented himself and taught to his human friends; and never was there a dog who more often made you feel surprised that, after all, he could not use our human speech—in his company, it always seemed mysterious that he did not actually "speak English." However, he was eloquent enough; so is his absence, for he is but lately gone, and writing of him not cheerful. "Go lightly over him, wind and rain," over that ardent little body that was so ready to play and so glad to serve our gayety. "Lie lightly upon him, grass so green!"

THAT Duke of Buckingham, favorite of James the First, writing to the "slathering, slobbering old majesty," used to call himself the king's dog. "Your loving, faithful Dogge," he would sometimes sign a letter, not so grotesquely, perhaps, as one might think. For Buckingham was only trying to make his true affection clear, and it has been often enough said that there are not many truer loves than that of a dog for his master. A dog's love is not like the love that is in romantic and desirous youth; but it is like nearly all enduring loves—for the dog worships him who gives and gives kindly; and kindly giving is more the sustenance of love than may be suspected. How strange it is that an angry wife or husband should follow the tradition and cry out, "You treat me like a dog!" No one can be treated better than a dog is treated by a good master; and if the rest of us could feel and behave toward one another as a good dog feels and behaves toward a good master—Ah, well, this troubled world is probably not intended to be at peace so soon, and, besides, the effect on our vanity might be disastrous!





# DODGE BROTHERS BUSINESS SEDAN

The same qualities which recommend the car to business men recommend it with equal force to everyone.

Business requires a car of exceptional hardihood; one that offers weather protection and comfort the year round; a car dignified in appearance and economical to run.

Business absolutely *demands* such a car, but practically everyone *needs* such a car. The Business Sedan meets this universal requirement in a unique and specific way.

Its construction has made closed car history.

The steel body was known before on Dodge Brothers open cars, but its recognized advantages have never before been applied to the construction of a closed car.

The same thing is true of the baked enamel finish, which cannot be applied except where the body is built of steel.

In one new feature, the Business Sedan goes even further than open cars have ever gone in the breadth and scope of its usefulness.

The rear seat furnishings are removable, converting the entire section back of the front seat into a steel-walled compartment, with 64 cubic feet of loading space.

Dodge Brothers peculiar achievement, in other words, has been to make the sedan a practical car, so that everyone may enjoy its protection and usefulness at little more than the cost of an open car.

*The price is \$1195 f. o. b. Detroit*



*Patents Pending*





# Can You See Through Other Men's Eyes?

(Continued from page 16)

"My father drove me and my brand-new trunk to the station, twelve miles away—and I never yet smell the inside of a new trunk without feeling homesick," Mr. Young told me, in the first interview he has ever given about his career. "The rail journey was full of thrills; but I was the loneliest youngster in the world for a few days after I reached Canton."

"The first and greatest thing that college did for me was to help me to adjust myself. An isolated country boy, with a bit of a reputation for precocity, is likely to get some ideas about himself that won't hold water. For instance, I felt that my intensive study of mathematics had girded me with so much knowledge that it was a little beneath my attainments to be tethered to freshman 'math.' So I told the professor that I would like to take an examination for one of the advanced classes. Eying me solemnly, he said, 'Come to my room on Saturday morning and I'll give you an examination.'"

**W**ITH self-confident air I came in the following Saturday. After looking me over once more the professor wrote on the blackboard:

*2 and 2 equal 4. Why?*

"The more I scratched my head the more sure I became that there must be some profound mathematical explanation for this. I underwent a most painful quarter of an hour."

"Have you finished with that question?" the professor asked me presently.

"I think I have; at least, the question has finished me," I replied, very much abashed.

"Do you think I had better write another—or have you had enough?" the professor continued, without a smile.

"That's enough," I replied. "I guess I'll be content to go along with the rest of the class."

"This business of 'going along with the rest of the class,'" Mr. Young continued with a smile, "indicates the most important of all adjustments. Whatever success I may have made in business has come because instead of trying to *elevate myself away* from those with whom I worked I have tried to stick as close to them as possible, to make their problems my own—in short, to see through their eyes. The man who can put himself in the place of other men, who can understand the workings of their minds, need never worry about what the future has in store for him."

"You have asked me to help you uncover some of the definite factors that led to my selection as head of this organization. Perhaps I can help you a bit by quoting a remark of Mr. Swope, our new president. 'The thing that impresses me most,' he said, 'is your capacity to make the other fellow's problems your own. When you sit down and advise me about a thing I have got to act on, I somehow feel that you are taking just as deep an interest in it as I am.' And Albert G. Davis, one of our vice presidents, made

the comment: 'This promotion has come to you because, among other things, you have a positively uncanny interest in the individual man. Thus every man in the company feels that you and he know each other through and through.'

"This idea of putting yourself in the other fellow's place is, after all, nothing more or less than *justice*. Nothing of permanent value is ever built on a false basis. To ascertain all the facts bearing on a given situation and then to ask yourself how you would feel if you were the other fellow is the only successful way of doing business that I know."

"I simply regard myself as the leader of a coöperative organization and as of being charged with the responsibility of doing everything in my power to give a vast number of workmen opportunity to render their service to the world and earn an honorable living. Of course a companion duty is to make this business attractive as a channel for the reasonable investment of capital."

"That underlying loyalty on which any sensible executive must depend for the production of profits has to be fully earned before it can be expected."

This trend of thought and conduct permeated Young's life even in his college days. It was responsible for his election as manager of most of the St. Lawrence teams and director of the college paper. Before he was twenty he had been graduated with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. But the family purse was now empty. How to get his law degree was the next question.

Young journeyed to Cambridge, Massachusetts, and asked the head of the Harvard Law School if there was any way for a young man without money to get a legal training at that institution. He was told emphatically that there was none.

Disappointed but far from discouraged, Young took his personal problems to the dean of the Boston Law School. That kindly old gentleman lent a very sympathetic ear. After hearing the youth's story he assured him that it would be possible to *exist* if he would act as librarian, and tutor a number of the students.

**W**ORKING day and night, Saturday and Sunday, Young managed not only to support himself but to finish the three-year course in two years. He was graduated with honors at the age of twenty-one.

The richness of the youth's mind and the vigor of his indomitable personality are revealed in a dramatic event that followed his graduation. He went to the board of examiners to be tested for admission to the bar—entering through a door on which some student had posted the legend: "He who enters here leaves hope behind." After answering every question flung at him by the veteran examiners Young was leaving the room when the sheriff overtook him and said that the president of the board would like to see him in the Judge's chambers.

The dignified, imposing attorney congratulated the country boy on his excel-

lent showing, and asked him for his life story in detail. After hearing it through, he said:

"I live in Lawrence. Wouldn't you like to come and practice law with me? I'm leaving on my vacation to-morrow, and you've been working so hard that you need one, too. Your salary starts to-day. Here's a check for one hundred dollars. Go back to the farm and have the best time of your life. Be sure to spend all the money. I'll let you know when I want you to start."

Young left the building, head high and heart singing. The old dream of the Coopersville courthouse was blossoming into reality.

**A**FORTNIGHT later came a telegram. Instead of the summons to work, however, it contained a sad message. His benefactor, the Lawrence attorney, was dead. His widow had wired to ask Young to attend the funeral.

Sorrowing over the death of his kindly friend and prospective employer, Young visited the dean of the law school and told him that he was looking for a job. "Don't worry!" said the dean, patting his shoulder. "Go back home and wait until you hear from me. I think it will be soon."

Within a week Young was placed in the office of Charles H. Tyler, of Boston. He made good from the start. In ten years, the firm had become Tyler & Young and had gained a vastly enhanced reputation from the brilliant and painstaking performances of the New York youth.

During these years two young electrical engineers, Stone and Webster, organizers of one of the best-known firms of its kind in the country to-day, were branching out rapidly in the public utility field. Quite early, Mr. Young had handled a case for them. They gave him other commissions, not merely law suits to fight but disputes to be settled and deals to be arranged amicably. He steeped himself in electrical developments. Finding this new field intensely fascinating, he devoted more and more of his time to the affairs of Stone and Webster.

While riding to his Boston office in a street car one morning Young read in a newspaper the account of the tragic death, in an automobile accident, of the lawyer-in-chief of the General Electric Company. Thinking of this vast organization, whose main works at Schenectady were less than seventy miles from the farm where he was born, Young remarked to himself:

"That's the one job on earth I would like!"

Little did he know how prophetic was his unspoken wish.

A year passed. Then, while on a business trip to New York, Young received a telephone message from Charles A. Coffin, the General Electric Company's guiding genius.

"I would like to see you at once," said Mr. Coffin.

Hanging up the receiver, Young turned to his wife. "Mr. Coffin hasn't liked one





# Made for You, Sir

Do me the kindness to try it

*By V. K. Cassady, Chief Chemist*

## GENTLEMEN:



*Abundant lather*

We learned what you want in a Shaving Cream by consulting 1,000 men like you.

Then we set out to meet those ideals for you, better than others had done.

Now we ask a test—a free test—in fairness to yourself and us.

### *We are competent*

This is a famous soap laboratory. For 60 years it has studied soap chemistry. The leading toilet soap of the world—Palmolive—is one of our creations.

We made up and tested 130 soap formulas to attain the utmost in a shaving cream. Step by step we met your desires in ways that will delight you.

Now we offer you a Shaving Cream that excels in these five major ways.

### *Five new virtues*

- 1—It multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—It acts quickly, softening the beard in one minute.
- 3—The lather maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.
- 4—Extra-strong bubbles support the hairs for cutting, while weak bubbles let hairs fall down.
- 5—The palm and olive oil blend makes the after effects delightful.

### *No money wanted*

Now we ask you to prove these claims. Make ten tests at our cost. If we have so excelled the others, you will want to adopt our cream. If we have not, you'll know it. Men can't be fooled in this line.

Do us the courtesy of a ten-shave test. Cut out the coupon now.



*Fine after effects*

# PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

## 10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address and mail to  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY, Dept. B-388  
Milwaukee, U. S. A.



or two things I have done lately for Stone and Webster," he remarked. "Probably he wants to spank me."

But Mr. Coffin had a far different purpose in mind. He invited Young to become chief counsel and vice president of the company.

"I am delighted to accept," replied Young instantly.

"But you haven't asked anything about your salary?"

"I am not interested in the amount of salary you pay me—except that I would like you to pay me less rather than more than others holding similarly responsible positions. I would much rather have the organization feel that I am underpaid than overpaid."

**STARTING** with the General Electric Company on January 1st, 1913, Mr. Young confined his activities for two years to the law department of the huge corporation. There were franchises to handle, extensions of territory to negotiate, subsidiary companies to be organized, and a host of kindred problems to be brought to a successful conclusion. Gradually, however, Young got the law department in so perfect a state of organization that it functioned without his daily attention. Before long he was paying direct attention to legal matters only when the active head of the department had some particularly tangled knot to untie.

Thus Young found himself foot-free to tackle other executive work. He became particularly interested in labor matters. Soon the managers of the various plants discovered that he was a never-failing source of sound advice when disputes and other crises threatened. Having worked so long and hard with his own hands on a rocky New York farm, Young felt an infinite sympathy for men who had to depend on their hands for support.

Meanwhile, other executives developed the habit of going to Young for advice. Somehow he contrived to find time to listen to the troubles of anyone and everyone, high and low, and to give sound advice. Moreover, he was always willing *personally to shoulder the responsibility* if his advice was followed.

"I have been astonished," Mr. Young told me, "to find in business how many men *run away* from responsibility rather than *welcome* it. Most men are willing to venture opinions, but when it comes to deciding on definite action they like someone else to take the final step.

"Now, I have always welcomed responsibility. Nor have I been afraid to spend the necessary amount of study and work to fit me to discharge a responsibility to the best of my capability. Such increasing responsibilities as have gravitated to me have come largely because of my desire to make myself at all times more useful to the company.

"I figured it out this way: The company had bought and paid for everything I had to give. This included my judgment,

good or bad. I was prepared, therefore, to exercise that judgment to the utmost—always taking pains to acquire all possible 'raw material' out of which to form my conclusion. Then, having acted with the best judgment I possessed, I never allowed myself to become worried over the outcome. Of course, I recognized that if my percentage of mistakes became too great, I would have to get out or be put out."

Is it any wonder that Young, in the course of time, became the most sought-after man in the organization? He was soon known as the company's problem-solver—its nutcracker, so to speak. Everyone trusted him. Everyone learned to respect his judgment. Everyone felt friendly toward him and indebted to him. Thus it became taken for granted that when Mr. Coffin retired Mr. Young would succeed him at the helm.

The reason that Mr. Young was able to give advice so sound, indeed the underlying secret of all his success, is the one to which I have already called attention in his own words—his ability to see through the other fellow's eyes.

"My legal experience helped me in this," Young explained. "The very essence of being a successful lawyer is to have the happy faculty of putting yourself in your client's place. Indeed, mentally you *become* your client for the time being.

"Also remember that a goodly part of my work was not in contesting cases in court but in seeking to bring about agreements between companies and individuals whose interests either clashed or threatened to clash. To become a mediator or a peacemaker it was necessary for me to see things as the other man saw them.

**IT** IS said that Cecil Rhodes, the empire builder of South Africa, whenever his board of directors was formulating the terms of some important deal, would walk up and down the room, impersonating the other side and firing all possible objections to the terms proposed. It was up to the directors to satisfy him that he, as champion of the other side, was receiving a square deal. I found it necessary, in order to succeed in compromising disputes, to take a somewhat similar mental attitude. As a result, I would not propose anything that I didn't feel was absolutely just to all parties.

"My inclinations along this line were very helpful when the individual plant managers consulted me about labor problems. I think they felt that I had my fingers rather closely on the pulse of the workers. Perhaps I did, for I had heard much about their hopes and troubles in my youth. Since Schenectady was so comparatively near to my birthplace many of the men in our main works were drawn from my home territory. During their vacations they used to come back home and talk about everything at the plant—and I used to absorb what they had to say.

"I still absorb it—for I am still one of that community. I own and operate the family farm, and when I turn farmer I don't do it by halves. Nor is my home there different from any of the neighboring homes. To do things on a different scale would spoil the whole charm of this side of my life.

"So it seems natural enough that I should understand the mental operations of the workingman. Indeed, the first thing I did on being elected chairman of the company was to call together forty of our leading men at the Schenectady works.

**"WE SPEND** an enormous amount of time and money," I said to them, "in trying to manufacture our materials more economically and to make our products more valuable. The man who devises a method of saving a pound of copper in a machine, or who finds we can substitute iron for copper, or reduce the weight and still retain the full strength and efficiency of the machine, is looked on as having accomplished a great achievement.

"Now, our basic trouble is that we really have not learned how to make the most economical, the most effective use of the most valuable material we have. That material is not copper or iron or steel or tungsten. You could strip the plant of those materials and within a week you could resume operations. The thing I am referring to is the *human material*. Strip the plant of this and you couldn't restore it for years—probably not for a generation.

"Let us all give more thought to the proper handling of this human material. If we can bring about in it even a five per cent improvement it will mean more to the real welfare of the company than all the copper and iron and brass and tungsten you could possibly save. This is our main problem.

"We have four thousand engineers dealing with materials. *I'll try to deal with the men!*

"All we have here is an organization of individuals trying to work together cooperatively—each rendering a certain service. In order to perform our big job we must be supplied with capital. To get capital we must establish such credit, such a reputation, that whenever we announce that we need more money there will be thousands of people ready to hand over their savings to us. They won't do this unless they have confidence that we will handle both capital and men in such a way that a reasonable return will be earned and paid regularly.

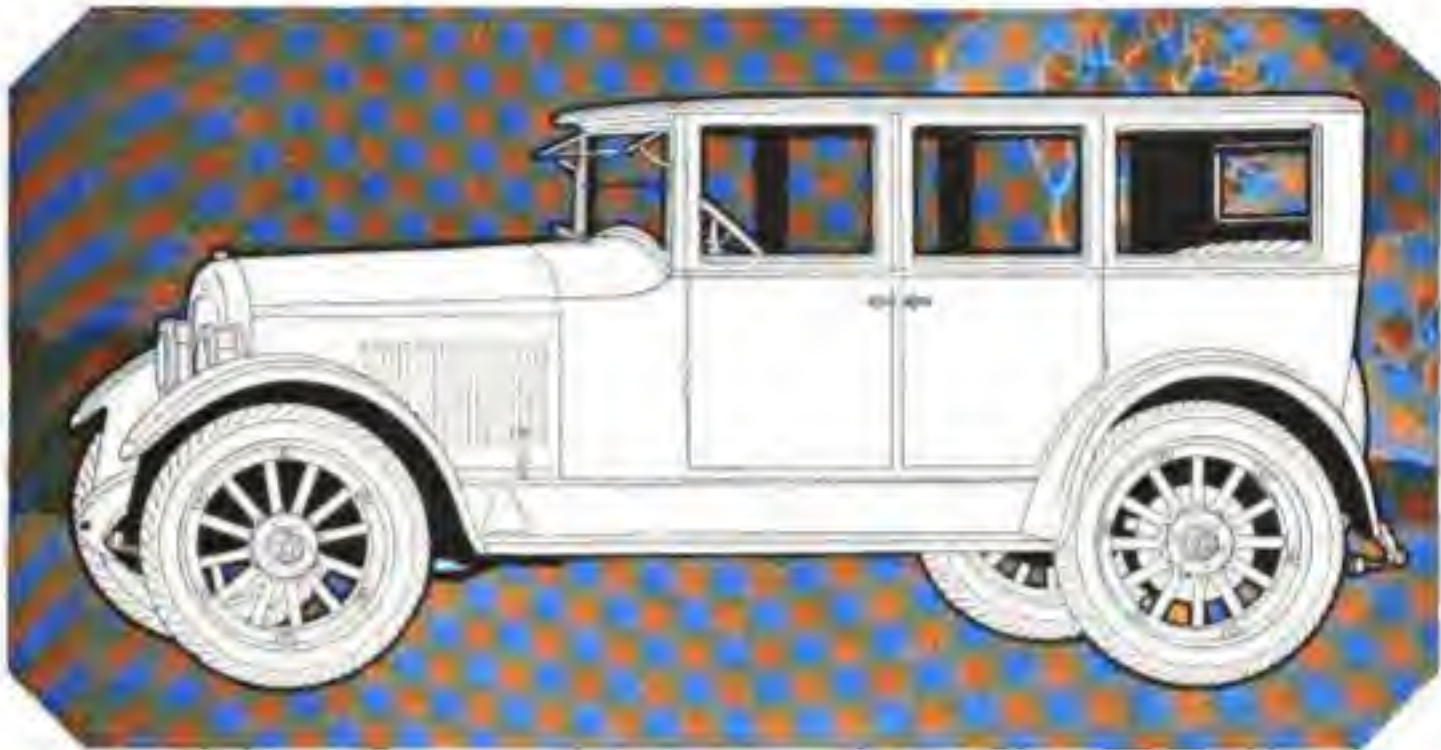
"Any man, from the chairman of the board to the lowest laborer, who injures in the slightest degree the establishment and maintenance of that credit and reputation impairs the opportunity for providing work not only to himself but to this great aggregation of bread-winners who are striving together for a common purpose."

**"THE Secret of Sound Sleep"** is revealed next month by Boris Sidis, the famous psychopathologist, who will explain what he declares to be the only way to cure yourself of sleeplessness. If you are a victim of insomnia you will find in this practical discussion by Doctor Sidis all the help that modern science can give you.

**BRUCE BARTON** has written for next month the fascinating personal story and business philosophy of the president of the biggest bank in America. You will be surprised at the simplicity of the methods by which a ten-dollar-a-week clerk worked his way to the top of the financial ladder. It is the story of common sense and straight thinking.



# More Strength—Less Strain



**Sedan \$1465—Touring \$995** F.O.B. Factory  
Tax Extra

When you have checked up the interior of the Jewett Sedan, feature for feature, you will find that it offers every comfort and convenience of the truly fine enclosed car.

Then, remember, that there is an additional satisfaction enjoyed by every Jewett owner. It is absolute confidence in a mechanical foundation that, not only assures brilliant road performance, but long life and minimum repair bills.

The Jewett is not a "light" car—the touring model has 2800 pounds of finely tested metal and excess strength. Every single part has

been designed to stand up under brutal punishment—and laugh at it.

Because the six-cylinder motor delivers its power in six overlapping power impulses instead of four distinct, separate jerks, far less strain is put upon the extra strong axle and chassis mechanism. There is no vibration and no undue stress or strain upon any of the working parts.

That is why there can be no mechanical trouble with the Jewett—no universal joint or axle troubles—no "constitutional weaknesses." The Jewett is not only powerful, but *strong*.

*The complete Paige-Jewett line of six-cylinder passenger cars offers a selection of thirteen models priced from \$995 to \$3350. The complete line of Paige trucks meets every haulage need. They are sold and serviced by Paige dealers everywhere.*

# JEWETT

*A Thrifty Six Built by Paige*



# My Adventures in Learning Self-Reliance

(Continued from page 20)

could not afford to lose a single day at school.

I worked my way through the driving, drifting snow until I reached my lodging at the academy. It took me fifteen hours to make seven miles—more than two hours to each mile. When I reached my journey's end I was so exhausted I could hardly stand—but I had arrived with my precious burden of books and my week's supply of food.

Poverty is admittedly a great stimulus. Nevertheless, if I had had less poverty I should have had more opportunity when I was a young man, and I would have improved the opportunity. The privations and hardships of my early life were responsible for a tremendous waste of time and energy. I was twenty-five years old when I left the academy at Kent's Hill. Given the opportunities of the usual schoolboy, I could have made the same amount of progress many years sooner. When I left school, I had only fairly started toward getting an education. I have been a close student ever since.

My earliest impression of the value of money came when I was about six years old. A neighbor of ours—a blacksmith named Hall—was an ardent believer in spiritualism. He told my father about a certain medium, Miss Cunningham, up at Dover Village, who could talk with spirits, tell fortunes, and locate lost property.

The result was that Mr. Hall and my father and mother enlisted the medium's services to find the treasure of Captain Kidd, which was reported to be buried somewhere on the Maine coast. The medium declared it would be quite easy to locate the treasure; so all four of them set off one day in Mr. Hall's wagon, with picks and spades, following spirit guidance to a certain place on the shore. It was a day's journey down, and a day's journey back. But what was a two-days' journey, with untold wealth as the prize?

**WE CHILDREN** were a glad lot during our two days' wait at home. Not a particle of doubt entered our minds as to the outcome of the expedition. Fine clothes! Did we see them in our imagination as we awaited the coming of the fortune? Yes; we saw them, but they did not excite us. It was of *fine food*, and lots of it, that we dreamed! We saw light, hot, flour biscuits, with butter; New Orleans molasses; fried codfish, stewed shank-bone, stewed chicken! We did not dream about roast beef, for that was a luxury that had never come our way.

Chiefly we thought about molasses. Mother wouldn't allow us any more with the molasses! Think of it! We could have all we wanted. We could even make molasses candy! No wonder the moments seemed hours while we awaited the return of the gold-seekers.

Along in the dusk of the second evening, a tired old horse drew up in front of our house, with a bedraggled, dejected human cargo in the wagon.

We raced out, dancing with joy and shouting, "Where's the gold? Where's the gold?"

It was a long time before the truth reached our inner consciousness that they didn't *have* the gold. Then it was something awful. We had not been prepared for disappointment. We plied them with questions. When were they going back for it? Were they *sure* they had looked carefully? Were they *sure* they didn't make a mistake in the place?

Then and there I began to be skeptical of the power and reliability of the spirits.

It was not alone the hardships that I endured and the hard work that I performed that made me exceptionally strong physically, for I inherited great physical strength from both my father and mother.

**ONE** important success in my early career depended entirely upon my physical strength. It was when I was about twenty and still attending the academy at Kent's Hill. One day, when I was absent, at the round-up of students for prayer and the general business, a school agent from East Livermore was present to get a teacher for the school in his district. It had been two years since they had had a term of school, because the boys were so bad that no teacher would stay. The last one had been thrown out of the window, taking the sash with him.

As Mark Twain said: "He didn't need the sash, but it was handier to take it than to leave it."

This man from East Livermore laid the case before our president, Doctor Torsey; and the doctor brought him to "prayers" and explained his mission to the students. The man, however, said he would like to make a few remarks himself. And this is about what he said:

"I don't want anybody, unless I can get a teacher that can lick John Tolman. I know what I'm talking about! I don't care so much about your learning as your ability to lick John Tolman. But he's as hard as nails. You can kick him all day with a copper-toed boot without hurting him. So you can see what kind of a job it is. But as sure as you're born, you've got to have it out with him! Now, if there's any young man here that thinks he can lick John Tolman, I want to see him."

Nobody answered.

Finally, my friend, A. W. Knowles, said, "Doctor, I know somebody that can lick John Tolman, and somebody that will take that school, and teach them a good school too. It's Maxim."

"Yes," said the doctor, "Maxim is your man."

The school agent had to go home that day. But as soon as I heard about the affair I went to see him and his school committee. When they asked me—as they did the very first thing—if I thought I could lick John Tolman, I told them to feel of my arms and legs. They were as hard as stone; and I may add that they are as hard as stone to-day—and I will be seventy years old this coming February.

Well, I got the school. Not a question was asked about any other qualification than my ability to lick John Tolman. When I called the school to order the first

day of the term, I told the pupils the whole story of what had occurred. They laughed, and looked toward a solid, good-natured and very handsome fellow, who I knew must be the famous John.

I told them I was there to teach them and to serve them. I explained the advantages of education; told them it was a tool with which one must carve his way to success; that it was their school, not mine; that I must have their coöperation in order to serve them in the best way.

But I said that, although I wanted to teach them book-learning, I liked physical exercise; and that if it were necessary to lick John Tolman, nothing would please me better; that I intended to teach the school if I had to knock down and drag out every one of them. Then I proceeded to rush the business of the school, and got through the first day as if it had been running a month.

When recess time came, I told them that I liked a general recess—boys and girls together. But if even one girl voted against it, that would settle it. The vote was unanimous, some of the boys even putting up both hands. When they went out for recess, I went too.

"Ring wrestling" was popular then. The participants formed a ring, taking hold of one another, shoulder to shoulder, each trying to throw his neighbor, until only two were left. Then these two would wrestle it out—collar-and-elbow.

No sooner had we got outdoors than John Tolman and some of the larger boys formed one of these rings. I asked if they would let me in. They were glad to do it—but they all stepped out of the ring except John Tolman, leaving us to wrestle together. I threw him before he could wink twice. When he got up, he said:

"Well, Teacher, I acknowledge you're my master. By thunder! I wish you'd teach me to wrestle like that!"

After that, he and I used to wrestle almost every day at recess. I got a set of boxing gloves and we did a lot of buffeting with them. He never got so he could throw me, but he was a strong fellow, nevertheless. He was the soul of good nature, one of the best fellows I ever had in a school.

**SOME** years before this, when I was seventeen, I worked several months for my brother Hiram, who was then making gas machines in New York. One day, two workmen were trying to get the bed of a lathe up through a trap door with a rope. They sneeringly called to Hiram to have his "lazy brother" help them. That made me angry. So I went down, untied the rope, took the lathe-bed in my arms, and carried it up the stairs. Not long after this, Hiram challenged me to a trial of strength with a lifting machine. He lifted over eight hundred pounds, and I lifted nine hundred and seventy-five pounds, nearly half a ton. Of course this was done in a harness with straps over our shoulders.

When I finally left the academy, I went into partnership with a classmate. We started in a small way at Pittsfield, Massa-



# Six Answers to Six



## LUXURY

Salmagundi. Bear in mind the name when you select chocolates to please a luxurious taste. It has a wide variety including some new and most attractive chocolates in an art metal tin box worthy of the contents.

*Whitman's*  
SALMAGUNDI  
CHOCOLATES



## VARIETY

Everybody's taste has approved the Sampler and chosen it as America's foremost candy. It contains selections from ten favorite Whitman's packages which can also be purchased separately. It appeals to the taste for quaint, dainty things.

*Whitman's*  
SAMPLER

...element of surprise and the pleasure of new flavors—all are answered in the picturesque Pleasure Island Box of Whitman's. Have you explored its billion bags?

*Whitman's*  
PLEASURE ISLAND  
CHOCOLATES



## EXCELLENCE

Super Extra. A name that harks back to 1842 and the original Whitman's Chocolates that are still the standard. The assortment is one that has been selected with great care, changing slowly with the public taste during the eighty years its popularity has endured. It answers the average cultivated taste for sweets.

*Whitman's*  
SUPER EXTRA  
CHOCOLATES



## ODDITY

This book-shaped box bound in green and gold has a list of contents inside the cover differing from any other package. It has proved an assortment perfectly selected for many tastes. The Library Package is an appropriate gift for many folks, many occasions.

*Whitman's*  
LIBRARY  
PACKAGE



## RICHNESS

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chusetts, where we built up a good printing and publishing business. We got out a new system of teaching penmanship and pen drawing, of which we sold nearly half a million copies. But hard times came and our business failed.

Later, after the invention of the Maxim gun by my brother Hiram, I went to England, where I studied the gun and wrote the service manual of the weapon which has since been in general use all over the world. I returned to America as the representative of the Maxim-Nordenfolt Guns and Ammunition Company. Thus I became interested in explosives and ordnance, the field in which I have worked ever since.

**T**HE man who conducts original research with high explosives must be mentally and physically fit for the work. In experimenting with high explosives and in their manufacture, a little absent-mindedness, a very slight lack of exact caution, a seemingly insignificant inadvertence for a moment, may cost a limb, or even life. The incident that deprived me of my left hand is a case in point.

On the day preceding that accident, I had had a gold cap put on a tooth. In consequence, the tooth ached and kept me awake the greater part of the night. Next morning I rose early and went down to my factory at Maxim, New Jersey. In order to test the dryness of some fulminate compound, I took a little piece of it, about the size of an English penny, broke off a small particle, placed it on a stand outside the laboratory and, lighting a match, touched it off.

Owing to my loss of sleep the night before, my mind was not so alert as usual and I forgot to lay aside the remaining piece of fulminate compound; instead, I still held it in my left hand. A spark from the ignited piece entered my left hand between my fingers, igniting the piece there, with the result that my hand was blown off to the wrist, and the next thing I saw was the bare end of the wrist bone.

A tourniquet was immediately tightened around my wrist to prevent the flow of blood, and I and two of my assistants walked half a mile down to the railroad, where we tried to stop an up-going train with a red flag. But it ran the flag down and went on, the engineer thinking, perhaps, from our wild gesticulations, that we were highwaymen.

We then walked another half-mile to a farmhouse, where a horse and wagon were procured. Thence I was driven to Farmingdale, four and a half miles distant, where I had to wait two hours for the next train to New York.

The only physician in the town was an invalid, ill with tuberculosis. I called on him while waiting, and consoled with him, as he was much worse off than I was.

On arrival in New York, I was taken in a carriage to the elevated station at the Brooklyn Bridge. After we reached my station at Eighty-fourth Street, I walked four blocks and then up four flights of stairs to my apartments, where the surgeon was awaiting me. It was now eve-

ning, and the accident had occurred at half-past ten o'clock in the morning. That was a pretty hard day!

As I had no electric lights in the apartment, only gas, the surgeon declared that it would be dangerous to administer ether, and that he must, therefore, chloroform me. He added that there was no danger in using chloroform, if the patient had a strong heart. Thereupon I asked him to examine my heart, since, if there should be the least danger of my dying under the anesthetic, I wanted to make my will.

"Heart!" exclaimed the surgeon. "A man who has gone through what you have gone through to-day *hasn't* any heart!"

The next day I dictated letters to answer my correspondence as usual.

On the third day I was genuinely ill and had no wish to do business. Within ten days, however, I was out again, attending to my affairs.

It is almost impossible to make the ordinary person exercise sufficient care in the handling of high explosives. Often the life of the careful person is endangered or sacrificed by an act of a careless person.

I went into the boiler house of the factory one day, where a quantity of nitroglycerin had been placed to keep it from freezing. I found one man stirring the fire, while another was standing with his coat tails outstretched in either hand, forming a shield to keep the sparks from flying into the nitroglycerin!

One of the closest calls I ever had occurred in the early nineties. Two of my assistants and myself were weighing out small batches of fulminate of mercury from a ten-pound jar. There were on the bench as many as half a dozen small squares of glass, each with its little pile of fulminate upon it. There was also a five-pound bottle of nitroglycerin standing on the bench. A little way removed, and under the bench, was a fifty-pound case of gelatin dynamite.

**W**EWERE proceeding very cautiously, when all at once the scoop toppled, and an iron weight fell, striking within an eighth of an inch of one of the pieces of glass on which was fulminate of mercury. After a second of suspense, we stared at one another in amazement, wondering whether or not we were still in the land of the living.

An investigation into the cause of the accident revealed the fact that one of the young men employed in the laboratory had broken off an arm of the scales—one of the supports of the scoop—the day before and, with criminal reticence, had made absolutely no mention of the fact to anyone. Had that weight fallen upon the fulminate it must have dealt death to all of us.

I have told here some incidents from my early life because they show how I acquired—how I was *forced* to acquire—the habit of self-reliance. That habit has helped me, and it will help anyone, more than any other thing I know of.

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## Stella Dallas

(Continued from page 49)

married several years. She already had two boys, fine, sturdy specimens, but soldier material, American business-man stuff. When a little girl was placed in the curve of Helen Morrison's arm, it seemed as if a bit of heaven itself had slipped through the clouds. She spent two radiantly happy years with her daughter (Carol, she named her. It became the sweetest name in the English language to her), and then suddenly, with the arrow-like directness of a bolt of lightning from the skies, disease struck straight down into the holy of holies of her heart and killed her darling. By a mere accident, the realization of her life-long hope was broken into fragments, disintegrated into a thousand poignant little memories. Her little girl became a dream again, an ideal, a picture on ivory.

After Carol died, Helen Morrison offered her services to a charitable institution for working-girls in New York City, but she never came in contact with the girls individually. It wasn't until Laurel came to spend a week with Helen Morrison that she felt the same heart-string which Carol had pulled so hard once long ago, gently touched again.

There was something of the same pristine beauty about Laurel at thirteen as about her own child's crystallized innocence. There were areas in Laurel's soul—big white expanses, untouched by experience, unsullied by life. It was almost as if those parts of Laurel had disappeared into a picture also, when she, too, was just learning to walk alone.

After Helen Morrison said good-by to Laurel at the end of her first visit, and laughingly, playfully kissed her good-by, she hurried away quickly to her own room and closed the door. Taking the miniature close to the light, she gazed at it till the slow tears ran down her cheeks.

AT THE same moment that Laurel, high up above the rumbling surface of New York, was packing her trunk on the last day of her never-to-be-forgotten visit to her father (never to be forgotten because of Mrs. Morrison), Stella, many miles away, was also packing a trunk.

There was no sound of traffic outside Stella's window, only the distant sound of the surf and a distant glimpse of a deserted board walk. By the end of September there were only three or four people left at the boarding-house at Beaver's Beach.

Stella had remained until the literal eve of Laurel's return, because she had been very lucky this year and had found a tenant for her rooms at the King Arthur for the month of September. Laurel could have her coon-coat and wrist watch, too, now!

My though, but Stella was glad her job was over! Thank heaven, the four weeks were at an end. To-night she'd be sleeping at the King Arthur! To-morrow night Lollie would be sleeping with her at the King Arthur! She hummed deep in her throat as she packed.

Beaver's Beach hadn't been quite so awful this year, though, as usual. At least it ought not to have been quite so awful.

Ed Munn had taken her to several grand parties! Funny, though, she was almost as glad to get away from Ed as from the cheap boarding-house. What was the matter with her? Ed had been ever so generous. Every single Saturday, since Laurel had been away, and one Sunday, he had planned some diverting form of entertainment. It must have cost him a pretty penny! Stella was filled with remorse that she couldn't work up any real excitement over Ed. How amazing to be so crazy about one's own child that being crazy about a man loses all interest and excitement in comparison.

ONE day last week when Stella's eyes had become suddenly soft with the thought of Laurel, Ed Munn had mistaken the cause of her emotion, and grasped hold of her hand, and that sort of mouth-watery look which always turned Stella's pleasure in a man's attentions to disgust had come into his face. Ed got terribly insistent that day. Stella simply had to come out with the truth.

"I'm sorry, Ed," she had sighed, as she drew away her hand with a little jerk.

At that he had simply imprisoned one of her feet under the table, between two of his, and leaned toward her, his eyes still gobbling her up.

She had drawn away her foot, too, and perched it safely on the rung of her chair.

"Nothing doing, Ed," she shrugged.

He frowned, flushed a little.

"I don't wonder you're mad, Ed. I'm disgusted myself with the way I act, with the way I feel, or the way I don't feel. But don't, please, think it's anything personal. It isn't your fault. It's Lollie's. It's that darned little Lollie's fault!" she broke out fiercely. "I'm so crazy about Lollie that she uses up all the emotion I've got, so I'm just sort of dead ashes with everybody else in the world." A tear had splashed down her cheek.

Ed Munn had leaned over and patted her on the arm, big-brother fashion.

"That's all right. I'm not asking you to get excited over me. I like a woman all the better for being fond of her own kid."

"Oh, Ed, you are nice!" She warmed toward him.

"In fact," he went on (he knew *now* what tack to pursue), "the few times I've seen the offspring I've thought to myself what a peach of a kid she was."

"Oh, she's wonderful, Ed! I'd die without her!" And again the tears welled up in her eyes.

"Well, I've no intention of kidnapping her."

"You see," as Stella told Effie McDavitt afterward, she and Ed had a *perfect understanding*.

When Stella paid her bill of indebtedness to the proprietor of the boarding-house at Beaver's Beach for allowing her to economize for a month on his property, it was with a feeling of triumph and with the comforting sense of a disagreeable job well done. As the train sped along toward Milhampton, at the end of her ordeal, she was happy with the simple joy of release. She had no premonition of the nest of





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bombs lying in her letter box at the King Arthur. Stella had not seen the automobile standing on the opposite side of the street from the boarding-house at Beaver's Beach the late Saturday night when Ed had brought her back and left her, as usual, at the foot of the stairs that led up to her room. She had not seen the same automobile the next morning on the boulevard as she and Ed had started out for lunch in Boston.

The day after Myra Holland and Mrs. Kay Bird had seen Alfred Munn follow Stella into the boarding-house—but had not seen him come out—they had driven to Beaver's Beach again. Myra Holland was occupying a summer-cottage that year, thirty miles inland. She had never been to Beaver's Beach before. It was only because the chauffeur had lost the road that she happened to be driving through such a place at all. Myra Holland wanted to inspect Stella's boarding-house by daylight.

It chanced to be during the only week-  
end of Laurel's absence when Ed Munn  
had both a Saturday and a Sunday en-  
gagement with Stella, that Myra Holland  
and Mrs. Kay Bird made their two visits  
to Beaver's Beach. On the second visit,  
they had seen Ed Munn and Stella Dallas  
again! The pair were leaving the board-  
ing-house this time! It was eleven in the  
morning. It looked pretty bad, didn't it?

It looked still worse when Mrs. Holland  
called at the fashionable hotel, where Mrs.  
Kay Bird had heard Stella Dallas was  
spending the season and discovered that  
Mrs. Dallas hadn't been there for three  
weeks! And that her forwarding address  
was care of a Mrs. Effie McDavitt, in a  
very queer part of Milhampton, way  
down by the mills somewhere. Obviously,  
Stella Dallas had done her best to cover up  
her tracks.

"PROBABLY those two have been carry-  
ing on their little affair ever since the  
scandal about them when her husband left  
her. I wouldn't believe then that she'd  
really gone the limit, but now, I do not  
see that we can very well help thinking  
the worst. My husband says that Bea-  
ver's Beach is full of questionable places.  
He didn't care to go into an investigation  
of that particular one, but you could see  
by looking at it—so dirty, and run-down,  
and ramshackle—and by observing the  
women who came out of it, what sort of a  
place it was. Oh, it makes my blood boil  
to think that the mother of one of the  
girls with whom our daughters associate  
daily at the private school we're all sup-  
porting should be carrying on that sort of  
an affair. As one of the trustees of Miss  
Fillebrown's School, there's only one  
course open to me. A thing like that can-  
not be known about a woman and coun-  
tenanced, can it?"

"Certainly not," was the general dic-  
tum.

"I, for one, won't countenance it, any-  
how," announced Mrs. Kay Bird, with  
emphasis. "Either Mrs. Dallas moves  
out of the King Arthur or I do. I had to  
play bridge with her twice last winter!"

"And either her child is removed from  
Miss Fillebrown's or mine is," another  
voice proclaimed.

This conversation took place in Myra  
Holland's living-room a few days after  
her return to Milhampton in late Septem-

ber. There were half-a-dozen women  
gathered round the tea table.

"But," feebly observed one of them,  
"there's just a possibility that you're  
mistaken, Myra, isn't there?"

"Oh, sweet protector of the innocent,  
virtuous defender of the maligned,"  
laughed Mrs. Kay Bird.

"My dear Mabel," Myra replied,  
"there's just a possibility a man who fre-  
quents corner saloons doesn't drink; but  
whether he drinks or not, the fact that he  
enjoys the company and atmosphere of  
corner saloons is sufficient to bar him  
from certain drawing-rooms. Dear me,  
Mabel, haven't we all endured Stella  
Dallas years enough in this town to sat-  
isfy you?"

"The child seems quite a nice little  
thing."

"But how long will she stay quite a nice  
little thing with a mother like that?  
Really, Mabel!"

"And, nice little thing or not," spoke  
up somebody from the other side of the  
hearth, "I'm sure I don't want my son  
meeting her at dances and various parties,  
as he grows up, and run the risk of having  
him fall in love with a girl with such a  
mother!"

STELLA was safely in the haven of her  
two-rooms-and-a-bath at the King Ar-  
thur when she opened her mail. She had  
just come up from luncheon in the dining-  
room below, where she had greeted every-  
body she knew with her usual enthusiasm.  
She was humming as she moved about the  
two rooms which were hers and Laurel's  
alone, delighting in their luxury and their  
comfort as she laid her hat and veil and  
gloves in their old familiar nooks.

She sat down on the edge of her bed to  
open her letters. There was a post card  
from Laurel. She read that first. There  
was a note from Miss Simpson, verifying  
the hour of Laurel's arrival. Then sud-  
denly occurred an explosion of one of the  
bombs. Miss Fillebrown regretted that,  
owing to the unexpected increase of pupils  
in Laurel's class, there would be no place  
for her next year!

Stella read the note again. She read it  
a third time. She was aware of a certain  
familiar heart-burning sensation which  
usually followed announcements of this  
sort. No place for Laurel at Miss Fille-  
brown's! There was no other private  
school in Milhampton. Laurel couldn't  
go to a public school. Nobody did—ex-  
cept foreigners. There must be some mis-  
take. But deep in her heart Stella knew  
better. Experience had taught her there  
never was a mistake in the cruel stabs  
dealt her.

It was fully ten minutes before the sec-  
ond bomb exploded. The letter immedi-  
ately underneath Miss Fillebrown's was a  
note from the proprietor of the King  
Arthur. The proprietor of the King Ar-  
thur regretted that he would be unable to  
accommodate Stella the following season!  
He had rented her present apartment, he  
explained, to a party who had offered  
almost double what she was paying, and  
there would be no other space available.

What did it mean? What had she done?  
What was to become of Laurel and her-  
self? It wasn't as if there were other  
apartment-hotels in Milhampton. The  
other places were boarding-houses, pure  
and simple. All sorts of people lived in



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them. She could no more take Laurel to a boarding-house than send her to a public school.

It was half an hour before the last bomb shattered the frail scaffolding of another of Stella's air-castles. The last letter in her pile was from a lawyer in New York. The lawyer stated that he was writing for Mr. Stephen Dallas. Stella's eyes skipped over the introductory sentences. She caught the word divorce. Stephen wanted to get a divorce!

Hope had never died that sometime she and Stephen might live beneath the same roof again. The possibility that when the golden harvest-time arrived when Laurel was old enough to come out, Stephen, too, would wish to give his child every possible advantage, and resume at least the semblance of a conventional relationship with his wife, had been for years a sort of secret candle Stella would take out and light whenever it seemed dark. A divorce would rob her of her candle! Besides, she couldn't say, "My husband" any more, could she? Or refer to his absence as temporary. No one knew what a protection the uncertainty had been to her all these years!

At one o'clock the next morning, Stella lay wide awake in her bed beside Laurel's empty one, tossing and turning in the darkness. At two o'clock she was still awake. At half past three she got up and went into the bathroom. She poured herself out a half a glass of gin, and filled the glass with hot water from the faucet. She placed two sleeping tablets on the back of her tongue and washed them down with the strong hot drink.

Laurel was due to arrive the next morning at nine o'clock. Stella simply must pull herself together before Laurel arrived.

"I SHOULDN'T think that Simpson woman earned her salt. She's let your hands get into a terrible condition," scolded Stella.

Laurel and Stella were seated opposite each other at a card table in their bedroom at the King Arthur. There was a bath towel spread over the table. Laurel held the finger tips of one hand in a bowl filled with warm water, while her mother worked over the other. It was early afternoon of the first day of Laurel's arrival.

"Your nails are all split and broken to pieces!"

"But I've been camping, Mother."

Stella was thankful, with all her heart, that she could work over Laurel, for when she had anything to conceal it was always easier to talk to the funny little perceiving creature if she could keep her eyes down close on some sort of fine, careful job.

When the manicuring was well under way, Stella inquired, "How is your father?" She always asked that question before Laurel had been back many hours.

Laurel always replied, "He's all right."

"Didn't seem different any way?"

"No."

"Didn't refer to me, I suppose?"

"No."

Laurel wished that he would refer to her sometime, so she might tell her he had.

"Goodness," exclaimed Stella, "I should think he'd ask after my health once in a while."

Laurel was silent.

Stella applied the blunt end of a steel

file to the half-moon just appearing out of the pink flesh of Laurel's thumb.

"I should think he'd have some interest in my welfare."

Still Laurel was silent.

"I never did anything to have him treat me as if I was dead."

"You hurt, Mother."

Stella laid down the file. But it was somewhere inside where Stella was really hurting Laurel. Laurel always suffered when her mother talked like that.

"You'd think, by the way he acts, such a thing as a marriage ceremony had never taken place between him and me."

"Oh, Mother," Laurel exclaimed brightly—she must change the subject somehow—"I saw that lovely lady again in New York."

"What lovely lady?"

"The lovely lady who gave me my silver pencil."

"OH, YES, I remember. What did she wear this time?"

"She isn't wearing black at all this year but palish colors, when she dresses up, that you think are white until you see her up against a white wall or something, and then you see they aren't. Oh, you'd love her clothes, Mother! She's got the loveliest negligee, yellowish with not a speck of trimming on it anywhere!"

"Negligee!" exclaimed Stella. "Did she spend the night with you?"

"Oh, no, I spent the night with her. I spent several nights with her, while Father was in Chicago."

"Oh, you did, did you?" said Stella, speaking thickly through an orange stick which she held between her teeth. Stella often used her mouth to hold small tools, when she sewed or manicured. Lucky for her now! A sudden suspicion had shot up and gripped her in the throat. The orange stick helped to disguise the tenseness in her voice. "That was a funny arrangement, I should think."

"I didn't want to go a bit," said Laurel. "I was frightened at the thought of visiting a stranger; but Mrs. Morrison was perfectly lovely to me!"

"What does this Mrs. Morrison look like?" asked Stella.

"A little like an Indian Pipe," said Laurel reflectively. "That's a sort of flower that grows in dark places up in the Maine woods. It hasn't got any color at all."

"Oh, gracious! I mean, is she tall or short, dark or light, fat or thin. I don't care what kind of a flower she looks like."

"Well," Laurel began slowly, methodically, "she's dark—at least her hair is—and tall—at least she looks tall until you see her beside somebody taller, like Father—and slim, and cool-looking and pale—oh, ever so pale. And the queer thing is, she doesn't use any rouge at all. She does her hair," Laurel went on, "with only five hairpins, and no net. And once I saw her put soap right on her face! And she goes out in the broiling sun and lets it beat down on her without any veil or sunshade, or anything."

"What's her age?"

"She doesn't seem to be any special age. She's like one of those goddesses in my Greek Mythology Book, that way."

"Oh, come. You can tell whether she's twenty or forty, I guess."

"Oh, I don't think she's forty! She rides horseback, swims, and plays tennis



# The 17 men in a town of 800 people

## who enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service

Ten thousand men would send for the little booklet offered at the close of this advertisement if it were not for one thing.

That thing is the fatal habit which we all have of thinking: "This may be all right for someone else, but it isn't exactly the thing for me. My situation is different."

When you read that men in the Steel Corporation have enrolled; or that men in the National City Bank have enrolled; or men in the American Radiator Company, you say: "It must be for men in big corporations. Well, I'm not in a big corporation, it isn't for me."

But it *is* for you. The Alexander Hamilton Institute is for every man who wants his position in the community and his income to be better three years from now or five years from now than they are today.

If you were to run thru the 200,000 names of successful men who attribute a part of their success to this training, you would find somewhere in the list a man whose age, business position and income were the precise duplicate of yours.

We cannot illustrate this by taking the names in a large city; they would fill too many pages of this

### Do men like me enrol for this business training?

*Here is the list of subscribers to the Modern Business Course and Service in one little Nebraska town of 800 people. The Course has something of definite value to each one of them specifically.*

Superintendent of Schools  
Proprietor only men's clothing store  
Ford Sales Manager  
Two partners in Buick Agency  
Part owner—Candy Store  
Owner Ladies' Ready Wear Store  
Photographer  
Editor and Owner of Weekly Newspaper  
Two Farmers  
Plumber  
Lumber Dealer  
Manager Telephone Company  
Doctor  
County Agent  
Supt. of Maintenance, Union Pacific Ry.

magazine. Let us go to the other extreme; let us take one of the very little towns in the United States, a Nebraska village of 800 people. Read in the center of this page the business positions of the seventeen men enrolled there.

The Superintendent of Schools; several merchants; the doctor; the editor; the railroad man. Have *all* of these men problems in common? They have! Business is the great fundamental interest of every man. No man can be a successful editor who does not know what business men are thinking, and how business is carried on.

No physician can have the whole-hearted respect of the men of his community unless he can talk with them intelligently about their affairs. No man can organize a school system or train young people, most of whom will go into business later, unless he, himself, *knows* business.

Of course, the reason for the extraordinary success of the Alexander Hamilton Institute is that it has helped so many men in practical commercial life to shorten their path to the top; by giving them more knowledge than their competitors possess, it has made it possible for them to enjoy the satisfaction of succeeding while they are still young.

But the point we wish to stress here is simply this—that men of *every* calling and profession—physicians as well as merchants, dentists as well as salesmen, lawyers and engineers as well as accountants and superintendents—have found a way to capitalize their own abilities to better advantage as a result of their enrolment with the Institute.

Just how the training fits in with your needs and plans is made clearer in the book "Forging Ahead in Business" which the Institute publishes for distribution among thoughtful men. It will pay you to add this little book to your library.

Fill in the coupon  
and send for  
your copy today

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Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

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Position \_\_\_\_\_



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# He who smokes last smokes best

Wherein our correspondent  
takes a long shot at  
Zanesville, O.

When we printed a letter from a smoker who professed a preference for the early morning smoke, apparently we started something. Almost the next mail brought along a batch of letters, among which the following is a fair sample:

"Dear Sirs:

"Will you allow me to take issue with your A. K. K. from Zanesville who insists that the best pipe of the day is the one smoked right after breakfast?"

"Of course, I have no intimate knowledge of local conditions down in Southern Ohio, but up here the majority of us regular pipe smokers have a decided leaning towards the last pipe of the evening."

"Take a night when you are sitting in front of the fire after the neighbors have gone. Your wife suggests it is bedtime, and while you admit it is, you have a craving for one last smoke. She goes on upstairs and you promise to follow directly. But instead you take out your pipe and light up. You smoke slowly and peacefully, calling out at intervals that you'll be there in a minute. Only you don't go until the last ash has died in the bowl of your pipe."

"That's my idea of the best smoke of the day."

"Yes, sir, for every smoker A. K. K. can produce who likes his after-breakfast pipe best, I'll guarantee to name a dozen men who prefer the last smoke of the evening. And most of us are Edgeworth smokers, too."

Yours very sincerely,  
(Signed) T. S. Flint,

New York City."

Yes, as we suggested above, when we gave space to an expression of opinion about which is the best pipe of the day, we started something. But we are glad to open our columns to friendly discussions about pipes and smoking in general.

So if you have any particular notions, fads or fancies, send them along.

And if you aren't an Edgeworth smoker, be sure and tell us about it. For we want to send you free samples, generous helpings both

of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome tin humidors, and also in various handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

and golf. Father said she could almost beat him at golf."

"Oh, she and your father play golf sometimes?"

"Sometimes, but Con says tennis is Father's game. She can't beat him at tennis."

"Who's Con?"

"Her oldest son."

"Oh, son! Married, is she?"

"Yes, but her husband is dead."

"Oh, dead! That's convenient."

"Oh no, it isn't. Mr. Morrison left a whole lot of money and horses and houses and things, and Mrs. Morrison has to look out for them all alone. She says she wouldn't know what to do without Father to advise her."

"Oh, I see. A whole lot of money and houses, has she?"

"I visited her at her house on Long Island," Laurel went on. "Oh, Mother, it's wonderful! It has a beautiful lawn and garden all around it, and on the first floor, out of all the rooms there are long windows, like doors, which are always kept open, so you can walk out onto the grass any time, just as easily as walking out from underneath a tree. Oh, Mother," Laurel broke off, "would it cost too awfully much for us to have a house all of our own somewhere—a little, tiny one with a front door that's just ours, and a dining-room that's just ours, and a guest-room, so I could ask girls to come and stay all night with me sometimes. Mrs. Morrison asked a girl my age to come and stay with me one night. And she came, and when she went she asked me to come and stay all night with her!" (No girl had ever asked Laurel to stay all night with her before.) "But I couldn't because I had to go back to New York the next day. Mother, next to you, I think Mrs. Morrison is the loveliest lady I ever saw!" Laurel's voice actually trembled.

Stella removed the orange stick from her mouth and laid it down on the table beside the buffer.

"There," she said. "How do those look?" And she held up Laurel's fingers for her to see. She spoke harshly. She had to, or the child might discover the tremble in her voice, too.

LAUREL gave the fingers a hasty glance. "They're all right," she remarked. Then dropping her hands on the bath towel, and gazing out of the window, she added, and a glow stole into her eyes, "Mrs. Morrison has the most beautiful hands, Mother, long and white and slim, like the rest of her. I wish I could have hands like hers."

Stella got up and went into the bathroom. She closed the door and locked it, then turned on both faucets, so that Laurel would think she was busy washing up. She stood staring at herself in the mirror over the washstand while the water gushed into the basin. Laurel had never glowed about a woman before. Stella didn't know what to make of it. It perplexed her. It hurt her. It hurt her more than the possibility that Stephen might be glowing about the same woman.

Laurel was sensitive to beauty. Stella was cruelly aware of it, as she stared into the mirror before her. Good gracious, how could she hope to compete with this younger woman? It seemed lately as if nothing would cover up the defects and blemishes for any length of time. Often,

within as short a period as half an hour after she had left her bedroom, glancing into some unexpected mirror, she would discover the horrible old look sneaking out of hiding. A wave of discouragement swept over Stella. She had never required youth so much as now.

She pulled open the door to the medicine closet in the wall over the washstand with a determined jerk. She produced a large jar of cold cream and began smearing great globs of it over her face. "A cold-cream bath, and a good hot steam is what you need," she announced to her reflection, and with a practiced rotating motion she proceeded to massage her cheeks, chin, neck, forehead vigorously, furiously, admonishing herself the while in the mirror—exhorting and inciting with fresh courage. This wasn't the time to lie down and submit. What if the world was treating her like a bunch of cruel boys treat a dog—kicking her from all sides, all at once. She mustn't put her tail between her legs and yelp and hug the ground. She must stand up and bristle her back, and snarl and show her teeth, if necessary—and she would too. Oh, there was a lot of fight left in her yet.

Half an hour later Stella emerged from the bathroom with all her war paint on. Her cheeks were a little rosier than usual, her eyebrows a little more distinctly emphasized, and her lips a little more definitely bowed.

THREE days later Stella took an early morning train to Boston to meet Mr. Morley Smith, the lawyer who had written her from New York about the divorce. Mr. Smith had suggested in his letter that he would like a personal interview with Stella, and had arranged to meet her at the office of a Boston law firm.

You may be sure that she had on all her war paint when she sallied forth that morning, all her war feathers, too. She had selected a costume of wide black-and-white striped foulard in which to combat this particular adversary (the stripes wound sleekly around her; she resembled a zebra somewhat), and she had made herself as formidable as she knew how, with all her loudest finery.

When she was ushered into the private office, placed at Mr. Morley Smith's disposal, he had to make an effort not to allow himself to betray his amazement. Stephen Dallas had not prepared him for anybody of this sort. As he drew up a chair and asked Stella to be seated, he looked at her closely, and catalogued her forthwith.

"I am glad, Mrs. Dallas," he began suavely, "that you found it convenient to meet me here to-day."

"Oh, that's all right," said Stella.

"It is my hope," Mr. Smith went on, "that I may be performing a service for both you and Mr. Dallas in arranging this affair without publicity, to your mutual satisfaction. I want you to feel, Mrs. Dallas," he smiled, "that I am here, not only as Mr. Dallas's friend and attorney, but as your friend and attorney, too."

"I don't need any attorney."

"I agree with you. This affair should be, and can be, settled without contest—between ourselves. That is your husband's wish, too. He and I have gone into the details of the matter, and there lies open to us a line of procedure which, if



# The Man Who Was "Only A Bookkeeper"



By C. E. Randolph

Illustration by J. J. Gould

HE was twenty-seven years old—married—the father of a boy of seven and a girl of three. If you had asked him why he was a bookkeeper I don't think he could have told you.

But I know this—his father had died while he was still young and he had been forced to leave school and go to work.

There had been no time nor opportunity for him to look around for the kind of work for which he was best suited. "Any kind of a job—quickly"—that was the thought uppermost in his mind.

So he answered the "want ads" in the newspapers and finally landed a "job," for it was only that, in the bookkeeping department of a large manufacturer of office equipment.

He was then eighteen years old—a rather likeable fellow—as keen as most young men of eighteen. Yes—and just as immature. His knowledge of business and business procedure would not have filled many books. But he was the best pool player in the neighborhood!

## A Promotion and Marriage

The men in the office were kind to him, for they liked him. He was interested in their work and ambitious to learn more about it, so they helped him. Pretty soon he was permitted to do some of the posting. Certain small increases in salary came automatically, and finally after two years, he was made bookkeeper.

It was a glorious night when he carried that news to a certain young lady. Three months later they were married.

For a time, everything went swimmingly. They were young—they had saved a little money—there are not many worries when one is twenty-one. Then came the first baby—doctor's bills—the rent was raised—it was not as easy to make both ends meet as formerly.

The years passed. This likeable young man of eighteen was now twenty-seven—the father of two children. His salary had been raised a little each year or every year and a half, but never quite enough. Frankly—he was worried.

And then, one day, it came to him suddenly that the reason he was "only a bookkeeper" was not because he did not have the natural ability to shoulder larger work, but simply because he had never trained himself to do anything better than the work he was doing.

All he knew about bookkeeping and business he had picked up from the men around him. And these men, kindly, helpful fellows though they were, could no longer help him because they had reached the end of the road themselves.

There was only one thing to do, he told himself, and that was to study accounting with some good school—to study it as faithfully as another man might study law or medicine or engineering. So that night he sent in one of those International Correspondence Schools coupons and in two weeks he had started on his course.

It was surprising the way he went ahead. The lessons took up problems that he met every day in his work and had never really understood before. For the first time in his life he began to work toward a definite goal.

His employers heard about his studying and encouraged him to keep on. In ten months, he was the outstanding man in the department. In fourteen months, he was the head bookkeeper, and within three years the chief accountant at a salary of \$7500 a year. And in ten years, a member of the firm!

I am very certain about the salary, and the incidents in this homely little story. For this man who was once "only a bookkeeper" was—myself!

## No Monopoly on Success

The point I should like to stress is that I had no special advantages that are not available to every reader of this magazine.

I had only a limited education—I had a family to support—I might easily have convinced myself that I was "too old to study"—that I "hadn't the time."

Fortunately, I realized in time that I would never get a step farther unless I prepared myself to take that step. And you must do the same thing if you want to get into the \$5000 and \$7500-a-year class—no matter what career you may choose.

It doesn't make a bit of difference what you are to-day. If you really want to get ahead, you can do it. Nothing can keep you down if you're determined to go up.

There is an easy way to get just the



The years passed. This likeable young man of eighteen was now twenty-seven—the father of two children.

training you need to enable you to get ahead and increase your salary. "Easy?" you ask. Yes, easy! You can get this training right at home, in your spare time, through the International Correspondence Schools, just as I did—just as thousands of other men have done.

Your future is in your own hands. It is within your power to decide to-day just about where you will be one, two, five, ten years from now.

## Which Way Will You Go?

Up, through training, to a position that means more money and more responsibility as the years go by? Or down, through lack of training, into the ranks of the poorly paid?

I hope for your sake and the sake of your family or the family that is to be that you will decide to go up.

Believe me when I tell you that the most important thing you can do to-day is to send in that I. C. S. coupon. It's a little thing that takes only a moment, but it may be the means of changing your life, just as it changed mine.

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# PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

*keeps the gums healthy*

pursued, will cause almost no unpleasantness, as far as you are concerned."

"And what's that?"

"Why, you are to bring suit against Mr. Dallas for desertion. He will not contest the grounds of your suit, and the divorce will be granted without disagreeable controversy."

"I don't want a divorce," said Stella.

"Really?" Mr. Morley Smith raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Surely, you want your separation of seven years' standing legalized, do you not, and enjoy the advantages thereof?"

"I don't want a divorce," Stella repeated.

"The word has an unpleasant sound for some women, I know," Mr. Smith smiled. "It shouldn't. Let me explain. Perhaps you haven't thought in detail just what the benefits would be of a settlement of the relations existing between you and Mr. Dallas." And in the next ten minutes he laid before Stella, as attractively as he knew how, all the fine arguments, moral, social, and financial, for her consideration, that he possessed. But his display apparently made no impression upon Stella. For when he had finished all she said was, just as if she hadn't been listening, "I don't want a divorce, and," she added, "what's more, I don't intend to have one."

**MR. MORLEY SMITH** frowned and shrugged. "That's a pity," he said.

"I'm sorry to disoblige Stephen, I'm sure," said Stella, shrugging too.

"I meant a pity for you," flashed back Mr. Smith. And the smile and suave manner had disappeared. "Mr. Dallas can obtain his divorce without the least difficulty in the world, by another method. But the other method will not be exactly to your liking, I fear," he announced, fastening his keen, shrewd eyes upon Stella. "I always feel sorry for any woman," he went on, "whose mistakes of a dozen years are dragged out by opposing lawyers from the little hiding places where she thought they were safe. Your husband, Mrs. Dallas, in allowing you to bring suit against him, instead of the other way round, is acting chivalrously. He is offering you an avenue of escape."

"I tell you I don't want a divorce."

Really, it was annoying! "It looks to me, Mrs. Dallas, as if you will be obliged to have a divorce whether you want it or not."

"I don't know why. I don't pretend to know anything about law, but I've got some common sense, and I never heard of a woman's being forced to get a divorce from her husband because he happens to want to go and get married again. Stephen does want to get married again, doesn't he?"

"That's entirely a side issue in this case, Mrs. Dallas. I am unable to inform you."

"He does. I know he does. Well, he can't do it. That's all there is to that. You can go back to New York and tell him that I refuse, with thanks, his chivalrous offer. Gracious! I don't call it exactly chivalrous for a man to walk off and leave his wife for seven years and then, when he gets good and ready, give her the privilege of suing him for divorce, so he can go and marry a rich young widow, and kick the high spots with her."

"You will, then, as I said before, force Mr. Dallas to bring suit against you."

"I never deserted him."

"No, your offense is graver."

"I never knew what my offense was. I've been ransacking my brain for seven years to find some good reason for Stephen's clearing out the way he did."

"Oh, come, Mrs. Dallas," half laughed, half sneered Mr. Morley Smith.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Don't try and pretend innocence with me. I've handled too many cases of this nature. It won't work."

He looked straight into Stella's eyes, as he spoke. It was a horrid look. It was a look not to be endured from a man who was your enemy. Stella could feel the blood throbbing into her neck.

"Are you trying to be insulting to me?"

Mr. Morley Smith's sneer deepened. "That's right. You're acting consistently. It's quite the right tack—surprise, indignation, rage, tears, confession finally. Mrs. Dallas, allow me to spare you further attempt at evasion. I have facts. You were seen," he lowered his voice, "you were seen at Beaver's Beach," he brought out.

"Well, what of that?" flashed Stella.

"You were seen at the boarding-house, with Munn," he added, still keeping his sword-pointed eyes upon Stella.

Oh, so that was it! That was why there was no room for Laurel at Miss Fillebrown's! That was why the proprietor at the King Arthur had rented her apartment!

"Oh, what a rotten, rotten world!" she exclaimed.

Mr. Morley Smith shrugged and looked away. There was a silence. Then, "Well, you understand me now, I think. You have your choice. Think it over. Either the generous escape Mr. Dallas offers or the public exposure of acts you have taken such pains heretofore to conceal and cover up."

**STELLA** stared at Mr. Morley Smith speechless, helpless for a moment. Every word he uttered, every glance of his eyes, every pharisaical shrug of his shoulders shamed and degraded her. She would simply have to get out of his presence, or she would do something horrible, like slapping him in the face.

"I'm going," she said, and stood up.

He stood up, too. He smiled.

"You will accept our proposition then?"

"Accept your proposition? No, I won't. I'll fight! I'll fight! I'll prove to the world whether I'm guilty or not of the filthy things rotten-minded people have said about me. And I'm glad of the chance, too. I hope Stephen will sue me for a divorce. I said I didn't want a lawyer, when I first came here, but I need somebody to defend me against such a pack of muck-rakers. Why, Mr. Smith, I have no more done the thing you come here and accuse me of doing, than your own wife, or, if you're not married, your own mother, or the woman you honor the most in this world, whoever it is, and I'll get the best lawyer in this country to prove it."

Behind the belying paint and elaborate make-up the white image of this woman's innocence stood out before Morley Smith clear and defined for an instant, like a white-sailed ship when the fog lifts a moment—a white-sailed ship in distress. He saw it. He recognized it. He turned away from it.

"You're going through the usual motions, Mrs. Dallas," he commented with another sneer.

(To be continued)





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## The Wife Who Wondered if She Could Leave Her Husband

(Continued from page 11)

there are flowers on the table—daffodils—the price of my new rubbers! I'll mend the old ones with adhesive plaster. Kiss me, please; and carry in the supper."

Jerry obeyed. "Some spread!" he said. "It's a celebration after the stormy days. Isn't the steak good, Jerry? You're not eating."

"Yes, I am."

Jerry fell to with vigor. Later, when Margaret was ready for dessert, she exclaimed, "You haven't touched the celery! I got it just for you. What is the matter?"

Jerry pushed back his plate and leaned forward on the table. His face had suddenly gone white. "It's not the food," he answered breathlessly, "it's myself. I can't eat—till I know what you've decided. I—"

He stopped to wet his lips, and she cried repentantly, "Oh, my dear! I was waiting—why—of course, I sha'n't leave you, darling! I—I couldn't."

"You mean," asked Jerry steadily, "that you want to stay?"

"I mean—well—perhaps I just mean that I love you," said Margaret gently.

HER hand, creeping toward him over the snowy cloth, was met in a clasp that hurt. Then Jerry drew away, sinking back limply in his chair.

"I thought—I was sure this morning, that you were going. Well—I think I owe you an explanation. I know I've been cranky all these weeks. I know I've been moody and disagreeable, but—you remember the day those Brimmers called on you? You'd been crying when I came home."

Margaret smiled. "And you didn't ask me why. I wondered—"

"I knew without asking. I forgot something at the office that night, and I stopped at the drug store to telephone, hoping to catch Bailey before he left. I couldn't get the line, and the booth was so hot I opened the door a crack while waiting for my call; and just then the Brimmer girls came in. They weren't a foot away and I couldn't help hearing what they said."

He paused so long that Margaret questioned: "Was it so terrible?"

"It was rather terrible to me. I won't go into it. I wondered if you knew—if you could possibly understand, what it meant to me to have you work so hard. Because I ceased protesting, perhaps you thought I didn't care; but that night I made up my mind I'd show those people you hadn't made a blunder when—"

"Oh, Jerry!"

Margaret was on his knee, her face pressed close to his. "Don't—don't go on. What does it matter what others think if you and I—"

"It matters very much—to me. Margaret, do you remember the day we bought the Bagdad? I promised that





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when our ship came in I'd give you that velvet couch cover. Well—"

He arose. "Let dessert wait," he said, as she reached for his plate. "I want to finish what I'm saying. Come here."

He moved toward the living-room with an arm about her, and turned her suddenly until she faced the couch. She gave a cry, a cry of dismay at his extravagance. There was no sign of the old Bagdad—only soft blue velvet the color of Margaret's eyes. She glanced in unfeigned consternation at her husband, and saw, incredulously, that he looked taller, straighter, more buoyant than she had ever seen him. Then, like a flash in the darkness, the unbelievable meaning of it shot through her.

"Not—not the invention?" she whispered awedly, and found her answer in the arms that swept her close to her husband's heart.

"There'll be plenty—always—for all your wants," he answered huskily. "I knew last Saturday; but, don't you see, it would have been dust and ashes, dear, without your love. I had to let you decide things without knowing—to act cheerful, so you'd be held by no sense of duty. I think I took only one mean advantage, but—I was desperate when I sewed on that button! I knew, of course, that when you learned the truth you wouldn't leave me, but—had you left me in spirit—"There, dear, don't cry. Don't cry! The ship's in port!"

## If You Really Want to Win Out—Get Ready for It

(Continued from page 51)

crories call him. Before him lay a sheaf of despairing reports. As he studied them he shook his gray head slowly.

"What can be done?" a young shipping man asked.

"Those vessels must be released!"

"But how?"

For a moment a ghost of a smile flickered in Livingstone's eyes.

"My friend," he asked, "did you ever hear the story of the negro parson who preached a powerful sermon on faith. *Anything* could be accomplished by faith, he asserted. And after the sermon was over, one of the good brethren stopped him in the yard, which was surrounded by a wall of field stone.

"Did yo' mean what yo' said, parson, about we-all doin' anything by faith?"

"I shore did, Brother Foster!"

"Then yo' means that if yo' had faith enough yo' could jump right through that stone wall?"

"The old preacher scratched his head.

"Well, Brother Foster," he said finally, 'under dem circumstances I'd jump at it—and I'd depend on de good Lawd to git me through it.'

"Now, that's what we've got to do, young man. We'll jump at this job, and trust the Lord Almighty to get us through."

Commandeering a fleet of ice-breakers that included most of the car ferries and tugs in adjacent waters, Livingstone took personal charge of the attempt to smash





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Remember, statistics are all against you. Science proves that four out of every five have Pyorrhea after forty. For that reason it is good health insurance to start using Forhan's For the Gums today. It is pleasant to the taste.

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through the lower rivers and channels, which in many places were frozen solid to a depth of eight to fourteen inches. Out in Lake Erie, great fields of wind-driven ice piled up in windrows five or six feet thick. And the mercury was at zero.

Thus began the famous fifteen-day battle in which lake history was made by Livingstone and the lieutenants who rallied to his aid with matchless courage and loyalty. Time and again it seemed that the unequal struggle would have to be abandoned. Channels laboriously gouged through shattered floes and packs would often fill in and freeze almost as soon as they were cleared—yet, yard by yard, rod by rod, mile by mile, the combat went on. Never before in the memory of lake men had ingenuity and force been massed on so tremendous a scale. Hundreds of sailors threw themselves into the struggle with the spirit of soldiers going "over the top." Eventually they conquered. One by one the imprisoned freighters were released.

THE climax of the fifteen-day fight was reached when twenty giant freighters that had been frozen fast in Lake St. Clair came limping along the river headed by eight ice-breaking car ferries and tugs. Their decks, inches deep in ice, Cyclopean icicles clinging to their steel hulls, cabins transformed into misshapen igloos, they looked more like polar ships than serious-minded freighters.

One hundred and thirteen steamships, in all, were released from their winter bondage and their precious cargoes were discharged. The last boat arrived in Buffalo on Christmas Day. "Sailor Bill" and his cohorts had clinched their victory....

Livingstone's life has been a series of picturesque battles, most of which can be sketched here only in the barest outline. The only child of a ship's carpenter—who was a relative of David Livingstone, the famous explorer—he was born in the hamlet of Dundas, Ontario, about eight miles from Hamilton. On both sides of the house his ancestry was Scotch.

When the boy was six years old his father moved to Detroit, then a lake settlement of twenty-one thousand inhabitants. The romance of steam and steel was just in its infancy. Indeed, it had been only thirty years since the "Walk-in-the-Water," the first tiny steamboat on the lakes, had ended its brief career by foundering off Buffalo. Other steamers had followed in the wake of the frail six-mile-an-hour craft, but the supremacy of billowing white sail on the inland seas had not even seriously been challenged.

His boyhood was crammed with constant activity. In hours out of school he ran errands, did odd jobs in a dry-goods store, and mailed all the out-of-town copies of the Detroit "Advertiser," which turned out a four-sheet paper from its one-cylinder Hoe press. To earn his three dollars a week in this latter berth, he slept in the "Advertiser" building, got up at two o'clock in the morning, folded all the papers by hand, wrapped them, and hauled them to the post office in a little wagon. Then he ate breakfast and rushed off to school. Most of such play time as he had was spent on the river—where he found in the shipping a never-failing fascination.

At the age of seventeen Livingstone be-



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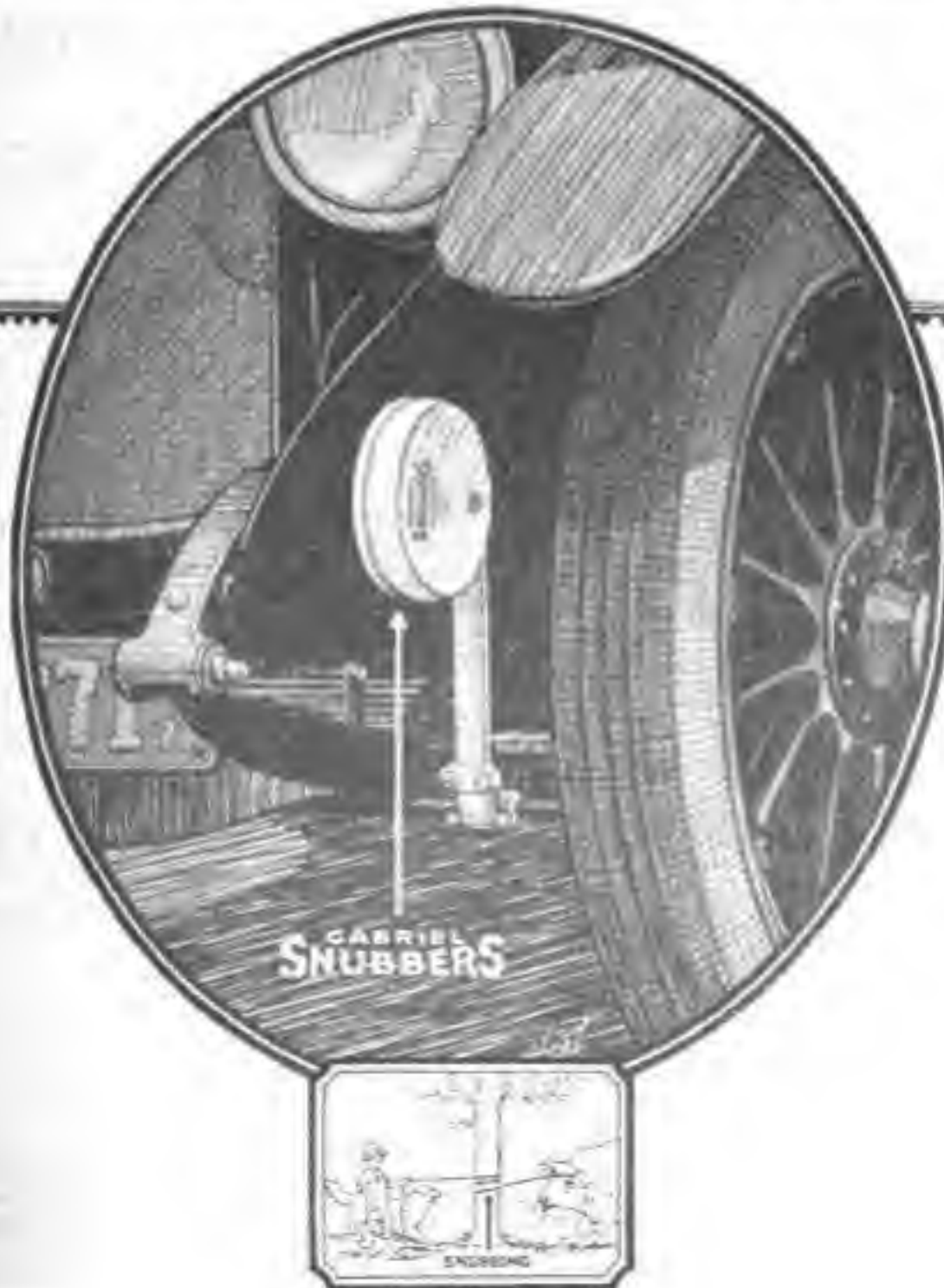
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came an apprentice in the Michigan Central Railroad shops at Detroit. He was to receive fifty cents a day his first year, sixty cents a day the second, and seventy-five cents a day the third. Shortly before the end of his three-year apprenticeship, young Livingstone was released from his contract in order that he might take a better paying position in the Wabash Railroad shops at Fort Wayne, Indiana. He stayed there only a short time, however. Returning to Detroit at the age of twenty, he invested his own savings and a loan from his father in buying a partnership with a ship chandler and general merchant named Robert Downie. Here he spent two significant years. They resulted in his becoming thoroughly familiar with the mercantile side of shipping—and in his marriage to Mr. Downie's attractive young daughter.

Shortly after his marriage, Livingstone opened a ship chandlery and commission business of his own. A year later he secured the lease of a big warehouse and dock at the foot of Randolph Street, where a few years earlier the Detroit town pump had been located.

Within another year the hard-working Scotchman came to be recognized as one of the younger business geniuses of the city. He obtained the Detroit agency for the Western Transportation Company—which had the biggest fleet of steam vessels on the lakes; and when the Detroit Tugmen's Association was formed he was elected secretary-treasurer, and vested with much of the responsibility for the organization's success. By 1869 he owned six tugs, including the "William Livingstone, Jr.," the largest on the river. Most of these had to be bought or built on credit; but Livingstone belonged to the breed of clear-sighted, sure-footed planners whom men with capital are usually willing to back.

FOR the next three or four years prosperity moved with rapid strides—a little too rapidly, as it turned out presently. In addition to his other interests, Livingstone became the most important cordwood dealer in the city. Buying his wood from farmers and Indians who inhabited the well-forested region along Bear Creek, Canada, a day's water trip from his dock, he would run his tugs with barges up the creek at night, load the wood the following day, and chug back to the city under cover of the next night's darkness. As a licensed pilot, who knew every yard of adjacent waters, Livingstone could hold his own at the wheel with navigators of many years' experience.

In 1870 and 1871 he went into the lumbering business. Getting control of a tract of pine timber on the Au Sable River, north of Saginaw Bay, he had it cut and rafted to the Detroit mills. His combined enterprises were bringing in good returns when he was struck a staggering blow by the panic of '73. Within a week two hundred thousand dollars' worth of paper that he had discounted was returned to him, and before the panic had run its course his accumulated winnings had been swept clean.

Within three years after the panic, however, Livingstone was well on his feet again. He was in control of one of the largest fleet of tugs in the waters around Detroit, and his steamship agency and



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He had been trying to buy books for his children and it was an almost hopeless task.

In the "children's department" did he find good, interesting literature—the fine, old fairy tales and myths, the great stories of adventure and heroism? He did not.

The tables were too full of other things—fuzzy animals, comics from the newspapers, silly little stories about what he called angrily "Aunt Busybody and Uncle Nuisance."

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"Free us from bondage to foolish animal books and depraving Sunday comics."

The Young Folks' Shelf is an answer to that cry for help. In its pages your boy and girl meet the great figures of History; here they learn courage from the courageous, truth from the truthful, and heroism from the heroic.

Here is your chance to know all about these books that can mean so much to your children. The coupon brings an interesting book that describes the set in detail and tells how you may own it.

warehouse showed steady profits. Already he was beginning to lay his plans for entering the shipping business in a larger way.

An interesting sidelight on the place that Livingstone already had carved out for himself came in the autumn of 1874. This had been another bad year for Michigan, particularly in the agricultural districts. Markets had collapsed; such potatoes as were not being fed to hogs or rotting in the ground were being sold for fifteen cents a bushel. All this created a spirit of unrest—which flamed up into a widespread revolt against the political party in power.

Sensing the possibility of losing their long-established control of the legislature, the party leaders cast about for the strongest candidates available. Livingstone was asked to run. At first he refused. Eventually he consented, but only on the condition that he should receive the nomination without opposition. When the smoke of the polls had cleared up it was discovered that the popular young shipping man had been the only Republican elected in Wayne County—and that in his lone victory he had swept the banner Democratic district in the city!

A FEW years later Livingstone organized and assumed direction of the Michigan Navigation Company. Also he became general manager of the Percheron Navigation Company, organized by United States Senator Thomas W. Palmer and controlled jointly by Palmer and Livingstone. After a three-year term as collector of customs at Detroit, under President Arthur, Livingstone and Palmer built for the Michigan and Percheron Navigation companies the largest two bulk freighters on the lakes at that time. The young Detroitier was now playing a leading part in the shipping industry.

In the meantime, Palmer and Livingstone had bought the Detroit "Journal," a moribund evening daily, and Livingstone assumed personal charge of its business and editorial policies. After the "Journal" had been set solidly on its feet, both in finances and prestige, it was sold in 1887. Lacking Livingstone's energetic guidance, the paper started shortly to skid. It was rescued from impending bankruptcy when the shipping man took its helm once more in 1892. He remained at this post until 1901—during the last part of which period he was controlling owner as well as publisher. As a newspaper man, Livingstone proved both fearless and far-sighted. His editorial policies attracted wide attention, and he turned the "Journal" into a real money-maker.

During this period Livingstone not only retained his shipping interests but he was building up a reputation in the banking field. One of the organizers of the Dime Savings Bank, in the early eighties, he became president of the institution in 1900. Of the extraordinary growth of this bank, and of Livingstone's election to the presidency of the American Bankers' Association, I have already told.

Of all the things that William Livingstone has "put through," the one closest to his heart, I think, is the Livingstone Channel—that magnificent man-made waterway in the lower Detroit River, through which all down-bound vessels now pass. Twelve miles long, and ter-



# Are You the Ten-pin —or the Ball?



WHEN a championship contest is impending, the athlete who trains spasmodically, or who refuses to train at all, is regarded by his team-mates with contempt. His self-indulgence is never a subject for joking—it is nothing short of treachery.

The business world views the matter somewhat differently.

If a man neglects to train for a bigger job, why worry? There are plenty of able and ambitious men who *will*.

Every year, for example, more than 60,000 men enrolled with LaSalle Extension University are throwing themselves heart and soul into the all-engrossing contest for the better positions in business—are earnestly declaring their purpose to win or know the reason why.

In the contest for success they know that they must be either the ten-pin or the ball—and they prefer to be the ball.

The career of C. C. Mollenhauer well illustrates the opportunities that unfold to the man equipped to take advantage of them.

Obligated to leave school at the age of twelve, Mollenhauer started life as a clothes-brusher in a factory, at \$2.50 a week. Today, at thirty-five, he is partner in a large real-estate firm, a director in the great First National Bank of Brooklyn, and a trustee of the Dime Savings Bank in Williamsburg, New York.

"The big event of my life," says Mollenhauer, "was the day I enrolled with the LaSalle Extension University. The Problem Method, developed by LaSalle, is surely the quickest way to the top I know of. It has meant thousands of dollars to me, to say

nothing of the innumerable other benefits I have derived from it. The only regret I have ever had is that I did not enroll sooner."

When a man held down to so unpromising a start is able—by the aid of home-study training—to outclass his competition so decisively, how certain should be the future of the man who starts to train without unusual handicap.

Thousands of LaSalle-trained men unconsciously direct attention to this thought; their letters are replete with evidence, of which such statements as the following are typical:

"At the last stockholders' meeting I was made general auditor, at a salary-increase of 200 per cent since my enrollment. Without LaSalle I should not have been considered for this responsible position."—F. H. Ranney.

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"LaSalle training has taken me from the \$65-a-month class to a present earning power of over \$7,000 per annum."—R. A. Warner.

To overcome the obstacles that every man must face who hopes to attain executive responsibility requires earnestness of purpose; and beyond a doubt the unusual success of LaSalle-trained men is due, in considerable measure, to the inherent pluck and determination which gave them the urge to make the start.

The rapidity of their advancement, however, brings forth a different explanation—to be found, as many assert, in the LaSalle Problem Method.

Under this plan, distinctive with LaSalle Extension University, a member masters business principles by solving actual business problems—under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The business power that

results from such practical and thoro preparation is a constant menace to the man who will not train.

During three months' time, for example, as many as 1,193 LaSalle members reported definite promotion—over the heads of untrained men. Incidentally, the total salary-increases of these men amounted to \$1,248,536, an average increase per man of 87 per cent.

In the face of such plain handwriting on the wall, how pathetic is the man who fails to see the necessity for specialized business training—or who casts aside his present opportunity, to await a day that never comes.

On the other hand, how great the rewards that accrue to the man who recognizes his need—and acts decisively to meet it.

During coming months what will *you* be doing with your spare evening hours? Will you be preparing to hold your own against these thousands of men who are playing their natural ability and stamina with training—or will you go down like a ten-pin, beaten by some man, not so good as you, perhaps, who has equipped himself to play the game successfully?

A booklet which has proved of unusual worth to many thousands is available to you: it will give you full particulars of a definite plan for self-improvement—will show you compelling evidence of what other men in circumstances similar to yours have done to increase their salaries and to step ahead to responsible executive positions. With this booklet LaSalle will send you without obligation your copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a human-interest recital of how an average man won his way to success.

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Just such a coupon as appears below this text has given many a man his start toward real achievement. Check, sign and mail that coupon NOW—and write it on your heart that *you* are in the fight to win.

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# Send for this letter

## —and learn from a successful farmer how merchants can get more farm trade

*To Merchants:* What would it be worth to you if you could learn from each farmer in your community some of the things he expects from you in return for his trade—if you could know the workings of his mind, why he buys, what influences his decisions?

What would it be worth to know how to make your windows pull more farm business? To learn how to enlist the co-operation of your present farm customers in an endless chain of recommendation for your store?

Think how valuable it would be to you to know in advance what merchandise will appeal to the farm trade! To have your clerks as interested and enthusiastic about this merchandise and your business as you yourself! To maintain this interest, month after month!

### How to find out these things

We have this information, the answers to these questions, for you in the form of a letter from a successful farmer, a farm owner, a breeder of blooded stock, a farmer who attempts to analyze and describe some of the things that build up confidence for certain merchandise and for the merchants who sell this merchandise.

We are indebted to Mr. Carl G. Brown of Long Meadow Farm, Strasburg, Virginia, for this interesting and instructive letter. So important



is it, from the standpoint of the merchant who would understand the factors which influence farm purchasing, that we have reprinted it, and we will be glad to mail a copy to any merchant who requests it.

Mr. Brown is typical, we believe, of the farmers in your county—one hundred, two hundred, often as many as one thousand or more in the better farming regions—who are influenced and guided in their farming activities and their farm purchasing by *Farm & Fireside*, *The National Farm Magazine*.

We will send you Carl Brown's letter so that you may know why these progressive, prosperous farm families are inclined to give preference to products advertised in *Farm & Fireside*—so that you may know how to gain the greatest benefit from this advertising and the other forms of co-operation which the manufacturers of these products are so willing to give you.

### Send for this letter today

Carl Brown's letter will tell you, from the viewpoint of a farmer, some of the things that will help you to get the farm trade of your community. It is worthy of careful study by every merchant. Send for this letter today.

Just write us on your business letterhead, "Send me Carl Brown's letter. I would like to read it." We will gladly do it.

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Hudson Cars  
Hupmobile Cars  
Ingersoll Watches  
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Pepsodent Tooth Paste  
Pillsbury's Flour  
Plaster Jr. Implements  
President Suspenders  
Prent-O-Late Batteries  
Rafak Radio Sets  
Rat-Nip  
Red Star Timer  
Rennet Devonshire Cloth

Resinol Soap  
Sapolin  
Semi-Solid Buttermilk  
Shaler Vulcanizer  
Simmons Beds  
Sloan's Liniment  
Smith & Barnes and Strahber  
Pianos and Player Pianos  
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees  
Swift Products  
Union Carbide  
United States Tires  
Vellusie Underwear  
Viko Aluminum Wear  
"Wear-Ever" Utensils  
Willis-Overland, Inc.  
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



minating in the deep waters of Lake Erie, this channel is the largest and most expensive undertaking of its kind ever authorized by the United States Government. It removed the menace of the Limekiln Crossing, that had long been the incubus of inter-lake commerce.

In the years when the lake freighters were ever increasing in size and number, the Limekiln Crossing had become the scene of more and more strandings. Indeed, so narrow was the natural passage at this point, that sometimes a stiff southwestern gale would drive the water ahead of it until a considerable stretch of the channel was left unnavigable for any save the smaller boats. Then whole fleets would be held up for hours, waiting for the water to resume its normal level.

The natural waterway at this point was the Amherstburg Channel, wholly on the Canadian side of the international border; but the increasing congestion of traffic and the advent of the six-hundred-foot freighter made this channel wholly inadequate. Foreseeing what was going to happen, Livingstone, several years earlier, had started his fight to have a channel blasted out on the American side to accommodate all down-bound vessels.

AT FIRST, except among the lakemen themselves, he encountered nothing but opposition. Congressmen turned deaf ears. The old channel had always done pretty well, they said; why anticipate trouble? With so many post offices and pensions to be taken care of, why should they vote to sink millions in such a project? But Livingstone, not to be discouraged, kept up his labors year after year. His election as president of the Lake Carriers' Association in 1903 gave him added authority, and he plunged into his fight with more vigor than ever.

One by one he gained the cooperation of the congressmen in the eight great states that border the lakes. One by one he communicated his vision to the members of the Rivers and Harbors Committee. He got the united support of the Engineering Corps of the United States Army by winning over the district engineer, the division engineer, and the chief of engineers, in turn. Finally, in 1907, Congress authorized the project and made an initial appropriation of seven million dollars. In 1912 the channel was thrown open with impressive ceremonies, in which Livingstone was the central figure. Since then the exigencies of traffic have necessitated the expenditure of an extra three million dollars in deepening and widening the channel—a work that is still going on.

"William Livingstone never gives up anything he sets his teeth into," one of the older generation of Detroit business men told me. "He believes that anything can be accomplished if you work hard enough at it—and his life has proved it."

Livingstone's dependence on this philosophy cropped up continually in my talk with him. Indeed, his parting words, as I shook hands to leave him, were these:

"I have lived a long time, and you are kind enough to say that I have accomplished many things. They don't look very impressive to me—but, taken for what they are worth, they are almost wholly due to the fact that I have never been tempted to try the bright and alluring 'short cut' to any goal."



He thought  
he knew her well

NO matter how well you know a person—maybe even your very closest friend—there is one subject you instinctively avoid.

You may discuss the most intimate things about your family, your business and your personal affairs, but this one topic you dodge. There is something about halitosis (the scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) that seems to forbid honest conversation about it.

Yet the insidious thing about halitosis is the unfortunate fact that any one may suffer from it and in nine cases out of ten you are not conscious of it yourself. So unless you use some sensible scientific precaution you may go through your day or evening uncomfortable and concerned, wondering whether or not you are offending people about you.

Unless halitosis is a symptom of some serious organic disorder which a physician or dentist should correct, you may easily put yourself upon the safe and polite side by using Listerine, the well-known liquid antiseptic.

Meet halitosis in this scientific way—by using Listerine systematically as a mouth-wash and gargle. It is the ideally effective breath deodorant.

Fastidious people everywhere make Listerine a regular part of their daily toilet routine. It acts quickly and pleasantly. It halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

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Start using Listerine today. Put your mind at ease. Don't be in doubt another day about your breath.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.

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# The Story of Gay Little Mitzi

(Continued from page 34)

people as it was to breathe. My father understood this. So I proceeded gayly on my way, becoming quite a local celebrity. When I was twelve, they used to bill me for concerts as 'The 12-Year-Old Wonder Prima Donna.'

"I guess I thought I *was* a wonder. Everybody told me so, and it was easy and pleasant to believe it. I might have gone right on—if it hadn't been for one man.

"His name was Eugene Rakosy; and he was a very important personage in Budapest. He was always referred to as 'His Excellency.' You won't be properly impressed by that, but you would be if you came from Hungary. Among other things, he was the Honorary President of the National Theatre, the best in the country.

"ONE day, when I was twelve years old, my mother took me by train to another town where I was to appear at a large charity entertainment. It must have been something of importance because Rakosy attended the affair. He went by the same train we took, but he augustly secluded himself in his private car. From this high and mighty retreat he summoned me to his presence.

"I went!" said Mitzi, nodding her head with solemn emphasis. "And for once, I was dumb; too scared to do more than make my little curtsy to the great man. He had me sit down beside him, eyed me curiously, stroked his goatee for a moment—then the oracle spoke."

Whenever she describes a person, or even quotes anyone, Mitzi ceases to be herself. In pose, voice, and gesture, she becomes the person she has in her mind. I could fairly see and hear the oracular Rakosy saying:

"Ah-h-h—hm-m-m! So you are the child imitator!"

"Yes, sir!" said Mitzi.

"Hm-m-m! Well, my child, I want to tell you something. Imitating is *not* an art."

"No, sir!" said Mitzi, because she didn't know what else to say.

"Let me explain," said Rakosy. "Once, at the National Theatre, we had a very bad actor. We tried him in one part, then in another, and so on through many parts of many kinds. He was bad in them all! Finally, we started to put on a new play. In one scene, someone had to double for the leading man, and we could not find anyone who looked enough like him to do this; no one except this actor who was so very bad.

"As we had no choice in the matter we gave him the part, telling him to watch the leading man and to imitate his work as closely as possible. . . . He did so. And he, who was hopelessly bad in any original work, was even better than the actor he imitated! He could copy—but he could not create. I understand that you can imitate to perfection. But remember what I tell you. That will never make you an actress! Imitating others is really living on their talents. If that is all you can do, you are a pauper, so far as art is concerned."

At that point the friend who had taken

the little girl into His Excellency's presence came to her rescue and conducted her back to her mother.

"I was so subdued," Mitzi went on, "that Mother tried to find out what was the matter. All she could get out of me was the announcement that I never would do any more imitations after that night! And, with one exception, I never did. A few months later I appeared at a charity entertainment. But that ended it.

"At the supper following the concert at which Rakosy was present, I was seated beside him and he was good enough to tell me that my work was something more than the mere 'copy-cat' imitations; that I put an original and creative quality into them. But that didn't make me change my mind.

"Somehow, child though I was, I knew he was right. The person who can do nothing but imitate, really is 'living on other people's talents.' I would rather do one original thing, a thing that I myself created, than to copy a hundred creations of other people! The fifteen minutes I spent in Rakosy's private car that night were perhaps the most important fifteen minutes of my life.

"The immediate result was that I went back to school, determined to learn all I could in a year or two. Then, when I was not quite fourteen, I was admitted to the National Dramatic School in Budapest. I was under the age limit; but through Rakosy's influence an exception was made in my favor. A year and a half later I signed a five-year contract with the manager of two of the leading theatres in Budapest.

"Oh, those foreign theatres!" sighed Mitzi. "There's nothing like them here—thank heaven! The only way a young actress could get on over there was by chance. Usually one had to wait, as my father did, for somebody to die. When that happened, there was a mad scramble for the vacant place.

"ONE of the theatres controlled by this manager was devoted to musical comedy, the other to the drama. I wanted to play musical comedy. But was I allowed to? I was *not*. The public over there is very loyal to its old favorites. The sou-brette parts, which I could have played, were taken by fat middle-aged actresses who had become popular twenty years before and who were still popular. Apparently, only death could pry them loose from their positions.

"I played some ingénue parts at the other theatre, but that didn't satisfy me. I was simply aching to sing and to dance. Finally, I learned that 'The Dollar Princess' was to be put on at the musical comedy theatre, and I asked the manager to let me play the rôle of 'Daisy.' I wish you could have seen him roll his eyes toward heaven.

"Ach!" he groaned. "And now she tells me what parts she is to play!"

"Well," I said, "if I can't have the kind of parts I want and am fitted for, what's the use of my hanging around here? I want to go somewhere else."



# Is Your English a Handicap? This Test Will Tell You

Thousands of men and women make mistakes in their everyday English—and don't know it. The simple five-minute test shown here will tell you where you stand.

As a result of thousands of tests, Sherwin Cody found that the average person is only 61% efficient in the vital points of English. In a five-minute conversation, or in an average one-page letter, from five to fifty errors will appear. It is surprising how many experienced stenographers fail in spelling such common words as "business," "abbreviate," etc. It is astonishing how many business men use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few persons know whether to use one or two "c's" or "m's" or "r's," whether to spell words with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear.

## Where Do You Stand?

In the panel are forty examples of the most commonly misspelled, mispronounced, and misused words selected from business letters and ordinary conversations. None is especially tricky. They are just ordinary words, used hundreds upon hundreds of times a day.

Take a pencil, run through the list of examples, checking those you think correct. In two instances neither example is right, and you will write in the correct answer. Most men and women will make from 10 to 20 mistakes. Those especially good will make no more than 5 errors. See where YOU stand. Let the entire family join in this test. The correct answers appear in the lower panel on this page.

## Poor English is a Handicap

People make mistakes in English unconsciously, for if they knew they were making mistakes, they would correct them instantly. You realize, of course, that imperfect English is an unnecessary handicap, that it limits your opportunities and thwarts your ambitions. It leads others (possibly the very persons you want to think most favorably of you) to believe you have been poorly educated, and that you lack refinement and culture.

To achieve your ambitions, it is essential that you use good English as instinctively as you tie your shoes. Business today demands men and women who can use correct, concise, forceful language. Polite society demands good education, good breeding, good culture, demonstrated by the use of correct, interesting, and convincing language.

Your ability, your culture, your education are measured by your English. Nothing else reveals you more clearly. Few things can have so great an influence on your career. If your language does not make people think the best of you at all times, then it must be improved, so that they will be impressed.

## Stop Making Embarrassing Mistakes

The greatest blame for our imperfect knowledge of English can be laid to the old method of teaching as practiced in the schools and colleges. This consisted, in effect, in throwing a book of rules at you and saying, "This is the way to learn English."

It is exactly as though you were given a set of tools without lumber and told to build a house. Or as if you were given a needle without thread and told to sew a piece of embroidery. It cannot be done! That is why the old method failed in so many cases to give even a fair command of language. That is why so many men and women are shockingly lacking in the knowledge of the most simple English. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO LEARN ENGLISH BY RULES ALONE!

If you adhere to this clumsy, cart-before-the-horse way, you will always be deficient in English. If you burden yourself with a set of bewildering rules and regulations, you will always have to wonder whether you are right, and you will never be sure of yourself.

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## Which Is Correct?

Correct answers shown in panel below

### 1. Would You Write—

Between you and I	or	Between you and ME
I HOPE it would come	or	I WISH it would come
WHO shall I call	or	WHOM shall I call
It's just AS I said	or	It's just LIKE I said
How MANY are there	or	How MUCH are there
I WOULD like to hear from you	or	I SHOULD like to hear from you
The FIRST TWO lessons	or	The TWO FIRST lessons
He sat AMONG the three	or	He sat BETWEEN the three
The wind blows COLD	or	The wind blows COLDLY
You will FIND ONLY one	or	You will ONLY FIND one

### 2. Do You Spell—

superCede	or	superSede
recEive	or	reclEve
reprEive	or	reprEve
donKEYS	or	donKLES
factoRIES	or	factoRYS
repEtition	or	repEtition
sepArate	or	sepErate
aCCommodate	or	aCCoModate
traffCing	or	traffCKing
aCCeSsible	or	aCCeSible

### 3. When Would You Use

COM-bat	and	com-BAT
REC-ord	and	re-CORD
CON-lict	and	con-FLICT
AT-tribute	and	at-TRIB-ute
PRO-ress	and	pro-GRESS
PER-mit	and	per-MIT
AC-cent	and	ac-CENT
CON-duct	and	con-DUCT
PRO-ceeds	and	pro-CEEDS

### 4. How Do You Say—

evening	EV-en-ing	or	EVE-ning
ascertain	AS-cer-tain	or	as-CER-tain
hospitable	HOS-pi-ta-ble	or	hos-PIT-able
abdomen	AB-do-men	or	ab-DO-men
mayoralty	MAY-or-al-ty	or	may-OR-al-ty
amenable	a-ME-na-ble	or	a-MEN-able
acclimate	AC-cli-mate	or	ac-CLI-mate
profound	PRO-found	or	pro-FOUND
beneficiary	ben-e-fi-shEE-ary	or	ben-e-FISH-ary
culinary	CUL-i-na-ry	or	CU-li-nary

you do is cut to a minimum. Your progress in acquiring perfect English is amazingly rapid.

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## These Are the Correct Answers to the Five-Minute Test

Compare your answers with these

- |   |   |  |  |
|---|---|--|--|
| 1. Between you and me<br>I wish it would come<br>Whom shall I call<br>It's just as I said<br>How many are there<br>I should like to hear from you<br>The first two lessons<br>He sat among the three<br>The wind blows cold<br>You will find only one | 2. supersede<br>receive<br>reprieve<br>donkeys<br>factories<br>repetition<br>separate<br>accommodate<br>trafficking<br>accessible | 3. Some words may be used both as nouns and verbs. Although spelled the same they are pronounced differently; the accent falling on the first syllable for the noun, and on a subsequent syllable for the verb. To illustrate: "I was asked to reCORD the REcOrd he made." | 4. EVE-ning<br>AS-cer-tain<br>HOS-pi-ta-ble<br>ab-DO-men<br>MAY-or-al-ty<br>a-ME-na-ble<br>ac-CLI-mate<br>pro-FOUND<br>ben-e-FISH-ary<br>CU-li-na-ry |
|---|---|--|--|



# Are YOU in a Rut?



## The way to get out

Put your shoulder to the wheel. Stop saying you have no chance, that luck is against you. You have your spare evening hours, even 6 o'clock to ten, which you can use in putting technical or business knowledge into your head. You have to possess this knowledge nowadays before employers will give you more responsibility. Experience is fine teacher, but you should make use of the experience of other men, and that kind of experience has been laid down plainly in the practical correspondence courses of the United Y. M. C. A. Schools.

More than 30,000 ambitious young men have enrolled for our unique form of instruction by mail. The United Y correspondence teaching service "gives the most for the least money." It gives you man-to-man counsel and expert assistance on all of your problems.

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THE TULLOSS SCHOOL 130 College Hill Springfield, Ohio

"He thought I was only bluffing, so he waved his hands jauntily and told me I could go any time I wanted to.

"Put that in writing!" I said.

"I had sense enough to know that this gave me the advantage; because he wasn't breaking the contract, but was simply giving me permission to break it whenever I chose.

"Well, I went off with my precious bit of paper—and the next morning took an early train to Vienna, four hours distant. I didn't tell anyone that I was going. I'm afraid I deceived my mother with some fib about having to rehearse all day.

"I went straight to the manager of one of the best musical comedy theatres in Vienna and asked to be taken on. After I had sung and danced, to show what I could do, he told me to go back home and that he would let me know if he needed me.

"THAT was an unexpected jar! I had thought he would engage me on the spot; and I reached Budapest at seven o'clock that evening, very low in my mind. I was sure I never would hear from him, so I observed a discreet silence about my expedition.

"Three weeks later, however, I almost had heart failure when I received a letter with the name of the Vienna theatre on the outside of the envelope. When I could screw up my courage to open it, I found that it contained an offer of a three-year contract. Maybe I wasn't glad then that I had a written release from my Budapest manager! When I told my parents, Mother wept tears of horror at the idea of letting her 'baby' climb out of the home nest. But my father came to my aid—as he always did, God bless him!—and gave his consent.

"So, at sixteen, I found myself in Vienna, which I expected to take by storm in—well, say a month, at the outside. For six months I didn't do a thing at the theatre—except draw my salary! It was the story of Budapest all over again. The Viennese had just as bad a case of ingrowing loyalty to their old favorites as the Hungarians had. Actresses who had become popular soubrettes before they got their growth had become amazonian in height, and also in circumference, but they were still doing soubrette parts and were as popular as ever.

"Those theatres, you know, have stock companies; and the members who make good get a lifelong lease on their jobs. There's nothing of that sort over here; so it is hard for an American to understand the trap in which I found myself.

"After about six months of salaried idleness, I mutinied. The manager could hold out only a hope that *somebody* would die *someday*. But they all looked frightfully healthy to me, so the hope wasn't a rosy one.

"Then, one day, I was walking in the park with some friends when a man stopped us and began talking to one of my companions. It turned out that this angel in disguise was the manager of an amusement place known as 'Venice in Vienna.' One of the attractions there was a theatre where musical comedies were given. The manager, Mr. Fuerst, was in despair, because his chief soubrette—I'd better call her Smith—had announced that she was going to take a vacation. She was to leave in three days; and Mr.

Fuerst was madly scouring the town to find somebody for her part.

"Here's the very person!" declared my friend, pointing at me.

"He had to point, because I was so small Mr. Fuerst had trouble in locating me. When he finally spied me, he wanted to know if I could sing. 'Sure!' I said—or the German equivalent for it. You see, they spoke German in Vienna and I had been trying to learn it. Could I dance? ... 'Sure!' Had I any experience? ... 'Sure!' 'All right! come to the theatre this afternoon for a rehearsal.'

"The rôle was that of a boy, a shoemaker's apprentice. The Smith woman was almost as big as a drum major! She had a temper that matched her size, too. The morning after my first rehearsal with the company she announced that she was going to leave that afternoon! Mr. Fuerst tore his hair; but he might as well have saved it, for she went.

"She went—and I went on, after only one full rehearsal. But in spite of that I got along all right! She wanted me to fail. But I knew she did; and this very knowledge roused every drop of fighting blood I had. I made a big hit.

"Smith had said she was going away for a month. But at the end of three weeks she turned up one evening when I was getting ready for the performance, and ordered me out of her dressing-room. Evidently the news of my success had made her cut short her vacation.

"You get out of here!" she commanded, with her most drum-majorish manner. 'I am going on, myself, to-night.'

"I rather expected to be taken by the collar and lifted bodily out of the room, but I stood my ground.

"Did Mr. Fuerst say I was to get out?" I inquired.

"No—but I say so!"

"Well," I remarked, much more calmly than I felt, 'I take my orders from Mr. Fuerst, not from you.'

"The upshot of it all was that she and Mr. Fuerst had a heated squabble and she resigned, never dreaming that he would let her go. But he did; and I played out the season. Which all goes to show," laughed Mitzi, "that you never can tell when and where the lightning of good luck will strike.

"LESS than a year after my experience with the Smith person, William Morris saw me in Vienna doing a parody of Rostand's 'Chantecler,' and offered me a vaudeville tour in America.

"That was another time that the lightning of luck hit me. But at least I had the courage to take advantage of it. I hustled back to Budapest, got my father's consent—poor Mother thought he and I were both crazy—and then I made my preparations, with what I thought was the wisdom of Solomon."

Mitzi laughed her irresistible chuckling laugh at the recollection.

"I wish you could have seen me!" she said. "Over there, as I've been trying to explain to you, the popular actresses were—well, I'll be polite and call them mature. So I naturally thought that if I wanted to impress the public over here I must try to look at least thirty, and as if I'd been on the stage for a million years, more or less.

"We got a dressmaker to come to the



# "Good-Bye— I'm Very Glad to Have Met You"

But he isn't glad. He is smiling to hide his confusion. He would have given anything to avoid the embarrassment, the discomfort he had just experienced. Every day people who are not used to good society make the mistake that he is making. Do you know what it is? Can you point it out?

HE couldn't know, of course, that he was going to meet his sister's best chum—and that she was going to introduce him to one of the most charming young women he had ever seen. If he had known, he could have been prepared. Instead of being ill at ease and embarrassed, he could have been entirely calm and well poised. Instead of blustering and blundering for all the world as though he had never spoken to a woman before, he could have had a delightful little chat.

And now, while they are turning to go, he realizes what a clumsy boor he must seem to be—how ill-bred they must think him. How annoying these little unexpected problems can be! How aggravating to be taken off one's guard! It must be a wonderful feeling to know exactly what to do and say at all times, under all circumstances.

"Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you," he says in an effort to cover up his other blunders. Another blunder, though he doesn't realize it! Any well-bred person knows that he made a mistake, that he committed a social error. It is just such little blunders as these that rob us of our poise and dignity—and at moments when we need this poise and dignity more than ever.

## What Was His Blunder?

Do you know what his blunder was? Do you know why it was incorrect for him to say "Good-bye, I'm very glad to have met you"?

What would you say if you had been introduced to a woman and were leaving her? What would you do if you encountered her again the next day? Would you offer your hand in greeting—or would you wait until she gave the first sign of recognition?

Many of us who do not know exactly what the correct thing is to do, say, write and wear on all occasions, are being constantly confronted by puzzling little problems of conduct. In the dining-room we wonder whether celery may be taken up in the fingers or not, how asparagus should be eaten, the correct way to use the finger bowl. In the ballroom we are ill at ease when the music ceases and we do not know what to say to our partner. At the theatre we are uncertain whether or not a woman may be left alone during intermission, which seat the man should take and which

the woman, who precedes when walking down the aisle.

Wherever we go some little problem of conduct is sure to arise. If we know exactly what to do or say, the problem vanishes. But if we do not know what to do or say, we hesitate—and blunder. Often we realize just a moment too late that we have done or said something that is not correct.

## Just a Few of the Chapter Titles

A Plan for Dancing  
Automobile Etiquette  
When the Bachelor is Host  
Tipping at the Hotel  
Woman in the Business World  
A Trip to the South  
At Tea-Rooms and Roof Garden  
The Origin of Manners  
Announcing the Engagement  
Responsibility for the Wedding  
How to Acknowledge an Invitation  
When to Introduce—and How  
Asking a New Acquaintance to Call  
The "Bread-and-Butter" Letter  
The Chaperon  
Self-Confidence Versus Conceit  
The Endless Round of Hospitality  
Guests and Their Duties  
The Young Country Miss  
Why the Shy Are Awkward  
Planning Surprises

—and countless other fascinating chapters that you will read and reread many times and find permanently helpful to you.

## Are You Sure of Yourself?

If you received an invitation to a very important formal function today, what would you do? Would you sit right down and acknowledge it with thanks or regrets, or would you wait a few days? Would you know exactly what is correct to wear to a formal evening function? Would you be absolutely sure of avoiding embarrassment in the dining-room, the drawing-room, when arriving and when leaving?

Everyone knows that good manners make "good mixers." If you always know the right thing to do and say, no social door will be barred to you, you will never feel out of place no

matter where or with whom you happen to be. Many people make up in grace and ease of manner what they lack in wealth or position. People instinctively respect the well-bred, well-mannered man and woman. They are eager to invite them to their homes, to entertain them, to introduce them to their friends.

Do you feel "alone" at a social gathering, or do you know how to make yourself an integral part of the function—how to create conversation and keep it flowing smoothly, how to make and acknowledge introductions, how to ask for a dance if you are a man, how to accept it if you are a woman?

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heads off to please them! It really would pay an audience, just from a selfish point of view, to be nice and friendly at the beginning of a performance. They would get their reward, for the actors would inevitably give them a better show.

"A good many stage people will tell you that they would rather play to men than to women. I wouldn't! I love to play to women. It seems to me that they are much more ready to be friends than men are. Most men are from Missouri; they sit there solidly, waiting to be shown. Women are willing to meet you half way.

"There are dozens of women, in the cities where I have played, with whom I have a sort of friendship, although I never have seen them except across the foot-lights. They come to the same show several times and always sit in the same seats. We played ten weeks in Chicago last winter; and there were women who came to the show five or six times. I know their faces as well as I know the faces of my real acquaintances. There is hardly a city where I have played an engagement that I do not look for the faces of these unknown friends. And nine tenths of them are women.

"PEOPLE always want to know which night of the week we get the most responsive audience. The answer is easy; Saturday night! And the explanation is equally easy; everybody is in holiday humor, with the week's work over and no need of getting up early Sunday morning.

"I guess the Monday-night audience is the most difficult. It always seems to be nursing a grouch; so it is usually 'blue Monday' for the actor. Monday night is supposed to be the night when 'the nicest people' go to the theatre. And, of course, 'the nicest people' are likely to be blasé—or they want to be considered blasé. Other people go Monday night because they couldn't get tickets for any other performance. Maybe that makes them peevish. Anyhow, the week usually begins at the ebb of Monday night and works up to the high tide of Saturday night."

"Well," I said, "what is the big thing you have got out of it all?"

"The big thing?" echoed Mitzi.

"Yes. Everyone's story has some meaning for the rest of us; something we can, so to speak, take home and put on the parlor mantel, and look at and say 'There's the nugget of gold that person dug up.'"

"I see!" exclaimed Mitzi, and her blue eyes dilated with interest. She thought for a moment. "You remember what I said about the courage of fear? Well, I guess that's my gold nugget. There have been times when I've been afraid—even afraid of good luck! In fact, it seems to me that *good* luck is ten times as dangerous as *bad* luck; because what you do once by good luck you must be able to do again *without* the help of luck. I know people who are afraid to take a chance when it comes to them. I'll take every one I see! I know failure is right there, ready to get me. But, as I said before, when you know you're in danger you can do more than you dreamed you could. If a burglar attacked me—wow! I expect I'd be a regular little wildcat. I'd have the courage of fear. That's what you have when you tackle *anything* that will get you if you don't get it first."



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Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

### Much left intact

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact, to cloud the teeth and night and day threaten serious damage.

Two ways were found to fight that film. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring. Able authorities proved those methods effective. They were embodied in a tooth paste called

Pepsodent, and dentists the world over began to urge its use.

### Other essentials

Other effects were found necessary, and ways were discovered to bring them. All are now embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protector.

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It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

It polishes the teeth so film less easily adheres.

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One result is prettier teeth. You see them everywhere—teeth you envy, maybe. But that is only a sign of cleaner, safer teeth. Film-coats, acids and deposits are effectively combated.

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# Indecision—the Worst of Bad Habits

(Continued from page 21)



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Most of our houses as well as our businesses, and our souls as well as our alimentary tracts, are distressed by lack of elimination.

Take the library, for instance. I have got past the point where I respect a library because of its size. An enormously large library is not necessarily entitled to admiration any more than an enormously fat man. About nine tenths of all the libraries I ever saw are composed of material that ought to be sent back to the paper-making machines.

About once a month the second-hand man's wagon backs up to my door and gets a load of book trash. The books I want to keep are few. I have read somewhere that Oliver Wendell Holmes had reduced his library to but a dozen or so volumes at the time of his death. The reason we keep useless books is because we haven't the moral courage to give them away.

**AND** for that matter you can not only tell the indecisive man by the looks of his desk and the indecisive woman by the looks of her house, but you can tell the indecisive person by his face, by his clothes, by his speech and by his actions. You can tell the woman that does not know what she wants and cannot make up her mind whether to go and get it, by the way she does up her hair.

Decisiveness is a characteristic of mastery. The noticeable thing about any master's work is the sureness of his touch. There is no waste nor any haphazard strokes in the carvings by Giotto on the Campanile at Florence nor in Michael Angelo's paintings in the Sistine Chapel. When Paderewski plays the piano or Isaye the violin, the most marked difference between that music and the performances of amateurs is that every tone is clear, final, sure, and unhesitating. What you pay for when you hire a great surgeon who is at the head of his profession is the way that surgeon has of doing things swiftly but unhurriedly, and also the fact that he knows what he knows and, what is equally important, he recognizes that there are things he does not know, and wastes no time on them.

And yet there are people who take a vacuous pride in indecision. Lucille, for instance, just never answers her letters; she can't get around to it. She's too busy being temperamental. And Hortense has commenced at least six diaries, and managed to keep them up for a dozen days each. She could never form the decisive habit of attending to it regularly. And charming Eva is always late. The reasons of her lateness are many, but the greatest common divisor of them all is indecision. She could not decide when to start getting ready; she could not decide which dress to wear; she could not decide how to do her hair, and she could not decide whether to put on her jade earrings or the pearls. Hence, eleven other people were kept waiting for dinner. Ten of these eleven wanted to murder Eva, and the eleventh man was

restrained from this impulse simply because he was in love with her. He married her afterward and did murder her.

The reason that we fall into indecision so easily is that *decision* involves thinking. And the hardest thing in the world to do is to think. There is nothing people hate more than thinking. We hate it so much that we hate the kind of people that think.

To understand this we must agree on a definition of what thinking is. Thinking is not the aimless functioning of the mind. What most people call thinking is merely reverie, just wandering along from one mental picture to another as a stream of water flows deviously along the ground; but the very essence of thinking is *decision*.

Any thinking that amounts to anything and is worthy of the name consists in weighing probabilities. Nobody can tell exactly what is best nor exactly what is right. All we can do is to weigh the evidence on one side and the other, and see which is the heavier. Most of us hate to decide things, because we are not certain. We can never be certain. That is to say, the only certainty we can have is to be certain of the preponderance of probability.

The decisive man has the advantage over the indecisive, not in the fact that he is always right but in the fact that he is always efficacious. He does not always decide rightly but he always decides something. In other words, he can be depended upon, as they say on the street, to "get action."

**IT IS** a singular thing that the three most important subjects in the world are the three that we most hate to think about. These are religion, government, and money.

I know it is dangerous ground and I don't wish to wound anyone's feelings, but I think we all must acknowledge that the essence of what we call our principles, our fundamental convictions, is that they are things that we simply refuse to think about. Having accepted a creed or platform, we are perfectly willing to read, study, argue, and speechify to prove that we are right. But we are not only unwilling to do any mental work to find out whether we are right in the first place or not, but we regard anyone who suggests such a thing with peculiar horror.

It is the same way with politics. Politics has to do with our Government, which in turn has to do with our liberties, our rights, and our taxes. Surely if there is anything worth thinking about, it is that. But do we think about it? Will we think about it? We do not and we will not.

We have a contraption known as the political party, which does our thinking for us. We love this thing and cling to it simply because it saves us the enormous mental exertion of deciding things for ourselves. Even great minds, such as those possessed by statesmen, judges, senators, Presidents, and other monsters of intelligence come trotting right along with their tails between their legs when the political party whistles.

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### Read What One Pupil Writes:

"Last year I weighed 214 pounds—this year 146. It is surprising how easy I did it. I feel 15 years younger and very much stronger."



And not only that, but they regard this as a cardinal virtue. They are proud to throw out their chest, slap the same, and call themselves loyal party men. They boast of having been a lifelong Republican, or a Democrat of three generations, which simply means that for one lifetime or three somebody else has done their thinking for them.

Most forms of mob madness are based upon the unwillingness of the many to think. The only way you can organize a strike and work people up to the point where they will burn railroad cars and slaughter scabs is so to drill them in "loyalty" that they will let their leaders do their thinking and make their decisions for them. And the only way you can get perfectly respectable gentlemen to starve women and children and reduce working people to the level of brutes is to furnish them with a corporation that will prepare for them specious, platitudinous "principles," and hire remote agents to carry these principles into infamous operation.

**I SAID** a moment ago that decision may become the rarest of pleasures. This is a truth I implore you to accept. The mind of man is overgrown with many noxious delusions; such, for instance, as that work is an affliction, that war is human nature, or that happiness is a town situated somewhere on the River of Alcohol; but no delusion is more deadly than the delusion that virtue or good habits are unpleasant and that the people who have most fun are the moral slob.

As a matter of fact, contentment is what we are all after. And contentment is almost entirely a matter of good habits, and among all the good habits the habit of decisiveness is chief.

This is true even in love. Many a woman has let herself in for a lifetime of disappointment simply because she could not make up her mind, and allowed herself to be over-persuaded into picking the wrong partner.

And most of the tragedies of affection arise not from too much passion but from indecisiveness of passion. Most people suffer, not because they want too much but because they do not know what they want.

Indecision is a form of weakness, and the greater portion of the tears and heart-break of this world come upon us as a result of the sins of weakness.

Indecision has its root in fear, and fear is the fundamental sin. There are many things we may have to be; we may have to be poor, or to suffer ill health. But there is one thing we do not have to be: We do not have to be afraid.

There are few better rules of life than the three that come down to us from an early English poet:

"Be bold, Be bold, and everywhere, Be bold."

**MARY B. MULLETT** will tell you next month the amazing story of Charles Hutchison, "The Stunt King of the Movies." Mr. Hutchison's career in the motion-picture field has been a succession of thrilling, almost incredible adventures. You will not only find these described and pictured—but you will learn of the physical and mental discipline by which they have been accomplished.

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Not one of these men had ever sold a thing before—not a dime's worth. If you had told one of them that he could sell he would have laughed at you. Yet every one of these men through reading this book discovered the fallacy of this vicious old idea that Salesmen are "born."

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If you will learn these principles there is waiting a brilliant success and more money than you ever thought of earning. This book, "Modern Salesmanship," tells exactly how the National Salesmen's Training Association will make you a Master Salesman.

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City.....State.....  
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57

HEINZ Tomato Ketchup makes everything on the table taste better. It's bound to—made of only luscious, red-ripe tomatoes pure granulated sugar, the purest of spices—and cooked and seasoned in Heinz spotless kitchens.

HEINZ  
Tomato Ketchup



## Is Your Brain Power Increasing With Your Age?

(Continued from page 13)

you might find that the younger man would give a more accurate verbal rendering of the text. An older man of equal intelligence, however, would furnish a more sympathetic interpretation of the thoughts concealed in the philosophy of the noble old Roman.

History is peculiarly a subject for the adult mind. If I were to remark to a class of young students: "And so, Henry the Eighth, becoming tired of Anne, decided that he would have her executed and take unto himself a new spouse—" their memories would largely be limited to the mere words that fell from my lips. But a group of mature men, ripe in experience and familiar with all phases of domestic life, would get a clear picture that would illuminate both the fickle monarch and the times in which he lived.

IN MY youth I was an energetic student of Greek history. Indeed, I could quote pages of it by heart and I thought that I had a clear understanding of it all. Recently I reviewed my Greek history and I found fresh light shining forth on every page. I read of Pericles and the political life of his day. In the squabbles of the party of the mountains, the party of the plains, and the party of the sea I found mirrored the same sort of political strife with which I had become familiar through years of observation of American politics.

In the study of English and American literature youth may have a slightly greater facility for acquiring names, dates, and the views of *other men* about the author whom they are considering. But for a full understanding of the underlying meaning we must turn to maturity.

Suppose that I were to read to a class from Enoch Arden:

But Enoch yearned to see her face again:  
"If I might look on her sweet face again  
And know that she is happy." So the thought  
Haunted and harassed him, and drove him forth  
At evening when the dull November day  
Was growing duller twilight, to a hill  
There he sat gazing down on all below:  
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,  
Unspeaking for sadness.

A fifteen-year-old student could easily memorize those lines, letter-perfect, but to understand fully and sympathetically the thoughts that swept through Enoch's mind as he sat on the somber autumnal hill one must have the experience and range of maturity.

Our classrooms have shown us that in a study of the bare facts of such sciences as botany and biology, chemistry and physics, youth and maturity are about on a parity. But in the philosophy and reason behind these facts, in the practical application of them, we find that the more mature man has a decided advantage. He is better able to appreciate the trend of evolution; he is abler in the commercial application of chemical formulae to industry.

In those chapters of geology that deal with various rocks and the concrete facts about them, there is little difference in the grasp of the young and of the adult mind. In the commercial application of these facts to mining, to the discovery of oil wells, in the entire scheme of hitching science up to human welfare, the older man is the better qualified, all other things being equal.

Often I hear middle-aged folks remark that their memory isn't "as good as it used to be." To such comments I feel like replying "Neither would your right arm be as good if you were accustomed to carry it in a sling!" Did you ever notice anything wrong with the memory of the old cobbler around the corner, who takes one glance at your face when you leave your shoes with him, and picks them out of a big pile and returns them to you several days later? Have you discovered any mnemonic shortcomings in the bent and wrinkled tailor up the block who receives your suit for pressing and unhesitatingly picks it out of a long row the moment he sees your face the next day?

When the average man enters business he has had at least five years of schooling—during which he has had to memorize a variety of lessons day after day. This drill now becomes a thing of the past. Soon he starts depending on memoranda and jotted notes—a subterfuge that the classroom denied him. Presently he settles into more or less of a rut. Fewer fresh impressions impinge on his mind. Is it any marvel, under the circumstances, that his memory loses some of the easy apprehension and retention of youth?

NOTHING in my experience or observation indicates that a middle-aged man, in good health and with good habits, has the slightest impairment in his power to memorize. Indeed, there should be—and often is—an improvement in this faculty, along with the general mental vigor of maturity. To keep his memorizing ability fully effective, however, he must voluntarily make assiduous use of it, just as he was forced to use it in school.

Philosophy is a subject that appeals preëminently to the mature mind. If I say to a class of young students in philosophy, "All men are interdependent—so each man should be dependable," the average individual might glibly grab my remark as an epigram. An older man, however, would think it over and analyze it. He would consider the industrial fabric of human society. He would remember that everything we eat, everything we wear, the cars and the ships in which we ride, are fashioned for the most part by other hands. Then he would grasp the full significance of the need of dependability on the part of every human being.

Youth may have a slightly greater facility in assimilating the bare facts of such studies as accounting and economics. Age steps into the lead, however, in a consideration of the philosophy of economics,





*"A man has but one moment of life to call his own.  
 "The moment just passed into the score of Time's count, the moment  
 which the hand of the clock trembles over, a hair's breadth yet to go—  
 these are no man's to claim. One is gone forever; the other may mark  
 the passage of his soul.  
 "Only this moment, this throb of the heart, this half-drawn breath, is  
 a living man's to claim. The beggar has it—the monarch can command  
 no more."*

## The Value of Time

CHIEF train dispatcher for the world, I am chief life  
 dispatcher for all men.

Fresh minted from my hand, behold a New Year now  
 spread out before you.

Half a million golden minutes—a royal treasure!  
 Beware lest it slip away through careless fingers.

A New Year's resolution? Aye, here is one. Say to  
 yourself every morning of the year, "Today I will make  
 every minute count!"

That this will make all your dreams come true, who  
 should know so well as I?

*For I am Father Time.*

*For over half a century, Father Time has  
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He talks like a man who has traveled widely, though his only travels are a business man's trips. He knows something of history and biography, of the work of great scientists, and the writings of philosophers, poets, and dramatists.

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business administration, and business law. Although I taught economics in my youth I found it was only with the advent of maturity that I came to a ripened appreciation of the subject, and I am confident that the years to come will bring clearer perceptions and broader understanding.

I find that many men in their thirties and forties are afraid to embark upon a new business or profession, despite the fact that the years have demonstrated clearly that they are unfitted for the work into which they were thrown by the force of circumstances. Often they doubt their capacity to absorb the technique of the job to which their inclination beckons. There is little need for a man to be paralyzed by such a fear. American industry is studded with the names of men who have gone into new lines of effort in middle age and registered marked successes.

The general principles of most business enterprises are similar. Of course there are some highly technical subjects—electrical engineering—let us say, in which a middle-aged man would be greatly handicapped starting from scratch in a race with men who have been following for years the chameleon-like developments of the profession.

**B**EFORE making a complete change in occupation, a mature man should survey his situation with extreme care. He should remember that the tree of human effort is a main trunk with many branches, some high and some low. In his youth he set out to climb this tree. Presently he saw a branch that looked inviting—and out he climbed! Years have gone by, and now he is tired of the branch, or he is convinced that he made a mistake in selecting it. A higher or a more shady branch looks very inviting. Should he change to it?

Such a change would be a simple matter if he could reach up and lift himself bodily to the other branch. That course, however, is in contravention of the law of human effort. Instead, he will have to wriggle back to the main trunk and shinny slowly upward to the more inviting branch—which is already crowded with permanent residents! Whether his accumulated experience, plus the intensity of his desire, will make the venture advisable is a question he must decide for himself.

He may have the stimulating knowledge, however, that a man of middle age, who has not allowed himself to go stale, is supremely equipped for any undertaking. All human history is proof of this. Several years ago W. A. Newman Dorland made an interesting analysis of the activities of four hundred of the world's most famous men. He found that these men, on the average, produced their *master work* at fifty years of age, and that most of them were working with unabated vigor until long past that age.

The analysis uncovered some other very significant facts. It showed that these men did not start to manifest mental activity along the lines in which they later became famous until an average age of twenty-four.

Composers of music started earliest—at an average age of seventeen. Actors turned their faces toward the profession at eighteen; warriors, clergymen, artists, and jurists at an average age of twenty-two; dramatists and playwrights at twenty-three; poets, physicians, surgeons, inventors, chemists, physicists, and natu-

ralists at twenty-five. It was not until the age of twenty-six that explorers, novelists, essayists, historians, astronomers, mathematicians, and statesmen generally began to develop their respective lines of thought and activity. Philosophers generally got under way at twenty-seven and reformers at twenty-eight, while satirists and humorists did not begin to develop their talents until an average age of thirty-two.

In my observations of thousands of students, and of human activity as a whole, I have come to a positive conclusion that so-called *genius* is a negligible factor in achievement. Men who are known as "geniuses" merely have the priceless faculty of *concentration*—while the companions whom they outstrip are frequently the victims of weak-willed and purposeless wandering. When Walt Whitman defined genius as 98 per cent directness he was voicing a great truth.

Although composers, as a rule, got under way at an early age, many of the greatest musical compositions of all time were the products of riper years. At seventy-four, Verdi gave to the world "Otello," often rated as his masterpiece; while his "Te Deum," a marvelous musical composition in a different field, came at the age of eighty-five.

The range of human activity shows plenty of parallels, Bacon gave us his masterly "Novum Organum" at fifty-nine; Kant was only two years younger at the time of the publication of his "Critique of Pure Reason"—a world masterpiece. Commodore Vanderbilt, Mr. Dorland shows, increased one hundred and twenty miles of railroad to ten thousand miles, and added one hundred million dollars to his fortune between the ages of seventy and eighty-three. At eighty-nine, Michael Angelo was still turning out his great canvases, while Titian was ninety-eight when he painted his "Battle of Lepanto." After a spectacular overthrow of the Conservative Government, Gladstone began his fourth term as Prime Minister of England at eighty-three. At the same age Tennyson gave us his sublimely beautiful "Crossing the Bar." Cato began the study of Greek and Plutarch the study of Latin at eighty. Chevreul, the great scientist, was actively and energetically engaged in his important work until his death at the age of one hundred and three!

**E**VERY man has intellectual self-determination. No tyrant can wrest it from him; no political marplot can juggle the boundaries of his mental conquests. If he allows his ambitions to lag, his machinery to rust in the potential prime of their powers, he has only himself to blame. It was a wise analyst who divided the mental working life of man into four decades: From twenty to thirty, the bronze age; from thirty to forty, the silver age; from forty to fifty, the gold age; from fifty to sixty, the iron age.

In his youth a man has two or three mental searchlights to play on any object whose recesses he would lay bare. Experience, observation, and ripened maturity add light after light. By the time he has reached middle age he should have a battery of forty searchlights in place of the small cluster of his youth. He is wise who will keep them trimmed and burning, and direct them with a steady hand.

## Jim Henry's Column

### Why?

I betray no confidence in saying that, to the best of my knowledge, Mennen's is the most widely, largely used shaving cream in the world.

Of course, the obvious deduction is that Mennen's must be the best, but I dislike comparative claims. All I have ever insisted upon is that it is unlike any other shaving cream.

If we only made a hundred tubes a day and you preferred it to other creams, it would still be the best in the world—for you.

Just the same, our enormous volume must mean something.

It was only a few years ago that every shaver used hard soap. Hard soap had held its own since the dawn of civilization. Habits as deeply rooted as that are not easily changed.

Then I began to ask you to try Mennen's. There never has been the slightest attempt to sweep you off your feet with extravagant claims. If you have honored me by reading a few of my advertisements, you will recall that they have all been built around this idea of trying—learning for yourself—a fair test.

Now, there has never been a sensational response to my advertising. Every day, a few men would send their dimes for my demonstrator tube. Presently, druggists became interested for some reason and ordered.

That, literally, is all there has been to the theory of selling Mennen's.

Yet, today, millions use it. I doubt if you ever go into a drug store that doesn't sell it. Most of these druggists will tell you that they sell more of Mennen's than of any other cream.

Even during the recent hard times, our business gained tremendously.

I can explain this result only in one way. Those who have tried it prefer Mennen's to anything else.

And, to change the subject, when you learn what Kora-Konia does to chafed skin—you'll want that also. It is a medicinal powder of extraordinary healing virtue. It places on raw skin a velvety film which sticks for hours protecting while it heals.

*I will mail a sample of Kora-Konia and my demonstrator tube of Mennen Shaving Cream for 10 cents*

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

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## Queer and Ugly, But Worth Its Weight in Gold

(Continued from page 53)

Caribbean Sea, they hove to one time near a certain island; and while they were there a native negro came aboard bringing some pieces of stuff that he said were valuable. He showed them to the mate, who was in charge of the ship, and told him that he got them out of a dead whale on the beach in one of the bays of the island. He offered to show where the whale was, so the mate could get the rest of the 'valuable' stuff.

"But the mate—who was a Provincetown man and who told me the whole story when he came home—never had commanded a vessel until that trip. He never in his life had seen a piece of ambergris. That's nothing unusual. Many a man has gone whaling all his life and never laid eyes on ambergris. So this mate didn't dare buy the stuff, for fear it might be as worthless as it looked.

**T**HAT morning he had washed out a flannel shirt and a pair of dungarees and hung them over the rail to dry. They were old and ragged, almost worn out. So finally, in order to get rid of the negro, the mate offered him these old clothes in exchange for the pieces of queer stuff. The negro agreed and they made the exchange.

"The next day, another native, a sort of colored preacher, came aboard and told the mate the same story about the dead whale that was full of something 'valuable.' He explained that he was 'a man of God,' and for that reason couldn't take the stuff himself. I don't know why, but he said he couldn't; and he, too, offered to show where the whale was.

"The mate, however, refused again to keep the vessel waiting while he went to investigate. He didn't know what the lumps were, and he wouldn't take a chance on them. When he came home, he brought them to me—and I paid him eleven hundred dollars for the few pounds he had exchanged for a ragged shirt and dungarees!

"Meanwhile, a colored man living on another island down there heard about the whale and the stuff that was in it. He went and got what was left and sold it for thirty thousand dollars! The mate had lost a small fortune, because he didn't know enough to go after that ambergris.

"Even in that case, the ambergris itself wasn't found on the beach. And I have never known another case of its being found in a beached whale. I have known of only one case where it was found floating in the water. Captain Joshua Nickerson, who lives here in Provincetown now, was the lucky man that time.

"It happened a good many years ago, when Captain Nickerson was on a whaling voyage down off the coast of Africa. One day he was in his cabin when the mate came and told him that the lookout up in the crow's nest had sighted something floating ahead of the vessel. The captain went on deck to see what it was.

"Where is it?" he called.

"Comin' alongside, just abaft the bow," says the lookout.

"Well, it did come alongside, a lump of stuff bigger than a barrel, the top of it just showing above the water. The captain walked aft, looking over the rail at it as it went by. He had been going whaling for about thirty years but he never had seen ambergris.

"He followed it along to the stern and was going to leave it behind, when it occurred to him that it looked like a big lump of beeswax; and he remembered that a friend of his, a sailmaker, had asked him to bring home some beeswax if he had a chance to get some. The beeswax we get in this country doesn't begin to be as good as what comes from Africa, you know.

"So, thinking it might be wax, he ordered the men to lower a boat and bring the stuff aboard. When they finally hoisted it on deck, he could see that it wasn't wax, and at first he was going to have 'em heave it overboard again. But just then, he says, the thought came into his mind: 'Mebbe it's ambergris!'

"He couldn't believe, though, that this worthless-looking stuff could be anything as precious as that, so he told the men just to chuck it into the stern boat. The next day he fell in with another whaling vessel. It being calm weather, he signaled the captain to come aboard, and showed him the big lump in the stern boat. That captain, too, had never seen ambergris; but he advised Captain Nickerson to be on the safe side and take it home with him.

"When he reached port, Captain Nickerson had me go and look at it—and, sure enough, it was ambergris, sixty-one pounds of the finest quality! It just happened that the price wasn't very high then, because it fluctuates according to the quantity that is brought in. So it fetched only \$175 a pound; about \$11,000 for the lump. Still, that was a tidy little sum to find just floating in the water.

**T**HERE was another Provincetown captain that let a good-sized fortune slip through his fingers once. They had got some whales and were cutting up one of them alongside the ship when they found a big mass of something inside the carcass. The mate sung out for the men to open the gangway and put it aboard, because he was smart enough to know what it was they'd found. But the captain was a 'smart' fellow of another kind. When he heard the mate give that order, he shouted to him:

"What do you mean, giving orders like that? Don't you know that I'm the captain of this ship? Heave 'em a short-walk line' (that's five or six fathoms of rope), 'take a couple of half hitches around that stuff, and hoist it aboard!'

"Well, of course the crew had to obey the captain; so they did what he told 'em to. But as they were hoisting the lump aboard the rope slipped. The whole mass fell into the sea—and sank! I don't know why it sank. It isn't always light enough to float, and evidently this lump, which



was an immense one, was of that kind. Anyway, it went down in deep water and was lost. If that captain hadn't been so smart, he would have brought home ambergris that would have been worth more than his whole vessel, including the cargo!

"From the description the crew gave me of that piece it was larger than any one amount I have seen. The largest lump I ever saw weighed 110 pounds and fetched about \$29,000. The largest find I ever heard of was brought in by Captain Earle, of the bark 'Splendid,' of Nantucket, more than sixty years ago. According to report, he found a lump weighing over 900 pounds and got \$125,000 for it.

"The discovery of a big quantity like that naturally made the price drop, so he didn't get a top figure for it. If he could have kept the thing quiet and sold it off gradually, he would have made more out of it. But it would be hard to do that. When ambergris is found, the crew of the ship know it, of course. They share in the money it brings, too; and they always want to get their share as soon as possible.

"YOU might think that the dealers to whom I sell it, or for whom I act as agent, could prevent the news getting out and so keep the market steady. But the story of a find of ambergris is almost certain to leak out. It travels from one ship to another and from one port to another. You can't keep it a secret very long, so you might as well not try.

"The most valuable find of ambergris since I have been buying it was what was known as the 'Bank' lot, which was sold in London, in 1891, for about \$50,000. It weighed 162 pounds, 11 ounces, and was a mass six feet in circumference. Like most specimens, its quality was finest at the center, or core, of the lump, where it was whitish-gray in color and entirely free of the squid bills found in the outer layers. The outer parts of a lump are usually brown or black.

"Judging from the accounts I've read of this 'Bank' ambergris, they kept the discovery a secret more successfully than in any other case of a big find. It was called the 'Bank' lot because it was placed in the vaults of a bank for safe keeping. They did not even have a photograph made of it. I never have been able to learn who found the lot, nor where or how it was discovered.

"When an American whaling ship finds ambergris, the money it brings is divided, just as the money for their regular 'catch' is split up. A certain share goes to the owners of the vessel, the captain gets his percentage, or 'lay,' the other officers get theirs, and so on down to the crew. Sometimes a ship brings in only a few small pieces; but even those may fetch several hundred dollars. If there is a large quantity in a whale, part of it may be in a big mass, and the rest in small lumps, like cobble-stones, or like turnips. The queer thing about it is that the small lumps may be of the very finest grade. The whole subject is full of mystery. Even the experts and the scientists cannot explain it.

"As for people in general, they know nothing about ambergris, except that they have a vague idea it is rare and valuable. So if they pick up something on a beach, and can't make out just what it is, they jump to the conclusion that it's am-



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# Three Successful Men who failed in one great duty

THREE men conscientiously planned for the welfare of their families. To show wherein they failed may help other men in solving their own problems.

## 1

Mr. A. E. P. carried a large amount of life insurance, which was paid in a lump sum to his wife. Through unwise loans, the bulk of it was soon lost. Its protection could have been assured had Mr. P. left it in trust with a trust company. *He did not look far enough ahead.*



## 2

Dr. R. G., a physician, had accumulated considerable money. A friend was named executor of his will. This friend influenced the widow to invest in mining stocks, which turned out badly. Dr. G. could have protected his estate by naming a trust company. *He did not know about trust company service.*



## 3

Mr. R. J. S. was an active young business man. Changed conditions made it desirable to revise his will. However, he put off executing the new will. Recently he was killed in an accident and an old, inadequate will was filed for probate. *This man procrastinated.*



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bergris. Here are some of the samples that have been sent me. This one," taking a little yellowish-brown lump out of a box of miscellaneous stuff, "was sent in by a lady. As you see, she was so choiced of it that she wrapped it up in bright-colored silks. But it is nothing but a piece of wood pulp from some paper mill.

"This sample was sent by a lady in New South Wales. It is petrified wood. This one came from another lady! Apparently the ladies have a keen eye out for ambergris. But this stuff is simply a kind of fungus that grows in sea water. This piece is paraffin. This one is sealing wax.

"Here is another piece, which is 'slush' from some vessel. The cook on a sailing vessel has a barrel into which he throws all the refuse from the galley. It is kept wet, so that the grease rises to the top, where it is skimmed off. This slush, as it is called, is used in various ways aboard ship. Sometimes a lot of it falls, or is thrown, into the water. Of course it floats and it may be washed up onto some beach. I have had a good many samples sent to me which were nothing but slush.

"SOME years ago a gentleman and his family were spending the summer at Gloucester, Massachusetts; and one day this man's little boy was in swimming when he found a lump of something floating in the water. He took it ashore and showed it to his father, who said it might be ambergris. They submitted it to a local apothecary, who said he was almost sure it was ambergris and worth a lot of money.

"So the gentleman—who had plenty of money, but wanted his boy to reap the reward of his discovery—took his son and the mysterious find down to Washington to consult the government authorities. They went from one department to another; but nowhere did they come across anyone who knew whether the stuff was ambergris or not. Finally, at the Bureau of Fisheries, somebody told them to come to me.

"When they arrived here, with their bundle all carefully done up, the man explained that the boy had found something floating off the shore at Gloucester, and that they thought it was ambergris. I didn't even wait for them to unwrap it.

"You ain't got no ambergris!" I said.  
"Wait till you see it," said the gentleman, and took off the wrappings.  
"Looks to me like it come off the Boston dump," I told him.

"I guess maybe it did, too. It was nothing but a lot of car oil; the thick, dark kind for lubricating the wheels of engines and railroad cars.

"I received several samples from Newfoundland, some years ago, that were nothing but soap. Probably it came off a wrecked vessel. One of the life-savers, down on the New Jersey coast, took a piece of something to a New York firm for whom I act as agent. He had picked it up on the beach, and was sure it was ambergris. It was just a lump of rosin.

"Of course, anything that is as valuable as ambergris is sure to be imitated. Plenty of artificial substitutes have been tried, but not one of them has been a successful imitation. I guess you could get a million dollars if you could produce artificial ambergris that would be satisfactory. Some years ago a Frenchman did produce

artificial musk; and I understand that he got a million dollars for the secret.

"Musk is used in the same way as ambergris. It is a binder for the oils employed in making fine perfumery. It comes from two little sacs, called pods, in the musk ox. The supply is limited and the price high. But the Frenchman made artificial musk which was very satisfactory.

"One reason why ambergris and musk are in such demand for perfumery is the fact that they have an agreeable and lasting perfume of their own. Even after the essential oils, obtained from the flowers, have lost their fragrance, there will be a delicate odor due to the ambergris, or the musk, whichever has been used.

"A great many people object to musk—or think they do. I am told that when they buy perfumery they insist that they don't want anything containing musk. They get it, however, much oftener than they realize—and they like it, when they don't know it is there. Both ambergris and musk seem to give out minute particles which cling to an object, like a handkerchief, or a garment, or the sides of a bureau drawer, and to perfume these objects for a very long time.

"It used to be said that one drop of musk would perfume a whole room and last indefinitely. But that was a mistake. Musk does lose its odor in the course of time. I suppose ambergris does, too. But here is a piece I have had for fifteen years. So far as I can detect it has just the same odor now that it had when I got it."

IN ADDITION to being the "Ambergris King," Mr. Stull is, if not the "Watch-Oil King," at least one of the two or three great potentates in that line; and this part of his business is almost as interesting as his dealings in ambergris. When you take your watch to the jeweler to be cleaned it probably gets, as the final step in the process, a single drop of Stull oil carefully distributed among its various bearings. In fact, less than one drop is enough for a watch.

"This oil comes from the head of the blackfish, a huge creature averaging twenty feet in length. Most of it is found in a "melon" in the head of the blackfish. This yields about a gallon of the oil; and about a pint of it comes from the jaw. The supply has the same spectacular ups and downs as the supply of ambergris. It is the most expensive lubricating oil in the world.

Blackfish, like whales, used to be caught for their blubber. But the advent of petroleum oil made it unprofitable to hunt blackfish for their blubber, so the only source of the present supply is from the blackfish that come close to shore and practically give themselves up.

Fortunately for our watches they occasionally do this very thing. A school of these fish sometimes comes near the coast and even wanders up one of the inlets from the sea. They are queer creatures. If one of them gets into shallow water where it is stranded, it sets up a sort of howl for help. Thereupon, another goes to its assistance and promptly becomes stranded itself. More cries for help from the two that are in difficulty bring some of their companions into the same predicament. And so, with much bellowing and a great to-do, the whole school will



pile up on the beach. Sailors call them "fool fish," because in any emergency they act like sheep.

In November, 1884, a school of fifteen hundred of these blackfish came ashore on Cape Cod. Men gathered from the towns along the Cape and killed them with a lance, a sharp sort of knife fastened to the end of a long pole. They are also called pilot whales, because they always follow a leader, or pilot. Forty years ago large schools of these fish were often seen. But after the great killing in 1884 they seemed to disappear from the face of the waters.

If it had not been for the great quantity obtained in that year there would have been a famine in watch oil of the best grade; for no blackfish were seen after that for almost thirty years. Then, in June, 1911, one lone specimen was found on the beach back of Provincetown. Mr. Stull got one gallon of oil from it, which brought ten dollars. The next summer, thirty came in near Truro. A few weeks later, fifty were killed at Wellfleet, the very place where the fifteen hundred had come on the beach years before.

After that, about one hundred were killed farther along the Cape. And the next summer two schools, of ninety-eight altogether, wandered up one of the creeks and accommodately hung around until Mr. Stull had been notified and had got together a force of men to help him handle them. These various schools yielded enough oil to take care of our timepieces for quite a while; which is a lucky thing for us, since only a few blackfish have been taken since then.

## On What Does a 100,000-Ton Skyscraper Rest?

(Continued from page 29)

shallow foundations which might easily be undermined by the flowing of quicksand and gravel.

And now that this labor was completed, there was *nothing to show for it*. Hundreds of millions of future passers-by would see only the imposing superstructure!

I have often thought that the hardest battles of life are likely to be the unseen battles—those which each of us has to fight by himself day by day. So we engineers, in our struggles with nature, are pretty closely duplicating the general human experience. I suppose that this is why it has been suggested to me that some of the fights with natural forces I have been connected with may be of service and inspiration to other people.

Somewhere beneath the closely stacked skyscrapers of lower New York an amazing mining operation is always in progress. As a result of this mining operation the great skyscrapers are able eventually to lift their heads heavenward. I suppose that the average person would be amazed at the scope of this underground work.

Recently we completed the biggest piece of skyscraper foundation excavation work on record. This was for the new Federal Reserve Bank Building in New York.



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Nearly all visitors to New York make a point of seeing the Woolworth Building. It is, indeed, an impressive sight! Standing seven hundred and eighty feet above street level, its tower covered with forty thousand feet of pure gold leaf, it proudly proclaims the fact that it is the world's tallest building.

That mighty structure weighs two hundred and six million pounds! This weight is borne by sixty main columns, on some of which the wind stress alone, in a strong gale, reaches a maximum of more than two million pounds. So it is natural enough to wonder what keeps that colossal pile in place. On what does it rest?

WHEN we started work on the foundations for the Woolworth Building in 1910, we found that bed rock was at an average depth of 116 feet below street level. Between this rock and the surface was an almost continuous stretch of the most treacherous material that builders have to handle—quicksand.

One must be prepared for a condition like this almost anywhere in the skyscraper area of New York. The lower part of Manhattan Island is narrow and surrounded, except at the north, by two rivers and the bay. From ten to thirty feet below street level one is sure to strike water—and usually quicksand, too.

This quicksand is so fine that we have passed it through sieves with meshes only one-thirtieth of an inch wide. Saturated with water it flows almost as readily as water itself. If one tries to drain an excavation with pumps, the quicksand flows from all sides along with the water, thus undermining surrounding buildings, which are often on comparatively shallow foundations. There is just one way to get the better of nature—that is to sink pneumatic caissons, those marvelous hollow piers of concrete in which is staged most of the romance of present-day underground work. Without them it would have been impossible to build any of the modern gigantic skyscrapers that lift their heads hundreds of feet above the bustle of lower New York.

If your eyes could pierce the ground beneath the Woolworth Building they would see sixty-six great piers of solid concrete closely grouped and of varying shapes and sizes. Each of them is sunk to the eternal rock; and the terrific weight of the building is distributed among them—36,000 pounds to the square foot.

It took eight months to sink these piers. They started their journey from the surface as hollow caissons with very thick concrete walls. In working chambers at the bottom of each was a gang of "sand hogs," who fought down through water and quicksand until they had carried the caisson to bedrock. Then the hollow core of each caisson was filled with well-rammed concrete, heavily reinforced, and it became one of the piers on which the building was to rest.

We have had more difficult foundation jobs, from the engineer's standpoint, than the Woolworth Building, but there has been none in which the foundations have had to withstand so much vertical pressure. That is because of the building's extreme height.

The entire foundation work was on a massively substantial scale. I remember that it took a truck drawn by fifty-two horses to bring a single foundation girder to the building from a lighter in the river. The girder was of solid steel, eight feet thick, six feet wide, and twenty-three feet long. It weighed sixty-five tons.

The sinking of pneumatic caissons is a fascinating operation, usually difficult and sometimes perilous. Just how it is accomplished is perhaps a little too technical to be described here, but anyone can understand the general theory of operation.

The biggest problem is how to handle the water, which is usually found within a comparatively few feet of the surface in lower New York. As I have already indicated, we use the force of compressed air to drive back the water from the bottom opening of the "hollow box." . . . If you stuck a glass tube into a mud puddle, water from the puddle would naturally rise inside the tube to the level of the water outside it. But if you blew into the tube hard enough, you would force all the water out of the tube. This is a crude illustration of the part played by the compressed air forced down through a caisson.

A tube is round, however, while a caisson is usually rectangular in shape and has walls of concrete many feet thick. Running down through the heart of the caisson is a shaft big enough for a bucket to pass up and down, just as an elevator runs up and down a shaft on its cable. Outside this shaft, the caisson is solid concrete. At the bottom of the caisson the shaft spreads out wider to form a chamber in which men can stand upright and work.

Imbedded in the concrete at the bottom of the caisson is an iron "cutting edge," which slices down through the sand and gravel that the men loosen from the inside with picks and other implements. As a result of its own tremendous weight the caisson then sinks a little farther through the loosened earth.

WHEN water is struck, the top of the caisson is sealed and air is forced down through pipes into the working chamber and shaft to keep back the water. There is an ingenious arrangement of a little room with double doors at the top of the shaft, so that men can enter and leave the caisson, and material be taken out, without losing the air pressure. This room is called an air lock. The men usually travel between the air lock and the working chamber at the bottom in the bucket, although they sometimes make use of a ladder which hangs down through the shaft.

Just bear this description in mind and you will have a rough idea of the picturesque working quarters of the "sand hogs," as caisson workers are commonly called.

The deeper the caisson sinks, the greater must be the air pressure to hold back the water. This pressure has to be increased nearly half a pound for every



added foot of depth. By the time the bottom of a caisson is one hundred feet below water level, the pressure in it is about forty-three pounds to the square inch—or about three times the normal pressure of the atmosphere. This pressure has a strange effect on the human body, and we have to take careful precautions to prevent ill effects to the workmen.

To go "under air" is an unforgettable experience. The first effect one notices is a marked discomfort in the ear drums. This is due to the increased pressure. It is an aggravated manifestation of the sensation that comes when a train rushes into a sub-river tunnel. To relieve it, the worker cramps his nose with his fingers, closes his mouth and forces his breath into the nasal passage. People unused to compressed air have to repeat this continually as the pressure rises.

"Sand hogs" remain in the air lock at the top until the pressure there is gradually brought up to the pressure in the shaft and working chamber. Then they go down and go to work. The danger period comes, however, when they are returning to the surface. Then they must remain in the air lock for some time, so that the pressure in the lock can be brought back gradually to the pressure of the outside air.

Once a "sand hog" reaches the working chamber at the bottom he usually feels a marked exhilaration. This is due to the extraordinary amount of oxygen in the air. He wants to work, and he sweats profusely while doing it. His voice, as he raises it above the roar of the air blast, has a nasal and metallic timbre. He may try to whistle—but no sound issues from his lips. If he tries to smoke, the tobacco in his pipe burns almost like chaff.

The New York State law provides that a "sand hog" shall not work under more than fifty pounds of pressure. This makes it impossible to sink a caisson much more than one hundred feet below water level. One of the outstanding difficulties in the Municipal Building job was that bedrock in places was absolutely out of reach.

THE greatest peril to the underground worker is the "bends," or caisson disease. This strange malady never attacks a man while he is "under air." It develops after he is back on the surface. An attack may take the form of intense local pains, dizziness, partial paralysis, deafness, internal bleeding, embarrassed breathing, itching, blindness—and may even result in death. To avoid its danger the deep-earth worker must pass through careful stages of "decompression." When he is coming out, the air pressure in the lock is lowered very gradually—allowing about one minute of time for every three pounds of pressure he has been under.

You may have read in the newspapers a few years ago how a certain kind of fish, living in very deep water, came in considerable numbers to the surface of the ocean outside New York, and promptly burst. This—a result of the vast and rapid change in air pressure—is an exaggerated illustration of the forces that affect the "sand hog."

There is still a difference of medical opinion concerning the exact cause of caisson disease. We know, however, that under pressure the body absorbs air as a sponge soaks up water. If the pressure is



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lowered too suddenly the air absorbed in the body is thrown out of solution, forming bubbles—which tend to cling to the surface of the blood vessels and block them. Under the pumping of the heart, these blood vessels sometimes burst.

The capacity of the body to absorb air has an element of the uncanny. If a worker comes up from a deep-pressure job and thrusts his hands into a dish of hot water, bubbles frequently rise to the surface.

Susceptibility to the "bends" seems to follow no fixed laws, although it is supposed that fat men are more likely to be attacked than are thin men. Good health and sound organs, of course, are important factors of safety. Some men seem to be able to dispense with the "decompression" process. I have known old-time "sand hogs" to pass almost instantly from forty pounds of pressure to normal air and show no ill effects. On the other hand, I remember the case of one man who died as the result of being under six pounds of pressure.

**NATURALLY**, we discourage the tendency of some old-timers to take chances. One of our men used to maintain the "decompression" was all nonsense. On a certain afternoon he came out immediately from a pressure of forty-five pounds. As a result, he will drag a paralyzed foot all the rest of his life.

In modern operations we take every possible precaution, and it is rare that a fatal case of "bends" develops. The best remedy for an attack is to put a man "under air" again. For every deep caisson a hospital lock is provided. This is a separate chamber in which men can be kept for hours, if necessary, while the pressure is lowered by infinitesimal degrees. A skilled physician is always in attendance.

In jobs where the pressure is from forty-eight to fifty pounds the "sand hog" works only one hour a day—divided into two shifts. For this hour's work he receives eleven dollars. Twenty-four separate crews are sent into the caissons in the course of the day.

Air pressure must be maintained in a caisson at all times. Its failure may result not only in flooding the working chamber at the bottom but also in loosening the soil under adjacent buildings.

An omnipresent danger to workers is the failure of air pipes. When the foundation for one of the Municipal Building caissons was one hundred feet below ground level the air pipe broke. Soon water had risen forty-two feet above the cutting edge and the working chamber was filled with sand. The workers were on their way up the shaft when the connection broke. A rush of water followed the feet of the last man as they hurriedly climbed up the ladder.

Bedrock on the Municipal Building site was at an average depth of 130 feet below curb, or nearly 100 feet below water level. In one area, however, we drove a drill 209 feet below street level before we struck the earth's crust. Here we sunk a caisson 112 feet below water level—the deepest penetration ever made for a building foundation. Such caissons as were not bedded in rock rested on very hard sand, which we tested to bear a weight 100 per cent greater than its necessary share of the

building's support. The caissons were made with the greatest possible cross-section, so as to furnish as little pressure per square foot as possible.

Skyscraper foundations, however, come far from furnishing all the romance of underground work. One of our most spectacular jobs, from the popular standpoint, resulted from the failure of the foundations of a gigantic grain elevator located near Winnipeg, Canada, and belonging to the Canadian Pacific Railroad. This elevator, 195 feet long and 77 feet wide, rose to a height of 102 feet. It was built to hold one million bushels of grain—an amount equivalent to the production of eighty thousand acres of wheat land.

This great storehouse had walls of concrete six inches thick, reinforced both against bursting pressure and vertical load. It rested on a floating foundation—a two-foot mat of solid concrete imbedded in hard clay about twelve feet below the prairie level. Usually this kind of clay had proved strong enough to support a weight as great as that which the elevator, when filled, would impose upon it. The engineers who built it had anticipated and provided for a slight settling, but no one could foresee the prank that Nature was to play, using as her weapon a ridge of boulders some fifty feet below the surface.

The elevator was put into operation in the fall of 1913. In the middle of October, when it contained 875,000 bushels of grain, the structure began to settle in a most unexpected fashion. It sank four feet vertically and then took a sharp tilt. Within twenty-four hours the west side of the foundation mat had dropped twenty-nine feet below its original position, while the east side, jammed into a compacted ridge of earth, was five feet above its original position. The big building was then dangling at the dangerous angle of twenty-seven degrees. Its center of gravity was so perilously close to being outside its base that the only thing to keep it from tipping over onto the prairie was the holding power of the compressed clay bank on the east.

**BORINGS** were immediately taken to determine the cause of the disaster. They revealed the fact that a ridge of boulders reared itself several feet above the bedrock on the east side of the building. This unexpected reinforcement prevented the clay in that area from yielding as readily as the clay elsewhere. When the elevator started to settle, it naturally started to tip, as well, and the more it tilted the greater became the weight on the west side to drag it down.

The first problem was to save the wheat. The elevator had been built in compartments—with 113 individual bins. Holes were cut through the six-inch concrete wall, and the bins near the ground level were tapped of their contents. Then holes were cut higher up and a new row of tanks were "bled."

Eventually the entire building was emptied of grain. It was a hazardous operation. Weights and stresses of a sharply leaning structure are hard to determine. The tapping of a single row of tanks might have upset the precarious balance, or the earth on the east might have given away at any time. As an added danger, the wreck of a cupola that



had once proudly crowned the roof was dangling far above the heads of the workmen.

Even when empty, the structure, with its floors, partitions, elevators, and conveyors, weighed forty million pounds. Our problem was to set it level again and link it to the solid rock fifty feet below.

The simplest method of doing this—and by no means a simple method, at that!—would have been to excavate under the east side of the building and gradually “ease” it down to the level of the west side. This would not do, however. It would have meant sinking the structure so far into the prairie that its operation would have been hampered, and it would have been difficult to keep dry the grain in the lower bins. On the other hand, to make a sheer lift of the sunken side of the forty-million-pound burden was a task that halted the imagination.

TO DESCRIBE fully the solution of this problem would take a good deal of time and involve much technical explanation. The point of greatest popular interest, however, is the method finally employed to raise the sunken side, which was wedged into nearly thirty feet of compact clay.

To accomplish this we fell back on the old principle of the seesaw—the plank across the rail fence on which most country boys are so fond of “teetering.” As a preliminary, however, holes were cut through the foundation mat of the building, so that the workers could get beneath it. Tunnels were also carefully driven under it from various points outside. Then seven-foot shafts were sunk to bedrock and filled with concrete—to form piers on which the building could rest.

A line of piers running under the building north and south was used as the first fulcrum of the “seesaw.” In a rough way, the building was to balance on these, just as the “seesaw” plank balances on the rail fence, and the weight of the higher side was to help lift the weight of the lower side.

Of course, nothing like a perfect balance was possible. Too much of the building’s weight could not be trusted to a single line of piers, and there were many other complicated engineering problems to be considered. Nevertheless, the seesaw was slowly started into operation.

Powerful lifting jacks were installed under the lower edge. As this edge was raised, some of the earth was excavated from beneath the higher part of the foundation mat, so that the building could gradually settle. A lift of only a few inches a day was possible. Much time had to be spent in bracing the building so that it would not slide on its fulcrum.

After the low side had been lifted a short distance, another line of piers—also sunk to bedrock—had to serve as a new fulcrum. Eventually, the building was brought to a level position only fourteen feet lower than its original site. The old principle of the seesaw had lifted the lower edge fifteen feet!

In fighting the forces of Nature one is always grappling with a dangerous and resourceful enemy. Sometimes it seems that Nature goes out of her way to throw obstacles in the path of those who are trying to take liberties with her. If you start

to dam a river, for instance, the chance seems about three to one that the river will pick that particular season for an extraordinary series of freshets and floods.

In September, 1911, we began the construction of two dams and locks across the Ohio River for the United States Government. These dams were to be at Little Hocking, Ohio, and Wheeling, West Virginia. Their purpose was to keep the river navigable during its periodical low stages in the summer season. They were to be of the familiar “bear trap” or movable type—which have locks for the passage of river craft, and can be let down in sections to lie flat on the bottom when the water is running high.

A coffer dam for the lock at Little Hocking had just been built when an unseasonable fall rain set in and continued mercilessly. In three days the river had risen twenty-five feet and flooded the coffer dam. This was the start of a series of freshets that continued into the usual winter flood tide, that tied up work until spring. Late in May, 1912, the lock and coffer dam was pumped out, and work went on smoothly for a month or so. In July, however, an unexpected summer flood developed. This drove the workers from the river for a fortnight.

The crew returned to the coffer dam on July 25th, and worked through August. On Labor Day, however, another twenty-five-foot flood rushed down upon them. Shortly after the effects of this had been wiped out, another winter’s floods came. Work was continued into January, despite the handicaps. Then the river rose forty-two feet above normal, stopped every kind of operation, and imperiled the buildings we had erected on the banks.

All this was but a prelude to the deluge—the memorable floods of March and April, 1913, that took a toll of more than 400 lives, flooded 60,000 buildings, destroyed several hundred bridges and did general property damage of around \$180,000,000.

At Little Hocking the river rose a foot an hour for forty-eight hours until it stood at the highest mark in recorded history, sixty feet above the normal stage. All our shops, camps, derricks, and other loose material were swept away. Piles of timber were carried down-stream like tooth-picks. After the flood subsided, it took us until well into April to repair the damage and salvage as much of the lost material as possible.

THE men were back in the lock and coffer dam in May, when another flood developed, driving them from the river for two days. In July there came a cloudburst in the Muskingum River region. The flood there dumped itself into the Ohio, and drove the workers out for another two weeks.

September turned in another freshet—that stopped operation for a week. Early in November there was a phenomenal fall of snow, followed by a flood. On Christmas Eve, the almost disheartened workers quit work for the winter, with water, at flood peak, pouring over the top of the coffer dam once more.

Finally, in September, 1914, the dam was completed. Nature’s extraordinary enmity had added an entire year to the normal duration of the job.

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# What to Eat

(Continued from page 15)

whose diet consists mainly of polished rice and fish. It occurs in other parts of the world such as Nova Scotia, Labrador, and in South America, where the diet is limited largely to cereal products and meat. It does not occur among people whose diet is properly regulated as regards the necessary amounts of milk, eggs, and fruit.

Scurvy was once very common among sailors who were deprived of fresh fruit and vegetables while on long sailing voyages, and it has often overtaken men engaged in Arctic explorations. The symptoms of scurvy in adults are similar to those I have mentioned in the case of children. Besides, adults usually suffer from sponginess of the gums and loosening of the teeth.

NONE of the deficiency diseases is common in the United States in a pronounced form, but there are thousands of people with *tendencies* toward these troubles. The round shoulders, flat chests, and poor teeth seen so frequently in school children are in great measure the result of faulty diet. Owing to the same cause we see many adults growing old prematurely and suffering from bad health, which shows itself in a great variety of ways—in their discouraged mental outlook as well as in their physical condition.

A satisfactory diet for victims of wrong living is based upon three principles, the great importance of which have come to light through comparatively recent scientific discoveries.

FIRST: The more generous use of dairy products is essential. Instead of half a pint of milk a day (this is the amount used by the average individual throughout the country), each of us should use at least a quart, either as a beverage or in foods.

Milk is not only a good food and rich in vitamins, it serves us in another way. It encourages the growth in the intestine of bacteria which produce lactic acid, and these help rid the intestine of harmful bacilli which cause the putrefaction of protein foods. When the proper amount of milk is used the amount of noxious products formed in the intestine is negligible.

SECOND: There are dietary properties in the leafy parts of vegetables which differ entirely from the properties of potatoes and the root vegetables such as beets and turnips. Eating leafy vegetables in liberal quantities provides the body with invaluable substances, which it cannot secure in adequate amount from milled cereals, potatoes, and the muscle cuts of meat such as beefsteak, ham, and roasts. They are of great advantage also because they leave a bulky residue, which aids the intestine to empty.

Remember that the leafy vegetables are important for both their vitamins and their inorganic matter. The most important of them are spinach, lettuce, cabbage, chard, cauliflower, Brussels sprouts, collards, kale, beet tops, turnip tops, dandelion, water cress, lamb's-quarters, and rape. The onion bulb is really a mass of thickened leaves, and so may be included in this list.

THIRD: We must all eat frequently of

raw vegetables and raw fruit to make certain of having in our diet the vitamins which protect against scurvy. Raw cabbage, raw tomatoes, and oranges are particularly valuable for this purpose.

You should remember that proper nutrition involves two factors. The body must have the right foods and it must get rid of waste promptly. If you are one of those who have lived mainly upon a bread, meat, and potato diet, you will probably find that you require a pretty severe diet regimen at the start to correct faulty intestinal conditions. This is the procedure I would recommend to the man who wants to get into first-class physical shape by the proper arrangement of his diet.

For at least one month eat no cereals (bread, breakfast foods, cake, pastries, etc.), no meats, potatoes, nor sugar. Drink a quart or more of milk every day. Eat all the greens, fresh vegetables, fruit and vegetable salads your appetite calls for. This is splendid fare, and you will do well on it.

The tendency of this diet is to make the intestines function normally, and at the end of a month the average man will probably notice a marked improvement in his health. But now he should not forget the important place of milk, leafy vegetables, and fruits in his diet. He should continue to eat what I call an *adequate minimum* of these foods. This adequate minimum calls for a quart or more of milk every day, and two or more salad dishes. At all times of the year he should eat as freely as possible of leafy vegetables, and he ought to eat raw cabbage in the form of cole slaw or salad at least three times a week.

AFTER a man has provided himself with the minimum of these essential foods, he can make life pleasant by eating what his appetite calls for. The great danger now is likely to come from over-eating. However, the minimum allowance of milk, vegetables (greens), and fruit just stated should crowd out of his meals a considerable part of the meat, bread, and potatoes he has been in the habit of taking. It is well always to make a practice of taking small servings of meat, and it is a safe rule never to eat meat more than once a day.

Thousands of persons past middle age have obtained increased efficiency and relief from discomfort by partially or wholly eliminating meat from their meals. The toxic products formed from meats and other high protein foods, exert an irritating action on the lining of the intestine and burden the liver and kidneys. When you eat less meat you give relief to these organs.

Eggs contain nearly everything the body needs for its development, except sufficient calcium. In using them, however, you must take care to see that they are properly combined with other foods. A diet in which eggs predominate is harmful, because eggs tend to cause putrefactive processes in the alimentary tract.



The average family would doubtless accept the following as a satisfactory dinner: veal cutlets, boiled or baked potatoes, buttered peas, gelatin salad, bread, butter, mince pie, and coffee. But in the light of the three principles I have given above, this is a very unsatisfactory menu. It is a simple matter to make it right by adding to it milk and eggs. Then it would be as follows:

Breaded cutlets (dressed with egg and bread crumbs), mashed potatoes to which milk has been added, creamed peas, gelatin salad, bread and butter, and caramel custard. This meal would not be less attractive than the first, but it would be decidedly superior for the maintenance of health.

In my book, "The American Home Diet," I have published a series of properly arranged menus for every day in the year. It would be impossible in this space to give specific directions on any such scale as that for arranging your meals. The following menus, which are taken from that book, will present some very striking lessons to most of us. They show the mistakes we are most likely to make, and how to correct them.

**THE** menus below represent the bread, meat, sugar, and potato type of diet, or its equivalent. Bread and potatoes have properties which are similar to the properties of rice, corn, peas, and beans. When you add to these macaroni, spaghetti, sweet potatoes, radishes, beets, or carrots, you still do not get all of the right food properties in your menu. Thus, these menus are examples of what *not* to serve and what not to call for when you order a meal at a restaurant.

#### Unsatisfactory Lunches

**I**  
Canned Salmon    Lemon    Fried potatoes  
Stewed Corn    Butter    Bread    Honey

**II**  
Frankfurters    Macaroni and Tomatoes  
Mustard    Peas with salt and pepper  
Butter    Bread    Apple Sauce    Tea

**III**  
Baked potatoes    Stewed Tomatoes  
Radishes    Bread    Butter    Sirup  
Coffee

**IV**  
Hamburger Balls    Catsup    Boiled Rice  
Bread    Butter    Rhubarb sauce

The lunch menus below are certainly not less palatable nor less attractive than the unsatisfactory lunches, but they are so constituted as to meet your body's needs.

#### Satisfactory Lunches

**I**  
Cream of Corn Soup    Saltines  
Salmon Croquettes    Potato Cakes  
Baking Powder Biscuits    Butter    Honey

**II**  
Cream of Pea Soup    Saltines  
Frankfurters    Mustard    Potato Puff  
Milk    Apple Sauce

**III**  
Cream of Tomato Soup    Croutons  
Escalloped Potatoes    Bread    Butter    Radishes  
French Toast    Sirup

**IV**  
Creamed Dried Beef    Boiled Rice  
Cabbage and Nut Salad  
White Muffins    Butter    Rhubarb Sauce

The menus below represent errors which are likely to be made in planning our dinners. Again, they represent the bread, meat, and potato type of diet, and it is safe to say that anyone who lived on such meals as this for a considerable time

would not continue in good health. Dinners of this type would not be satisfactory even if they were improved occasionally by small additions of the protective foods, milk and the leafy vegetables.

#### Unsatisfactory Dinners

**I**  
Corned Beef Hash    Boiled Potatoes  
Stewed Tomatoes    Bread    Butter    Mince Pie  
Coffee

**II**  
Pot Roast    Gravy    Browned Potatoes  
Buttered Peas and Carrots  
Bread    Butter    Fruit Gelatin    Coffee

**III**  
Lamb Chops    French Fried Potatoes  
Buttered Turnips    Boiled Squash  
Apple Dumpling    Hard Sauce  
Bread    Butter    Coffee

**IV**  
Hamburger Layer    Dill Pickles  
Fried Onions    Baked Potatoes  
Bread    Butter    Gooseberry Pie  
Coffee

The dinners given below furnish a leafy vegetable and, in addition, there are two dishes in which milk forms an important part. These additions correct the faults in the above menus and make the diet complete. Each meal provides the body with the necessary materials for growth or the repair of tissues. If you adopt the system of diet recommended, you will have no need of commercial vitamin.

#### Satisfactory Dinners

**I**  
Corned Beef Hash    Chili Sauce  
Beet Greens    Creamed Potatoes  
Butter    Bread    Caramel Custard

**II**  
Pot Roast    Gravy    Mashed Potatoes  
Creamed Peas    Cole Slaw  
Bread    Butter    Lemon Pie  
Coffee

**III**  
Lamb Chops    Creamed Potatoes  
Cabbage and Nut Salad  
Creamed Turnips    Bread    Butter  
Brown Betty    Foamy Sauce

**IV**  
Hamburger Layer    Dill Pickles  
Creamed Onions    Baked Stuffed Potatoes  
Milk    Bread    Butter  
Chocolate Custard

It is always advisable that the last article eaten at a meal should be of such a nature as to cleanse the teeth. Sticky pastries and cakes are apt to remain in the fissures of the teeth and are not easily removed even by the tooth brush. Residues from such foods tend to cause decay even more than do meat particles. It is a good rule to eat last a salad, cole slaw, celery, apple, or other fibrous food. This helps both to clean the teeth and to prevent decay.

From early infancy children should be given something hard to chew on. During the first two years toast serves the purpose admirably. After that time, apples, crackers, hard bread, raw cabbage, which has been chopped fine with a meat chopper, cooked vegetables, lettuce, and celery will serve to develop and preserve their teeth.

When we chew fibrous foods such as apples, raw cabbage, and carrots, we exert a pressure of a hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds on the teeth. This insures good blood circulation, and is important not only in developing the teeth and jaws of children but in keeping those of adults in good condition.



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# Folks Who Talk Too Much

(Continued from page 45)

he wasn't. So I was much embarrassed, and apologized and gave him my card. He said to forget it, and presented me his card in return, which gave me the name of your company, the only fact I needed. At the next station I got off and took a train back to the little plant; and here we are to-day with everybody happy and satisfied."

In mock politeness he rose and bowed himself out. I sat down at my desk and chewed hard on the end of a cigar, and tried to remember that anger causes high blood pressure and shortens life. It was a bitter pill to swallow; we had lost the larger portion of a year's profits—and to think that the loss was due to the foolish carelessness of one of our most faithful employees, and one of my dearest friends. I could not trust myself to meet Fred Hawkins that afternoon. I put on my hat and went out to the country club and pounded a golf ball for a couple of hours. And the next morning Fred and I had a long and friendly but very earnest talk. Subsequently, I held similar talks with the other important men in our organization, giving them as much of the facts as I could without bringing Hawkins into it. And I have an idea that if there is any business concern in the country whose men are not to indulge in careless conversation in the future, that concern is ours.

I was able to command a certain sympathy for Hawkins, in spite of my keen disappointment and chagrin, because the habit of careless talk is one that afflicted me all through my earlier years and cost me more than one hour of bitter regret. I come of a family that is much given to talk. My father is a noted storyteller in the village where we lived; his brother, my uncle, was a veteran of the Civil War, and the memories of my youth are heavy with stories of how he fought and bled. In my boyhood I regarded him with a certain awe and reverence, assuming from his stories that the Union forces consisted of General Grant, General Sheridan, and himself. He was in every battle that was won. The battles that were lost were fought while he was in the hospital, or away carrying important messages. Later, when I had heard the same tales over and over again, I realized that he was merely a kindly and loquacious old gentleman.

**T**HE ability to talk fluently and easily was in some degree an asset, to be sure. In high school I was a member of the debating team and talked circles around my opponent, even though he had the better of the argument. Benevolent old gentlemen coming up to congratulate me when the debate was over, said, "You should be a lawyer," or, "You should be a salesman." That seems to be the popular impression—that a smooth talker should be either a lawyer or a salesman. Yet one of the greatest lawyers I know is one of the most silent men in the world; and the best bit of selling I ever witnessed was done in less than fifty words.

With my high-school days behind me, I went to the city nearest our home, and

answered the advertisement for a boy. The company was a small one, and the president himself, a crusty old individual, interviewed all applicants. Even from this distance, that interview, when I look back upon it, brings a smile; it must have been about the most ludicrous performance that a stripling ever indulged in. The old fellow asked me to tell about myself; and tell about myself I did with a vengeance. I recited all the incidents of my school days, displayed the marks the teachers had given me, and even told about a football game in which I made the winning touchdown. As he did not attempt to interrupt me, I supposed that I must be making a tremendous impression, and carried on until I was literally out of breath.

At that he looked up over his glasses and inquired quietly:

"Is that all?"

**A**T THAT remark, the first shadow of doubt entered my mind, and I merely nodded.

"I think you would be wasting yourself on the position we have in mind," he said slowly. He tore a piece of paper from a scratch pad, scribbled something on it, folded it, and passed it over. "When you get home you may open that and read it," he continued. "It may be of some help to you in your future career."

I picked up my cap and went out, a little dazed and much discomfited. When I reached my room I opened the scrap of paper and read:

"See Proverbs, 27:2."

In the little Bible that had been my mother's parting gift, I located the passage:

Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips.

For the rest of that day I must have been the most crestfallen youngster in the city. The next morning, however, my spirits revived. I needed a job very badly, and there seemed to be no other jobs. Moreover, I had a good deal of spunk, and rebelled at the thought of being beaten in my first business encounter. I hustled around and got such testimonials to my character and capacity as I could from friends of the family; and these I sent to the old codger with a note, saying that I had learned my lesson and had decided to let these letters speak for me.

He was a good old sport, in spite of his shell-rimmed spectacles and his crusty ways. In a day or two I received a note from him saying that I could report for work.

I need not give my business biography in detail. In its essentials it does not differ widely from the stories of thousands of other men who have worked hard, studied themselves and their market, and realize their share of the general growth and prosperity of the country. I moved from a clerk's desk into the sales department, where it was part of my duty to check the reports of the salesmen and to prepare the literature with which the



goods were presented to customers by mail. After a period of years there came a vacancy in the field which allowed me to pack a grip and call myself a salesman. Other years passed, and I came back to the office again as assistant sales manager. And it was while I was working in this capacity that my fatal tendency to talk exacted a heavy penalty.

I was earning twenty-five hundred dollars a year at the time, I remember, and had just married. I felt as if there were nothing that I might not reasonably aspire to, and in that frame of mind I increased my living expenses considerably and joined the best club in the city. It was an investment, I said to myself; I should be meeting older men there, who would naturally take an interest in me. And who could say but that one of them would some day pick me out for a good job.

I was careful to have everyone around the club know my name and business connections; and I did a lot of reading about general business conditions, so that I might be able to hold up my end in any sort of a conversation. One evening, sitting with a chap about my own age, I loosened up considerably and talked about my affairs and his, and what I thought about the market and the export situation, and pretty much everything else. An older man who was sitting not far away, apparently buried in a newspaper, was actually taking in most of what we said. I was conscious of his interest and rather proud of it; he must be impressed, I felt sure, with the fact that I knew pretty well what I was talking about.

I had never seen him in the club before; he was an out-of-town member. I never saw him but once afterward, and that by one of those strange coincidences which make business so much more exciting than any fiction could possibly be:

**T**HE position of sales manager for a large concern in another city was open a few months later; and one of my friends recommended me for the place. Some correspondence ensued, as a result of which I was invited to meet the general manager of the company in his office. I went to the interview feeling that the job was assured. My record in the place where I was had shown results; I knew that the inquiries which the out-of-town concern had made about me had brought favorable replies, and I felt that the visit to their offices was more or less a formality arranged merely to decide on terms.

And so, in fact, it might have been, but for one thing: The minute I entered the general manager's office I recognized the general manager as the silent old gentleman who had sat behind his newspaper and listened to my conversation at the club. The discovery encouraged me greatly at first; with what he had heard about me, and what he had overheard from me, this man ought to be in a frame of mind to do business at once. So I reasoned with myself, and began our conversation quite jauntily. To my consternation the talk soon took another turn.

"Let me see, you people are doing about a million and a half dollars' worth of business a year, aren't you?" he asked.

"It will be nearer two million this year," I answered.

"And you lowered your selling costs eight per cent last year?"

"We did."

"And the production manager is an old fogey; but in spite of his shortcomings you and the salesmen have managed to push the business ahead? Is that true?"

"I wouldn't want to be quoted to that effect," I said, wondering what he was driving at. "But there is some basis for your conclusions."

**H**E LOOKED at me sharply and his voice hardened:

"And the company changed its account from the First National to the Commercial Trust, because the president of the First National said you were extending too long credit on your foreign business? That's so, isn't it?"

I gasped.

"You seem to be pretty well informed about our affairs," I said to him. "Would you mind telling me how you know us, inside and out, so completely?"

"Can't you guess how I know?" he demanded coolly.

"I can't," I answered. "Unless someone inside has been talking too much."

He leaned across the desk and looked me squarely in the eyes.

"Someone has been talking too much," he answered very deliberately. "And that someone is you. Do you happen to remember one evening in the Howell Club?"

"Of course I remember," I answered hastily. "I remembered your face the minute I came in the door. But certainly I never told these things that you mention—about our bank relations and all."

"You may not remember that you told them," he said. "That is one of the unfortunate things about men who talk freely; they find it difficult to remember what they did say and what they did not say. But every fact about your company which I have quoted to you I learned from your conversation that night; and a good deal more that I could quote, if I would."

"Of course, if I had known your name and connected you with your application I would not have inconvenienced you by this interview," he went on, while I sat and listened, too overcome for words. "Naturally, we could not think of associating with ourselves a man who treats so lightly the business confidences of his employers. I am very sorry for the mistake; and we will, of course, wish to defray your expenses out here and back. Aside from that, I do not think that we have anything further to say to each other."

He rose, as a very decisive signal that the interview was at an end; and I found my way out, and back to the hotel, to send a very different telegram to my wife from the one that I had planned.

**N**OW I do not want to give an impression that I have succeeded in changing myself from a person of free conversation into a cold and calculating machine. I still talk and talk freely; but I guard myself by having always on hand a good supply of harmless conversation that sounds more important than it really is. That trick I learned from one of the leading financiers in America.



## At last she found out

Something was amiss. Her animation and buoyancy, once so marked, were giving way steadily, it seemed, to lassitude, indifference and depression.

In despair, she determined to take careful inventory and try to regain her failing powers.

Back, at last, upon the road to robust health, she had learned—as thousands are now learning—that nine-tenths of all human ills come simply from wrong eating habits and deficient foods.

In other words, if you deprive your body of any vital element, you are bound to suffer from lowered resistance and many ailments usually known as "rundown" conditions.

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"At that time I was only 19 years old, undersized, and self-conscious. However, I figured if Maffry could do it, I could do it.

"For two solid weeks I went through agonies of self-consciousness. However, one thing spurred me on:—I was earning about three times my former salary!

"After three weeks in Albert Lea, Minn., I went to Grand Forks. But when I started to work there, a miracle seemed to have happened. I had all the self-confidence a man could ask for, and felt

as if I could sell Fuller Brushes to the President of the United States. I hit \$200 the first week, and it was clear sailing from that time on!

"On my sales record I was sent to Springfield, Ills. and later was given the Terre Haute office. After four months in Terre Haute I was made Manager of the South Chicago Branch Office.

"I am highly satisfied with my work, my present position, and earnings. I have recommended selling Fuller Brushes to many men, for no man, young or old, could pick a more enjoyable, profitable occupation, whether he be self-educated or college-educated; nor could he pick one that offers the opportunities that selling Fuller Brushes offers.

"If an undersized country boy inflicted with a salesman's worst enemy (self-consciousness) can make a 'go' of selling Fuller Brushes, surely no man should have any doubts about making good and advancing with The Fuller Brush Company."

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I called on him at his office one day in company with my attorney. We expected to meet a guarded, taciturn individual who would listen courteously and say nothing. To our surprise, the great man talked quite casually of many different matters connected with the financial world. We had the feeling that we were being taken on the inside and told secrets of large importance. As a matter of fact, when we left the office and compared notes, trying to recall the important revelations the great man had made, we discovered that he simply had not made any. What he had told us sounded important and was important; but it was all set down in such reliable guides as the "World Almanac" and the "Wall Street Journal." His real secrets were just as safe as they had been when we entered his office.

Occasionally I find it impossible to escape the ordeal of making a public speech. I have one set rule for those speeches—never under any circumstances to let them run over ten minutes. Why professional public speakers do not sense the immense appeal of brevity is more than I can understand. They invariably run beyond the time when a majority of their audience wish that they would stop. I sometimes think it would have been a great thing if the Almighty had given every human being a monthly quota of words, as men get a monthly salary of dollars. Each man or woman may use his or her quota as they please; they may blow it all in at one conversational orgy; or they may use it sparingly in the important matters of life, and make it meet all reasonable demands. What a difference in our attitude toward foolish talk such a revolutionary measure would have worked!

Words are wealth; it's too bad that so few of us ever realize it.

## A Great Editor Tells What Interests People

(Continued from page 37)

a penniless immigrant. His first night ashore he slept on a bench in City Hall Park, directly opposite the spot where later he erected the great Pulitzer building. The next day he enlisted in the cavalry; and he fought on the Federal side until the close of the war.

"He found himself stranded then in the Middle West. But he was not the kind of man who stayed stranded. In St. Louis he got work on the 'Westliche Post,' then the leading German newspaper in the West; and in an astonishingly short time he had acquired an interest in the paper. The articles he wrote attracted a great deal of attention and helped to make the paper so prosperous that the other owners wanted to buy Pulitzer's stock. But when they went to him and offered a certain price for it, he said:

"I'm sorry, gentlemen; but my price is just double that figure."

"That was too high for them, so they

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went away. But three months later, they came back again.

"Well, Mr. Pulitzer," they said, "we have decided to accept your offer."

"But, gentlemen, that offer was made three months ago," he said. "My price is not the same now."

"They asked him what it was and he named a figure just double the previous one. Again they went away; and again they came back; and once more the figure had doubled. This was repeated several times before they finally did meet his price.

"He was a veritable genius. In many respects, I never saw anyone to equal him. His mind was like a flash of lightning, illuminating the dark places. His capacity for work was exceeded only by his capacity for making other people work! He was always wanting a private secretary, because few men could stand the demands he made on their time and endurance.

"I'll tell you what one of my days as private secretary to Mr. Pulitzer was like: At ten o'clock in the morning I would meet him, either at his house or at the office. Before seeing him I had to read every word of every morning newspaper published in New York City.

"I mean that literally. I had to read every word on every page of every paper; editorials, news articles, advertisements—everything! I must be able to tell what each paper had printed on any subject. We would take up one news story, for instance; and he would ask what the 'World' had about it? Then what each of the other papers had and what editorial comments were made on it. He would take up the advertising pages, in all the papers, and have me tell him how they compared in space, what the individual advertisers were doing in each paper, and so on.

"I also had to open all his correspondence, both personal and business. Many of the letters I answered without even showing them to him.

"After we had finished going over what had been in the morning papers we went to the office, if we were not there already. Here he gave me directions concerning the editorials he wanted for the next day—and some of them I had to write myself. He told me how he wanted certain news stories handled. He talked over questions of policy, of finance; discussed new presses; the purchase of paper; the problems of circulation and of distribution.

"There wasn't a single feature of the business that he did not take up—and that I didn't have to take up, too! As I said before, it was a wonderful training, if you could live through it.

"About two o'clock we would go out to lunch. But we took the business along. And for two hours he would sit at the table, talking, planning, piling up an almost endless amount of work for me to do. Then, at four o'clock, he would go for a ride in the park, and I would have a few hours to do some of the things he had laid out for me.

"After dinner I would go to his house again, to show him the proofs of the next morning's editorials. At that time he had lost the sight of one eye, and the other was badly affected. He would hold



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the proofs a few inches from his face and, with one eye, read every word of every editorial. I used to protest that he would ruin his sight, already almost gone; but my protests had no effect.

"He was tremendously interested in his editorial page; he was always flaying somebody, or something, there. He wanted an editorial page that 'ran blood' every day. In going over the proofs, he made changes with a blue pencil; and when he had finished I took the proofs back to the office, had a revised set printed, and took these up to his house. Again he would read them with his one dimly-seeing eye. And then he would sit there until one o'clock, or two o'clock, in the morning, still talking about the business and its problems, still laying out work for me to do.

"I used to get to bed about three o'clock in the morning. I averaged about three hours' sleep a night; for I had to be up at six o'clock to begin my daily task of reading all the morning papers. It was a gruelling experience.

"AFTER a while, thank heaven," said Mr. Grozier, with a smile, "he was elected to Congress! He didn't give a great deal of attention to it, but he did go to Washington occasionally and he did not always insist on my going with him. So, once in a while, I had a chance, at least, to dig my way through the pile of work that always confronted me.

"I was Mr. Pulitzer's private secretary for a year and a half. I married without consulting him. When I told him what I had done he was quite resentful. He said a newspaper man had no business to be married. I replied that I did not agree with him and that I preferred to follow his example, rather than his precept, in that matter.

"He himself had married a niece of Jefferson Davis, who was the head of the Confederacy during the Civil War. She was one of the most beautiful and charming women I have ever seen. When Mr. Pulitzer was the Washington correspondent for the New York 'Sun' they met, fell in love, and were married. So when he resented my own matrimonial venture it was not hard to justify myself.

"Later, however, we had a difference of another sort. He wanted me to do something which, of course, seemed all right to him. But I, from my point of view, could not approve of it. He insisted, but I declined to do it.

"I suppose you know what this means," he said.

"Yes, I know," I answered. "It means that you will fire me."

"I didn't want to be fired; for by that time I had not only a wife but also a baby to take care of. It was a serious matter to me to lose the position. But I couldn't change the stand I had taken on the question between us.

"He said nothing more about it that day. The next morning he promoted me! But he promoted me to the most difficult job on the paper—that of city editor. It was his way of punishing me. I never had filled an editorial position. He catapulted me into one where I had a hundred highly trained workers under me. I was only twenty-eight years old. Some of the men under me were twice my age and had many times as much experience









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'Globe,' under General Taylor. We were still the best of friends. Before I took any steps to acquire the 'Post,' I went to General Taylor and told him I had a chance to buy it.

"But if you have the slightest objection, General," I said to him, "I won't consider purchasing the paper."

"Putting his hand on my shoulder, he said, 'Go right ahead, Mr. Grozier. I don't mind in the least.' And he added, with a smile, 'If you can gather up any of the crumbs that fall from the "Globe's" table, you're welcome to them.'

"Thank you, General," I replied. "But I want to warn you that I sha'n't be satisfied with crumbs. If I can, I shall go after the cake, too!"

"That was in 1891; and always, until his death a few years ago, General Taylor and I were the best of friends. He often came out to dinner at my house in Cambridge and entertained us for hours. He had the most remarkable fund of anecdotes that were full of clean, wholesome fun. He had hundreds of these stories filed under subjects. And when he was to speak at a banquet, or some public meeting, he would ask his secretary to get out some stories on the subject he was to speak on. He would select a dozen out of the batch and use them with great effect in his remarks that evening.

"Well,"—Mr. Grozier interrupted himself—"I told you what I consider the first step in making a successful newspaper: Win the confidence of your readers! And the second step is: Win their affection! There are, of course, other factors. You must treat your employees liberally; you must be square with them, as well as with your clientele. No man can achieve very much without the loyal help of others. He needs the best assistants he can get; and he gets them by being, himself, loyal to their interests."

"HOW does a newspaper win 'affection'?" I asked.

"How does a human being win affection?" he countered. "Isn't it by taking a personal interest in other people? A newspaper does it in just the same way. Let me give you a few illustrations: We—and when I say 'we' I mean the Boston 'Post'—are helping to build up the Zoo at Franklin Park. Now, in the first place, everybody likes animals. Everybody enjoys a Zoo. If it is in a public park it is a source of entertainment and of pleasure to every man, woman, and child in the city. It isn't for a chosen few. It appeals to everybody. So, at the very start, you have a boundless field of possible interest.

"Several years ago an Englishman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Ormond, wanted to dispose of three trained elephants. We decided to buy them and present them to the Zoo. Now, we were perfectly willing to pay for the elephants ourselves; but we did not do that. We asked the children in and around Boston if they wouldn't like to be part owners in those elephants! We asked them to send in their contributions, even if they could give only one penny apiece. And we said we would print in the 'Post' the names of every single contributor.

"The 'Post' did pay several thousand dollars of the purchase price, which was

some ten or fifteen thousand dollars. I don't recall the exact figure. But most of it came from the children themselves. We printed columns of names every day. Thousands of the children gave only a penny each. It cost us then about thirty cents a line, on an advertising basis, to print these acknowledgments of penny gifts. But every child, who had given even one cent, wanted to see his name in the paper, and was thrilled by the thought that he owned part of an elephant. We had a formal presentation of the animals to the park; and sixty thousand children were present!

"Of course," with a smile, "it added thousands to the circulation of the 'Post,' but it was a gain that was based, not on appealing to the worst elements in human nature but to the best; to civic pride, to generosity, to interest in animals, to the affection of parents for their children. And so it helped us to win liking and affection.

"HERE is another thing we did: You probably are familiar with the typical 'general store' of the small town and the country village. It is a place where the men gather around the stove in winter, or sit on the cracker boxes on the porch in summer and swap neighborhood gossip. One of the conspicuous figures in every such gathering is 'the oldest man in town.' Age is a subject of universal interest, no matter whether it is among city folks or country folks. A man who has succeeded in cheating Death longer than most of us manage to do it is always an interesting figure.

"Well, some years ago we had a firm import for us from Africa a lot of the finest ebony they could get. We had it made up into gold-headed canes. And we offered to present one of these canes to the oldest man in any community that would send in the necessary evidence. The cane was to belong to this man during the remainder of his life, when it was to be passed on to the man who succeeded him as the oldest in the town. The gold head of the cane was suitably inscribed, showing that it was presented by the Boston 'Post.'

"We started this fifteen years ago and it is still going on. Old men do have to die *someday*, you know. And these canes are being passed on, from one citizen to another, in many of the New England towns. It cost us a few thousand dollars, to be sure. But it won for us many times its cost in the affection and interest it gained for the paper. And, once more, this gain was achieved by appealing to people's good and kindly qualities, not to anything sordid or bad.

"It is perfectly natural and human for people to be interested in themselves; and a great many of the things we do on the 'Post' are based on this fact. A few years ago we started a daily feature called: 'Their Heads Are Cut Off.' Every day our photographer took a picture of some girl, or woman, in the crowd passing along the sidewalks of the shopping district. A print was made from the negative, the head was cut off, and the headless figure was reproduced in the 'Post' the next day. Under the picture was printed:

"Is this your picture? If so, please call at the office of the 'Post,' wearing precisely the





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same costume, and be identified, and you will be paid Ten Dollars in Gold for your time and effort."

"We printed one of the 'headless' pictures every week day and two on Sundays. It cost only eighty dollars a week in payments to the headless ladies, but a great deal more because of the space given it in the paper. However, it more than paid for itself in increased circulation. Thousands of women who went shopping in Boston watched the paper every day to see if they were in it. Some of them recognized a friend, by her dress; and of course it would please any woman to convey this news to a friend. Rich women, from Brookline, or the Back Bay district, came to the office in their elaborate limousines, to be identified and to receive the ten dollars. Not that they cared for the money, but because it was an interesting personal experience.

"WE RAN another daily feature last summer, which was based on the same personal human interest appeal. We sent Miss Bijou Fernandez out through dozens of New England towns as a movie scout. She had one of our photographers and also one of our reporters with her. Each day they went to a different town, or to a different section of Boston. If she found a girl who was a good movie type, we printed the young lady's picture and had a story about her.

"We were not sure, in advance, how much interest this feature would arouse. We thought we would try it for a week and see what happened. It added ten thousand to the circulation that week! So we continued it for some time. Again it was the personal human interest that brought the response. Practically everybody goes to the movies; and I suppose that every young girl—and many of the older ones, for that matter—would like to be in what they call 'the pictures.' Every town visited was eager to know who would be chosen there, and to compare the young ladies selected by the scout with themselves, their daughters, and their friends.

"Another feature we had was a contest in gathering interesting news items. We paid two dollars for each item printed; and every day we gave a Ford car to the person who had sent in the best item!

"A Ford a Day Given Away!" That made a striking headline, you will admit. The feature was a good one in various ways. In the first place, it naturally aroused a very great amount of interest. But it also supplied the paper with some extremely interesting reading! Many of the things which our readers happened to see, and which they reported to us, were curious and amusing. And again all our readers had a chance to look for themselves, or for their friends, in the paper; to compare the items that were printed; and to discuss their respective merits. Features of that sort tend to make your readers feel as if they 'belong' to the paper; and you know you are always a partisan of what is yours, aren't you?"

Picking up an old copy of the "Post," Mr. Grozier showed me the features he had been describing. Then he turned to the editorial page.

"Another thing which people like," he



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| Business Manager         | Steam Engineer         |
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| Bookkeeper               | Surveyor (and Mapping) |
| Draftsman and Designer   | Telephone Engineer     |
| Electrical Engineer      | Telegraph Engineer     |
| Electric Light and Power | High School Graduate   |
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| Vocational Guidance      | Wireless Radio         |
| Business Law             | Undertaker             |

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said, "is to learn things—if the learning is made easy and pleasant. So here, on the editorial page, we always have one feature which might be called educational. When this copy was printed that particular feature was: 'Who's Running the World.' In each issue we printed a good-sized picture of someone who has a real influence on world affairs. Underneath the picture we gave a short story of the man and his work.

"We change this educational feature every little while. For instance, we have had 'The Prettiest Women in History.' You see the opportunities there. We could go back to Helen of Troy, call on Cleopatra, and sympathize with Mary, Queen of Scots.

"On the editorial page we have only two columns of editorials. But they are crisp and to the point. We have several Harvard professors writing editorials for us. But I do not believe in too much quantity of that sort; for it is the average man and woman to whom I want to appeal.

"NEXT to the editorials we have a column which is intended to bring a few smiles—and certainly everybody likes to smile. I think we were the first newspaper to print a selected quotation at the top of the first page. We ask our readers to send them in to us, and we choose from among those they submit. We print these quotations across the front page, above the name of the paper. It takes a little space—and we are always crowded for space—but I guess it's worth it. I think it helps our readers to think of us as human; and that's what I want them to do."

"Evidently, you find your greatest satisfaction in work," I suggested.

"Yes," Mr. Grozier agreed. Then he added: "But one can be intemperate, even in work."

"As, for instance, when you were with Mr. Pulitzer?" I suggested.

"Oh, that was nothing, compared with my 'intemperate' working habits later on!" he laughed. "During the first few years after I bought the 'Post,' there were many times when I worked twenty-four hours a day for several days in succession. It was a fierce struggle to keep my head above water. Most of the time, figuratively speaking, there was an 'angel' in one room and the sheriff in another. An angel, you know, is someone who may possibly put up money to back you. But I was generally much more certain of the sheriff than I was of the angel. By working twenty-four hours a day, I managed to stand off the sheriff—but my health paid the reckoning later. It doesn't pay to try to be supermen. If we do, Nature calls us down. Remember that! And it is better to do your remembering beforehand; not after the mischief has been done."

W. L. GEORGE, the famous English novelist and journalist, has written for next month the story of the long and rocky road he had to travel before he won out at last. Mr. George declares that "hope is a liar"—because weak men make it a substitute for work. Anyone can succeed, however, if he will keep his head hard and his heart soft.

# COMMERCIAL ART

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Many art school advertisements tell about the great and ever increasing demand for commercial artists—big pay—equal opportunity for both men and women, etc. Very good! This is all quite true, but you must first be properly taught. Understand? Properly taught! Few top notch artists are good instructors. Very few. By searching through many studios we have found them.

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and in the movies, men write and produce the plays; women nurse, men heal; women work in the court-room, the judges, sheriffs, prosecutors, and attorneys are almost all men, etc., *ad infinitum*.

The young of man, as of animals, are equal, with the female first reaching maturity; so woman in youth often equals, indeed often excels, the male; but as she reaches maturity, impelled by age-old heredity and the primal decree of nature, she perhaps subconsciously, or unconsciously, ceases to care to advance, and begins to employ her charms to please the males, and finally to please a single individual of the male species; thenceforth losing partly her initiative and self-reliance, and becoming a follower.

In my own experience, in high school the girls led, the valedictory, salutatory, and class historian going to them. Most of the same class continued into the same college in the same town, and by the sophomore year the girls were all mediocre students, excelling in nothing, and often trailing at the end of their classes; while the boys who were mediocre in high school easily outdistanced them. This was partly due to the fact of its being a small town, where the girls would sooner revert to the status to which nature relegates them than if it had been a large city; but it was sufficient to serve as an epitome of the race and to prove that men are smarter than women. J. F. C.

### THIRD PRIZE

## Just What Does One Mean by "Smarter"?

**T**HE question as to whether women or men are the smarter resolves itself into one's meaning of the word "smarter."

My high-school physics teacher used to say that he preferred a class of boys to one of girls, because girls learned like parrots what was in their textbooks, while boys neglected their books but reasoned things out for themselves and remembered the important part of the lesson.

If by "smarter," one means quickness of comprehension, then I am sure that women are smarter than men. I have been annoyed all my life by the slowness shown by my father, three brothers, brother-in-law, and even my husband, so I have decided that it must be a masculine trait.

However, if by "smartness" one means the ability to "sift the wheat from the chaff," I confess with reluctance my belief that there men excel. Men, as a rule, have little time for intellectual fads. The average man, by the very nature of his daily contacts, obtains a breadth of view, a tolerance, and a depth of knowledge which are seldom equaled by the average woman. One instance is men's interest in world affairs. Women seem to find it difficult to feel concern about impersonal questions. Very recently I have heard women admit that they were only slightly interested in international matters.

In view of these facts I am forced to concede that, while in some ways, women are "smarter" than men, that in more important ways men are "smarter" than women.

MRS. W. A. B.



## Little Bill and the Mad Bull

(Continued from page 25)

remembered hearing that just before a bull struck he closed his eyes. That was his only hope. He would step aside at that instant, and then make a dash for the fence. He faced the bull.

From the side of the paddock at his right appeared a boy with a rope in his hands. This weird little figure ran straight out into the pasture, swinging a noose about his head and looking intently at Sir Colintha. He was above the bull and behind him, but he ran down at an obtuse angle.

Suddenly the whistling loop was not to be seen, but there came to the ears of the city man a vicious, whining hum, like that of a hornet. Bill's arm jerked out, poised a moment, and jerked back. He grabbed the rope with both hands and threw his weight upon it. The noose had caught one of those flying forefeet, and in the moment of his wrath Sir Colintha tripped and fell. The earth shook with the impact.

"Quick. He'll be up in a second! Not that way. After me!"

BILL was giving orders like a drill master. In flying overalls, he sped before Mr. Baker, not for the nearest fence but obliquely toward the front of the paddock.

Behind came the pounding of hoofs. Then Bill threw himself upon the turf-padded earth, rolled under the fence, and leaped to his feet. Mr. Baker followed after.

Two seconds later, before the owner had risen from the ground, Sir Colintha struck the six smooth wires of the paddock fence—struck them at a bias, and came off.

Mr. Baker had occasion presently to examine the fence. He noticed that the staples which held the wire in place were shiny and new, and that, even so, some of them had been jerked half way out of the wood. . . .

Evening shadows were creeping over the hillsides. It was cool and pleasant on the bungalow porch, where Mr. Baker sat observing his companion through rather quizzical eyes.

"Bill," he said abruptly, "how did that dog get out? Why did he run away before he finished his job?"

Bill's eyes met the city man's for an instant. Then he looked away.

"I let Slim out," he said. "I knew he wouldn't do anybody any hurt. He was just breaking his heart in there. I knew if he saw anything going on that wasn't right—you see, sir, him and me had been around cattle all our lives. Slim knows when they're up to mischief. So I turned him loose; and he was sneaking around keeping out of sight. He ran at Sir Colintha because he saw the baby was going to get hurt. Slim is a gentleman. He always takes care of babies and women. When he saw the little girl had got clean away, he knew he'd got to beat it, so's he wouldn't be tied up again. He must have figured you were a man, so you could look out for yourself!"

Mr. Baker raised his brows and pursed his lips.



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"So I thought—till recently," he said. "Now, Bill, here are two more conundrums: First, why didn't you throw that lasso, or whatever you call it, over the bull's neck? That's what they do in the moving pictures. And why didn't you make for the nearest fence, instead of making me run twice as far? I was nearly winded!"

"There was no use roping Colantha by the neck then, sir. My weight wouldn't have hampered him. He'd have kept right on, and maybe he'd have got you. Had to trip him. See? And that fence at the side has only four wires, and the staples are loose. The fence at the front of the paddock has six wires, and I put in new staples there just the other day. And there was one other thing:

"In beating it out of there, we didn't want to go straight at a fence, but at an angle. The old gentleman that followed us—he was running at an angle, too, when he hit the fence. That's why he didn't go right through the fence and come on us. He just struck and kind of slithered off. See?"

Mr. Baker drew a long breath and sighed. Presently he spoke, but it seemed that he was thinking to himself out loud: "It's always a pleasure, Bill, to talk with a man that knows his business, no matter what it happens to be. You're an expert; and that brings me to something else I've been thinking about: How would you like to go to an agricultural school, where you can learn animal husbandry, scientific breeding, and such things? Maybe there's a touch of egotism in this, but I feel that in saving my life you've performed a very creditable act. That's all right, son, you don't have to say a word just now. And to-morrow we'll drive down to the state college and talk with the dean about it. I have an idea he'll see things about as we do. We'll stop in the city and get some clothes and things. Suppose you run along now and talk it over with Slim. Tell him for me he can have the run of the place from now on!"

THE sunset faded, and in the blue of early night the shaving of a moon hung over the jagged ridges. A dog and a boy watched it. The boy put his arm around the shaggy neck and their heads touched.

"Slim," the boy whispered, "that was teamwork! And, Slim—I tell you, Slim, we got a home—and friends—at last!"

## How I Sold Myself to My Wife

(Continued from page 27)

Beethoven played the piano. And I knew that all the art and music information with which she had dazzled me had been cribbed out of the encyclopedia at the public library; and that she didn't have any rich old aunt, and had sent herself that two-hundred-dollar wedding present and faked the note, with the help of one of her girl friends in another town. Also, we knew exactly how much we were in debt, and had decided what to do about it.

So, at two o'clock we sat holding hands and looking into the future out of honest eyes for the first time in our lives, and I

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suddenly realized that I was hungry. "Come on," I cried, "let's have one more fling. Let's put on our duds and hunt up an all-night restaurant. I'm dying for a good thick steak, and I want it smothered in onions."

The next Monday morning she went back to her old job, and at the end of the month we rented the apartment and moved into two rooms down-town. Before the year was over we had paid off our debts, and were figuring out a plan by which I could get into business for myself.

That was the story I told to Jim Waverly.

Being a salesman I would prefer to say that "marriage is like life in this—that it is one long, glorious job of selling." We are all salesmen. The goods we sell are our own characters and abilities and personalities. And the trouble with lots of men is that they sell a very superior quality of these goods in the office, and a very inferior quality at home.

A good salesman never misrepresents his goods. If his silk shirts are half cotton, he says frankly to the merchant that they are half cotton and dwells upon the advantages of that fact. Such a salesman gets onto a basis of frank understanding with his wife at the very start. She knows his strength and his weakness, and he knows hers. Knowing just what cards they have with which to play the great game, they waste no time in bluff.

**T**HE good salesman often under-praises his goods; he deliberately passes over some points of strength and lets the merchant discover these points for himself. He wants the buyer to be more pleased after the goods are delivered than he was when the order was signed. At home he applies the same psychology. He makes it a point to exceed his wife's expectations now and then; to learn some new things, or attain some new distinction which will give her a fresh and unexpected vision of his character and capabilities.

The wise salesman never overstocks his customer, but many marriages suffer from overstocked shelves. The stock is *his* personality and *hers*. No matter how much he loves her or she loves him, they grow sometimes a little weary of each other. The Angel Gabriel is doubtless a very fascinating personality; but we should probably grow tired even of him if he were with us every day and all day forever. This wise husband, if he be a wise salesman, finds some way by which he and she can be away from each other for at least a part of every year. He knows that his personality will be much more in demand if the shelves are not glutted with it all the time.

And finally the wise salesman knows that a sale is only begun when the order is signed—that to keep the customer sold is much harder than selling him in the first place. Of all the principles of selling this is the most important; and wives fail to appreciate it fully as much as husbands.

At our house marriage is a game—the selling game, the greatest in the world. The goods to be sold are myself, the customer is my wife; and the objective is to keep the customer just as happy as she was when she ordered the goods seventeen years ago.



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lose our identity in a pond of magnificent dimensions. A big town overshadows and engulfs everything, including personalities. In a small town personalities tower. The most towering thing in New York is a monument to a five-and-ten-cent store idea.

Perhaps the greatest thing the small town has to offer is the opportunity for the man of small income to own a home of his own close to his work. One never has to commute to his job in a small town and two or three blocks around the corner takes a fellow out of the high rent district. It is possible for a young man with any sort of salary to buy a piece of ground for a few hundred dollars somewhere in any small town. And small town lots are not city lots. A lot that is less than fifty feet wide by a hundred feet deep isn't considered a lot at all in Elizabeth City, where most lots run a hundred and fifty feet deep, affording the owner an ample garden plot and room for a garage, a tool house, and a chicken yard on the back.

I can show you block after block of houses in Elizabeth City built and owned by their occupants, and most of them never owned a share of building and loan stock; they started by acquiring a piece of ground and saved a little along until they could make a start in building. Often the small home builder is financed by his employer, who realizes that his most valuable and most dependable employee is the one who has a stake in a home of his own. There is no recognized Moving Day in a small town, most of the families owning their homes and sticking to them. I'm speaking of honest-to-goodness towns, and not of factory and industrial settlements.

**H**UMAN cussedness and contrariness are more conspicuous in small towns only because every other human attribute is more outstanding in a small town. Two citizens in New York may have a difference, exchange a few heated words and go their respective ways without seeing each other again for a month. In that time they will have cooled off. But let a pair of citizens in a small town have a quarrel, and they don't have such an opportunity to cool off. What's more, everybody knows they have quarreled, and their human pride and stubbornness prevent them from getting together because everybody is watching them.

Out of mere trifles oftentimes grow factional differences that keep on growing and growing until half the town is dragged into them without knowing just what it is all about. And the women don't help these factional rows a bit. Women are very, very slow to forgive, and they never forget. My wife never will forgive certain citizens with whom I have had differences in the past, and the wives of some of my best friends won't speak to me because once upon a time I said nasty things about their husbands in my paper. When I condemn this unforgiving, unforgetting nature of the female of the species in the presence of my wife, she retorts that men forgive and forget only for business or political reasons, winking at principle for the sake of self or political preferment. And then I shut up.

The one thing that operates to keep the average small town from being a community of kindred spirits with more common interests, is over-organization. We

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Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks,"  
"The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.



Elinor Glyn

**F**OR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift." People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare. But the people who are turning out the thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about ordinary events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a good story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well

known writer. They're eager and anxious for the work of new writers. They will pay you well for your ideas, too—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

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have more organizations in Elizabeth City than one could count on the fingers of Siamese Triplets, but there is no community organization. I find the same condition existing in other small towns and I guess it's the same the world over. Here in Elizabeth City we have a Chamber of Commerce, a Merchants' Association, Rotary Club, Kiwanis Club, Masons, Shriners, Knights, Pythians, Odd Fellows, Red Men, Elks, Jr. Order United American Mechanics, Volunteer Firemen, and a number of minor organizations. We have three Baptist churches, two Methodist churches, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Christians, Catholics, and Holy Rollers.

There is enough energy, enthusiasm, and ability in the combination to accomplish anything under the sun possible of accomplishment in a group of ten thousand mortals. But the energy, enthusiasm, and ability that might unitedly transform an ordinary country town into an ideal community of neighbors is scattered—one might say dissipated—in a score of lesser activities. A score of groups are doing good piecemeal when not actually pulling against each other, secretly jealous of each other, or openly hostile.

THE maintenance of so many diverse organizations is a great drain upon the pocketbooks of a small town, and the average fellow who feels compelled to support several at once is inclined to lose interest in one and all. You can't get a meeting of the Chamber of Commerce on Wednesday night because that is prayer-meeting night; nor Friday night because that is Rotary night; nor on Tuesday night because that is Shrine night.

We have about six revivals a year in our town and everybody gets good for a season. But most of us slide back into our indifferent, happy-go-lucky ways, and in three weeks after the evangelists have decamped we are laughing, jesting, and putting raisins in the apple cider just as if there were no death, no resurrection, and no after-life to bother about. Funny how we refuse to take our poor little souls seriously all the time.

Life in the small burg is pretty much like life in the big burg in every particular. The servant problem on Main Street, Elizabeth City, is not different from the same problem on Fifth Avenue, New York, except in the color of our servants. Our servant class is drawn almost wholly from the colored population.

I reckon no discourse on life in a small town would be complete without some reference to the subject that is never dry, to wit: Prohibition. Yes, we have our hootch in Elizabeth City just the same as they have it in New York, but with this difference: we usually know where and how ours is made and the age of it. There's where we have it all over the New Yorker. The rural hootch-maker hasn't the art of chemistry at his command, as has the city fellow, and must rely upon simple formulae calling only for the grains and fruits that he grows, plus sugar, molasses, and yeast cakes that any grocer can supply. It is my belief that the moonshiner and bootlegger are rapidly being forced out of business. Two things are against them—the prohibition commissioners and the tendency of every drinking man to make his own hootch.

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But to get back where I started, life in a small town is just as interesting and just as remunerative for a live wire as a big town; and the slow birds are infinitely better off in a small town than in a busier place, where they would live in imminent danger of being knocked down and run over. You make your own world, whether you live in a big burg or a little one. There are restless mortals who can never know the art of taking life leisurely nor the refreshing joy of a full night's sleep. The country town is not for them; they think they would die of ennui in the country, when they will surely die of high blood pressure, apoplexy, or sunstroke in the rush and excitement of city life.

A New Yorker may get more money, more entertainment, more jazz and more excitement out of life than we poor rubes back in the small towns; but he'll never get the human touch, the human companionship, and the human smell that is found in the small town. His golf links are his confession that a fellow cannot know the joy of life without comfortable clothes, fresh earth for his feet, clean air for his lungs, and leisurely hobnobbing with friendly spirits. Life in a country town is as good as a game of golf every day except Sunday; on Sundays we all go flat. That's another story.

I LIKE my own small town better all the time. Its faults are always interesting, its weaknesses generally amusing, its leisureliness and neighborliness ever delightful. It hasn't the glamour of bigger places; but from my own front porch, through the arched branches of the oaks and myrtles I can see the whole procession of human life go by in fancy undisturbed. I may be rusty on the standing of the big leagues and the latest song hits on Broadway, but I can get more out of a book in my hammock than Mr. Gothamite can get out of his New York Public Library, and more fun out of my kiddies playing in real honest-to-goodness dirt than he can get out of a night at Coney Island or ten nights in a jazz parlor. All of which brings me to the conclusion that Cræsus with all his gold, Solomon with all his wives, Cyrus with all his soldiers, the Pharaohs with all their slaves, Cleopatra with all her charms, Napoleon with all his generals, and Louis XVI with all his furniture, could never purchase the freedom of movement, the peace of mind, the security of life and the friendliness of neighbors that are obtainable without price by the poorest moron of any of us who live in a small town.

There's a lot of fun in living in a one-horse town if you are capable of making your own little world. You probably couldn't be satisfied in the biggest town on earth if you are not naturally inclined to be busy, to be friendly, and to find your own and enjoy it no matter where you are.

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## She Fell in Love with a Dream Man

For three long-drawn-out years Susan had been engaged to Andrew. Now it began to look as if they would be through with each other before the preacher had a chance to say the magic words. Susan was desperate!

So, to hurry matters up, she invented a dream man—Clarence, who of course existed only in her mind, and he served his purpose well in chiding the tardy Andrew. Too well, in fact. Into this "Clarence" she built her ideal husband. Strangely the dream man of her heart thrilled her. Heart and soul she worshiped him. Fervently, passionately, and divinely she loved him—he was *so real*. And then she lost her Andrew. But one day the dream Clarence appeared in actual flesh and blood—and then—but you will want to read for yourself "Dear Clarence," by Grace Sartwell Mason—a really delightful story. Don't miss it—it's in the January WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.



## What Has Become of the Russian Nobility?

When the crowns in Russia tumbled and fell at the onslaught of Bolshevism, the crashing effect was so far-reaching that it scattered the noble scions of the "Little White Father" to the four winds and left them dangling all over Europe. Only a few years ago they were the blooded autocrats of all the Russias. To-day, their peaks leveled even below the plane of the proletariat, they are groveling with the masses for mere sustenance.

Can you imagine the poverty of circumstance that would make a titled Russian general become a bootblack—a daughter of a reigning house a seamstress by the day—or a countess with an entourage of servants being transformed into a chambermaid? But read these startling revelations of the faded Russian aristocracy—"The City of Exiles." It is only one of the many brilliant features of the January issue of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

*The January*

**WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION**

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

## Back Home—And Back

(Continued from page 33)

David. He was always a shy little boy. He isn't going round telling all about himself. His mother was that way. But, as well as they know him, these home-grown bumpkins of ours wouldn't even recognize the devil on Judgment Day! I only hope they haven't offended him—David, I mean. Authors are so sensitive. I'm going right over to the hotel and take him to my house. The idea of David Brown staying at the hotel, in his own home town!"

"I'm afraid you're too late, Mrs. Gardner,"—Frances couldn't keep the superiority out of her voice—"he's leaving on the four-ten."

"How do you know?" Mrs. Gardner arched her brows.

"Well," said Frances, "he said so when he was in here a while ago."

"Oh, my dear, why didn't you tell me? It'll be a blot on the fair name of Elk Bend that we failed to take to our hearts the most famous son that has ever gone out from our midst. I'm going to see about this."

And Frances Page just grabbed a good-looking hat, and jammed it on her head. She didn't give a whoop about the fair name of Elk Bend, but she *did* have a very decided flood of sympathy in her heart for David Brown. He had been there among them, the friends of his boyhood, and they had failed to recognize him for what he was. So nonchalantly he had stood there! Chatting with her whimsically, covering the hurt of their stupidity with that quizzical gentleness, talking to her about his book without letting her know.

IN TWO minutes the Carnegie Library of Elk Bend was closed, abandoned by its heretofore trustworthy keeper, who ran swiftly down the broad marble steps and swept indecorously around the corner toward Main Street.

In his shirt sleeves, Jerry Kramer was lounging in the door of his feed store when he saw her coming.

"Hello, Frances!" he said. "What's the big hurry?"

"Get your coat!" she ordered, as she opened the door of Jerry's much-bragged-about car, and slid into the front seat under the steering wheel.

"What's the big idea?" demanded Jerry.

"Never mind. Get your coat and come along; that's all."

"But I can't leave the store."

"Close the store. You'll only lose a few dollars. There's something in this world besides money!" she snapped.

In an instant Jerry emerged with his coat half on; and as he stepped on the running board Frances started with a suddenness that slammed him into his seat like a shot in the corner pocket.

"Where now?" he asked plaintively.

"Catching the four-ten."

"Can't!" said Jerry practically, looking at his watch. "She's due to leave this minute."

"I'll catch that train if I have to follow it to Buffalo," said Frances Page grimly.



spinning the big car around and up Main Street. In the next block she slid up to the curb in front of the Elk Valley bank, and stopped with a yank. "Go in and get Frank Lewis," she ordered, "dead or alive."

Under the hurried but determined ministrations of the obedient Jerry, Frank Lewis came out of the bank.

"Why all the excitement?" he asked.

"Catching the four-ten," called Frances over her shoulder, as she stepped on the gas.

"Is that all?" demanded Frank. "Well, I don't want to catch it."

But Frances slanted the fast-moving car back across the street, in violation of all of Elk Bend's traffic rules, to pick up Billy Barstow, who had come out of the "Times" office waving his arms frantically.

"What's up?" he said breathlessly, as he hopped on the running board.

Frances leaned over the wheel, and let her out: "David Brown's leaving town on the Express."

THE words were hardly out of her mouth, when the train thundered out of Elk Bend across Main Street, less than two blocks in front of the speeding car.

"Too late!" yelled Billy.

"Too late nothing!" Frances shot the car bumping across the tracks, just behind the Express and whirled to the left down a street that became the pike to Harvard Junction, sixteen miles away.

"We'll catch them at the Junction," she said, as the dial moved up past fifty.

"Good for you, Frances!" Billy was excited. Here was a real story for the "Times." "It'd never do to let Dave Brown get away like that," he explained jerkily to the other two. "Famous guy like him not to be recognized in his own home town makes all of us out a bunch of boobs. Besides, he'll probably go and write a story about it, and then the whole world will know what a lot of darn fools we've been."

Frances remained angrily silent and drove desperately on. That's all they thought of, saving their faces! Never thought about the hurt they'd done David Brown. It didn't occur to her to think that, if David was a real person, what they did, or did not do, would never faze him.

But it had. David slumped down in his seat in the Pullman and watched the fields of Indiana flow by—and he was sore. His vanity had been sadly hurt.

At the same time he had to laugh at himself for being such an unmitigated ass. He had got just what was coming to him, and he knew it. But, like most people, he didn't much relish what was coming to him. . . . He wondered idly what the train was slowing up for, and then realized they were at the junction, where they would change engines. They jolted to a swift, grumpy stop, and almost on the instant David got the surprise of his life.

"Here he is!" he heard someone yell.

And then he saw them, Billy Barstow in the van, followed by Frank Lewis and Jerry Kramer, all of them rushing down the aisle. They were upon him jovially, hoisterously, with all that village cut-up stuff which he scorned so thoroughly but to which he warmed in spite of himself.

"Why, Dave, what'ya trying to put over on us, beatin' it out of town like this?"



The chief factor in shaving comfort has been the most neglected. That factor is your *skin*. When your face smarts it's your *skin* that smarts. Williams' Shaving Cream also prepares the skin for the shave. The first feel of lather-luxury will show you how tremendously important that is.

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When we arrived at the Sanatorium Hazel had a badly deformed foot and walked on her toes. When we left 5 months later, she had a new straight foot and walked with her heel and ball of her foot flat on the floor. I shall gladly recommend your Sanatorium to any crippled person.

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The McLean Sanatorium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Foot, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our Book "Deformities and Paralysis" and "Book of References" sent free.

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835 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.



"Didn't you know you couldn't get away with that?"

"Chased you all the way in Jerry's car."

"There she is, out there. You ought of seen us comin'! With little Frances drivin' like the devil's own chauffeur."

David looked through the window. Outside he saw the long black car, with the girl leaning wearily on the steering wheel. One of the men jammed Dave's hat on his head. The others grabbed up his bags and pushed him down the aisle.

"Here's where you get off, kid," Billy Barstow was saying, tugging at one of his arms. "Old Elk Bend's got something on ice for the honorable David Brown."

A second later, his feet were on the ground and he was looking into the gypsy eyes of Frances Page. A new Frances Page, with the tremor of excitement on her red mouth and exaltation in her soul. There he stood, David Brown! The god of her dreams. Her heart was thumping at sight of him, just as it had throbbed to his written words. And there he was before her. A man, human like herself. She could reach out and touch him. He was real!

"It was you who brought them," he was saying.

"Oh," she pleaded, "please, David Brown, don't feel hard toward them."

BUT he wasn't thinking of "them" as he sat in the back seat between Billy Barstow and Frank Lewis, and watched her there in the front seat with Jerry Kramer, who had taken the wheel. He was asking himself how a girl like Frances Page could possibly marry a man like Jerry! All their noisy plans for his entertainment could not obliterate the thought. How could she? Of course, Jerry was a good fellow and all that; but she—she was something outside Jerry Kramer's slightest conception. Life is certainly puzzling.

But it is good. It had been good to David Brown; there was no denying that. He was acutely conscious of that very

thing some six weeks later back in New York as he sat at his customary breakfast, while Pete Heyward and the rest quizzed him about his trip.

"Well, Dave," said Pete, "how does it seem to go back to the old home town a conquering hero?"

"Great!" said David.

"Some business, that conquering hero stuff," insinuated someone.

"Oh, it wasn't that. But everybody was so genuine and friendly. They're real people, the back-home folks."

And because every man of them secretly hoped to do the same thing some day they were interested in the experiment, especially when David told them about Frances Page and how she had talked about his work that day at the library without knowing who he was.

"Now what do you think of that?" said Heyward; "a professional romancer, and he doesn't know romance when he sees it. Now there's a story for you! Gypsy-eyed librarian talks to young author whose work she has long had a passion for."

At that the four of them laughed, while David's glance roved expectantly toward the entrance. If he had planned it all down to the very last detail he couldn't have timed it better. There she stood, framed in the doorway, her gypsy eyes searching the room for him. Then she smiled and started uncertainly toward them.

"You're right, Pete," said David Brown, as he got up and placed her in his chair. "There is romance in that back-home stuff. If you don't believe it, ask Frances Page Brown."

Frances was a little overwhelmed, her quivering, excited hands clasped in their eager, friendly ones.

"Would you believe it," said Pete Heyward softly, half to himself, "he married the girl!" His eyes traveled from Frances back to David.

"Some fellows have all the luck! You ought to see the librarian back in my home town!"

# Most Folks Can Be Fooled About Furs

(Continued from page 40)

through underneath. If these pelts are made up and worn the hairs will soon begin to fall out and the garment will look almost as if it were moth-eaten.

"The quality of fur depends, too, on the section from which it comes. Muskrat, for instance, is found in practically all parts of North America; but that which comes from the Southern states is inferior in quality. When it is dyed and made up it is a 'Hudson seal' coat; there is no deception in selling it as such. But you would be deceived if you bought it thinking it was the best Hudson seal.

"A coat made of Northern muskrat will cost more at the start, but it is more economical in the long run. If taken care of and kept in repair such a coat will last for years. One of inferior quality, even though it looks well when purchased, will be shabby inside of a year or two.

"Another thing which the average customer does not know is that there is a

great difference among animals of the same species, living in the same section, and under the very same conditions.

"Mink ranges from a light yellow to a dark, rich brown; and you will get all these shades from the same section of the country. Animals of the same family, living in the same locality, differ in coloring and in size, as human beings do. You find them all the way from blond to brunet, and from dwarf to giant.

"SOMETIMES the light-colored mink is just as good in wearing quality as the dark; but it is less beautiful and therefore less desirable. So, of course, it is less expensive, even when it is blended; that is, when the hairs are brushed with dye to make them darker.

"On the other hand, natural muskrat is less in demand than the dyed muskrat, or Hudson seal. So the latter is more expensive. But these two cases are differ-





*new and revised*

# OUTLINE OF HISTORY

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And now is added the great Outline of History by H. G. Wells. Every family can have it at last, at a popular price, and in a new and vastly more convenient and more up-to-date edition.



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An extensive story of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War.

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An extended survey of United States history, with revised allusions to George Washington, Woodrow Wilson, and others.

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# P. F. Collier & Son Company

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## How I Made \$876 In One Month's Spare Time

My name is Rowe and I live in a small city in New York State.

Two years ago I was a baker—constantly hard up—living from hand to mouth.

And yet—to-day I am a successful business man. Last month I made \$876 during my spare time. I own our nine-room house, I have an automobile, I have money for books, the theater, or any other pleasures that I may want. I have the cash to-day to educate my son and send him through college.

## This Is How It Happened

One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I worked hard eight hours a day for \$50.00 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket, and the next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have to-day—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and withal, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats in America, but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock. All he does is take orders from Comer customers and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half of my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

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If you are interested in increasing your income from \$400 to \$1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write at once to The Comer Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio. This is their special offer: They will send you, without preliminary correspondence or red tape, a complete selling outfit with full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started. Sign and mail the coupon now and in less than a week you can be making more money than you ever believed possible.

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ent. The mink is dyed in order to imitate a finer grade of the natural fur. But the muskrat is dyed to produce something different, with a recognized value of its own.

"Because of all these differences, raw mink skins, for instance, may range in price from sixty cents to twenty dollars apiece at the auction sales. When made up, they bring two or three times as much at retail. Of course the cheap skins are not used for coats; but if they were, you can see how easy it would be for one mink coat to cost more than twenty times as much as another. It takes an expert to recognize all the grades of difference, to know when and where the animals were killed, and just how the pelts have been treated.

"A whole book could be written, for instance, on the subject of fox furs, enormous quantities of which are sold every season. The commonest kind is the red fox, which is found in many countries. The rarest is the silver fox, which is now being raised on 'fox farms,' especially on Prince Edward's Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia.

"PEOPLE thought that these farms would glut the market and so bring down the price. But up to the present, at least, the demand is still so far ahead of the supply that the price has not been affected. Many of the best animals raised have been kept, or sold, for breeding purposes. Good breeders sell for \$12,000 to \$15,000 a pair. Some of them brought \$40,000 a pair when these farms were first started.

"Fur farming has become quite an industry in Canada and is being encouraged by our Government also; for the demand is so great that some of the best fur-bearing animals will become very scarce in time, unless they can be preserved by breeding under protection.

"Both blue and black foxes have been raised successfully in captivity. The blue fox is found chiefly in parts of Alaska, Greenland, and the islands off the Alaskan coast. It is blue all the year round; the blue being really a blue-gray. White foxes are dyed to imitate it, but the expert can always tell the difference. A good natural blue fox scarf will cost \$300 to \$500; while a dyed one costs \$100 to \$150.

"White foxes are found in great numbers in Alaska and other Arctic countries. They are white only in winter; a protective coloring to make them not easily visible against the snow. Black foxes are found in different parts of Canada and British Columbia; but the ones that come from the most northern parts have fur that is harsher in texture. As a rule, the finest specimens of any fur are from animals bred in a wild state. But these black foxes of the extreme north have so hard a struggle for existence that it seems to rob their fur of some of its beauty.

"Cross fox is a red species that has a dark cross more or less plainly marked on the back and shoulders. Kit fox is not, as many people think, a baby fox, but a separate species. It is much smaller than the red ones and of a lighter color, with white underneath.

"Fox has a very wide range in price, from a few dollars for a common red to many hundreds of dollars for a fine silver.

"But the real aristocrat among furs is the Russian sable. These animals, which are something like a ferret, are small, most

of them being about eighteen inches in length without the tail, which is six or seven inches long. But some skins are only about eight inches in length, while others may be twenty-five inches long.

"There are several reasons for the high cost of sable. Of course the animals must be taken in the winter, a difficult and even dangerous thing in Northern Russia and Siberia. It is hard to trap them, especially as the skin should not be injured. So the supply, especially of the finest specimens, is never large; and I do not think any attempt has been made to breed them in captivity.

"But even if Russian sable were far more plentiful, it would still be expensive because it is so desirable. It is a very beautiful fur; soft and thick, yet very light in weight, and so pliable that a garment made of sable will fall in graceful folds, almost as if it did not have a leather, or skin, foundation. Yet with all its grace and softness it has excellent wearing qualities. So, you see, it has every feature that could help to make it worth a high price.

"And it is high! There's no question about that. It costs about twenty-five thousand dollars to get a Russian sable coat that is not even of the finest skins, although they would be good ones. I can give you comparative figures which will help you to realize the preëminence of Russian sable. Of course these figures are only general; prices are affected by many things aside from the quality of the furs themselves. But speaking in a general way elaborate fur garments of the finest skins would compare about like this:

"Alaska seal, \$2,000; ermine, \$2,500; broadtail, \$4,000; mink, \$4,500; chinchilla, \$30,000; Russian sable, \$80,000.

"The extremely high price of the finest Russian sable coat is due to the fact that it is almost impossible to match up enough very high-grade skins to make the garment. The fur ranges from canary yellow to black. It really isn't black, although that is the technical description of it. It is very dark brown. And these very rich dark skins are scarcer than the traditional 'hen's teeth.' To get together enough of them for a coat the furrier must spend months scouring the markets, and must pay a competitive price.

"THE animal which most nearly resembles the sable is the marten, several species of which are found in western Europe and in the northern part of North America. One of these, the pine marten, is known as 'American sable,' or sometimes as 'Hudson Bay sable.' Its general characteristics are the same as those of Russian sable; but its fur is not equal to the Russian in depth, richness, and luster. There are several other varieties of marten—stone marten and Jap marten, for instance—which are much used as neckpieces. When these various kinds are offered for sale, it really takes an expert to discriminate accurately as to their real quality.

"There are, of course, some varieties of furs which are easily recognizable even by the most inexperienced persons. Persian lamb and baby lamb—or broadtail, as it is often called—are so entirely unlike any other furs that no one can be mistaken about them. The differences in quality are more evident to the average person, too.





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most of this remarkable material in producing appointments of quality for kitchen, bathroom and laundry. They have created dependable faucets and ingenious appliances to supplement its service.

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"Persian lamb has returned to favor within the past year or two, after having had quite a long period of what you might call retirement. Women took rather a dislike to it some years ago, because it was then made up into stiff, uninteresting coats with as little grace and distinction to them as an ordinary tailor-made suit coat would have. But the designing of fur garments has developed amazingly, even within a few years.

"As for broadtail, it always has had, and always will have, a secure place for those who can afford to wear it. The skins are lovely—and perishable. They are particularly beautiful in combination with chinchilla, which is also 'lovely—and perishable.' But the woman who can afford this combination will have a garment which is a delight to the eye. It may cost her around five thousand dollars; but if she has plenty of money and loves beautiful things that isn't a bad investment.

"**Y**OU asked if people can't learn enough about furs to become good judges, and so not have to depend on the reliability of the dealer. I never have known anyone, outside of the fur business, on whose judgment I should have been willing to depend. Even when it comes to color—and you would think a person *could* easily become a judge of that point—those customers who do know, theoretically, what are the most desirable colors, cannot always pick them out in actual practice. Many will fail to distinguish between a dyed or blended fur and a natural one.

"In almost all furs, color is highly important. It may have nothing to do with the wearing quality, but it has an enormous effect on the price; for there is always *one best shade* of any particular fur.

"In mink, it is a dark rich brown. In Russian sable, which varies from canary yellow to almost black, the value increases as the color grows darker. In ermine, it must be an absolutely pure white, with no trace of yellow. I have heard women *ask* for ermine with a tinge of yellow. They said they had seen some member of the European nobility wearing ermine of that kind, and they wanted something of the same sort. Probably the person they wanted to copy had inherited an ermine coat which had become yellow with age. I expect she wore it because she couldn't afford a new one.

"The best chinchilla is what we call 'blue.' It should have no tinge of yellow, nor a dirty, sooty look. The best squirrel also is 'blue.' If it has a rusty streak along the middle of the back it is not so desirable. Squirrel ranges in color from a very pale gray to a much darker shade. That which is pale in color is worth less than the dark. In fact, in most furs, the darker shades are considered the best.

"There is a great difference in the natural wearing qualities of different kinds of furs. They might be put into three groups:

Most Durable	Medium	Most Perishable
Mink	Russian Sable	Chinchilla
Alaska Seal	Hudson Seal	Baby Lamb
Skunk	Fox	Rabbit
Raccoon	Ermine	Mole
Fisher	Persian Lamb	
Beaver	Squirrel	
	Marten	
	Lynx	

"This does not begin to include all the

furs that are used, but will give you an idea of the comparative wearing qualities of some of them. Naturally, this doesn't mean that a *poor* fur of the first group would wear better than a *good* fur of the second group. It is a comparison of the *best* in all three groups.

"Chinchilla is very delicate; but is so beautiful that women find it irresistible—if they have the money to pay for it. The chinchilla is a little animal found in the mountains of South America. Fine specimens are rare and it takes eighty or one hundred skins to make a coat, or wrap, which will sell for from twenty to thirty thousand dollars.

"Ermine is a much smaller animal, a species of weasel, which lives in the northern part of Russia and Siberia. An ermine coat will contain from 250 to 350 skins and will cost from \$2,000 to \$2,500. This little creature changes its color according to the season. Nature protects it by making it pure white among the snows of winter and transforming it to a dull light brown in summer. This 'summer ermine' makes up quite attractively, but is, of course, less desirable than the pure white. A coat of summer ermine would cost about a thousand dollars.

"White rabbit is sometimes dyed and used under the name of 'bunny ermine.' Very soft and light capes for summer are made by cutting this fur into inch-wide strips and sewing them in rows on a georgette foundation. Rabbit, in fact, is used for many kinds of fur garments. It is sheared, to make the hairs shorter, and is dyed or blended to get the desired effect. 'French seal' and 'electric seal' are trade names for dyed coney or rabbit. Longer-haired rabbit is blended and used as 'bunny chinchilla.' These are not deceptions, for they do not claim to be what they are not.

"**T**HE demand for furs has increased so enormously that every kind of fur-bearing animal, from moles to monkeys and from a chipmunk to a chinchilla, has had to pay tribute. We have made up some stunning sports coats in which we used chipmunk. Monkey fur, the long black variety, has had a great vogue recently for trimmings. Even common cat fur is used for inexpensive sets for children. The skins of Chinese dogs are dyed and used to some extent for scarfs and muffs. Pony-skin coats were very popular a few years ago. In fact, there is scarcely an animal, except the common rats and mice, whose skin is not used in some way.

"Alaska seal is sometimes used in the natural color; but usually, of course, it is dyed. The whole process of dressing, shearing, and dyeing it is a very long and elaborate one. The skins average four or five feet long, although there are a good many, from young animals called 'pups,' that are about three feet in length. The skin of a big 'bull seal' is enormous, often six by eleven feet in size. But the fur is stiff and harsh, so that the skin is used only for leather.

"Alaska seal and beaver are the warmest of all furs. Under government protection the supply of Alaska seal is now assured.

"Of late years, mole has been an extremely popular fur, and almost incredible quantities of the tiny skins have been used. It is not unusual for a coat to con-

tain five hundred mole skins. This season we made coats containing seven hundred skins! The chief source of supply is Scotland, which exports hundreds of thousands of skins annually, the animals being raised for that purpose. Mole makes up very beautifully, but it is so delicate that it quickly shows wear if it receives hard usage.

"One of the features of the fur trade during the past few years has been the popularity of squirrel, not only in coats—thousands of which have been sold—but also as neckpieces and in combination with seal, or with Persian lamb and baby lamb. This is European squirrel, the American variety being good for nothing except the cheapest sets for children. Siberian squirrel is quite different from the other European varieties. It looks something like chinchilla and costs much more than the plain gray. The gray is often blended a rich brown, in which guise it is sometimes mistaken for kolinsky, another Russian fur. The kolinsky is a smaller animal than the squirrel, and the fur is softer and finer.

"The one fur in which the greatest number of women will be personally interested is undoubtedly Hudson seal. In recent years it has become perhaps the most important item in the general fur trade. Even ten years ago, it held a very different position from the one it has to-day. When furriers began to make coats of it the selection of skins was poor and the workmanship very indifferent. It was regarded as a cheap 'imitation' of Alaska seal.

"But all this has changed decidedly. We have learned how to dress the skins, how to improve them by shearing, how to dye them beautifully. Hudson seal is no longer an 'imitation.' It stands on its own merits, and they are very real ones, especially to the woman who wants an attractive and serviceable garment at a moderate price. It has become a staple fur with an assured position.

"Skunk is always in demand—sometimes more and sometimes less. It has splendid wearing qualities and is particularly useful for collars and cuffs on other fur garments, or for scarfs and capes. It hasn't the softness of the finer furs, but has what you might call a rugged charm of its own. Australian opossum is useful in the same ways, but is not so durable, having a tendency to mat. Badger is being used a great deal now for collars and cuffs with striking effect. Raccoon is a standby for motor coats, as well as for collars and cuffs. Caracul has been having a great vogue the past year or two, especially in the lighter shades.

"**B**UT one could go on almost indefinitely, naming the furs which you can see on any fashionable thoroughfare in any town on a winter afternoon, for the fur industry has grown enormously of recent years. Probably millions of dollars' worth of furs are worn, even in summer as scarfs and neckpieces. Millions of raw skins are marketed annually. The largest kind, of which the skin is used entire, is the seal. The smallest is the mole. The costliest is the Russian sable. The cheapest—well, say the chipmunk at perhaps ten cents apiece wholesale. And between these extremes there are all sizes and all prices."



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# The Hand of Fate

(Continued from page 44)

you've been in love lots of times?" Malcolm's clean-cut lips twisted in an amused smile.

"Oh, I'm always in love—except between times when I come up for air. I suppose it isn't really love, but I get an awful thrill out of it just the same."

"Oh," said Mary. She did not need to ask him anything more. Somehow from his manner she knew that it was "between times." He was merely "up for air."

All through the week, she was strangely unhappy. She would not have admitted that she wanted Malcolm Bart to be in love with her; yet, because he obviously did not dream of it, she was incredibly hurt. Next week—and she looked forward to it with a tingling determination, though she had no very clear idea what she was going to do.

But when next week came a very small thing balked her. Malcolm was desperately sleepy. He had been to a very late dance the night before. Their dinner conversation was fragmentary, except once when Malcolm roused himself to give a glowing account of the dance. At the end of the meal he said: "Mary, I've got to go home and get some sleep. I'm terribly sorry."

They walked to the subway in silence. At the entrance, Mary said: "You needn't go home with me. I don't mind."

She thought she would be glad to be rid of him quickly, so she need not cover up the keenness of her disappointment at having everything go so wrong.

"I was just wondering if you'd mind," Malcolm was saying. "Of course, if it weren't so early—"

ON THE way home, Mary's feelings underwent a change. She was probably the only girl of Malcolm's acquaintance whom he would have allowed to go home alone. Those girls he had danced with the night before—would he have let any one of them? Or Mr. Marden's new secretary? Why, she would never have been left by any man to go home unescorted.

On reaching home she was still angry with Malcolm, and then her thoughts took a new direction. For the first time in her life she pondered seriously upon Eleanor's theories about men.

What Eleanor had said was as distasteful to her as ever, for Eleanor's ideas seemed to make friendship between men and women a game in which things were false and insincere. Yet, if it was a game every girl played she must play it too.

She decided that each week, when the time came, she would be airily plausible about it, and break her date with him. Then, if he cared at all, something was bound to happen! She wanted him—she knew it now—to *thrill* about her. And she resented it furiously that he did not.

So the next day, when Malcolm stopped to speak to her and say, "Oh, such a good sleep!" she glanced up with an air of abstraction. When he had passed on, looking a little puzzled, her eyes followed him. From his desk he flashed her one of his quick smiles as if to say, "There's nothing really the matter, is there?"

For three successive weeks Mary broke her dinner engagements with Malcolm. Each time he looked puzzled, then hurt. She herself went home to an abhorrently lonely evening. Her life was back on a dead level of monotony. When she saw him increase his attentions to Edith Noyes, she had a feeling of panic that she was losing him entirely. But Washington's Birthday put an end to this period of gloom.

MARY slept late to celebrate the holiday. About ten o'clock there was a knock and her door was opened cautiously. A square purple box was thrust through the aperture by the stolid Swedish maid. After throwing a kimono around her Mary untied the box with trembling fingers. It must be from him—yet how could it be? But there was no one else in New York to send her violets.

She searched frantically for the card, which read:

Dear Fifty-fifty Girl: Let's bury the hatchet in memory of George. To do this properly, we must go somewhere to eat and dance. I'll telephone you at noon, so be prepared to say "yes." Yours, thoroughly awake,

MALCOLM.

P. S. This is *not* one of your kind of parties.

She hugged the violets to her excitedly as she read the card again. A thrill of triumph surged through her. She had brought Malcolm to his senses.

Her attention swung from Malcolm to the problem of what to wear. Of course, in the end it would have to be her suit, her fluffiest waist, a new, close-fitting hat which even Eleanor said was becoming, and the pretty fur for which her mother had sent her the money at Christmas.

When Malcolm telephoned, he asked if he should call for her. Before she thought Mary said no, and they arranged to meet at the big hotel where they were to have dinner and dance. Afterward she realized that she should have let him call for her, as part of the new program. She had made a stupid mistake, when she particularly wanted to indicate to him that things were to be different from now on. For she went to meet Malcolm with every intention of impressing him with the fact that henceforth she, like other girls, would demand much and give little.

For that reason, Malcolm's comment on the late state of coolness between them was unfortunate—the first unfortunate occurrence of a remarkably unsuccessful evening. He met her in the big lobby and conducted her to the low-ceilinged grill-room, where they sat on the cushioned seat that ran the length of the room.

"Now, Mary, 'fess up you were peeved with me," he said, playing with a tail of her fur as it lay across her lap. "I suppose it was that night I was sleepy and rude. Most girls would have been sore, but I didn't think you would be, somehow."

Mary frowned. He was still assuming that she was different from other girls.

"Why not?" she demanded crisply.

"You're so dog-gone understanding. . . . I could tell you 'most anything. . . . Mary, I'm in the deuce of a fix. It's—a girl."

He shook the ice in his glass nervously, and then went on: "I've played around with her quite a lot. One night I rather—lost my head—and now—I'm dead sure she thinks we're as good as engaged. Gee, I've missed you, Mary. I knew you'd tell me what I ought to do."

"You have no idea of being engaged to her?"

He shook his head, frowning. "I don't know whether you know I have a mother who has to live out in Arizona. There's no one but me to support her. I can't dream of getting married yet."

"It's too bad you didn't think of that before," Mary said dryly.

"You're the deuce of a lot of help!" remonstrated Malcolm, the furrow still between his eyes. "Now look here, you don't mean to tell me that because a chap kisses a girl—a bit—he's in honor bound to marry her! . . . Especially—if she wanted him to?"

"The woman tempted me," mocked Mary. She looked steadily back into his troubled face. His eyes were dark blue. He had an almost whimsical mouth and a firm, clean-cut jaw. It was easy to see why people liked him.

"No," she said, "of course you aren't bound to marry her . . . only, the sooner you explain it to her the better."

Malcolm sighed heavily, as if he did not like the prospect. While they were dancing, he burst out—

"Girls, honestly, are the limit! They all think you want to marry them if you look at them sideways!"

Mary wriggled, and Malcolm looked down at her.

"Oh, not *you*," he explained reassuringly. "That's what I like about you. A chap doesn't have to be forever on his guard."

The worst of it was he thought he was paying her a compliment. Masculine and obtuse, he did not know he had put the finishing touch to Mary's evening. But he took her advice about the girl.

A MONTH later, Malcolm's mother died. Mary was shocked by the change in him when he came back from the West. He looked older and seemed shaken. Yet only once did he talk to Mary of what he was going through. He had hoped to bring his mother back East next year.

"I feel rudderless now," he said. "She gave me something to work for. A man needs someone besides himself. . . . I don't know why I tell you all this. Only, you understand things."

Mary liked the new Malcolm better than the one of abounding assurance.

The sequel to this conversation came a few weeks later. As they were leaving the restaurant, after Malcolm had had his French lesson, Malcolm said abruptly:

"I wish I were married."

Mary did not answer; her heart was pounding. Malcolm continued, "But you can't be married if you're not in love . . . and I've given up playing around with my old girls."

Mary experienced a shock. Suddenly she wanted to hurt him, and said, "Still,





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# FAIRY SOAP

## HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



that's no barrier. . . . You fall in love so easily."

They were on their way to the movies and the street was too dark for Malcolm to see her face.

"Are you making fun of me?" he demanded.

"Certainly not," Mary answered coolly.

But her remark bore unexpected fruit a few days later. Malcolm told her he had been thinking it over and he had decided two things: first, that a bachelor led the most futile life in the world, and, second, that it was only living if you formed a partnership and worked things out with someone else. He had hit upon a scheme, which, though it might sound strange and not over-romantic, he believed would work. With the utmost seriousness he showed Mary a list containing the names of seven girls.

"I've been keen about them all at one time or another," he explained. "Some of them I've kind of lost track of, but I'll look them up again and rush each one in order. It's perfectly possible that in that list is the right girl."

MARY agreed that it was a unique idea. Beyond that, she did not commit herself. But suddenly she was herself seized with a determination to control the course of Fate. She said to herself that Malcolm should *not* fall in love with any of those girls. She did not know how she was going to prevent it, but she was sure that she would.

The "trying out" went busily on for a month. Then, one Saturday afternoon, in a quiet corner of the woodsy "Ramble" in Central Park, Malcolm confessed that he was disheartened.

"Would you think it would be so hard to fall in love with girls you'd once been in love with?" he complained. He checked off each failure in order.

"One' and 'three' and 'four' were impossible—no longer any thrill. 'Two' was cute and easy to look at, but nothing much above the eyebrows—probably bore you stiff before the honeymoon was over." He paused. "'Five' is an awful peach and she'd make the best wife of the bunch, good disposition and all, but, golly, I couldn't fall in love with her! 'Six' is already engaged, and 'seven,' well," he drew a long breath, "I could get lots of thrills over 'seven,' only—"

"Only what?" prompted Mary.

Malcolm did not answer this directly.

"Mary," he said thoughtfully, "I wonder if there is anything to this thrill business? The way I've ranted sounds as if I thought thrills were the only thing in the world, but I don't. They're surface stuff. Only—they *do* play their part. The point is to get them hitched up to something more solid—to the kind of girl you could spend your life with. But the best kind of headwork isn't going to produce any thrills over 'five.' . . . I guess it doesn't work, after all. I've just been disgustingly cold-blooded. I give it up."

Mary's temper had been rising. Her eyes were bright and the color glowed in her face. Suddenly she exclaimed: "I know one thing. I'd never in the world marry a man I didn't thrill about or who didn't thrill about me!"

Malcolm looked at her in surprised silence. Her face, vivid with the light of her conviction, held his attention.

"Wouldn't you?" he asked with interest. He got up and joined her, then laughed teasingly, "I never knew you were so . . . sentimental!"

She refused his invitation to dinner that night, for she wanted to be by herself to think. The most surprising thing had suddenly flashed upon her:

"Malcolm really likes me better than anyone else he knows."

Well, didn't he? It was she to whom he always turned for advice and comfort. They had the best times together. Malcolm said so himself.

"He likes me better than anyone else he knows," she repeated firmly. "What am I going to do to make him realize it?"

She thought over what he had said about thrills being only surface stuff, though they did play their part. She stood leaning her arms on the high chiffonier, inspecting her reflection in the mirror. She had on a mannish tailored waist, collar and tie; her auburn hair was combed smoothly back from her low forehead and fastened in a simple knot at her neck. She frowned at herself.

"Of course Malcolm doesn't thrill about me," she thought. "I don't look a bit—feminine."

She took the hairpins out of her hair and used a comb to "rough" it. Then she tried various elaborate arrangements. The effect was surprising.

"I need some good-looking clothes," she decided. "It doesn't do any good for Malcolm to like me if he doesn't *see* me!" She held her face nearer to the mirror. "I'm not so bad-looking, if I can make him see that I'm a *girl*!"

She decided to enlist Eleanor as an accomplice. Eleanor could invite Malcolm to dinner. That would supply the necessary "home atmosphere."

THE next day she arranged it with Eleanor by telephone. She did more than that. She sank one month's pay in a marvelous green and gold gown. The gown had disturbed her peace for two weeks from the window of a Fifth Avenue shop. But she groaned at the course she was taking. It was dreadfully old stuff.

Eleanor was kindness itself, and forbore to put her triumph into words. Magnanimously she offered to arrange Mary's hair. Eleanor had a special knack for that kind of thing. And Mary, with her hair brushed until it was lustrous and coiled high upon her head, felt a new power tingling through her veins when she entered the living-room that evening. She knew that for once in her life she was devastatingly charming. The very coolness of her shimmering green and gold gown set off the warmth of her coloring, especially the lights in her brown eyes.

When they entered the living-room, Eleanor's husband, Tom, struck an attitude of admiration and demanded an introduction. But it was the spontaneity of Malcolm's admiration a few minutes later that amused them all. For when he first turned to Mary there wasn't a trace of recognition in his eyes. Then he drew a breath and exclaimed, "Ye gods!"

They all laughed at that, and, after a surprised second, Malcolm joined them.

It was an unusually merry dinner. Afterward they played some very bad auction and had an enormous amount of fun over it. When it was time to go, Mal-

colm insisted on telephoning for a taxi.

From the moment she got into the taxi, Mary knew that something had come over Malcolm. The very silence was dangerous. In a strained tone he exclaimed, "Mary!"

She tried to steel herself against the beating of her heart. She had not been prepared for such instantaneous success, nor for Malcolm's humility.

"Mary, I've been an awful fool. I wish you'd tell me what's been the matter. I can't understand why I never got a good look at you until to-night! *Why* did you let me flounder around with 'fives' and 'sevens,' when it was you all the time!"

Mary looked back into his eloquent face and felt a glow of happiness. In the next moment she became conscious of another emotion, not of shame exactly but of something surprisingly like it. It had all been so easy—this "feminine" stuff. Men had no defense, and yet, even though it had worked as Mary hoped it would, she knew it for what it was—the most unfair weapon a girl could use. Deliberately to charm a man was to create an illusion of love that frequently had nothing real behind it.

"Wait a minute, Malcolm, I'm going to tell you something. I—I meant you to say what you've just said. It made me furious to have you think I was so different from other girls. I'm not. That's the reason I fluffed my hair and bought the best-looking dress I could, and invited you to Eleanor's to—admire me. I'm like any other girl, only if I hadn't *made* you thrill about me, I believe you'd never have found it out."

Malcolm stared, incredulous. Then, to Mary's surprise, he laughed.

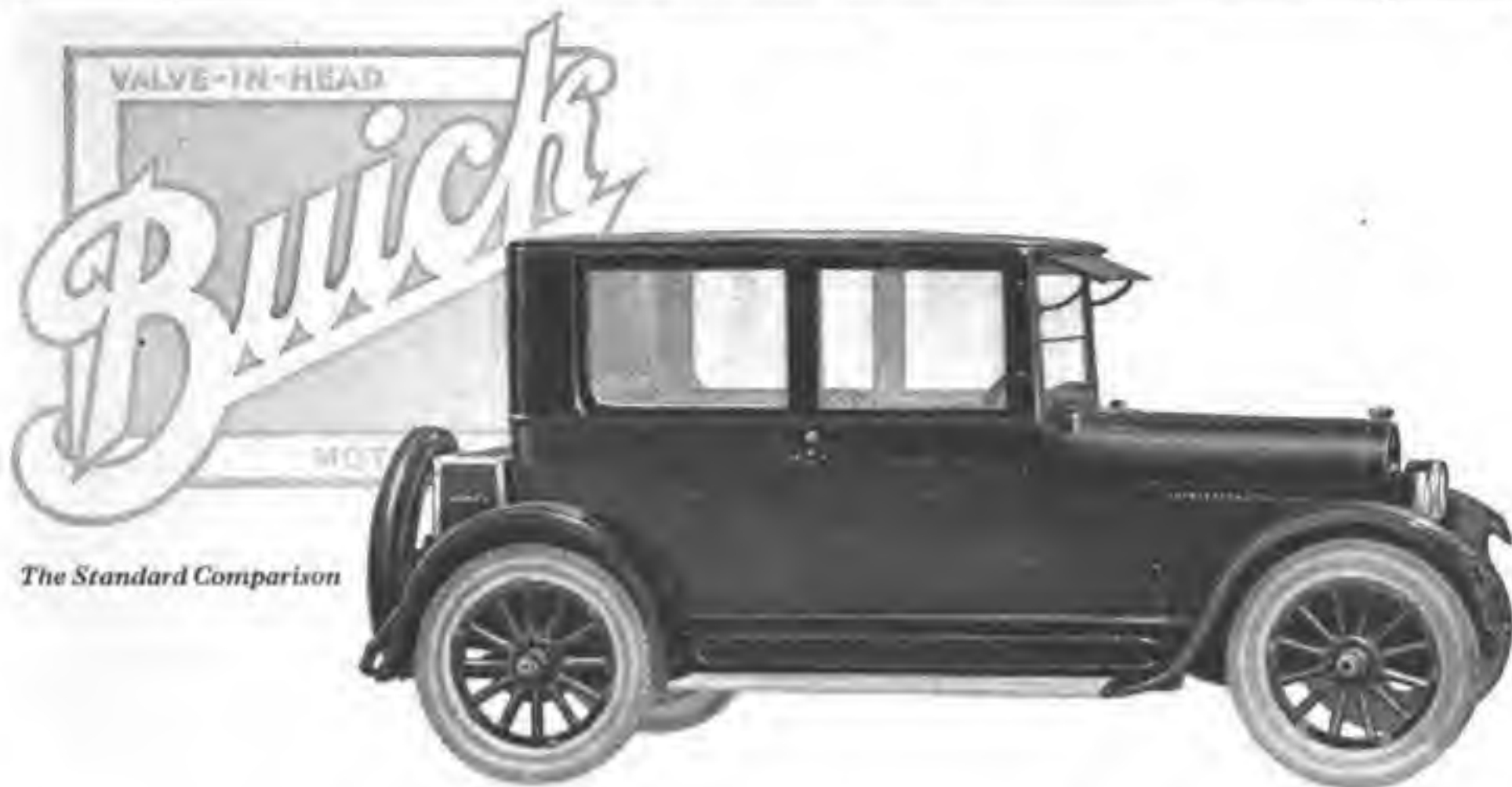
"Just like every other girl!" he repeated. "You were never so wrong in your life. You're so darned square! Not a girl in a million would have told a man that—kind of showed him how she pulled the ropes." Then his face grew serious, and he felt for her hand. "Mary, I'll tell you something. I'm humiliated as the devil to think I didn't know how I felt without your having to help me. But as for your thinking I never would have known, you're wrong. Men may be built so they fall for thrills; but if they're worth anything, squareness and companionableness register biggest in the long run. . . . Don't you believe that?"

MARY, looking into his serious face, believed it.

Later, in her room, as she struggled to unfasten the intricacies of the gold-green dress, she relived the ride home. Malcolm himself had suggested that he go on probation, as he put it, and "live down his frivolous past."

She turned out the light and lay in bed with a mind and heart too full for sleep. Once she had imagined that Love came, the gift of Fate. How she had resented it because Eleanor said one must work for it! Yet there seemed to be something in what Eleanor had said. Perhaps the truth lay between extremes—truth very often did. She was glad she had been square, but now from her new vantage point, she was glad of another thing . . . that she herself had taken a hand. After all, no girl could afford to leave her future happiness entirely in the capricious hands of Fate.





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## THE FAMILY'S MONEY

# Are You Teaching Your Children How to Spend?

**W**HEN little John and Mary—our two children—grew old enough to earn some money of their own by running errands and doing odd jobs about the neighborhood, my husband gave them a lecture on the subject of saving money. He explained that we would buy for them the things they actually needed; but that they must learn not to spend every cent they earned for candy, soda water, motion pictures, and other passing pleasures.

I agreed thoroughly with my husband that this was the proper thing to do; but we learned during the next few months that there was more than one angle to the problem of teaching children to save. Our first trouble lay in failing to make the habit of thrift attractive to our children by showing them how they would benefit from it. They felt that we were depriving them of pleasures that other people enjoyed. They resented this.

I got a cue to Johnnie's frame of mind when a woman carrying a heavy suit case stopped to rest for a moment in front of our house. I noticed that she glanced longingly at the boy's coaster by the porch steps, and I said, "There, Johnnie, is a chance for you to make some money. I'll bet that woman would like to have you haul her suit case." The boy jumped up, eager and alert. Then, suddenly, the interest died out of his face, and he said, disgustedly, "Aw, what's the use of making any money? Dad won't let me spend it, anyway!"

That same day I got another shock when Mary came in fairly dancing with happiness. "Oh, Mama," she exclaimed, "Mrs. Anderson gave me a quarter for taking care of the baby while she went down-street, and I'm going to buy a new hair ribbon! But don't you tell Dad, because he wouldn't let me spend my quarter." And she skipped off before I could recover my wits.

**H**ERE was food for thought. I felt sure that neither of the children meant to be impudent or disobedient. These trifling incidents showed plainly that they didn't like the way their money matters were being handled. Somewhere there must be a flaw in our ambitious plans.

The loving care that was bestowed upon that hair ribbon was a revelation to me. I never found it tossed on the floor, full of unsightly wrinkles, showing that Mary had worn it to bed or used it for a doll's sash. She acquired habits of neatness that I had been trying to teach her for months. When she took it off she folded it in a drawer with her most cherished possessions, and it far outlasted any other ribbon she ever had.

John and I talked over the episode of the hair ribbon, and decided to give the boy a test and see how he would react to it. He wanted a new cap badly, and when we told him if he wished to use his own money he could pick one out for himself,

he was delighted. Johnnie, too, guarded his new cap with jealous care. When he came in he hung it on the rack—an act without precedent in the history of his long string of caps. He never risked being late for school searching for it in forgotten corners when he was ready to start. Nor did I have to remind him not to use it for a football in his rough-and-rumble games. It was self-evident that buying and paying for these things had added greatly to their sentimental value.

So we came to the conclusion that it is not good policy to go to one extreme or the other. My neighbor, Mrs. Porter, allows her son Bobbie to spend all of his money for any indigestible that happens to strike his fancy; John was going to extremes in asking the children to save all of theirs. Now, we've hit upon a happy medium. We insist on the children putting part of their money in bank; the balance they are free to spend as they wish. But because they are permitted to decide for themselves, they are far more interested in saving than spending it.

**C**HILDREN are not as strong to resist temptation as older folks, and if they do not have some pocket money to buy the little odds and ends so dear to the childish heart it is not at all unlikely they will resort to questionable means of getting them. I'll never forget the heart-to-heart talk I had with Johnnie that day he told me in his confiding way how little Willie McClure had "swiped" a ball in Smith's store. I could see that Johnnie considered it a shocking thing to do; but he couldn't help thinking how easily Willie had got away with that ball. At the same time, Mrs. McClure prides herself on her discipline. She never had any money of her own to spend when she was a child, she says, and she can't "for the life of her" see why her children should have any.

We take the children with us on many shopping trips, and explain that it is more economical to buy one thing than another, and tell them why. We send them often on shopping tours alone and try to anticipate their mistakes.

If the purchase is exactly right, we don't hesitate to say so, and if it is not just the right thing we tell them "it will do this time, but you must be more careful in the future." It is not well to scold, for fear they will lose confidence in themselves. Nor do we send them back to exchange anything, except in very rare cases. If we did, they might get careless and think, "Oh, well, if it isn't right I can exchange it."

I never have to coax my children to go to the store for me as some mothers do. They are eager and interested. Instead of a task to be finished as quickly as possible, it appeals to them as a game in which they are anxious to excel. Although very young, they are already quite efficient shoppers.

MRS. L. M. P.



THE extraordinary increase of Hupmobiles in your own locality this year was not peculiar to that locality alone.

Everywhere in America, Hupmobiles were being bought at a rate never before recorded.

By mid-October, our domestic market—without special inducement or special stimulation—had absorbed twice as many cars as in any previous entire year.

This growth is sound and substantial. It is rooted deep in the satisfaction of thousands who ask nothing finer than the Hupmobile in the way of a motor car.





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When you serve a Premium Ham you enhance your reputation as a hostess. For, in the tenderness and exquisite flavor of this ham, your guests perceive that you have chosen for them with most considerate care

## Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon

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to parboil  
Swift's Premium  
Ham



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Cover the butt end of a Premium Ham with cold water, bring to boil and simmer gently, allowing 20 minutes for each pound. Then remove the rind and—here's the special touch—spread mustard over the ham fat and sprinkle generously with brown sugar. Stud the top with cloves and bake for an hour in a moderate oven.

**Swift & Company  
U. S. A.**





## On the family breakfast table since 1879

Sit down to breakfast with a steaming-hot dish of Wheatena to start the day! Every spoonful of this old-time favorite, with its nut-brown flavor, invites another.

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Serve Wheatena for breakfast. It's ready for the table in three minutes. Use it also for muffins, cookies and desserts—for thickening soups, chowders and gravies. You'll be delighted with the many delicious ways it may be used in varying your daily menus.

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*all wheat, nut-brown and sweet*





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*They "look it" because they ARE fine; nothing but  
the best woolens, style and tailoring go into them  
They're economical because they wear so long*

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# The American Magazine

February, 1923

JOHN M. SIDDALL, Editor

Vol. xcv

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

George D. Buckley, President; Lee W. Maxwell, Vice President; Thomas H. Beek, Vice President; J. E. Miller, Vice President;  
A. D. Mayo, Secretary; A. E. Winger, Treasurer

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$2.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$5.00 per Year.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., and Harrisburg, Pa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.  
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# The finest complexion treatment is the simplest

## Here it is:

Most women have, and take great pride in having, normal skin—differing, perhaps, in texture and in ability to resist various conditions of life and weather, but normally healthy.

For such skin, the highest authorities agree that the finest complexion treatment available is the simplest—*soap-and-water cleansing*.

This old-fashioned, but authoritative, fact may save you trouble, and pain, and even the loss of

the good complexion you now have.

To million of women, "soap-and-water cleanliness" means "Ivory-Soap and-water cleanliness."

*As any reputable physician will tell you, soap, whatever claims may be made for it, can do for your skin only one good thing—cleanse it safely.*

*That is the duty, the privilege and the destiny of Ivory Soap—to cleanse safely. Through forty-four years it has made no other claim.*

Ivory Soap *must cleanse*, because it lathers abundantly and rinses off completely and promptly.

It must cleanse *safely*, because it is made of the very finest of pure ingredients, blended to produce a pure, mild, white and delightfully fragrant soap—which floats.

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to pay only for *pure soap*, which contains no "mysteries" and offers no "magic" except the soothing magic of cleanliness.

PROCTER & GAMBLE

## IVORY SOAP

99 44/100% PURE IT FLOATS



Julia, maid of maids, is as concerned as if the blouse were her own, instead of Sally Jollyco's. Its delicate crepe is faded and torn. Sally washed it *herself*, with soap of her own choosing.

"Oh, and I warned her, Mrs. Jollyco. But she wouldn't listen."

"I know, Julia," says Mrs. Jollyco. "Miss Sally is one of those who learn only by experience. Perhaps next time she will use Ivory. Then she won't have to rub, and there will be no fading or tearing."



*Side out on a triple play!* The professor notes this thought: "Clean bodies make keen minds." Well, if Bobby keeps on resisting soap, we don't know how he is going to be a famous shortstop—even with the help of his canine friend, *Ulysses*.



"Why, Sally Jollyco!" cries Miss Tippet, the family nurse. "What's that Mrs. Prowl doing in here?"

"Now, Tippet, you go right away!" says Sally. "Mrs. Prowl says this new soap will keep me beautiful."

"Oh dear, oh dear! And after I brought you up so careful on Ivory Soap, too!"

Poor Sally! She has a terrible time, doesn't she? but Miss Tippet is right—soap keeps one *pretty* only by keeping one *clean*. Ivory does that, and gently, too!





## I Know 8,750 People— How Many Do You Know?

Stories from the experiences of one whose business it has been to travel up and down and across the country for years

*By Hugh S. Fullerton*

ONE evening, during a meeting of baseball club owners, managers and officials in New York, Cal Ewing, from Oakland, California, introduced me to two men, one of whom was from Asheville, North Carolina. After shaking hands, I said to the Asheville man, "How are Homer and George Cathey getting along?"

We talked for a time about Judge Adams and Broun, then of some of the fellows around Asheville and Skyland. I recalled that Ham Hyatt, the old ball player, came from out Deever way, on Hominy Creek, beyond Penlands, and remarked that Hyatt and I had had some good quail shooting there and had spent some time on the Hays estate. The other man I had just met began telling about the quail that swarmed around his home town, Waycross, Georgia, and I said to him, "How is Old Man Obadiah Barber? Is he still killing bear down in the Okefenokee?"

The Georgia man was saying that Obadiah still was a great bear hunter, when an old acquaintance came up. I shook hands with him and said:

"Did Amman Carter come up with you from Fort Worth?"

The Georgian stared for an instant, and then, unable to hold in any longer, he said, "Say, mister, do you know everyone in this whole world?"

Not quite. There are 110,000,000 people in the United States, and I know only 8,750 of them well enough to recognize them and call their names, or at least to remember that I ought to know their names. During the last thirty or forty years I have met at least 25,000 persons, and by the closest calculation possible remember one third of them.

Instead of being proud of knowing as many people as I do, I am ashamed not to remember more. For more than thirty years my stock in trade has been meeting and knowing people, and I count every day lost unless I meet at least one person who tells me something new and interesting enough to fix him in mind.

It is not difficult to recall men and women with whom you have worked, with whom you have gone through some excit-

ing experience, or even those who have told you a new story. These are the persons you will probably recall first, if you have occasion, as I did the other day, to send out an announcement. I sat down and wrote the names, addresses, and the familiar name of more than four hundred persons. Not till then did I have to consult my address book, which contains the names and addresses of more than two thousand persons well enough known to make me want to keep posted regarding their fate.

Remembering people is natural to some of us. It never has been a conscious effort with me. I find that my mind associates every person with some scene or with some other person. Many times it is impossible to remember a man's name until the scene of previous meeting is recalled; then he takes his place in the mental picture as plainly as in a photograph.

SOME readers may get the idea that I am writing a boast about my good memory, but the fact is I know my memory is freaky. The family has many laughs about it. Once, when I was going to California, my wife asked me to be certain to hunt up Laura, who lived at San Mateo, and gave me the name of the man Laura had married. A week or so later I wrote that, having searched San Mateo from end to end, it was necessary to report that no person named Heintz ever lived there, to which she replied, "Look up Snyder. You picked the wrong pickles." This was a case of unconscious association, of course, and it gives a clue to how a memory works.

So this is not boastful at all; merely a story about people. I am writing it because the Editor happened one day to ask what struck me as most interesting in life, and my answer was, "The number of people I have known."

"How many do you know?" he demanded.

It seemed a foolish question then, but that evening I started to calculate and found it worth while, because in just thinking over the list a fellow recalls many names he has almost forgotten, and the chances are that, before he gets through, he'll sit down and write letters

and cards, and bring back into his life a lot of persons who are worth-while. Instead of being a foolish employment it became the most pleasant of tasks.

FIRST, I took the atlas and started with Maine—Kennebunk, Rangeley, Meddybemps, Aroostook, Crawford. I ran over in my mind the people I knew who lived in that state—Jack Coombs, Bill Allen, and Big Tucker from Bangor; McQuade at Aroostook—a score or more. It was two o'clock when the missus wanted to know whether I was going to sit up all night, and I had just reached Memphis and was wondering how Mooney, Scarborough, Clemons and Gene Demont, and the good fellows around the Chickasaw Guards and all the others were. I was two nights getting to California, and adding up.

Not being entirely satisfied that the estimate was accurate, I started listing how many baseball players, boxers, athletes, race-track people, gamblers, burglars, policemen, politicians, prominent people, theatrical folk, hotel people, old neighbors, and friends in a score of towns, I knew, and after checking both lists I said to my chum:

"Jake, I know 8,550 persons."

"You know more bartenders than that," he said; so, having forgotten to list them, I counted up two hundred bartenders, and in that way I reached my total—8,750.

That evening, with half a dozen persons present, an argument was precipitated and we started figuring. Ed Norwood knows close to ten thousand persons, and one of the fellows, after an hour of pencil work declared he knew fewer than two hundred persons. He has lived forty years in New York, and admitted that he never pays any attention to his fellow beings. He would recognize only one policeman, only two waiters at his club, fewer than half the office employees in his own firm, and he declared he would not recognize five tradesmen, including his druggist. He simply is not interested in his fellow beings.

I never have been in any town in America where I could not find someone I





HUGH S. FULLERTON

"Hughie" Fullerton is one of the most widely known and best loved sport writers in America. For thirty years he has traveled up and down and criss-cross in this country, getting an army of friends and acquaintances from every state, and in numberless towns and countrysides. At the age of fourteen he started working as a printer's devil in Hillsboro, Ohio, and from then until now he has been in newspaper work. He has resided, at one time or another, in at least eleven different cities, and has stopped temporarily in hundreds of others. Mr. Fullerton has made a reckoning of his friends and acquaintances. They include newspaper men, baseball players, boxers, politicians, gamblers, railroad men, hotel people, burglars, policemen, officers and enlisted men of the army and navy, theatrical folk of all classes, and so on through the list of occupations. When he showed his list to a chum, the remark came: "What about bartenders? You haven't listed them." So Fullerton added two hundred names from that vanishing vocation. In New York alone, where most residents know comparatively few people, Fullerton reckons twelve hundred acquaintances—and he lived there only a short time, at that. At present, Mr. Fullerton lives in Chicago, where he is connected with the Chicago "Tribune" as a sporting reporter at large. His duties still take him all about the country, covering the more important sporting events

knew, and if I had this life to do over again I'd start right in to save up ten thousand friends, and then retire.

It would be much more satisfactory than saving up a lot of dollars, and certainly a more paying investment if one ever needed to draw on them.

Not many persons have had the opportunities of meeting as many persons as I have. The average man in a large city knows very few men and women save by sight, and is far behind the small-town man in that respect. But I have lived in small towns, and have traveled steadily for thirty years, usually on errands requiring me to meet people. Most of this has been with baseball teams, but I have

also traveled with political parties and on political errands, reported all sorts of news in some of the largest cities in the country, lived in a dozen different sections and fished, hunted, and loafed in scores of others.

**N**OT all those 8,750 persons are friends, not by a long shot. In fact, I have a fine collection of enemies, and they are even more interesting than some of the friends, and better remembered. But of them all there are only two persons in the world that I hate and not half a dozen that I dislike actively.

Studying the estimates of acquaintances I find a funny thing: My worst enemies

are all fellows for whom I have done a great deal; the ones that once were enemies but now are friends are fellows I hurt either accidentally or purposely at some time. The fellow you injure forgives and forgets, but the one who injures you seems to get more bitter.

When I started out I was about as shy and sensitive as anyone could be. It was painful to be introduced or to introduce myself. To be sent out by a city editor with orders to interview some prominent person was like a sentence to be hanged, and I approached it in the same manner. But after a time it became evident that human beings are pretty much alike, and that the "big" man is far more likely to be friendly and sociable than the smaller one. Also it was forced upon my consciousness that men take other men at their own valuation. I was modest and self-effacing and it was hard to meet successful people. They seemed to look down on me.

There was a fellow in Chicago, a notorious reformer and publicity seeker, to whom I had been sent a dozen times and from whom it seemed impossible for me to extract any real information. However, he was giving others more news than he did me. So one day I walked into his office and said, "Well, you big four-flushing hypocrite, what line of bunk are you dishing out to-day?"

Thereupon he gave me an important and exclusive story, and taught me that public men especially take a man at his own valuation.

**A**FTER my terror of meeting strangers passed away I became more and more eager to get acquainted with new people. I have always been able to get more enjoyment, entertainment, and valuable information from people than from books or lectures. Consequently, I always have been ready to sit up all night in a hotel lobby or the smoking compartment of a car listening to the talkers. I claim to be an expert listener, and as an expert in this line I have yet to meet the man who was not more interesting than a book when he warmed up and talked of himself and of his affairs.

In spite of my painful shyness, I must have been a friendly sort of a kid down home, and yet I had not many friends in the town itself. Among the country folk throughout the whole county all sorts of people were my friends. There were a score of farmhouses at which I could stop at any time and bunk with the boys or the hired man, or join the family. Later, when working as a political aid for Mark Hanna, I was able to name every county, county seat, and the chairman of the county committees of every one of the eighty-eight counties, and without effort. Twenty-five years later, on revisiting the old home I stood on a corner and called the name of almost every man who passed. At church that day I recognized more than half the congregation.

If you have ever doubted the value of neighborliness, you ought to live for a time in a big city, New York, for instance. After a year and a half in one apartment house I knew only two persons out of seventy families, and they were little children. Probably the awful homesickness of so many New York residents is due to the longing for neighborliness. Down home,



for instance, I could go swimming out at High Bank, cut up through the bottom land, get a cold drumstick or a slab of bread with cow butter and tree molasses on it at Larkins', wade the creek, go up to Arthur's, where "Aunt Becky" always had doughnuts ready; cut across the fields to Evans's and get a slab of apple pie; drop in at Rockholds' and help Ches drive the cows home and eat a half-dozen apples; stop at Asa Haynes's (that was the granddaddy of Roy, the prohibition enforcement head) for a light snack; maybe hook a watermelon at Peter Vanderneyn-den's; hesitate at Barker to see whether the girls were making cookies; then stop at Scotts' and help Charlie raid the pantry. By the time I got home for supper the edge would be off my appetite.

New York is the hardest place in the world to get acquainted. The people seem suspicious of every friendly advance. In New York I know about twelve hundred people, chiefly through newspaper work among the sporting fraternity or the theatrical crowd, but a stranger in the city

certainly misses the old Hillsboro spirit of neighborliness. It is odd, too, because so many persons feel just the same way. Sit with a crowd in a hotel lobby some night, when a dozen fellows are talking and postponing the time when they must go to the loneliness of their rooms, and you can feel the longing for human companionship.

IT HAS been an advantage and privilege to meet many of our "big" men of politics and business, but it must be confessed that the great majority of them dwindle quickly on closer acquaintance, while few ever enlarge. I remember the shock it was to get well acquainted with one of my boyhood idols and then find he was rated as a thickheaded old ass. One of the few men who expanded was Mark Hanna, who had more influence over me than anyone else ever has had, not excepting my sponsor and friend, George Ade.

I was a kid when I first met Mr. Hanna. My brother and I had been trying to run a newspaper; and you know southern Ohio lives on politics. Joseph Benson

Foraker was the idol of our community, having come from our county. My brother was a worshiper of Foraker, while I, having heard Hanna once, had fallen in love with him. We disagreed about which to support, so my brother took one page and I another. We lambasted each other, called names, and fought out our political battle in the paper. Mr. Hanna heard of the peculiar situation and sent for me to come to Columbus and give him some data regarding the district. After we had been together an hour he told me to give him my expense record. I figured the railroad fare and dinner at three dollars and fifty cents, having come on an excursion. He offered me more money, but I refused. He inquired why.

"I want to do something for the party," I said, "and cannot take pay for it." At that he roared with laughter. It was the first time he had ever heard such a thing. Then, growing serious, he added, "Stick to that. This country needs a million fellows with that idea."

Years later I was (Continued on page 182)

## Sid Says:

### *Forget others and they will forget you*

"HUGHIE" FULLERTON, famous reporter, estimates that he knows 8,750 people, and asks how many you know.

It is an interesting question. Probably the average man knows only a few hundred. Fullerton is far above the average in this respect, but undoubtedly there are other remarkable men whose acquaintance is still wider. Roosevelt knew tens of thousands by face and name. So did Roscoe Conkling and the late Tom L. Johnson. Ex-Senator Theodore E. Burton of Cleveland does—for few men in the world have ever equaled him as a memory prodigy.

Ability to remember faces and names is a decided advantage in almost any line of work. Don't leave it to the politicians to do all the remembering. Get it well into your head that we are *all* in politics—salesmen, teachers, preachers, journalists, lawyers, doctors, and the various kinds of business men that abound everywhere. I say that we are *all* in politics. By that I mean that we all have to deal with other people. We are all trying to get other people to do what we want them to do. In other words, we are trying to get a following. We are trying to sell something. We are looking for customers. And we are all human. We like to be remembered. The man who remembers us by face and name makes a bigger hit with us than the man who forgets us. It is never pleasant to be utterly forgotten by people we have previously met and talked with. So, if you are not interested in other people and in trying to remember them, stay out of most lines of endeavor. Go lock yourself down cellar and try to discover a cure for cancer. Choose some line where contact with other human beings is not necessary. It will be hard to find such a line—but find it if you can.

"But how can I learn to remember people?" you ask. That, of course, is the big question. Here is the best

answer I can give: I don't pretend to be a memory teacher, but I have observed that most of us can remember what we are interested in. If I bring Jeremiah Gazoop around to see you, and if Mr. Gazoop says that he will give you ten thousand dollars the next time you recognize him on the street, you won't have any trouble remembering him. You will look at his eyes, his ears, his nose, and his feet. You will scrutinize him from head to foot, and you will pronounce his name over and over to yourself until you have it letter-perfect. Then you will go out in the street and lay for him, and if he appears you will spot him and collect the ten thousand dollars.

In other words, you suddenly sit up and take a tremendous interest in Mr. Gazoop because you think that it will be to your advantage to do so.

And that is exactly why most of us forget most of the people we meet. We are so self-centered and egotistic that we take no interest in them. We get so interested in showing off ourselves that we neglect to observe the other person. Consequently, we forget, and at the next meeting suffer humiliation and sometimes punishment for our failure.

So here is the idea in a nutshell: The basis of a good memory is interest. (No young man ever forgets the street number or the telephone number of his sweetheart.) If you want to remember people, cultivate an interest in them. When you meet a man, get his name clearly in mind and say it over to yourself several times. Then look at him. Observe him carefully. Ask him questions. You will find that the answers he makes will help you to fix him in your mind. Try this and see whether it won't reduce the number of times you are compelled to mumble:

"Your face seems to be familiar to me, but I can't remember your name or where I met you."



# Hope Is a Liar!

"It tucks you up in bed when you ought to be out; it smooths over your acts of stupidity and tells you it'll be all right next time—The hopeful man is a weak man; the strong man stands alone and needs no hope"

*By W. L. George*

I AM an author; but it is a mistake to think that an author is a special kind of man. Authors are "just folks." Like other people, authors fall in love, enjoy success, and need money. Their difficulties are the same as other men's; like clerks, they must attract the notice of the boss; the boss in their case being you, the public; like manufacturers, they must deliver the goods you want, or you will not repeat orders; like salesmen, they must offer their manuscripts to editors, and must know how to sell.

So I contend that my problems are those of any sort of man, whether he be a miner in West Virginia, or a drug-store attendant in Los Angeles. And I contend that anything I may have achieved in the writing of books would have been achieved in much the same way in any other occupation.

If I were asked, "Which way do you take life?" I should reply, "I believe that hope is the enemy of success; I have no pride; yet I ask no favors of any man."

That is the sense of it, though I have more to say; but before developing this point of view I want to explain briefly how I began and how unfavorably placed I was to succeed.

I am wholly English on both sides, but I was born in France, educated there until I was twenty. I never joined up with the ways of France, though I served in her army; I remained a foreigner in the land of my birth.

My parents were not well off; the memories of my boyhood dwell about a home kept together on forty dollars a week. But I had one great asset, a devoted mother, who cared for nothing but me and my education. She had only one fault; she was so determined to discover my abilities that she caused my training to be altered several times. Thus I was half-trained, first as an analytical chemist, then as a mining engineer, and lastly as a lawyer. I knew a little of everything and not enough of anything. So when I needed to earn a living, I emigrated to London,

where I became a clerk at ten dollars a week.

It was not much of a start after such extensive educating, and may this be a lesson not to scatter energies! But it was the best I could find. I had not a penny behind me; I had not been to one of those English universities that give a man social position; I had no family influence beyond the one which got me my small job. And a great disappointment awaited me; here I was, returning to the land of

hardest school—the school of life—where we must all graduate whether we be car conductors or clergymen. I had to learn the ways of my own countrymen, to find out what sort of people they were. It was very difficult, for the English are more reserved than the Americans, and at the same time I had to learn the ordinary lessons of life.

I confess that for a moment I was afraid, and that within six months I was thinking of returning to the home of my boyhood.

I am not ashamed of it, for one can't help being afraid, but one can dominate one's fear, one's loneliness. At last I remembered Henry IV at the battle of Ivry. Finding that he was trembling, he said to himself, "Harry, you're frightened. I'll give you something to be frightened about. I'm going to take you into the thick of the fight." And he did.

So I decided to face my troubles, and—here is my first suggestion—asked myself what was my greatest difficulty. If you have a variety of troubles, get on to the biggest; the small ones will take care of themselves. My greatest trouble was that I spoke English badly and made myself ridiculous. Curiously enough, though I was not yet twenty-one, I did not think of classes and grammars; some instinct made me turn to living people as my educators.

What I did was simply this: In the office my fellow clerks were in the habit of laughing at my mistakes. I procured a large piece of cardboard, which I stuck

in front of my desk; every time I pronounced a word wrongly I asked how it should be spoken, and put that down phonetically upon the board. This made a sensation; the other clerks used to gather to jeer at "George's board," and in my absence wrote upon it objectionable remarks. But I went on, month after month, until little by little there were hardly any mistakes to write upon the board. At first the jeers were painful; then they ceased to hurt, for I was getting where I wanted.

## I Do Not Mean That One Should Expect Defeat

"IF YOU start hoping," says Mr. George, "you leave hope in charge of the job, and hope lets you down. If you hope, you don't try; if you do without hope, you tell yourself: 'This is a terrific proposition. My chance of pulling it off is small. Very well, then this means that every bit of my energy, all my suppleness, all my resourcefulness, my wits, must be used.' In other words, you fight best when you face odds."

"I do not mean that one should expect defeat. I mean that one should tell one's self: 'This may not come off, but I'll try again.' I mean that one should trust to nothing but one's self, be ready to toil, to analyze the buyer, to penetrate what he wants. One must ask one's self: 'If I do or say this, what will he say? What will he do? What will he conclude?' And especially: 'If I were in his place, what should I do?'"

"Finally, one must tell one's self always that one will leave nothing undone. Then, if one loses, one expected as much; if one wins, one knows the intense joy of surprise."

my blood, and I found myself a stranger there.

I was as badly situated as an immigrant in America, for I did not know the ways of my new country. I wore absurd French clothes; I did not even speak English properly. I was worse off perhaps than the immigrant in America, who at once finds a familiar circle among his countrymen. In England there was no one to receive me. I stood there alone, a sort of foreigner with ten dollars a week.

So I had to go to school again, to the



At the same time, I was learning from life. I am not a book-educated man; I am a life-educated man. What I mean is that I used my leisure to develop my interest in this lovely, this terrible world. From the age of twenty to the age of twenty-five, I hardly read a book; but I read newspapers, went to political meetings, to demonstrations of the new cash register, to dog shows, to model villages, to churches of various denominations, to watch football, the burial of royalty, and the suppression of suffrage riots. I met people, and people, always tasting life, amassing a store of impressions. I was not an educated man, but a man experienced in living. By the time I was twenty-five I could have built a bridge or have preached a sermon. It might have been a poor bridge or a bad sermon, but it would have somehow stood up.

Then, suddenly, I was twenty-six and found myself on the road to failure. Many a young man knows the sensation, which amounts more or less to realizing that in ten years he will have hardly advanced from where he now stands. I had earned a little promotion in the office—one of those respectable, old-fashioned firms where seniority alone counts. But I did not get on; nobody else got on; nobody *could* get on until the older men retired or died.

AT THE age of twenty-six I was only a twenty-dollar-a-week man; at forty-six, what should I be?

I told myself I must make a change, but I was afraid; it's hard to let the pay check go. Besides, I was swimming in a sea of difficulties. I had recently married into a family where my father-in-law was hostile to me; I had not five hundred dollars in the world; I was so hard put to it that I could not even pay cash for furniture for my new home; I had no credit; I had to begin my married life in a furnished apartment. The present was hopeless, and the future terrifying.

Then, in this despair, came the strange courage that saves a man. I told myself: "Call no man a failure until he is dead. This trade is no good to me. Well, I must find another." I knew what that other trade must be, as I had begun for pleasure to write in my spare time, just as another man may do fretwork and decide to start as a wood carver. As surely as an engineer may feel that he ought to be a farmer,

I felt that I must be a writing man.

But courage sometimes leads a man astray, unless he takes with him a little brother called caution. I shall show further on how I took my risk, but my first impulse was merely to write hard, to work. That is simple enough, but it is worth saying that if a man intends to change his job he must be ready to learn his new trade while he practices his old one. In my case, it meant that I worked in the office from ten to six, that I wrote before breakfast, at every meal, and every night—though coals cost ten cents a scuttle, so that it was cheaper to wrap a blanket around one's feet. I was working thirteen hours a day, Sundays included; some of my writings were being published

which just about paid for their type-writing. I was married and had a child. On the credit side was a legacy to my wife, fit to meet less than a third of our expenses. No publisher was ready to buy my next book. I was no longer offering my labor, I was competing with established authors. I was like a small grocer waiting for people to enter his little shop instead of going on to the big store. And nobody came to me. . . . So I went to them. . . . There probably lies the foundation of success. Whether you are selling poetry or hardware always be aggressive; that motto is good enough for one's early days. One has a hard time, for the world is accustomed to aggressive young men and knows how to drive them away.

I, personally, had a terrible time those first three years. Having a habit of hard work, I turned out a large quantity of matter—news-paper articles, stories, novels, etc.—and sent them out, generally to see them come back. I keep at home a file which I show to people who want to make a living out of literature; that file contains the slips which editors send when they reject a manuscript.

IN THE first three years of my career I collected 723 of these slips. In less than 1,000 mail delivery days, I suffered rejection 723 times! Almost every day someone was saying "No" to me. Now and then, of course, someone said "Yes," but the reader will realize how seldom that was when I tell him that at the age of thirty-one, I still had no capital. Indeed, I was in debt.

In the main, it was "No" and again "No." Continually the postman brought disappointment, a blow, day after day.

And yet I went on in various moods, sometimes grim, sometimes methodical and calm, sometimes in a gory rage. I did not know it then, but I know now what it was that kept the postman's knock from ever knocking me down. The world would not buy my goods, but the world has done so. It has done so because I forced it, because I had enough energy to stand out against public indifference. And by what was that energy sustained? By various points of view, notably one which may surprise the reader, and which I call, "Never hope."

I realize that those words conflict with the advice that is given to young men. They are told (*Continued on page 104*)



PHOTO BY MISS DOROTHY COLLIER

W. L. GEORGE

Mr. George is a brilliant novelist and journalist, author of much discussed works, such as "Ursula Trent," "The Second Blooming," "A Bed of Roses," "Caliban," and others. He is exceedingly versatile, as is shown by his contributions to the British, American, French, and German press, on subjects as opposed as art for art's sake and the financing of railways. He holds the view that certain definite demands are made upon a man if he is to succeed in his career, and that it does not matter whether he is an author, a salesman, the president of a bank, or the keeper of a peanut stand. He believes that success, for women as well as for men, depends less upon their knowledge than upon their courage, their energy, their resistance to pain and disappointment. In this article he tells the difficulties which he overcame, and shows how any kind of man may hope to succeed if he will keep his heart soft and his head hard. The cat shown in this picture played an important part in Mr. George's novel, "The Blind Alley"

—but, with it all, I was not getting on.

Then I understood. I had been looking before I leapt, which meant that I would never leap at all. If I went on like this I should make good neither at the office nor in authorship. The time had come to choose: either throw up the comfortable pay check and stand alone—or stay where I was, a rabbit in a hutch. After a moment's hesitation I chose. I resigned my post and set out as an author.

I remember telling myself then, "If I fail at this, I'm going to buy a stock of goods, and with my pack upon my shoulders go around selling at back doors, but never again shall I take orders from any man."

The proposition was tough. I was twenty-nine and had published four books





Evans had not moved from where he had fallen. Squarely over his body stood Arctic, making

# In the Nick of Time

The story of a wise old dog

*By Frank Richardson Pierce*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. D. KOERNER

**T**HE pensioner stretched out before the stove, blinked his eyes and yawned; a canine patriarch who had almost lived his span of life and now in his declining years hovered nearer the fire than his old-time team-mates.

Not many years ago, the Malamute's powerful jaws had snapped an attacking wolf's paw clean off, and a second snap had stretched out another wolf with its throat gaping. Then, as the pack was about to tear the Malamute apart by weight of numbers, Evans had rushed to the rescue with a few well-placed shots from his thirty-thirty rifle.

Like an old man with memories, the pensioner enjoyed reliving the colorful days of his youth. Evans had saved his life that time, but then, to offset that, the old Malamute had saved Evans from death on several occasions. A wonderful man was Evans in the pensioner's eyes. He rarely laid the lash across a dog's back; always thought of his team first and himself last. He was big, rangy, masterful, and the pensioner's observing eyes had noted the approving glances of more than one pretty girl; but Evans did not seem to care for them.

The pensioner did not care for women, either. There was one exception—a beau-

tiful creature, with soft hands that thrilled him to the core when they stroked his ears or back. She lived in Seattle, a distant place of many noises, where the trail beneath a dog's pads is hard and where strange odors assail a dog's nostrils at every turn. He had spent a whole winter at Seattle and only once saw snow. It was a poor country for a Malamute.

His master liked this girl, too; he looked upon her with a wonderful light in his eyes, and often opened his arms to hold her close. In all his experiences the Malamute had never before witnessed such a foolish performance. When they had sailed from Seattle in the spring the girl





a final stand, his faithful body and loyal old heart a shield for the helpless master he loved

had come to the dock to see them off. The next winter had been different.

Evans, his partner Grady, and the dogs had wintered high in the mountains that year. They had staked claims on different forks of a small river, but were sharing the same cabin for companionship. It was a time when food was low, and the men quarreled bitterly.

"Rot!" Grady had exclaimed; "you can't let sentiment rule your heart in this game. Arctic was a great dog in his day, but he's through. His teeth are gone except for a few snags, and you're feeding him boiled rice which we'll need ourselves before spring. The other dogs are getting lean, but there's lots of meat on Arctic's frame."

The light of murder had leaped into Evans's eyes. He had leaned across the table, his eyes blazing with hate for the man he had once called his dearest friend. "God knows, I've got a sense of gratitude. Old Arctic and I have been in too many tight situations together for me not to see him through now."

"He's through!" Grady had said evenly. "He's outlived his usefulness. You can't make a pensioner out of him with

my grub, and that's final. If you're so chicken-hearted you can't do the sensible thing and shoot him, I'll do it for you." Grady had grasped Arctic by the scruff of the neck and started for the door.

"Let go, Grady!" Evans's face was ashen in the stress of his terrible rage. "Let go! Or—or—I'll kill you!" Grady was no coward, yet he shrank from the awful expression in the other's face. "Kill him!" Evans snarled, "kill the best pal, man or beast, I ever had, bar none? Toss that faithful body that has stood between me and death to the dogs for food? Curse you, Grady, for suggesting it! There's not room in this cabin for both of us—I'll clear out!"

THEY had divided their food to the last pound, and Evans, with half the dogs and equipment, had mushed a mile down the frozen North Fork of the river, then back up the South Fork another mile to an old cabin. In the midst of an Arctic winter he had cleared out rotting debris and turned it into a respectable abode. The next summer he reached bedrock and pay dirt. He toiled early and late, but when the salmon came to spawn and die he

spent many a precious hour away from the sluice boxes while he caught and dried fish for the dogs.

During winter nights when the storms howled without and the draft sighed up the stove pipe, Arctic permitted himself the luxury of resting his eyes affectionately on his master. The corner shelf was the master's shrine for a photograph of the wonderful girl, and for several moosehide pokes stiff with gold. Of late, Arctic noticed Evans was restless and frequently looked upon the photograph several minutes at a time. Once he had exclaimed, "Only ten more days, little girl!" Then he whooped with joy.

"She's coming, old boy!" Evans told the dog one day. "Our Edith is coming to brighten this old place. She's a brave little girl to come 'way up here alone to marry a scrub like me, and we'll make it as nice for her as we can."

Evans overhauled the sled, loaded it down with heavy warm robes, a small tent, and provisions sufficient for the trip to the little settlement where narrow bands of steel connected the interior with the ice-free port of Seward on the coast.

Jennings, the settlement storekeeper,



greeted them as old friends. "Brought old Arctic along, too, huh? You're a blamed sentimental young fool, Evans, keeping an old pensioner on your pay roll. He'll never be any more use to you."

"You infernal old hypocrite," retorted Evans, grinning; "if I didn't know you had a pensioner of your own in your kennels I'd take a healthy punch at you. Arctic's through; but he's earned his rest. I felt kind of sorry for the old boy, coming in."

"You've got half an hour till train time," said Jennings, "so you'd better fix up. I'll take care of the dogs; soft stuff for Arctic and fish for the rest."

"Thanks, Jennings; and if it's not too much trouble, you might ask Mrs. Jennings to pack up a special box of grub a bride's likely to need when she starts up housekeeping. I got plenty of staples, but Edith will want to make some cakes, pies, and things, I suppose."

"Another good man gone!" muttered Jennings facetiously.

"What's that!" interrupted Mrs. Jennings unexpectedly.

"The right way!" added Jennings hastily.

**IT WAS** the Alaska of song and story Edith Densmore faced as the "Victoria" made way up Resurrection Bay to Seward. The bay is perhaps twelve miles long and very narrow, walled in on either side by a mighty row of mountains, and the snow came down to the rocky shore.

The girl, warmly clothed, paced the deck, a picture of radiance, beauty, and health, eagerly watching the scene. The wildness delighted, yet at the same time filled her with a strange dread, as if this rugged country intended to put her to the test.

"Oh, I love it!" she whispered, "love it and yet fear it."

As Evans gathered her into his arms, a considerable portion of Seward's male population looked on with hearty approval. Attentive ears heard a muffled "Archie!" in reply to his "Edith!" Then he gave instructions for the disposal of her grips.

"Thank heavens, the ship wasn't late," he said, getting back to earth. "The train leaves in a few minutes for Anchorage."

"And Arctic?" she queried. "How is the dear old fellow?"

"Fine as a fiddle, getting younger every day, except for his teeth. He's up the line, waiting for you at Jennings's."

Two days later, after the wedding, when the train pulled out from Anchorage and headed into the vast land called the "interior," a score of newly-made old friends were on hand to bid them farewell. The train carried freight of all kinds—mail, passengers, and dogs. There were men in parkas, others in overcoats; some dressed for the trail, others dressed as though for a conventional business conference. They smoked cigars, cigarettes, and pipes, swapped trail experiences, and looked upon Malemutes and huskies with critical eyes.

"Now," Edith told Evans, "I know why dogs mean so much in this land. Do the thrilling adventures they tell of really happen, or do they tell me these things because I am a tenderfoot?"

He laughed. "No, they're not telling yarns. When a man leaves the last road-

house behind, he's on his own hind legs, relying on himself and dogs."

"And when a woman—?"

"The same unrelenting rule; but this little woman needn't worry about that—she'll always have a man to do that for her, when worry is in order. But I've mushed all over this land and, thanks to my dogs, a strong back, and a weak mind; I've always come out on top."

"The next stop is ours!" Evans gathered up their bags, while Edith peered curiously through the window. The expanse of snow was unbroken, except for a little cluster of buildings from which smoke was trailing. A little sigh of homesickness escaped her, a strange lump filled her throat. She bit her trembling lips lest he see and perhaps not understand, then a cry of delight escaped her, and the lump and dread vanished. "There's old Arctic, Archie. You get off first and I'll follow and see if he remembers me."

The dog came trotting slowly toward the train ahead of Jennings and his wife. Evans set the bags down upon the snow as the dog came to him. Then the dog stopped abruptly, his nose sniffing the air. Like a flash he rushed toward the girl. "Brace yourself, Edith," warned Evans, "he's coming."

The great paws leaped upward until they quite touched her shoulders, and, while a paw rested on either shoulder, she was kept busy ducking her head to avoid enthusiastic osculations.

"Just the way I felt when I saw her, Old Man!" said Evans.

Mrs. Jennings did not wait for an introduction. "I'm right glad to see you, Edith!" she exclaimed. "I've had dinner waiting an hour. You're a brave little lady to come up here alone—even for Archie." And her beaming smile seemed to lighten everything with its radiance. Then she placed a motherly arm about the girl's waist and led her to the house.

**LONG** before daylight the following day, they were under way. Nine big Malemutes handled the heavy sled with ease. Edith, nestling within the warm robes, was snugly comfortable. By a method known only to the skilled freighter, Evans had stowed her steamer trunks and bags on the sled, making a formidable load.

"In this country we start early, so we can make the next camp by daylight," he explained; "the dogs are fresh and strong, so all you have to do is to sit here and enjoy life. Arctic's the only old one in the bunch, and he's running free."

Edith had been fitted out with moccasins and a light parka. To vary the ride, or to lighten the load when the going was rough, she frequently ran behind with Arctic, and marveled at the skill displayed by both Evans and the dogs in handling the sled.

A cloud of steam constantly hovered over the laboring team. With each mile the country about grew wilder. The girl saw not the slightest sign of a trail, yet both dogs and man proceeded with confidence.

"The trail's here all right," Evans explained later. "When we get off it, I can feel the difference immediately. Up here we have educated feet. It won't take you long to educate yours; just try running to either side, and you'll notice the difference." She experimented, and was de-

lighted to find that even her inexperienced feet noted the difference.

They camped that night in a sheltered spot. There was little for Edith to do. She marveled at the skill with which Evans mixed up a batch of sour-dough biscuits. With the aid of a small tree he erected the tent and prepared the sleeping bags. Edith crawled into her bag; then Evans leaned down and kissed her. "Don't forget to wind the clock and put out the cat, dear!" she laughed.

Old Arctic poked his nose through the flap, looked around with approval, then lay down at her feet. "It's comfy," she told herself softly, "and Archie's good to me. Some day I'll know more of this life, then I'll not lean upon him so much."

Some time later she felt him shake her gently. "It's morning," he whispered. "You want to get up and look about?"

"Oh!" she exclaimed delightedly, "the dears!" They were surrounded by the heads of nine dogs, each head thrust beneath the bottom of the tent, the remainder of the dog being outside. Arctic alone was entirely within.

"They always do that," said Evans, "the air is warmer inside the tent. Now, you stay here and I'll have some hot tea ready in a minute."

So the days passed, each bringing them into wilder country. Noon of the last day found Evans bending over the fire, stirring up a beef concoction.

"How far is our nearest neighbor?" she queried suddenly.

"I'm taking you to a mighty lonely place," he replied, straightening up. "There's only one man inside of fifty miles of our cabin—Grady. He's only about a mile off; but he's an enemy."

"Oh, that's too bad for both of you," she said with quick sympathy.

"It is," he admitted; "when men quarrel up here it's tragic. But you know about our quarrel. Converting old Arctic into dog food was the one thing Grady should never have suggested to me."

"Perhaps he has thought it over and is sorry," she suggested.

"Not Grady!" he replied. "I would have things different if I could, but we cannot make men to suit ourselves. Well, dinner—oh, pardon me—luncheon is served. We'll eat the next meal at home. We should make it by dark."

"Ah!" exclaimed Evans a moment later, "you don't like my mulligan!"

She flushed. "The mulligan is all right but the meat tastes old. I'll fill up on something else. Anyway, I don't require much meat, I'm not doing heavy work."

"Sometimes the grub does become a bit stale up here," he explained; "but as a class we are tough customers and thrive on stale meat and ancient, if not too ancient, eggs."

Evans's appetite, whetted by the fresh air and plenty of hard work, was equal to the occasion, and he consumed the stew to the last spoonful. "Now, let's go; we'll wash the dishes at home."

**"PTOMAIN!"**

The single word was forced from Evans's set lips. Edith was right, the meat was not only stale but was unfit for even his strong constitution. Ever since eating he had been conscious of pain. Occasional twinges at first, then sharper with alarming frequency, until now he staggered





"Let go, Grady!" Evans's face was ashen in the stress of his terrible rage. "Let go! Or—or—I'll kill you!"

along at the sled handles on sheer nerve. The same magnificent fighting spirit that had always carried him through was again serving loyally.

"I GOT to make it to the cabin!" he snarled to himself, "I got to, for her sake. If anything should happen to me out here, good heavens! what would she do, alone? What could she do? I got to make it." He looked down upon all he held dear, as if seeking strength from sight of her. In the warmth of the robes and gently gliding sled, she was dozing. Again came the agonizing cramps, filling his body with their deathly warning. His face twisted

with pain, yet he urged the dogs onward in a normal voice. She must not know.

"Twelve miles more!" he muttered: "two more, then seven across the lake, then three over the ridge and into the next valley . . . valley . . . up riv . . . river . . . home!" The world seemed to whirl madly; his hands relaxed their grip and he pitched forward into the trail. With pathetic desperation he strove to cry out, but in the stress of his great pain he barely whispered, then lay silent in the trail, behind the sled, which continued on its way. . . .

A swift-moving figure of gray that had followed like a shadow for the past two

miles peered cautiously down upon the fallen man, then from upraised muzzle came the doleful wail of the wolf; almost a death cry, that violated the peace of the land and disturbed the echoes in the lofty crags. From the timber a second figure cautiously emerged, then together they warily approached the fallen figure, sniffing the air, muscles tense, ready to flee, yet drawing nearer.

A quarter of a mile beyond, the team settled down for the stiff up-grade pull. Half way up, the lead dog missed the trail, something struck the runner, a violent lurch and the sled overturned. Edith found herself face (Continued on page 124)



# The Secret of Sound Sleep

Boris Sidis, the famous psychopathologist, explains what he declares to be the only road to a real cure of sleeplessness—He says that the popular devices for going to sleep are mere “trick plays” which do not get at the root of the trouble

By Keene Sumner

**I**F YOU want to get an eager response out of the average man or woman, just say solicitously, “How did you sleep last night?”

You can then devote yourself to your own thoughts, merely emitting an occasional murmur of sympathy, for few indeed are the persons who do not know what it is to wrestle with the Angel of Sleep, and to find him—or is it her?—a very refractory sort of angel.

Some years ago, Boris Sidis—who is a neurologist, psychologist, and various other kinds of scientific “ologist”—made an elaborate study of sleep. He conducted a long series of experiments with animals, as well as with human beings, and evolved what may be called “a theory and practice of sleep.”

Even a theory would be welcome to the victims of insomnia. But if you add to it a practice that *gets results*, the sleepless themselves would be glad to stay awake to listen.

In what he says here, Doctor Sidis begins with the theory, since that naturally comes first. But I will encourage you by saying, in advance, that he found he could put himself to sleep at almost any time by a practice based on certain facts and principles.

“People always have been interested in sleep,” he said to me; “and there have been many scientific theories about it. One was that it was due to the venous congestion of the brain. That is, the blood which was sent to the brain was not sufficiently carried away again. Some scientists claim that sleep is due to not enough blood in the brain; others claim it is due to too much.

“People are advised to sleep with the head high; or with it low; to take a hot bath, or a cold bath, or no bath at all, before retiring; to eat or to drink, or else to avoid eating or drinking; to exercise, or not to exercise. All these contradictory directions are prompted by the belief that sleep is due to some phase of the circulation of the blood.

“Then there is the theory that sleep is the result of an accumulation of toxins, poisonous matters, in the blood, due to the tissue-waste going on during our active waking hours. It is true that auto-intoxi-

cation does produce sleep. So do other forms of intoxication. Opiates and bromides induce sleep.

“But sleep that is due to any of these toxins, whether generated within the body, or taken as narcotics, is not *normal*. Therefore I cannot accept the theory as an explanation of natural sleep.

“I am more inclined to agree with the Swiss scientist, Claperède, who said: ‘We do not sleep’ (meaning sleep under the ordinary conditions) *because* we are poisoned or exhausted; but in order *not* to be.’

“I became interested in natural sleep through my use of hypnosis in the treatment of psychopathic patients. Certain conditions are necessary to bring about the hypnotic state. But in the course of my work I sometimes found that these conditions, instead of bringing a hypnotic state, brought ordinary sleep instead.

“Evidently the conditions favorable to inducing the hypnotic state were favorable to inducing ordinary sleep. So I began to experiment on myself. I found there were three conditions favorable to sleep:

They were the limitation of voluntary movement, the limitation of the field of consciousness, and monotony.

“The first two sound very scientific. We professional men are inclined to use long words because we like to show off our vocabulary. But the limitation of voluntary movement really means *keeping perfectly still*; not turning and tossing about. And the limitation of the field of consciousness means shutting the mind against outside impressions.

“I found that by observing the three conditions mentioned I could put myself into a state of deep natural sleep at almost any time. I have used the same methods in the treatment of many cases of insomnia and with good results.

“People do not realize that *natural* sleep is a voluntary act. We go to sleep because we *decide* to do it. Deciding is very different from wanting! The very persons who are most eager to go to sleep are the ones who willfully discourage sleep.

“Let me explain the three conditions I spoke of. The one essential to sleep is *relaxation* of mind and body. All external

stimulations should be cut off, so far as is possible.

“Closing the eyes shuts off one very important group of stimuli. And if we lie perfectly still a whole mass of muscular sensations, as well as of what are called kinæsthetic sensations, are kept from pouring into the consciousness. If you restlessly toss and turn and twist you are constantly sending stimuli to your brain cells. Every movement of any part of your body causes a reaction of the brain cells. You give them no chance to rest.



Dr. Boris Sidis was born in Russia and came to the United States when twenty years old. He won four degrees at Harvard, the A. B., A. M., Ph. D., and M. D. He is a widely known writer on psychopathology and kindred subjects. “Experimental Study of Sleep,” “The Psychology of Laughter,” “The Causation and Treatment of Psychopathic Diseases,” and “The Source and Aim of Human Progress,” are among his books. He has been associated with various institutions, including the Pathological Institute of N. Y. State. He is fifty-three years old and resides at Portsmouth, N. H.



"As for monotony, it is perhaps the most important condition favorable to sleep. In bringing about the hypnotic state, we tell the subject to try not to think of anything. That is, we try to make his mental state monotonous by having him dismiss thoughts that interest him.

"It is a well-known fact that people easily fall asleep to the monotonous accompaniment of the rain. The droning sound of an uninteresting speaker's voice will soothe his hearers to slumber. Go to bed, have someone read aloud from a dull book, and you will soon be asleep. The buzzing of insects—if we know they are not going to attack us; the steady rumble of the train when we are in a sleeping car; the subdued but incessant noises peculiar to a city at night—all these, by their monotonous repetition, often help to induce sleep. There is a physiological explanation for this fact, which I will give later.

"IN ORDER to test my theory I made many experiments. First, with frogs; then successively with guinea pigs, cats, dogs, and finally with human beings. I used a great number of subjects in these different groups.

"Sometimes I merely put a frog on its back, held it quiet a few minutes, and drew up its lower eyelids to close its eyes. The frog, you know, has only one eyelid, the lower one. It would soon become quiet and be apparently in a very deep sleep. Sometimes I put a cloth over the frog's head, to exclude all light. It would quickly sink into a state of rest. I tried holding the eyelids closed by painting them with collodion. At first the frog struggled; but it soon became quiet and went to sleep.

"The results were the same with guinea pigs. If I took them in my hands to prevent their moving, and put a blind over their eyes, they would struggle at first, then become quiet and go to sleep.

"When it came to cats, I found it advisable to wrap the animal in a cloth to keep it from scratching and clawing. For instance, I took a six-weeks-old kitten as one subject. It struggled and fought when I wrapped the cloth around it. And that, by the way, was not a condition favorable to the experiment, for it was a state of excitement and activity.

"However, as in practically every single instance, the kitten soon ceased to struggle when I held it as still as possible. Then I closed its eyes, holding them shut with my fingers. In a little while it was asleep. It remained asleep more than twenty minutes, and would not have awakened then if I had not roused it.

"I need not continue to give specific examples. Over and over again, I demonstrated with kittens and puppies that they would go to sleep if kept perfectly quiet with their eyes closed. Later they would wake up, yawning as if they had been having a fine rest. Moreover, they seemed to form the *habit* of going to sleep under those conditions; for they would do it more quickly and easily after the experiment had been repeated a number of times.

"When it came to children, I began with very young infants and carried the experiments on up to children of fourteen. With the older ones, I would have them lie down, or perhaps merely sit in a chair

In fact, it is essential. But we do not have to be absolutely unconscious (as we are in the sleep state) in order to rest. The lower animals do not sleep as human beings do. They literally sleep with one eye open; sometimes with both eyes partially open. They prick up their ears at sounds which, in our own sleep state, we would not hear. In them, sleep is only a pronounced rest state.

"Therefore, the first thing for you to realize, if you are more or less wakeful, is that it is nothing you have cause to worry about. Moreover this realization that sleep is not all-important will be a great factor in helping you to sleep. Nine tenths of your difficulty in going to sleep is due to your fear that you *won't* go to sleep. And nine tenths of the bad effects of a sleepless night are not the result of your loss of sleep, but of your *worry* over it.

"I do not say this in order to delude you into a better frame of mind, one that is favorable to sleep; but because it is physiologically, as well as psychologically, true! People make a sort of fetish of sleep. They fix upon a certain number of hours which they think they must have in order to be well. Then they measure each night's sleep; and if it is short of the sacred number of hours they are full of worry and fear.

"IT IS the worry and fear that hurt them, not the few hours of unconsciousness they have missed. Even if you pass an absolutely sleepless night occasionally, it isn't going to affect your health. If you rest and don't worry, you won't know the difference two days later. Think of it as a matter of small consequence, a discomfort, perhaps, but nothing that need have an effect on your health or happiness; and if you take that mental attitude nature will see to it that you get an extra portion of sleep later on—if you really need it."

"But just wait a minute!" I interrupted. "I can understand that the *body* will rest,

if we lie quietly in bed, even though we do not sleep. But it's the *mind* that craves the unconsciousness of sleep! So long as you are awake, you keep on *thinking*. It is this unceasing mental activity that wears one out."

"Oh, no, it isn't!" said Doctor Sidis. "It is the *kind* of mental activity! Your thoughts are accompanied by *emotions* of anxiety and fear. And these *emotions* are the trouble makers. If you believed, *really* believed, that all you needed was, say, two hours of sleep, with the remainder of the night devoted to rest, I haven't a doubt that you would get along all right on such a schedule. Because if you believed it to be a (Continued on page 98)

## When You Lie Awake— Think About This

"SLEEP is not as important as people think it is," says Doctor Sidis. "Rest is important! In fact, it is essential. But we do not have to be absolutely unconscious (as we are in the sleep state) in order to rest. The lower animals do not sleep as human beings do. They literally sleep with one eye open, sometimes with both eyes partially open. They prick up their ears at sounds which, in our own sleep state, we would not hear. In them, sleep is only a pronounced rest state.

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"Don't be *impatient* for sleep to come. Let it take its time. Don't lie there, saying to yourself, 'It is two o'clock now! I have to get up at seven. If I don't go to sleep right away I won't get even five hours of sleep—and I ought to have eight!'

"If you do pay attention to the time, say to yourself, 'I have been in bed, resting, for several hours already. And I have five hours more in which I can rest. Eight hours of rest! It's wonderful to lie here quietly and to know that I am storing up energy all the time.'

in a darkened room. I asked them to keep perfectly quiet and to close their eyes. Sometimes I would set the metronome going with a slow beat; or I would start my electric battery, which would make a steady buzzing sound. In every instance, the children went to sleep.

"As I said before, I have had a great deal of experience with cases of insomnia. Most of my patients are psychopathic; that is, they are not normal in some of their mental reactions or habits. And almost all psychopathic people have insomnia. So I have had a good opportunity to study its causes and its cure.

"To begin with, *sleep is not as important* as people think it is. *Rest is important!*



# Is There Anything Here That Other Men Couldn't Do?

The simple but tremendously effective methods by which a \$10-a-week clerk worked his way up to the presidency of the biggest bank in America—The business philosophy of Charles E. Mitchell and the outstanding factors in his career

*By Bruce Barton*

**Y**OU could have luncheon with some men every day for a year, and in the end you would remember nothing about them except that they liked their meat well done, or preferred gray neckties to blue. Other men are so vital, so filled with the interest and satisfaction of their work that, at every meeting, they leave something with you which you don't forget. In this second group is Charles E. Mitchell, president of the National City Bank of New York, the largest financial institution in the land.

I had luncheon with Mr. Mitchell at the Bankers' Club in the early days of the war, before the United States had entered it. We stood for a minute at a window looking out over the tops of New York's skyscrapers. I made some commonplace remark about the eternal fascination of that view, the great shifting drama of success and disappointment that goes on forever underneath those roofs.

I am not sure that he heard me. The panorama was suggesting another thought to him.

"Every once in a while one of our bond men comes into my office and tells me he can't find any bond buyers," he said. "When that happens I don't argue with him. I say, 'Get your hat and come out to lunch.' Then I bring him up here and stand him in front of one of these windows. 'Look down there,' I say. 'There are six million people with incomes that aggregate thousands of millions of dollars. They are just waiting for someone to come and tell them what to do with their savings. Take a good look, eat a good lunch, and then go down and tell them.'

"If there is nothing in that picture which stirs a man's imagination he doesn't belong in New York," Mr. Mitchell continued. "He might do well enough taking

orders behind a counter somewhere, but he's not big-league stuff."

Another time I met him late at night. It was one of the hottest weeks of summer, when successful financiers are popularly supposed to be in the mountains or at the shore. He was walking from his office to his house up-town. When I asked him what financial problem could be im-

informal compact with himself to take up some one new subject every year, and learn what he can about it. At that particular time he was reading everything he could lay his hands on in regard to ships and shipping.

"I know something about the problems that industries will be facing after the war," he said, "because I worked in manufacturing plants; but shipping is a new proposition to me. So I'm reading all I can. The United States will have a tremendous investment on the ocean when the fighting stops. I want to be in a position to make a little better guess than the next fellow as to what is likely to happen to it."

As I watched him swing along up the deserted Avenue, I thought, "That's Mitchell in a nutshell; you don't need much more than that one incident to understand why he is where he is. He works at night when everybody else has gone; he walks, because he cares more for his health than he does for his comfort; and instead of thinking that he knows it all, he has a list of subjects as long as your arm about which he is willing to confess that he knows nothing—a list that will last him the rest of his life, if he takes up a new one each year!"

He was born in Chelsea, Massachusetts, forty-five years ago. His father was a Boston merchant and had been mayor of Chelsea; but he met with business reverses while his son was at Amherst College.

In the summer vacation following his junior year Mitchell clerked in a general store in Magnolia, Massachusetts, and in his senior year he had a job as special instructor in the Department of Public Speaking, which helped to pay his expenses. When college was over there was no place for him in the family business and no funds in the family purse to (Continued on page 128)

## Mr. Mitchell's Prescription for Keeping Fit

**"NO AMOUNT** of brilliance or personal charm," says Mr. Mitchell, "will carry a man to the top and keep him there unless he can come up smiling day after day." Mitchell takes no chances in this matter. There are just two immovable appointments in his schedule—his fifteen minutes with the "setting up" drill before breakfast and his walk down the Avenue. He may have been up late the night before; he may have a hundred matters waiting for him at the office; it makes no difference. The morning exercise takes precedence over everything else.

A friend of mine who suffered a nervous breakdown and went all over Europe consulting specialists told me that the man who helped him most was a wise old doctor in New York, who said, "Go home when you've finished up your day's work, take a warm bath, put on your pajamas, and get into bed for twenty minutes before dinner." Many other men have learned that there is tremendous recuperative value in that homely formula—Mitchell among them. Saturdays, during the summer, he plays golf; but the morning exercise and the few minutes of complete relaxation at the end of the day's work are what keep him in shape.

important enough to keep him alone in his office to such an hour he answered that he had been trying to catch up with his reading.

"Reading!" I exclaimed. "I didn't know that gentlemen who own houses on Fifth Avenue did any reading."

"Some do," he answered. And after a little prying I discovered that he has an





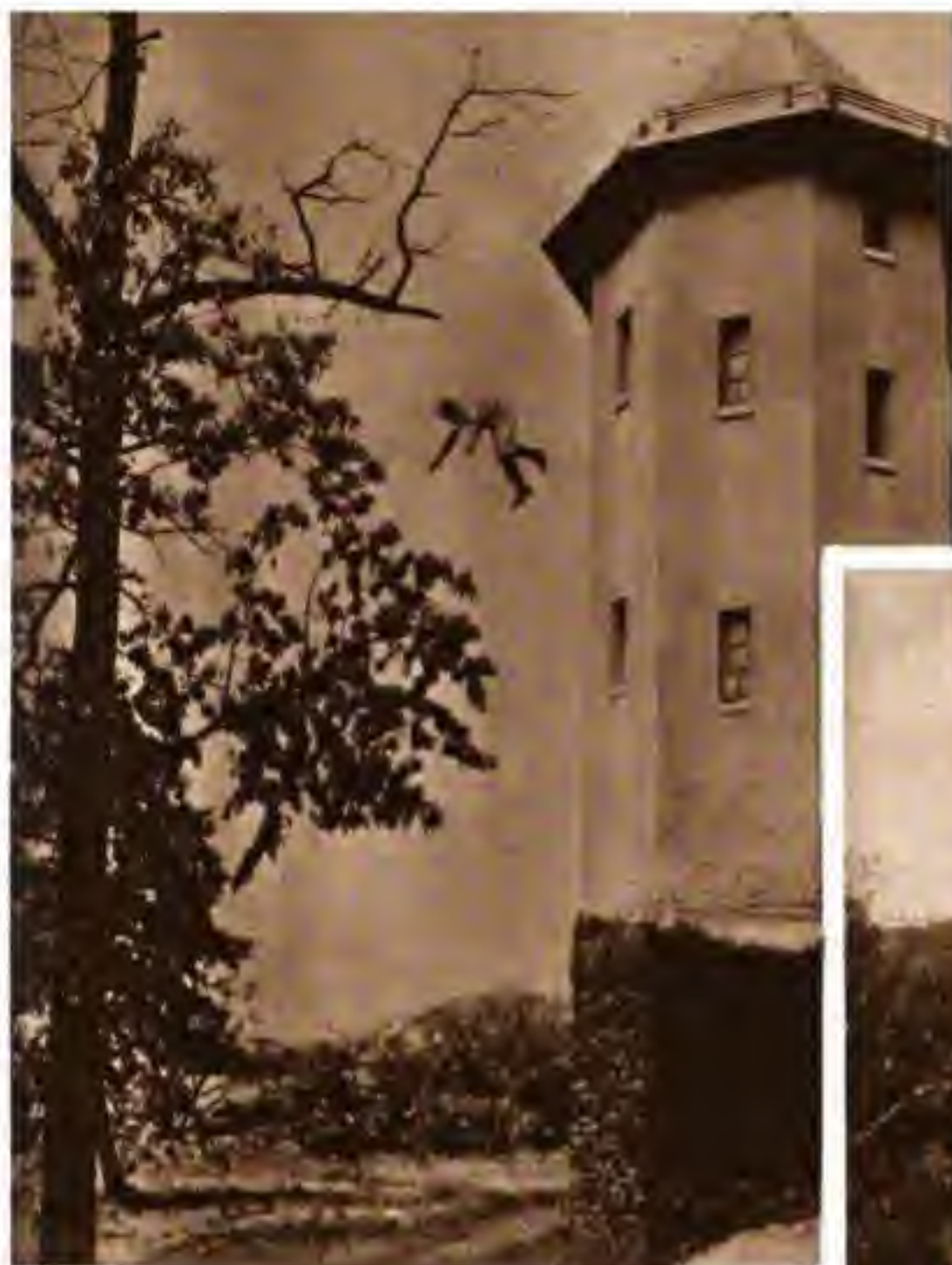
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*Charles E. Mitchell*

**MR. MITCHELL** was put at the helm of the National City Bank of New York, in May, 1921. Starting as a clerk in Chicago, he worked his way to the presidency of the biggest financial institution in America. His first job was with the Western Electric Company. Later he became the credit manager. His handling of

this position led to his selection as assistant to the president of the Trust Company of America, a big New York bank. In 1916 he became head of the National City Company, a subsidiary of the National City Bank. His success here led to his present post. Mr. Mitchell was born in Chelsea, Mass., forty-five years ago.





At the left, Hutchison is shown jumping from a window, more than thirty feet from the ground, to catch the lower limb of the tree. This was a very hazardous stunt. In the first place, he had to jump from a crouching position on the narrow window sill. And if he missed the branch, which was only a few inches thick, or if he caught it where it would break under his weight he would fall to the ground. The picture was made for his latest serial, "Speed."

Hutchison often rides a motorcycle across a railway trestle in front of a train going forty miles an hour, as in the picture below, taken at Au Sable Chasm, New York. The trestle here is about fifty feet high. He says it is safer to ride fast over rough ground, or over ties, because then the wheels touch only the high spots.



The picture below, taken in the gymnasium where Hutchison constantly practices, shows the extraordinary under-arm muscles, on which he depends when hanging by his hands. He will catch a rope ladder, trailing from an airplane, and hang by one hand as the plane goes up hundreds of feet. Hutchison leads a simple, wholesome life. He does not drink, smokes only one cigar a day, keeps early hours, and is careful about his diet. He married Edith Thornton, who used to play opposite him in the pictures, and they have a charming home in New York.



Photo by J. Tanner, N. Y.

CHARLES HUTCHISON was born in Allegheny, Pennsylvania, thirty-two years ago. He attended Western University, where he was a star athlete. He was on the stage before he went into moving pictures.



Photo by  
Witael, N. Y.





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Photo by Witzel, N. Y.



# The Stunt King of the Movies

Plenty of people would like to get Charles Hutchison's salary, but they wouldn't take his job for a million dollars a day—His life is a succession of thrilling adventures; but he does not gamble it blindly against chance, he tries to make sure of two things: the facts and himself—That, he declares, is the way to accomplish what seems to be impossible

*By Mary B. Mullett*

**D**OWN in the Tennessee mountains, a few years ago, a moving picture company was making the scenes for a serial production. Serial pictures are the continued stories of the screen: one "episode," or instalment, being shown each week.

In this particular case, the location of one scene was a mountain torrent rushing over a rocky bed to a point where it plunged from a cliff. Just above the falls, a tall tree trunk was laid across the stream; and the hero rode his horse over this log from one bank to the other.

A group of mountaineers had gathered to watch the strange doings; and when the hero had performed his stunt one of the natives remarked, "If a gol-durned movin' picture actor kin do that, I reckon I kin, too. It'll git me home quicker'n if I go 'round by the road, anyhow." Whereupon he started for the log.

He decided, however, to temper his courage with caution; so, instead of riding across he merely tried to lead his horse. When he was half way over, the animal slipped off—on the side toward the falls! It tried to get a footing, but its frantic struggles were powerless and it was swept over the brink.

It landed in a sitting position, apparently unhurt. But it was *facing* the falls; and in its terror it tried to swim forward, against the current which would have carried it down to safety. Its struggles simply kept it there in the seething water.

The mountaineer would not risk his own life by trying to rescue the animal; but the "gol-durned movin' picture actor" jumped into the torrent below the poor beast and tried to swim up to it. But he could make no headway against the stream, so he finally went in immediately under the falls. The current swept him against the rocks a few feet from the horse. Clinging to these rocks, he called and called until the animal heard him and turned in his direction. When it did this, the current swept it down-stream to quieter water, where it swam to shore. The man then let go his hold and followed the horse to safety.

The name of the man who risked his own life to save that of a poor dumb victim of another man's folly is Charles Hutchison. To countless movie audiences all over the world he is known as "Hutch, the Thrill-a-Minute Stunt King." Before I had seen the things he does I thought this title was merely a clever advertising slogan. Now that I know him, I admit his right to it.

For sheer daring, Charles Hutchison is

a world-beater. His life is a succession of hair-raising incidents. But his courage is not simply dare-deviltry. It is based on coolness, confidence, and a keen and calculating judgment. He is a living proof of the fact that we can do amazing things, almost superhuman things, if we know that they *can* be done, and if we have confidence that *we* can do them.

Hutchison is not a reckless fool, gambling his life against chance. His faith in himself is founded on facts. For instance, his nerves must be absolutely dependable. Therefore he lives a simple, wholesome life. He does not drink. He smokes one cigar a day—or none at all. He is careful about his diet. He keeps early hours. He has a delightful home, and would rather be there than any place else in the world.

In other words, he recognizes and obeys the law that you cannot get something for nothing! He doesn't try to escape paying the price of being the "stunt king" of the world. If he did, he would lose his throne, and probably lose his life too. He may lose it anyway. But if he does, it won't be because he threw it away by weak self-indulgence.

**H**IS muscles must be as dependable as his nerves. Therefore he keeps himself in perfect condition by constant work in the gymnasium. There is scarcely an hour of the day that he is not testing his muscles, giving them something to do, keeping them fit and ready for their work.

When he is at home, he will get up, go to an open doorway, and "sit" there a few minutes, with his back against one side of it, his feet braced against the other side—and only empty air beneath him. Or he will jump up, catch the ledge above a doorway and hang there by both hands, or by one, for five minutes at a stretch.

He has faith in himself because he takes mighty good care to know just how much he can do. But he does not stop there. He has learned through some very painful experiences that he must know, in advance, just *how* a thing can be done. If the rest of us realized this we should make fewer failures.

"The way to do seemingly impossible things," he said to me, "is to make sure, before you attempt them, that you understand the *principles* involved. Then, if you are certain of yourself and if you do not trust any of the vital details to other people, you are pretty sure to come through successfully.

"For instance, I have done a greater number of spectacular motor-cycle stunts than anyone else. But I had to learn to depend on facts, not on appearances. One

of my stunts is to ride a motor-cycle straight through a fence. The first time I did it, I was bruised and torn by the broken pieces of wood. I had tried to play safe by going at a speed of ten miles an hour.

"While I was nursing my injuries I did a lot of thinking. And when I was well again I tried the stunt once more. The other people in the company looked on in horror when they saw me head for that fence at sixty miles an hour! But I knew what I was about this time. The pieces of wood flew a hundred feet—but not one of them touched *me*. I was not trusting to what *looked* safe, but to the *principles* I had figured out.

**I**N ANOTHER case, I was to be in a buggy on a railroad track in front of an approaching train. The engine was to strike the buggy and I was to jump onto the front of the locomotive."

"Did you try it first with an empty buggy to see what would happen?" I asked.

"No; because I *knew* what would happen," he said. "I told the engineer to come on at a speed of thirty-five miles an hour. He refused at first, said that he wasn't going to be responsible for killing me, and that he would run at ten miles an hour.

"If you do," I told him, "you probably *will* kill me. The wreckage will be jammed on the front of the engine and I'll be caught in it." He finally consented to do as I wanted him to and came at me full tilt, making thirty-five miles an hour. At the instant the engine struck I leaped and caught the locomotive. And because the speed was so great the wreckage shot into the air, *clear* of the train. That was exactly what I had figured would happen."

"What if you had jumped a second too soon, or a second too late?" I asked.

"Well, in that case," he laughed, "I shouldn't be here to-day. But I felt sure of myself. Anyone who risks his all on a thing which he is afraid he can't do is a fool. Every one of my stunts is an expression of faith in myself and of my belief that I have figured out the correct principles.

"Here is an example: While I am speeding along on a motor-cycle, at forty miles an hour, an airplane swoops down over me. I stand up on the seat of the motor-cycle and catch, with one hand, a rope ladder hanging from the airplane. I climb the ladder and get into the plane.

"When I first did this, I never had been in an airplane, either on the ground or in the air. But I figured the whole thing out





At the left, Hutchison is riding his horse across a log over a mountain torrent just above a high waterfall. This was in the Tennessee mountains. A native tried to lead his own horse across. The animal slipped and went over the falls, but was rescued by Hutchison. At the right, the "stunt king" is leaping from a derrick into the stream. It was a difficult jump, because of the precarious footing on the derrick, and because he had to clear the barge in the foreground.



in my mind and believed I could do it. You probably have seen pictures of a person standing up on the back seat of an automobile, or on the top of a train, and catching a rope ladder. But *somebody else* was driving the car, or the train! I was alone on the motor-cycle, which is a very different proposition.

"I CAUGHT the rope all right and hung there by one hand, watching my motor-cycle. It had cost five hundred dollars; and as I saw it running wild down below me my chief concern was the fact that it was going to be wrecked. Suddenly I realized that I was about

two hundred feet in the air and going higher every second. I decided that instant to leave the motor-cycle to its fate and transferred my attention to what was above me. I guess we were about a thousand feet up when I climbed the ladder and crawled into the cockpit of the airplane.

"Everything depends on your attitude of mind. Suppose you knew you could jump up and hang by your hands from the ledge above that door there for five minutes. If I offered you a hundred dollars to do it, you wouldn't hesitate. But if I offered you a hundred dollars if you would



Above Hutchison swings back and forth clinging to a rope hanging from the top of a seven-story building, catches the edge of a window and climbs in. At the left. This is one of Hutch's most daring stunts. Braced between two buildings, he works his way up the bare walls. And he does not have a net below to catch him if he slips. He did slip once, but his hand caught on an iron hook by a window and stopped him when he had fallen six feet. At the right. In "The Great Gamble" Hutchison leaped across an eighteen-foot chasm between two seven-story buildings. The agent of a company which had insured the production happened to see him make this leap. The agent rushed to a telephone, told the company to cancel the policy immediately, and Hutchison has never since been able to get a company to insure his life for a single dollar.







(Left) In "Go Get 'Em, Hutch," he is hanging from a beam at the top of a grain elevator, when the beam gives away and Hutch falls. His friends (in the story) have seen his plight and hold a big piece of canvas into which he drops. But if their grasp was insecure, or if he had not fallen just right, he probably would have been badly hurt. (Right) This picture of Hutchison and his wife was made when she was playing with him in moving pictures. She crosses to a fire escape over a bridge made by his body



hang from this window ledge, seven stories above the street, would you do it? Certainly not! You wouldn't try it; because you haven't faith in yourself. I have faith, because I know what I can do.

"I must know, for the lives of other people depend on it. My wife used to play opposite me in the pictures, and we did one scene where I carried her across Au Sable Chasm by walking a log laid from one



cliff to the opposite one. The log was about fifty feet above the water; and the distance across the chasm was about the same. It would not have been serious, perhaps, if we had fallen into the rapids; but there were also jagged rocks below us. Nothing would have induced my wife to walk that log alone! But she was perfectly willing to have me carry her across, because she had faith that I could do it.

"SCORES of times the lives of other people have depended on my coolness and sureness. I've got to be certain of myself. I remember one time when a girl and I were to be in a canoe that was to upset in the middle of some rapids. She couldn't swim; and before we started she said to me: (Continued on page 44)



(Above) Hutchison is a wonderful swimmer—but so is a shark! In "Speed" Hutch is thrown into the water by his enemies. He has an encounter with a sure-enough shark and kills the animal with a knife. He has also tackled an alligator, and his only weapon was his bare hands

(Above) Standing on the wing of an airplane, Hutchison leaps and catches the sill of an open window in a train going at full speed. The villain, inside the car, closes the window and Hutch is forced to drop off. When he did it, he dislocated his hip and tore the ligaments of his leg. (Right) From the top of a moving train, Hutchison jumps through the open door of a box car in a train going in the opposite direction! In this, as in most of his stunts, he must not only have strength and nerve, but he must calculate every move with absolute precision







It was an exciting mental interim until she saw Bert next day. And then—  
and then she found that a lady can apologize by the simple act of smiling



# The Girl Who Was Brought Up To Be a Snob

A love story

By Mella Russell McCallum

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

**W**HEN old Doctor Major died he left his daughter Connie four thousand dollars in life insurance, the Major homestead, and the Major traditions.

Connie Major was a small grayish blonde, twenty-nine years old. She had kept house for her father fourteen years. There was a brother too, Carewe, who taught biology in a Western college.

Carewe came on for the funeral, and helped Connie invest the four thousand in safe real estate mortgages. Carewe was every inch a Major. He had a distinguished-looking hatchety face, impersonal blue eyes, and his clothes were shiny at the seams.

"I wish I might add to your resources, Connie," he told his sister on the day of his departure. "But with five growing children—" His lips closed grimly.

Connie was sitting on the frayed brocade edge of the parlor sofa. She blinked her light gray eyes earnestly. "I couldn't think of accepting help from you, anyway, Carewe. Father left all there was to me, and it is only fair that I should manage alone."

"Yes, yes, theoretically, of course," Carewe muttered. "But—but you, Connie!" He shook his head worriedly.

A patch of red sprang into each of Connie's cheeks. The implication hurt. "I know I'm not equipped with education," she said; "I know that!"

"My dear Connie!" The professor looked distressed. "No one regrets it more than I. Sometimes I feel, I really feel, that I—ah—cheated you in that respect."

"No," said Connie sharply. "You were the boy. Your schooling came first. It was no one's fault that there wasn't money enough when my turn came. It's quite all right, Carewe. I didn't mean to speak bitterly."

Carewe looked relieved. "But just how will you—ah—manage?" he asked uneasily.

Connie took a breath and squared her narrow shoulders. "I am going to rent part of the house."

The professor's lips snapped over an escaped sigh. He was in no position to protest.

"Our next-door neighbor, the Jewish contractor, you know, tells me I won't have any trouble renting. I—I asked him this morning while you were out." The red stayed in Connie's cheeks. It was hard to say these things to Carewe.

"I trust that you—ah—don't have any unnecessary dealings with such persons, Connie."

"No, of course not. But I can't help noticing that such persons, as you call them, get rich, while we—we fray out. Mr. Goldstein's son is in the university, and his daughter is abroad, and they have subscription seats at the opera."

Carewe frowned. "I dare say," he muttered. "It's deplorable, deplorable, indeed, that such people should—" He lifted a gaunt hand to dismiss the subject. "But, to resume, Connie, I cannot deny that it is painful to me to think of your renting the old home."

"It's painful to me, too!" Tears rose to Connie's eyes. "But what else can I do? I'm not trained to teach. I could clerk in a store, I suppose."

"That would be unthinkable. Unthinkable! I suppose you are right—about renting. But it is difficult to adjust myself to it." He walked stiffly to the window and stared through the ancient, carefully darned net curtains. When he spoke again his voice vibrated slightly. "Every house in this block used to be occupied by an American family of standing. Now, we are the only one left."

"I know. It broke Father's heart. But—it isn't going to break mine!" Connie spoke very low.

**C**AREWE swung around and looked at her hard. His expression begged her to remember that she was a Major.

Connie laughed a little, uncomfortably. "Don't look so shocked, Carewe. I'm not—forgetting anything, really."

"I trust not." The professor snapped his lips again. Then he looked at his watch. "I must leave shortly. I'll go up and see if I have everything packed."

But Connie continued, "I know what you're thinking—that I'm not as fine and proud as Father was. He wouldn't have asked advice from our neighbor. But you've been away all these years, Carewe. You didn't see the heartbreak under the pride, as I did, and— Well, I'm not going to suffer as he did!"

Carewe paused with one foot on the stairs. "As a Major, you cannot compromise," he said, then proceeded on up.

Connie sat still. Why did she ever raise her puny strength against Carewe? She always came to grief. She remembered similar disastrous occasions when she had opposed her father; and he had made her feel so ashamed and unworthy!

When her brother reappeared with his bag and umbrella, she jumped up and clung to his arm. "Oh, Carewe, I won't have anyone now!"

He patted her shoulder. "There, there, my dear Connie." He placed a pecking

kiss upon her cheek. "There—you'll manage, I'm sure. A Major always manages. I'll write you often. There, don't cry!"

Connie watched forlornly out the window as his erect figure disappeared up the street. He did not stride, although his legs were long. He stepped as if each step were measured. Her father had walked that same meticulous way. . . .

She turned back drearily to the shabby room. There were some sprigs of asparagus fern and ragged white flower petals scattered on the threadbare Brussels carpet. "I must bring in the carpet sweeper," she said.

She was utterly alone, for the first time in her life.

But as she swept up the sprigs of greenery she was conscious of a sensation other than grief. She was utterly alone—and her own mistress.

She had always lived in dread of her father's disapproval. While Carewe had remained under the roof, she had feared his opinions. Her father and her brother had always been so strong, so self-sufficient, in their mighty pride. They had never seemed to realize that her scant schooling deprived her of many of their compensations. Not that she wanted to live under a lower standard, not that! But—well, it would be a relief to relax a little.

The sense of depression that wrapped her gave and lifted slightly, like a loosened cloak.

**M**R. GOLDSTEIN made it easy for Connie to rent her house. He said that his partner was seeking living quarters in the vicinity; a nice Italian gentleman, with only three children.

"But I understood that you and your partner were building bungalows," Connie was bewildered. "Why should he care to rent?"

The contractor laughed. "We are building bungalows, miss. Sixty-four under construction. But there's too much profit selling them for us to live in them. I guess you don't understand the real estate business."

"Oh, no," proudly said the heir of the house of Major.

Mr. Goldstein looked puzzled; and a little as if he felt sorry for her. Connie was amused at the idea of his feeling sorry for a Major.

"I could get you a quiet young couple with two children for those five rooms on the side, too. You don't need them," continued Mr. Goldstein.

"Oh, that would be very nice. I really



can do without them." Connie wondered if he would think it queer for her to keep only two rooms for herself. She realized now that he would think it queer if she should keep more than two.

"My nephew, I have in mind. Same name as mine. They want to get the kids out of the city. He teaches in a business college."

"That sounds desirable," considered Connie. "Ah—what rent do you think I ought to receive?"

THE contractor cocked his head. He had already, at his own suggestion, inspected Connie's property. It had hurt her to see him peering about the rooms where the Majors had lived and died—judging them in terms of real estate. "Your house ain't got many conveniences," he said. "But the rooms are big and light. If you let them go too cheap, other people will hear about it, and come and offer you more money. The thing to do is to set the price right in the first place. I say, ask Mr. Salvatore seventy for the six front, and my nephew fifty-five for the five side."

"That seems a great deal. I don't want to profiteer."

Mr. Goldstein eyed her unbelievably. "You won't be, miss."

And so, in the course of a few weeks, the rambling gray house came to know deep uprootings. It had held four generations of Majors: Connie thought it must suffer. She herself suffered as she established herself in two small rear rooms and stored unnecessary furniture in the attic; she couldn't sell it. But she did not suffer as her father would have, or Carewe. For when the plumber bored strange, unaccustomed holes and inserted long veins of pipe through them, the pang she felt was partially pleasant; she, Connie Major, was stirring up things—and the process exhilarated her.

In Connie's childhood Hillsdale had not been the ugly manufacturing suburb it was now. It had been a dead, smug village, with a distinct social pattern. A half-dozen families had comprised the aristocracy. They had protested bitterly against factory stacks and commuting trains. When they had found that they could not dodge the wand of progress they had picked up their chaste heirlooms and fled to purer areas; all but the family of Major.

Doctor Major would have liked to flee,

but he couldn't afford it. His wife's fatal illness had been costly, and Carewe was graduating and marrying. The doctor knew that desirable residential towns are always too well supplied with physicians; and these detested Italian working people, who were already infesting the streets, would need a doctor's services.

THUS Connie's girlhood had been passed during the period of the town's transition. She had seen her father's mind become more and more embittered as the energetic foreigners crowded out the American families. He had taken pains to impress Connie with the idea that he had done a fine and martyrlike thing in remaining. He had dwelt upon the subject so long that he believed he *had* done a fine and martyrlike thing; Connie had seen the belief crystallize.

The girl had grown up almost friendless. There was no one in school or church quite good enough for her. College was out of

"I trust that you—ah—don't have any

the question. Carewe's increasing family needed occasional financial assistance from the doctor. You couldn't expect Carewe to turn his finely trained mind to money-making.

"You are a Major. You are better than anyone else in Hillsdale," had been the food that had fed Connie's mind. She believed it, as a matter of course. She believed it even now, while she prepared her rooms for alien tenants. . . . And yet, in and out and under and above that Major consciousness of caste, ran a bright, pricking thread of delight in tearing things to pieces! It was the nearest thing to real *fun* that Connie had ever known.

For twenty years the Majors had bought groceries from Herzog's. It used to be the best store in town. Now it was untidy and smelled musty. Old Herzog, in a soiled apron, took your order with a bitten stub of a pencil. You paid for the goods in a dignified manner, at the end of the month. Doctor Major would not have







unnecessary dealings with such persons, Connie

dreamed of trading anywhere else. Those new red-front stores were no place for ladies and gentlemen—exactings spot cash, as if you had no honor, and sending you out staggering under a load of paper bags. Connie continued in her father's steps, and allowed old Herzog to bully her.

It was her tenant, stout Mrs. Salvatore, who induced her to change. "You pay a third more, Miss Major. In two weeks, if you go to the cash-and-carry, you can save the price of a theatre ticket."

Connie opened her mouth to reply. The words died unuttered. How could she explain to Mrs. Salvatore that she traded with Herzog because he delivered, and because she could send him a check? What would such an argument mean to the thrifty Italian woman? What did such an argument mean, anyway?

"We've always been to Herzog's," she murmured. "But I dare say you're right."

The first time she ventured into the chain store she was frightened. The clean-

jacketed manager was so quick, and so smart at adding up a column of figures that her mind stood still. Her eyes widened as he slid a pound of butter along the counter to a portly matron of sixty, with the words, "Here you are, miss!"

**SUCH** impudence! Why, the manager was a mere boy! A saucy, impossible boy, with his starched jacket and apron and his curling brown hair. But the portly matron didn't resent his impudence. She smiled back at him. "Some women have no dignity," thought Connie.

"What's yours, young lady?"

Connie jumped. He was addressing her. She fumbled with her neatly written list, and stuttered something about tea and rice and starch. The things came sliding along the counter as she named them.

Then the manager made a few quick passes with paper and stout string, and said, "Eight, twenty-two, thirty-six, fifty-

one, seventy-four—seventy-four cents, miss. . . . Thank you—come again!"

Connie stumbled out. She was furious. Such impudence! Such indignity! She would go back to Herzog's.

When she got home she did some arithmetic. She had saved fourteen cents on her small order.

**AS SHE** made the tea for her supper (lunch was her main meal; she dispensed with dinner) her anger cooled. "I suppose it seems queer to me at that store, because I'm not used to it," she said.

The next day she went again to the chain grocery. She was braced for shock. She still thought it was unpardonably rude of the manager to address all women indiscriminately as "young lady." He should say "Madam." And the way he grinned at you when he tied up your parcel was dreadfully bad manners. But how quick he was! How accurate! Also, she was forced to admit, he was much neater than old Herzog. His boyish face had a fresh, scrubbed look, and his hair had endured careful brushing.

As the days went on she ceased to be shocked at all. That was where she differed from her father

and Carewe. They would never have relinquished that first poignant sense of outrage. "Of course," thought Connie, "I would never stoop to joke back with the manager the way I see women do. Still, they seem to be nice women."

One night, as she spread her three slices of bread with peanut butter, she caught herself re-creating the scene within the cash-and-carry store. She could hear Bert's high-pitched voice—Bert was what everyone called the manager—as he demanded. "What for you, young lady?" She could see his boyish, smiling face, and the crisp curls of his hard-brushed hair. . . . She pulled herself up sharply. She felt very much ashamed, picturing a man in her mind.

Weeks passed. The responsibilities of being a landlady filled life with interest. She found that she could live and pay the taxes without worrying. She was saving money, too, by carrying her groceries home.

(Continued on page 158)



# "There Is No Failure Save In Giving Up"

How Adolphus M. Shenk, who went to the Colorado Desert in 1900, succeeded in converting a desert claim into a profitable ranch—Fighting every kind of obstacle—floods, drought, heat, sand storms, and bandits—he has held on where many gave up—There's a big lesson for all of us in this remarkable record of endurance, faith, and pure grit

*By Neil M. Clark*

**T**HE wagons came to a creaking halt and the mules hung their heads from weariness. The two brothers driving the outfit were exhausted, but they looked ahead with eager eyes. At last they were through the mountains; the land of promise was in sight.

It had proved a terrible passage, won foot by foot through a gorge in which there was no road, nothing indeed, living or dead, but great boulders and hummocks of shifting sand, with a scant growth of sage and cactus, where every

they were alone. Even the coyotes scarcely ventured to cross that thirsty land.

In 1900, however, an engineer's dream was fulfilled. A man with money and vision found practicable the engineer's scheme to bring water from the Colorado River and irrigate the desert. Then settlers began to arrive.

**I**N THE twenty-odd years since, the desert has been converted into productive ranches. It has even lost its ominous name, for it is now known as the Imperial Valley. Thousands of people live on

it. The annual products of the Valley are worth dozens of millions of dollars.

This transformation was not effected easily. Indeed, the hardships that the pioneers endured can scarcely be imagined. Very few of these pioneers remain to-day. Some of them were not the kind who would stay; when civilization got too close they moved on. Others, who came hoping to find an easy success, were speedily disillusioned and went elsewhere. Still others stayed a few years and helped to build the country, and then, having been well repaid, left to escape the rigors of the life.

One who came at the very start was Adolphus Shenk. He has remained year after year. He has endured and come through every hardship the Valley has offered. He is to-day doing bigger and more important things in the reclaimed desert than have ever been done before. This is his story.

I met Mr. Shenk one morning in Calexico, a Valley town on the Mexican border. He did not expect me. At his ranch house they held out little hope of my seeing him. "He is with the governor this morning," they said; "and after that he is going to the ranch in Mexico. He will be at the office for a very few minutes; you might catch him there."



foot had to be conquered by constant lifting and pushing and urging.

A still more sinister journey lay ahead. For the brothers looked upon a land which stretched to the north and east and south as far as their eyes could see, a land in which no living creature was visible, save one slowly soaring buzzard. It was the Colorado Desert; the desert as it was twenty-two years ago, before men had transformed a great part of it into a garden. The brothers looking upon it now for the first time were Adolphus and John W. Shenk, Jr.

The conquest of the Colorado Desert is one of the wonder stories of recent years. Until as late as 1900 hardly a half-dozen people lived within sight of it. Three or four prospectors, destined by circumstances or ambition to a lonely existence on the fringes of civilization, had placed their shacks near the scattered water holes. But



These are "before and after" pictures. One shows a stretch of unreclaimed desert, the other reveals a luxuriant growth of cotton on a section of that same desert that has been reclaimed. Irrigation and intelligent farming brought about the change. Twenty-two years ago all this was the Colorado Desert; now it is the Imperial Valley of California. The right to the more inviting name was won when men transformed a blighted area into a garden spot



I tramped a dusty, hot mile to the town and to Mr. Shenk's office. Fifteen minutes later he came in. I found him a man of medium height, surprisingly young, and with eyes of light blue. After a few words in greeting, Mr. Shenk said incisively that he was going to start out in a few minutes to make a tour of his ranch, and asked me to spend the day with him.

**IT WAS** an illuminating day. In the man himself and in what he told me, I saw vividly a pioneer at work. Very soon I found that he does not talk easily about himself. Nevertheless, in intervals, while we drove about his twelve-thousand-acre ranch in Lower California, while he talked with his foremen and ditch riders and laborers, and allowed no detail, however minute, to escape him, his story gradually pieced itself together.

It is necessary to go back where we started, to the year 1900, and to the point where the mountains debouched on the desert.

"A prospector at Viacitas in the mountains told us," Mr. Shenk said, "that we would be able to reach the first water across the desert in a day and a half. We were heavily loaded and we carried enough water to last us about that long."

Picture this desert into which they were going. Nowhere for any distance did it rise above sea level; the northern end lay several hundred feet below sea level. On every side were brown, barren mountains, turning to purple and blue in the far distance. Overhead was a cloudless, burning sky, even though it was winter. Underfoot was white sand, thrown up by the wind into hummocks and dunes, and overgrown sparsely with sage and greasewood. Feet and wheels sunk deep at every yard. To travel a mile was an achievement.

"The first day out," Mr. Shenk continued, "we found the skeletons of twelve human beings. With them were the skeletons of their animals and some bits of equipment."

"The prospector had told us we would strike water in a day and a half; but three days passed and we did not find it. The water we carried gave out. The animals were exhausted. Their tongues

began to swell. So did ours. We could see water all over the place as long as the sun shone: nice cool water, with green trees on the banks. But it was only the mirage.

"At last we lost hope of finding water ourselves, so we gave the animals their

From Pelican Lake the brothers headed for Cameron Lake, their destination. This was forty miles across the desert, close to the Mexican border, and they reached it without mishap. At Cameron Lake their father had located claims. The elder Shenk had been a minister in

Omaha, Nebraska, and also the editor of a religious weekly there. He had saved a little money, and he had three sons. When he moved to Los Angeles, both facts were discovered by those who were going to build the irrigation ditches to reclaim the Colorado Desert.

They were eager for settlers. An eloquent gentleman succeeded in inducing the Reverend Mr. Shenk and his wife to visit the site of the proposed irrigation project. The minister was enthusiastic about the country. He

located one claim for his wife, another for himself, and one apiece for each of his three sons, making a total of sixteen hundred acres of sand hills and mesquite-bearing desert.

The land cost \$2.75 per acre; \$1.25 went to the Government, and the balance was paid for water rights. It was a good deal of money for the minister to put into a vision; and the enterprise was just that. No other settler had located a claim in that arid land.

It was to the land on which their father had located that Adolphus Shenk and his brother John were going in the year 1900. At the time, Adolphus was not of age.

"When we reached Cameron Lake," he told me, "we found the water so low that, what with mud and dead fish, it was putrid. Before we could drink it we made a filter. We burned green mesquite to make charcoal. Then we took a length of stove pipe and filled it from bottom to top with alternate layers of sand and charcoal. Then we put water in at the top. When it worked its way down and dripped through at the bottom, it was purified and fit to use."

**"THIS** one stagnant pool had to serve all our needs until the following spring. Then the Colorado River overflowed, and the annual flood furnished us a fresh supply. We got along the same way the following winter, too. After that there was water in the irrigation ditches."

The (Continued on page 146)



Here's a picture of an Imperial Valley artery. The very life of the Valley depends upon these irrigation ditches. This particular channel is on Mr. Shenk's ranch

heads. They smelled water and went straight for it. About midnight they brought us to Pelican Lake.

"It was a stagnant pool. The animals rushed for it, however. Fortunately a prospector had his shack there, and he helped us to get the animals out of the water before they killed themselves by drinking too much and too fast."



PHOTO BY E. CASPULO, CALIFORNIA

Mr. Shenk, standing at the left, and one of his helpers exhibiting an enormous stalk of cotton grown on his land. This picture was taken in Calexico





We stayed up in the attic while the rain pattered cheerily on the eaves, and talked a long time. It was then that we thought of the simple thing which would solve so much married unhappiness



# Dot Aldrich Has an Attack Of Conscience

The story of two young newly-weds

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

**A** PROPHEET is not without honor save in his own country," might just as well have been written about a married woman in her own home town.

From the utter lack of respect that I get in Montrose, nobody would believe that I am what the fashion magazines are always referring to as a Young Matron. Will and I have been married four months, and yet practically everybody still calls me Dot Aldrich.

"Well, I hate to be depressing," said Father, when I spoke to him about it, "but you know that Mrs. Jackson and Mrs. Kinkaid must be nearly sixty, and yet they're often called 'the Grove girls.'"

In Chicago, where Will and I went for our honeymoon—three days in a hotel, our breakfast served in our room, and a theatre every night—it was quite different. The hotel clerk spoke of me to Will as "your wife" right from the start, and when he handed me a letter from Mother, he said, "Good morning, Mrs. Horton."

I gummed things up, there, though, myself, the first time that Will introduced me to anybody. He met one of his college instructors and his wife as we were coming out of the hotel, and when the instructor had introduced his wife, and Will grinned and said, "This is Mrs. Horton," I got all flustered in the general confusion and smiled and said, "How do you do, Mrs. Horton?" which was about as silly a thing as I could have done.

When we got back to Montrose, I was so busy for the first three weeks that I didn't notice the utter lack of respect I was getting. We took the stucco bungalow put up on the old Owen corner, right next to Dulcie and Roger Lane, and what with buying furniture and moving over chairs and things that Will's mother or mine could let us use for a while, and getting wedding presents and what not, we hardly had time to think.

The first time that I noticed the truth about the prophet in his own country was when we were settled and I was going to have Mother and Father for dinner. I called up Mr. Libby in the morning and told him to send me a nice roast by two o'clock. I called him at four o'clock, because it hadn't come.

"I sent it, Mis' Horton, just as you said, at two o'clock," he said; "and there wasn't nobody home."

"Why, I've been right here ever since—" I began, and then the truth dawned on me. He had sent it to Will's mother.

"This is Mrs. W. E. Horton," I said icily. "Did you make a mistake?"

"Mrs. W. E. Horton?" he repeated, as though he'd never heard of such a person. "Mrs.— Oh, for the love of Pete! You're Dot Aldrich! Why didn't you say who you was?" Anyone would have thought, actually, from his tone of voice that I was using an assumed name!

Although I was irritated a little, I didn't lay it up against Mr. Libby really, because, of course, he's over fifty, and you've got to expect old people to be a little slow about catching on to things. However, it wasn't just Mr. Libby. Everybody else was just as bad. Mother kept right on telling me to wear my spats on damp days, just as she has since I was fourteen.

"Mother," I finally said gently, "you know I'm a married woman, now."

Father just laughed. "And has the weather," he asked, "no effect on a married constitution?"

**I**T'S an added drawback, of course, being nineteen, but I believe it would be about the same if I were ninety. I was talking to Mrs. Dunwoody one day, for instance, about Mrs. Henning's divorce, and I said how strange it was that some couples couldn't get along. It really does seem like sheer perverseness on their part.

"Why, here Will and I have been married for over a month," I said, "and we're getting along just as well as when we were newly-weds." I paused a moment, and then went on with just a shade more dignity. "Of course, Mr. Horton is quite easy to get along with, in the main, but there are times, when he has business worries on his mind and—" I paused, for Mrs. Dunwoody's chin had begun to shake as though she were going to cry. It kept shaking harder, and while I was wondering if I had said something to hurt her feelings, she lost control altogether. But she wasn't crying, she was laughing.

"Oh, excuse me, Dot," she said at last, after having laughed till she had to wipe her eyes, "but I just couldn't help it—it was your calling him Mr. Horton—and having business worries on his mind—"

"I don't see what's the matter," I said stiffly; "you call your husband Mr. Dunwoody."

"I know it," she said. "I apologize. But I swear I couldn't help it. I—I—" she was still breathless—"I got to thinking about one Easter when Will came trailing into Sunday-school, at the very end of the infant class, in a little white dress with all his little soft tow hair in one big curl running along the top of his head and—and— Oh, I just can't help it!" And she was off again.

I stood looking at her with cool, silent contempt. That's the trouble with your own home town. You can grow up to be the smartest person in the world, but people who remember you when you were in Miss Serwell's infant class will always think you don't know enough to pull in your head when you shut the window.

That is why I realize that it would do me not the slightest good in the world to pass on a discovery I have made. It is a discovery that has to do with married life, and would, I seriously and honestly believe, do away with thousands of divorces, to say nothing of millions of unhappy married couples who would not think of a divorce on account of what people would say.

But what good would there be in my telling it to anybody in Montrose? They would just look at me and giggle, and say would they ever forget that spring when I was three and had the mumps on both sides at once! People in this town actually believe that if they can remember you when you had the mumps, it proves you haven't any sense.

My discovery has to do with money matters. I have heard countless people say that the money question is probably the one greatest cause of married quarrels. Mother says so. When I first got back from Chicago, she said that I'd better have a good straightforward talk with Will, and get him to give me an allowance to run the house on. I did so, but Will did not care for the idea at all.

"I don't want to dole you out money as if it belonged to me and that it was a favor to you to buy a couple of lamb chops with it," he said manfully. "You know what salary Dad is paying me, and that after we pay for the new rug and the dining-room suite, I'll have around two hundred dollars in the bank. Everything I've got belongs to you just as much as me."

**"YES,"** I said rather faintly. Uncle Horace had sent me twenty-five dollars for a wedding present. It was the most money I had ever had all at once, and I had sort of figured that it would belong just to me. However, I could see that it wouldn't be fair to have everything that belonged to Will ours and everything that belonged to me mine. I therefore insisted that I would put that money in our bank account, though Will didn't want me to. I always try to be fair.

Then he suggested that, instead of the allowance idea, we should have a budget, and both keep accounts. Father said that was a fine idea and he gave us a book on "How to Stretch the Dollar," a big ac-



count book and the cutest little "budget box." The budget box was kind of like a box you pack eggs in, all little squares like the drawer of a cash register. As soon as I saw it I knew that having a budget would be fun.

SO EVERY Saturday night we took Will's salary and divided it up. The proportion the budget said to save, he put in the bank Monday morning. The rest we divided up in the little squares, so much for meat, so much for groceries, so much for dentist and doctor. That little box took care of everything. There was even one square for wear and tear on the house and furniture. It was a perfect circus to work it. The first three weeks I saved a little on the meat and groceries every time by buying just the right things. We took this saving and put it in the bank with our regular savings, and Will thought I was wonderful.

There was one square in the budget box marked "luxuries." This was beside the one for "Hospitality and Amusement," from which we bought tickets to the movies, an extra bottle of cream when we had company for dinner, and so on.

"Suppose we put a dollar a week in for luxuries," Will suggested. "If we don't spend it, all right; but we need a little leeway. There isn't any other square, for instance, where I could get the money for the basket-ball pool."

"Oh, Will!" I said reproachfully.

There is a basket-ball club in the five towns around here, and they play once a week. A lot of the young fellows in town have got up a pool—everybody puts in a half-dollar apiece, then draws lots to see which team he's betting on, and the whole amount is divided up among those who bet on the winner. That sort of thing is all right for bachelors, of course, but, for a married man, gambling does seem like a wicked extravagance.

"It isn't the money, Will," I said, "it's the principle of the thing. You're so *unlucky*. It isn't as if you might win once in a while." Will looked guilty and said, well, he supposed he ought to cut out all that sort of thing now that he was a married man.

The first week we bought a dish drainer with the Luxury Tax, as Will called that

part of the budget. That doesn't sound luxurious, but it was a special kind so that you don't have to wipe the dishes, which is certainly a luxury when you think of it that way. The next week Will bought a pencil-sharpening machine. He said he had hankered for one of them all his life, but that, some way, he'd never got around to having one before. That struck me as about the funniest thing I'd ever heard, but I had made up my mind to be a very tolerant, sympathetic wife to Will, so, while I may have looked a little surprised, naturally, I didn't say a word. And Will was just as sweet the next week when I spent the whole dollar on sachet. I felt it was really for both of us—Will would smell it just the same as I would, and I was perfectly willing to put some

little bags of it in his bureau drawers, too, but he didn't care to have me.

Things starting out as pleasantly as this, it never occurred to me the terrible worrying that that budget box would cost me. It came about partly on account of the way people in this town treat me. If I had been getting the respect that a young married woman is entitled to, right along, I might not have been so weak when Mr. Wellington Napp came into my life.

I OPENED the door one snowy morning to find him standing on the steps. I was surprised to find a stranger.

"Good morning," he said, with a very attractive smile. "Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mrs. Horton, Mrs. William Elbridge Horton?"



Things starting out as pleasantly as this, it never occurred to





me the terrible worrying that that budget box would cost me

"Yes," I said, wishing I had taken off my apron, although it was orchid—an unusual color for aprons and very becoming.

"Mr. Ayers was kind enough to suggest my coming to see you," he went on. Mr. Ayers is the high-school principal, and for a second I had the queer, guilty feeling a principal's name always gives you, long after you are out of his clutches.

"Won't you come in?" I asked, it being very cold.

"Thank you," he said, smiling again. "I feel very guilty taking up a moment of a busy matron's time but—"

"Oh, I'm not so very busy this morning," I said. You could tell at a glance that he was a very nice young man.

He sat down in our one over-stuffed chair, that we call our "spooner chair,"

because it's strong enough to hold us both. He told me that he was Mr. Wellington Napp.

"I'M CALLING on just a few of the younger matrons in Montrose," he said. "You young married women must be awfully conceited," he went on, with his nice smile, "when you know how all of us who are interested in the intellectual side of the nation's towns have to come to you first of all to get you to exercise your influence on our behalf."

"I'm afraid," I said, feeling that I must be honest with him, "that is, I'm not sure that I could be said to have a great deal of influence—"

"I knew you were going to say that," he interrupted me. "It's the people who

boast of their influence who haven't any, Mrs. Horton. It's the charming, intellectual woman, Mrs. Horton, who always tells me that she hasn't any influence." He shrugged his shoulders. While he hadn't exactly said that I was charming and intellectual, I couldn't help gathering that he thought I was. "You'll be telling me next, Mrs. Horton, that you don't like poetry!"

"Oh, no," I said. "I'm very fond of poetry."

"THERE!" he said triumphantly. "I knew the instant I saw you that I had made no mistake in coming to you among the very first here in Montrose. We have a perfectly marvelous opportunity, Mrs. Horton, to offer to a few of the matrons of Montrose. The only trouble is that we can't give it to every family in the town. But you know, Mrs. Horton, that Montrose is only one of thousands of towns through the country, and we can't do for one town what we aren't prepared to do in a thousand others."

"Of course not," I said understandingly.

"Now this, Mrs. Horton," he said, "is the opportunity I am offering to you in preference to some of the older women of the town. I guess I'm something of a sentimentalist, Mrs. Horton: I can't bear to see poetry go into a home where it isn't going to be loved."

Wasn't that sweet of him!

"Out of all the poetry of the world, Mrs. Horton, we have chosen only the finest and the best—ten volumes of it.

'Epics, Sonnets and Lyrics of the Ages,' we call our choice. The books are bound in—"he glanced around our living-room—"isn't it fate that red books should be the one touch your color scheme needs?"

"But ten books!" I faltered. "Wouldn't they be terribly expensive?" I was afraid there would be something that would keep me from taking advantage of such a chance. Mr. Napp smiled.

"Fifty cents a week," he said triumphantly. "Fifty cents a week for hyacinths to feed your soul, Mrs. Horton!"

"Why, I could afford that, all right!" I exclaimed.

Fifty cents a week seemed little enough to feed the soul. I signed where he told me to, on a dotted line, and gave him the first fifty cents. (Continued on page 100)



# Would You Be Happier If

Before making up your mind, read this extraordinary  
\$16,000,000 from

By Merle

IN THE summer of 1903, Horace Rackham, a Detroit lawyer, invested five thousand dollars of borrowed money in an automobile company that a Detroit mechanic was organizing. The mechanic was Henry Ford. In the summer of 1919, Mr. Rackham sold the stock that his five thousand dollars had bought. He received twelve and one-half million dollars for it.

Mr. Rackham was forty-five years old when he borrowed the five thousand dollars. He was sixty-one years old when he received the twelve and one-half millions.

In the meantime, the stock had been paying dividends. Quite considerable dividends, as a matter of fact. They had amounted to almost four million dollars. So Mr. Rackham's original investment of five thousand dollars had returned him nearly sixteen and one-half million dollars, or approximately thirty-three hundred dollars for every dollar invested.

I have mentioned these facts thus clearly and completely because I do not want to have to mention them again. Mr. Rackham would not want me to. Indeed, he would prefer that I did not mention them at all. He has just told me so. And I have countered by telling him that they are altogether necessary to an understanding of the extraordinary message that he has given me for the readers of this magazine.

I am a little hazy as to what the earmarks of a millionaire are. But of one thing I am quite certain: Mr. Rackham has none of them. This slender, alert man, with kind blue eyes, nicely molded head, and a voice whose sincerity no human being could question, might be any one of a million wholesome American citizens who have done their duty as they saw it, acquired a comfortable competence, and now look back on a well-filled life with the poise and penetration of age. The wealth that has come to him has left him curiously untouched.

Times without number you and I have thought: "If I had a million dollars I'd—" And then to finish the sentence we have

allowed our imaginations to run riot. *Just what would I do with it? How much happier would it make me? How would the world look to me? How would I look to the world?*

I believe that Horace Rackham, as we have talked together, has answered these questions in a normal way for normal hu-

"Probably Mrs. Rackham and I are pretty poor persons for this money to have come to. We couldn't live up to it if we wanted to—and we don't want to."

Before going further into Mr. Rackham's observations it is necessary to reveal their background. Otherwise their significance would be shrouded. That

takes us back to the little log house in Harrison township, near the shore of Lake St. Clair, Michigan, where he was born sixty-four years ago. A rough house it was, and pretty cramped for a father, mother, and four children. But it more than measured up to the seventy-one acres of poor farming land on which the family depended for a living.

THE elder Rackham, an Englishman by birth, had been a salt-sea sailor for twenty years, during which he had won his papers as first mate. Tiring of the ocean at last, he had decided to try his luck on the wind-stirred spaces of the Great Lakes. Later he left the sea altogether and settled down on a mortgaged farm within whiffing distance of Lake St. Clair.

Horace Rackham's boyhood was not easy. At four o'clock on winter mornings he would let himself down the ladder that led from the living-room to his garret bedroom. Then he would spend the next hour or so looking after the horses and pigs, while his father and an elder brother did the milking. Breakfast over, swinging his lunch box by a strap, he would trudge his copper-toed boots through the drifted snows to the district schoolhouse, nearly three miles away. It was necessary to get there an hour before "school time," and start a fire in the rusty box-stove, so that the room would be warm when the others came. For keeping the room clean and building the fires, young Rackham and a neighboring farm boy received a total recompense of seventy-five cents apiece for the four-months term.

It was a hard life, as a whole, but far from an unhappy one. Against its simplicity, little events stood out in sharp relief. Take, for example, the day when the

## Don't Draw Any Wrong Inferences From This Article

YOU can learn much from Horace Rackham's experiences and from his fine, wholesome philosophy. They are worth thinking over and talking over. There is one thing, however, that you cannot learn from this article. *You cannot learn how to make \$16,000,000 from a \$5,000 investment.*

Mr. Rackham was lucky. He admits frankly that he was lucky. Carefully following our own best judgment, just as Mr. Rackham followed his, you and I might borrow \$5,000 to invest in a newly organized company, and we would stand far less than one chance in a million of duplicating Mr. Rackham's amazing good fortune. Indeed, we would be luckier than the average amateur investor if we received a six per cent return on our money. You must bear in mind that the financial success of the Ford Motor Company is one of the marvels of modern industry. Nothing quite like it, on so big a scale, has happened in our generation.

This is not intended to subtract any just credit from Mr. Rackham, who hoped to make a fair profit on his investment. You will notice that he proceeded very carefully. . . . Mr. Rackham did not answer a circular letter from an unknown promoter in New York or Los Angeles or Kalamazoo. No one told him that he was "being let in on the ground floor of a sure-fire clean-up." Instead, he invested in a company that was being organized by a man who had been his near neighbor for a year, a man who he knew was intelligent, honest, and industrious. The new company was going to put on the market, within reach of the average purse, a product that was expected to satisfy a universal need. Furthermore, the product had been *proved*. In winning several speed races by wide margins, Mr. Ford had shown that he knew how to build a good automobile. In addition, the other backers of the project were reputable local business men.

But even all this was not sufficient to satisfy Mr. Rackham. He talked the matter over for several days with his wife and his friends—and he didn't invest a dollar until he had seen a fistful of *bona fide* orders for a machine that was not even yet being manufactured.

So don't draw any wrong inferences from this article! If you ever have an urge to invest in a new company, be just as careful as Mr. Rackham was. Move slowly. Get all the advice you can. And make up your mind to be satisfied with a fair return on your investment. That is all you have a right to expect. Fancy returns are few and far between.

THE EDITOR.

man beings. At least he has made a fine and frank effort to do so. Certainly no man ever spoke more fully out of his heart. I shall never forget, for instance, the wistfulness in his voice as he remarked:

"When I found that I no longer had to work for a living, something went out of my life. . . . And it has never come back."

A little later he added:



# You Were Worth Millions?

personal story of Horace Rackham, who received over a \$5,000 investment

*Crowell*

ten-year-old boy, having sold, for twenty cents, a dozen eggs laid by a hen his father had given him, visited a barber shop in Mt. Clemens, the nearest village, and had his first "reg'lar" hair-cut. Hitherto, his mother's big steel shears had done the job.

Two years after this event the family moved to Leslie, a better farming community, and here young Rackham finished grammar and high school. In 1879, when he was twenty-two, he came to Detroit, with an idea in the back of his head of becoming a lawyer.

**H**E WORKED at various business jobs for two or three years before he got a chance to enter a lawyer's office. In 1884, after much patient study, he passed the bar examinations. Shortly afterward he learned that eight acres of land were for sale, very reasonably, in the outskirts of the city. Borrowing thirty-two hundred dollars, he bought the tract. In 1886 he married, very happily.

At about this time Rackham found that hard study and indoor confinement had injured his health. So he decided that for a while, instead of tackling the law, he would raise garden truck on the eight acres and sell it in the city.

Aided in fundamental operations by a practical carpenter, he and his bride built a cottage on the land with their own hands. When the frame and roof were up, and it was boarded, clapboarded, and shingled, they felt very elated, and worked harder than ever. Rackham trimmed up the outside and puttied the window panes while his wife was painting the walls inside. The walls wouldn't be papered until the house was "set."

For the next two years Rackham raised his garden truck, and did very well at it. But it was hard work. On Tuesdays and Saturdays, during the summer and fall, he had to arise at two o'clock in the morning and take his produce into the city. Eventually, with his health restored, he decided to embark on his delayed law career.

From this time until he was forty-five, Horace Rackham lived a normal, happy life, paid cash as he went, won many friends, and had put something less than one thousand dollars in the savings bank. Long since, he had sold half the eight acres for a price that repaid the loan with

which he had bought the whole of them.

The couple, living very quietly, hoped that by the time old age came on they would have money enough to produce an income of twenty-five hundred dollars or three thousand dollars a year. Since they had no children, this would take care very nicely of their own modest personal wants.



MR. AND MRS. HORACE RACKHAM

For the first seventeen years of their married life Mr. and Mrs. Rackham lived, on a very moderate income, in two cottages, one of which they had built with their own hands. Then, in 1903, Mr. Rackham made the investment from which he has since received more than \$16,000,000. There has been little change, however, in this interesting couple's scale of living—for they have found that few things which make for permanent happiness can be bought with money

One day in 1903, a former client, Alex Y. Malcolmson, looked Rackham up. Malcolmson was an enterprising grocer who had branched out into the coal business and had made quite a success of it. In his coal yards was a long-headed, quick-thinking superintendent named James Couzens.

"This man Ford, who won the three-mile race at the Grosse Pointe track with his hand-made automobile, is trying to form a company of his own," Malcolmson explained. "I'm helping him organize it. Couzens and I are both putting in all we can afford, which isn't an awful lot, and I thought perhaps you'd like to do the same. I believe that Ford's got the right idea!"

Rackham asked many questions, and promised to think the matter over. It was a serious thing. Throughout his life

he had received the usual run of solicitations to invest in new companies, but never before had he been even tempted. In this case, however, there were exceptional circumstances.

"I didn't know Henry Ford," Rackham explained to me, "but I had seen him a good many times. Back about 1900, when he was with the Detroit Edison Company, he had lived for a year only two doors from our little home at 82 Alexandrine Avenue, East. Every night he'd rush home from work, and I'd hear him out in the shed, pounding away on the one-cylinder engine of his 'horseless carriage.' Sometimes, when the engine was coughing, the smell of gasoline would drift in through an open window.

"Frequently Mr. Ford would bring his queer little buggy out into the street to try it. Sometimes it would balk, or get stuck, and then the neighbors, sitting on their porches, would smile and nod to one another. Of course, it was all right if this slight stoop-shouldered man in the late thirties wanted to spend all his time monkeying with that contraption. After all, it was nobody's business but his own—and he might be doing worse!

**W**HAT I saw of Mr. Ford in those days convinced me that he was honest, hard-working, and intelligent. I never talked with him—because he was too busy tinkering away in the shed to talk with anyone. Mrs. Rackham, however, got to be on

good terms with Mrs. Ford, and all that she told me added to my favorable impression.

"But this was only one angle to the present problem. Mr. Ford might be the most energetic and high-minded man in the world, and yet if his new company couldn't sell enough motor cars at a fair enough profit, there'd be no money in it for anyone.

"I told Mrs. Rackham all about the offer, including the fact that Malcolmson wanted me to put in five thousand dollars.

"But we haven't got five thousand dollars!" she protested.

"No, but our four acres out on Van Ness Avenue are worth more than that; so we should have no great difficulty in borrowing the money," I said. "Of course, you may be sure that I won't go into it before I've (Continued on page 163)



# Robbed of His Sight He Still Has Done Great Work

Professor Edward D. Campbell's eyes were instantly destroyed during a laboratory experiment thirty years ago; yet he has achieved a high reputation as a scientist, has been a factor in the advance of two great industries, and has trained dozens of men and helped them to make their mark in the world

*By Allan Harding*

ONE April afternoon, back in 1892, three young men were conducting an experiment in the chemical laboratory of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Two of the young men were students. The third, whose name was Edward D. Campbell, was assistant professor of metallurgy.

He was then only twenty-eight years old. For eight years he had been studying the chemical constitution of steel, four years of that time having been spent in iron and steel plants. On this particular afternoon he was experimenting with the gases obtained by dissolving steel in hydrochloric acid, gases which contain about 95 per cent of highly inflammable hydrogen.

He was attempting to get rid of the hydrogen by oxidizing it.

According to the literature on the subject the method he was using was practicable. But he knew there was an element of danger in the experiment; so while he himself was standing close beside the glass tube through which the gases were passing, he had directed his two assistants to stand behind him.

Suddenly there came one of those strange coincidences which fate sometimes seems to bring about. At the precise instant that Mr. Campbell bent over the apparatus to see whether the oxygen and hydrogen were combining and forming water, the gases exploded, blowing the tube to pieces.

If the explosion had come a few seconds sooner, or a few seconds later, no serious injury would have been done. The young men standing back of their instructor were only slightly cut by flying pieces of glass. If Mr. Campbell's face had been a few inches above or below where it was, he too would have escaped being badly hurt.

But at the very second of the explosion his face was in the one and only position where his eyes could receive the full charge of shattered glass! One eye was

instantly destroyed. A piece of glass three quarters of an inch long was driven into the other eye. The rest of his face had only slight cuts, of which not a single scar remains. Fate seemed to have ordained the tragic coincidence that he should make the one movement, at the one instant, that would cost him his sight for the remainder of his life.

"At first," some of his old friends told me, "he begged the physicians not to let him live. He said he preferred death to blindness. But before that night was over he had summoned a courage which, so far

search work in regard to Portland cement—work which has been of practical value to this great industry; and he has trained and sent out dozens of men who have made a name for themselves and have contributed to the advancement of science and to its practical application in chemical engineering.

That is a record of which any man might be proud. But when it has been made by a man with the handicap which Professor Campbell has had to overcome, it seems almost incredible.

"Didn't you think at first that you would have to give up your work?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I realized that I should have to devise new ways and means of doing some things; but so far as my teaching was concerned the loss of my sight did not offer any very great difficulty. In lecturing to classes I had not depended on notes, except perhaps to write down a few heads on which I intended to talk. Fortunately, I had done from choice what I now had to do from necessity: I had depended on knowledge and memory.

"I believed, even then, in *knowing facts*; especially the facts pertaining to one's work. If I am directing an experiment, I do not have to ask someone to tell me the basic principles involved. I already know them. I depend on my memory, not on constant reference to books or notes.

"Of late years, I have had many good-humored arguments with some of my friends on this subject. They say they think it is foolish to burden the memory with a mass of facts. They have card indexes which will tell them where to find information when they need it. But I think you should *know* the facts you want to use in your work. These facts may be recorded in books, and you may own the books. But you don't own the *knowledge*, unless you have mastered it with your understanding and possess it through your memory.

"When my eyes were gone, I could continue to teach (Continued on page 74)

## Why Men Don't Like to Smoke in the Dark

**A** CURIOUS example of dependence on sight is to be found in smoking," says Professor Campbell. "Men do not like to smoke in the dark. Yet they get all the sensations then that they would get if it were light, except that they can't see the smoke. Perhaps this accounts for the fact that I have no inclination to smoke. I should have to do it in the dark."

as we know, never has failed him. The next morning he began to rebuild his life.

"The accident happened at three o'clock on Tuesday afternoon. On Friday the spring vacation began. When the university reopened, a week from the following Monday, he was there ready to go on with his work. He lost only those three days from Tuesday to Friday."

In the thirty years that have passed since that April afternoon, Professor Campbell has become head of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Michigan; he has continued his scientific study of the structure of iron and steel; he has also carried on important re-





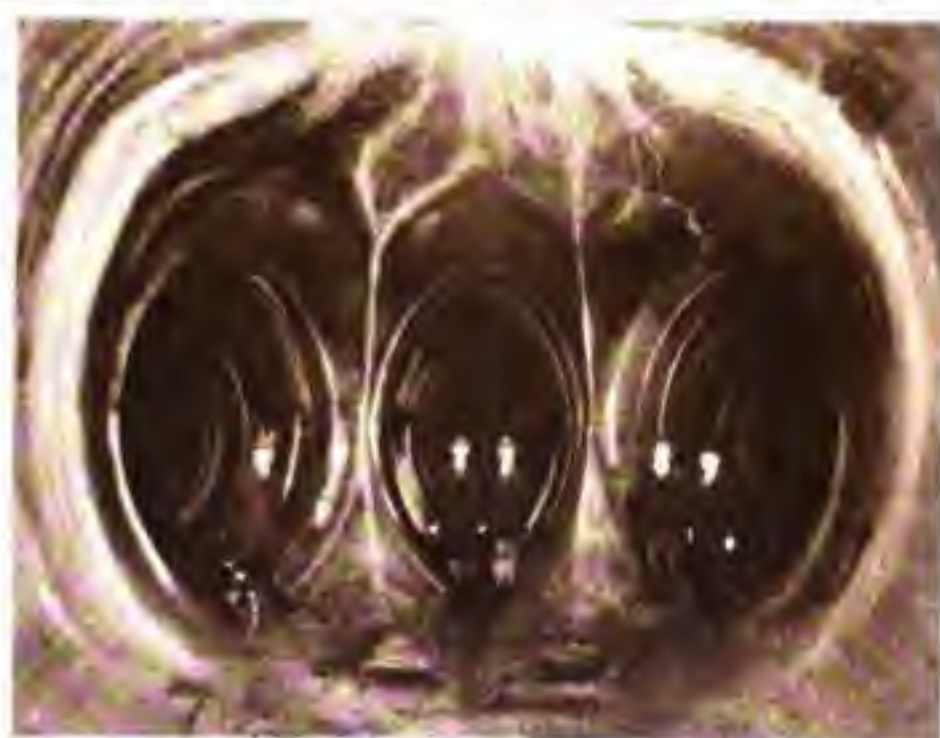
Photo by Randall Studios, Ann Arbor

### *Edward D. Campbell*

**THIRTY** years ago, during a laboratory experiment, there was an explosion which instantly destroyed Professor Campbell's eyes. Instead of thinking that this must end his career as a scientist and an instructor in chemistry, Professor Campbell went right on with both lines of work. He has conducted researches in regard to iron, steel and cement, and has published over sixty

scientific articles and books that have been of great practical use to the industries concerned. He also has become director of the Department of Chemistry at the University of Michigan, and is a member of various scientific societies elsewhere. He was born fifty-nine years ago, is married, and has six grown children; four of them he never has seen.





### *J. Waldo Smith*

**J. WALDO SMITH** was born in Lincoln, Mass., in 1861. When seventeen he was engineer of his home town waterworks. Later he studied at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, the Stevens Institute of Technology, and Columbia University. He directed several water supply enterprises in New Jersey before he put through the titanic task of bringing water from the Catskill Mountains to the people of New York City. Lower left: Engineers measuring

cross-section of unlined tunnel under Fiftieth Street at Sixth Avenue, New York. Lower right: When the engineers found it impracticable to bore the tunnel through rock, or to build a reinforced concrete aqueduct on the surface, they resorted to splitting the main aqueduct into steel pipes. Three pipes are necessary, because it is not feasible to build a steel pipe as large as the main tunnel. The underground picture was taken sixteen miles north of New York.



# Always On Top of His Job— Not Underneath It

"If a man has his work so organized that he is on top of it, I know that he is ready for greater responsibilities," says J. Waldo Smith, builder of New York City's stupendous water supply system, a job which, according to General Goethals, involved more engineering difficulties than the construction of the Panama Canal

*By Michael Randall*

**T**HE city directory of New York lists more than six thousand Smiths. Of this number only thirty have done anything notable enough to be listed in the pages of "Who's Who." High up among these thirty, perhaps at the very top, stands the name of J. Waldo Smith.

If you were asked to pick a typical Mr. Smith—to represent the most common of all our good old English names—it is likely that J. Waldo Smith would be one of the first men on whom you would lay your hands. He is of average height, or a little under that; the only thing quieter than his clothing is the tone in which he speaks. In a crowd of Smiths he would not stand out by any commanding attribute of personal appearance. Moreover, he was born on a farm, which is as it should have been. He worked for years obscurely, progressing from small jobs to larger ones, with no self-advertisement, and very little idea of how big a thing Fate had in store for him. To understand just *how* big, you need only to talk to some of the men who know him well. Said one of them, himself a successful consulting engineer:

"If you were to ask all the engineers in the United States whose advice they would most like to have on a baffling engineering problem, nine out of ten of them would vote for Waldo Smith."

He has received the John Fritz Medal, the highest honor that American engineers can give to an engineer of any land. But he, himself, if you were to put it up to him, would deny that he is in any way unusual. He would say that he is just an ordinary man of sixty-one, who worked a little harder than the average, perhaps, and doesn't remember to have been much

afraid of anything, or to have paid much attention to popular criticism—just a plain man who had a job to do and did it very quietly. So quietly that, of the six million people whose lives from day to day and hour to hour are absolutely dependent upon the thing he did, prob-

In the successful accomplishment of this titanic undertaking Waldo Smith had so many obstacles to meet that one hardly knows where to begin the recital of them. The first of these had to do with engineering. It was the problem of overcoming human inertia. As human beings, we are lazy and optimistic beyond all proper bounds. It is said of the people who make their homes on the sides of Vesuvius that the eruptions are hardly over before they are back, rebuilding their houses, confident that what has just happened cannot possibly happen again.

The hardest thing in the world to sell us is the thing that is most for our good. We refuse to read bad news or believe that the unwelcome event can possibly occur. This has been the history of humanity. It was true in the days of Noah, who could persuade no one that there was about to be too much water; it has been true always of New York, which, from the beginning, has been menaced by a scarcity of water, and will shortly be facing that menace again.

The first settlement on Manhattan Island was made in 1608; and for fifty years thereafter the population was dependent for water upon a public well. Fire was a constant menace. In 1774 some pipes, made by boring holes in pine logs, were laid, and water began to flow to the city from Collect Pond, a shallow pool near what is now Franklin Street. But from 1800 almost to the present day New York's water history is one long story of debate and delay, with action only after the crisis had become acute.

In 1834 it was first proposed that water should be taken from the Croton River on the north. Public opinion was divided, the legislature hesitated, and when the necessary legislation was finally provided every farmer whose

## Are You Working on a "We" Job or an "I" Job?

"**T**HIS was a 'we' job," Mr. Smith told me. "There was glory enough for all. We encouraged everyone to take all of it he could possibly earn. I made it a rule to load on the responsibility and let the men climb up on top of it or get buried under it, according to their capacity. It was remarkable how few were buried. I'm inclined to think that you get pretty much from people what you expect. We expected a lot."

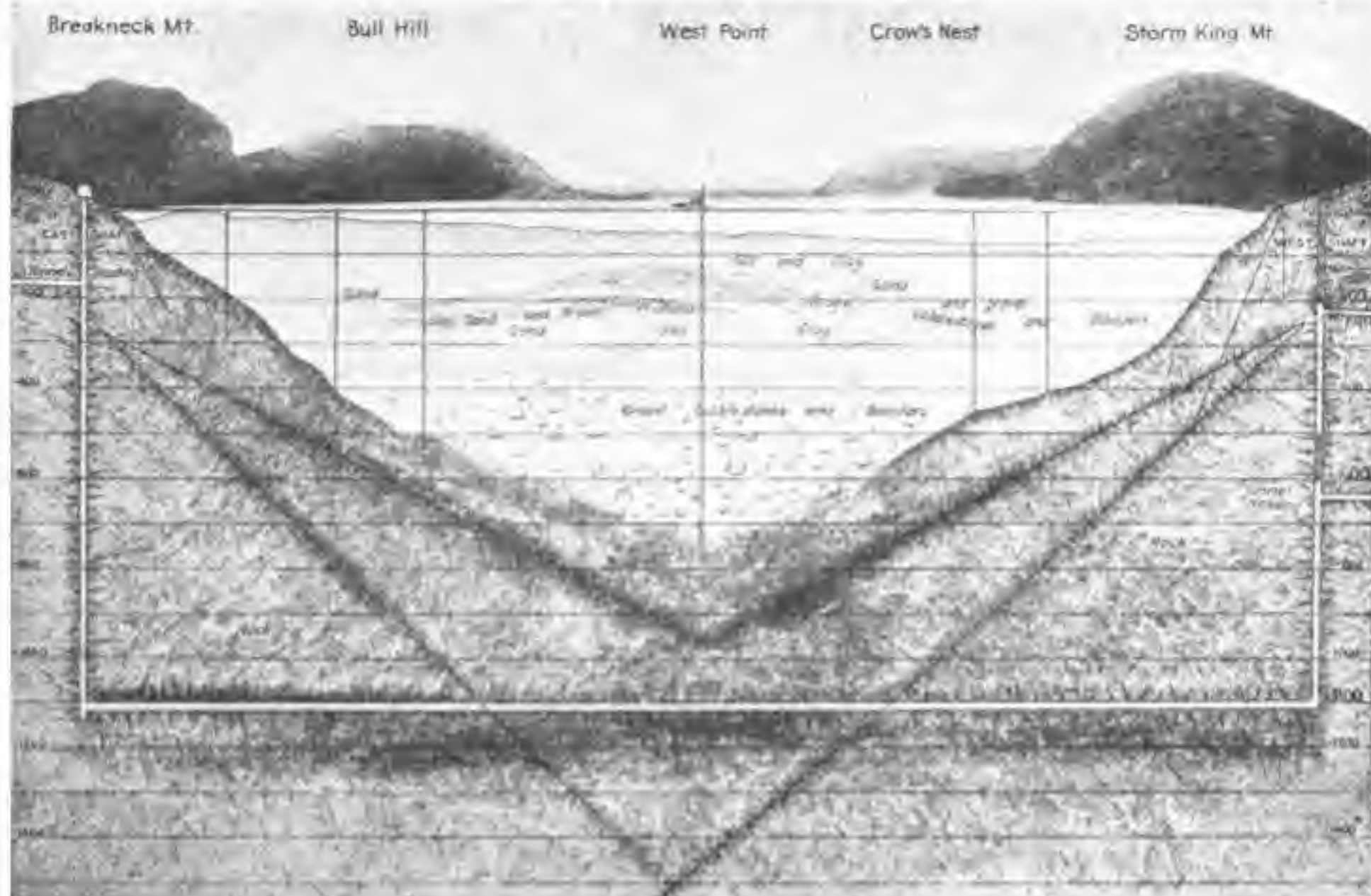
"Our motto was: 'Make men account for everything they do, but give them authority.' Unless somebody makes decisions no progress is possible, and you can't expect men to make decisions if you're constantly standing over them and telling them how they shall do their work. Every man of initiative works in his own way, and the test is not whether he is doing the thing as you would do it, but 'Is he getting the results.'"

"When the commissioners asked me how long it would take me to wind up the job I was on and get started in New York, I told them a week. I always made it a rule to start a new job by training someone to take my place. Well, that's the way we built the aqueduct. We got the best men we could, gave them more work than they had ever carried before, and responsibility commensurate with the work; told them to go ahead and unload onto someone else as fast as they could, and we would have something else ready for them when they unloaded."

"That's what I mean by saying it was a 'we' job and not an 'I' job all the way through."

ably not one in ten thousand ever heard his name, or was conscious that, eight hundred feet below their streets and basements, his men were fighting to bring water to New York in time.





To build an aqueduct from the reservoirs in the Catskill Mountains to New York City, a distance of more than 100 miles, it was necessary to dip under the Hudson River. A point 51 miles north of the city was selected, and here the gigantic engineering feat of boring a tunnel 3,022 feet long through solid granite at a depth of 1,114 feet was accomplished. The diagonal lines coming in from left and right show the course of borings to locate rock in which the tunnel had to be cut. The two sets of companion drills showed rock at a depth of 950 feet and 1,500 feet. The level for the tunnel lies between the two. The drawing shows the lower drill from the left coming to an end before meeting its corresponding drill from the right. These drills were set with black diamonds, and at the point where the left-hand drill stopped the metal setting for the diamonds melted, leaving \$1,800 worth of precious stones in the rock. The first quest for rockbed was made from a scow anchored in the middle of the river. A pipe drill was sent down 750 feet and then by accident a river boat bumped into the scow, broke off the drill, and made the diagonal borings necessary. The longest of these borings is 1,840 feet. After the definite location of rock, shafts were sunk from the base of Storm King Mountain on the west and Breakneck Mountain on the east bank, and from the bottom of these shafts the engineers set themselves to drill and blast their way under the river. A weekly progress of about 80 feet was possible. The shafts and tunnel are 14 feet in diameter and are concrete-lined to prevent bursting, lessen friction, and keep out "seepage" water and underground streams

land was to be crossed by the aqueduct threw his little selfish interest into the ring. So it was 1842, and the population had reached a total of three hundred and sixty thousand, before the first water from the Croton was delivered.

For its short-sightedness and delays New York paid a bitter price. There were epidemics of yellow fever in 1795, 1798, 1805, 1819, and 1822, and of cholera in 1832, 1834, 1849, and 1855. As the water supply became more abundant and sanitation improved, the epidemics disappeared. But even as late as 1881 thousands of people were on the point of leaving the city for fear of a water famine; and in 1917, when the first water was brought in from the reservoirs in the Catskills through the Catskill aqueduct—Waldo Smith's great project—the reservoirs that supply Brooklyn were almost exhausted.

A very small proportion of a city's water supply is consumed by drinking. Street cleaning, domestic washing, factory operations, fire protection—all these make vast demands, and year by year the per capita consumption goes up. In New York in 1842 it was only 20 gallons a day; in 1915, the average per capita consumption in 201 cities, was 139 gallons a day;

while the present average consumption in forty-six cities is 169 gallons—an increase of 30 gallons per person a day in less than seven years. New York, which now consumes about *seven hundred and fifty million gallons a day*, must add another one hundred million gallons a day every five years to keep even with the demand.

**WHERE** is this added supply to be found and how shall it be brought down to the city and distributed? It was a problem of this very sort that confronted the commissioners of the Board of Water Supply on their appointment in 1905. Their first move was to step across into Jersey and get J. Waldo Smith, who was supervising important water projects for cities over there. Time was short; at least ten years would be required to construct an adequate supply system, and ten years brings stupendous changes in a city that grows as fast as New York.

In four months after Mr. Smith's appointment, he had determined that the city must go to the Catskills, more than one hundred miles away, and build its reservoirs, and had so reported to the commissioners. Again public opinion was divided: great newspapers criticized the project from the day of Mr. Smith's

appointment to the day when water was actually flowing under Broadway. The city had plenty of water, they cried; there was no probability of a shortage; the whole scheme was framed up by politicians to get contracts and engineers to give themselves jobs.

To all this Waldo Smith was about as responsive as a turtle to a horsefly. He pushed along, picking his men, laying plans, and projecting surveys. More than three thousand miles of surveys were necessary in order to determine the best route for the one-hundred-mile aqueduct; when that was finally decided the fun began. These were the obstacles, or some of them at least:

First: The land where the reservoirs were to be was not vacant. Some notion of its extent may be gained from the statement that enough water is now impounded there to cover the whole of Manhattan Island to a depth of thirty feet; but when Waldo Smith and his engineers began operations, the future reservoir was supporting nine flourishing villages with private houses, boarding-houses, churches, schoolhouses and all other community essentials, including thirty-two cemeteries. Immediately caravans of lawyers (Continued on page 135)



# Getting Acquainted With Father

A confession

By W. O. Saunders

NONE of us ever paid much attention to Father. Nobody does. Fathers are a sorry, prosaic, unromantic, uninteresting lot, as a rule. They seldom take time to get acquainted with the family, and at such times as they do loosen up and try to be companionable they are awkward about it and leave everyone feeling a bit uncomfortable.

None of us ever paid much attention to Father. His clothes were always old and ill-fitting and he talked in a language we did not understand. He had lived joyfully once, when he was a boy, and was full of his own boyhood reminiscences; but they seemed to have absolutely no application to the life of us children. He laughed at jokes that were commonplace in the village smithy half a century ago.

Father was the first one up in the morning, and out of the house; and about his work before the rest of us stirred. He was usually a trifle late at the noonday meal, ate silently, with legs crossed and head close to his plate. Sometimes he forgot and came to the table with his hat on. Usually he would walk out on the porch after the meal, lean against a pillar, pick his teeth with a sharpened quill and stare off into space for a matter of five or ten minutes; then pull himself out of his reverie and trudge off to his little village shop.

He ate his supper the same way, read a newspaper half-heartedly for half an hour or such a matter, then got down a large-print Bible and pored over its pages with seeming satisfaction for as much as an hour. His Bible reading finished, he would putter around the house for a while, wind up the clock, pick up a lamp, and go to bed. Few words were ever exchanged between him and Mother, though they seemed to understand each other perfectly and to be about as happy as couples are outside of books.

None of us ever paid much attention to Father except to deplore the fact that he was altogether too unconcerned about his personal appearance, and rather out-of-date in his ideas about life and conduct. It never occurred to any of us to try to be companionable with him, and none of us ever gave a thought to what was in the heart of him. If he looked seedy, worn, and commonplace, it never occurred to us that it was because he neglected himself and sacrificed much so that the rest of us might have what we needed; that, to enable his family to keep up appearances and follow the pace set by neighbors, he

had become accustomed to foregoing much that he himself might have enjoyed. If he seemed preoccupied, sometimes taciturn, sometimes melancholy, it never occurred to any of us that the poor old fellow had troubles of his own, and that those troubles arose solely out of his problem of how to shelter, clothe, feed, and educate us children.

Father wasn't a good executive. He was the youngest of a large family and had been the family hack. All of his sisters

Father paid for the horse and wagon with which he carried on this business and, having prospered so far, he rented a stand in town and the stand grew into a store. But it was a picayune business at best. His profits were small and he did a credit business which kept him bothered for cash. He would trust anyone, and often he would let things go without even so much as putting them on his book, because he knew that he would never get his money. Every widow, every pauper,

every ne'er-do-well, and every sick and disabled person in town got credit at Father's store. He never had the heart to turn anyone away, and I suspect that he often grieved because he wasn't able to do better by all those who stood in need. Such was the great heart of Father. But none of us understood or cared except to scold him from time to time because he did not curb his charitable inclinations. When he cited the Biblical injunction to "give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away," we would come back at him with "Charity begins at home."

One thing about Father kept us all worried. He had a habit, as far back as any of us could remember, of giving Mother pieces of money to keep for him; and just about the time the little pile would grow to as much as a hundred dollars

he would invariably call on Mother for it all. He would give her five or ten dollars at a time, sometimes as often as twice a month and tell her to keep it "for a special purpose." He was always happy and full of enthusiasm when he brought Mother money in that way.

He called Mother "Dar," which was a piney-woods abbreviation of the pet word "darling." "Here, Dar," he would say, "here's a new five-dollar bill that I want you to put up for me. I didn't put it in the bank because I knew it would be checked out to-morrow; and this is for a special purpose."

Times when business was good he would add almost weekly to the little fund "for a special purpose." All the gold pieces that came into the till at the store went into Mother's keeping. And then something would go wrong in his business; debtors would fail him or creditors press him, and he would have to call on Mother to give up the little hoard. He always did this reluctantly. We had learned to know when to expect it. At such times he would come home in a state of noticeable depression. He would (Continued on page 173)

## Parents Who Are Unappreciated

"FOR years, as a boy," says Mr. Saunders, "I had eaten the food and worn the clothes provided by that humble, slaving, threadbare man, without giving a thought to the weary toil he had endured to provide them. I had seen him mend his own shoes and toil for an hour drawing rusty nails out of old boards to get nails to patch up the woodshed or the garden fence, without having once realized that he practiced these economies that I might wear better shoes than he, and have leisure that was never his."

"And I thought that he was an uninteresting, unsocial father because he did not understand us and enjoy more of life with us; when all the while he was denied the leisure time to cultivate anything else save the business out of which we were fed."

had married and his brothers had gone from the old home place when his father died. Upon Father, the only child left at home, devolved the responsibility of taking care of his mother. It was a hard struggle. And then he married Mother and took her to the old home place. She helped him wonderfully and his marriage was economically sound until the family began to grow. The little farm soon became all too small to support himself, his mother, and a growing family.

Father, seeking to improve his lot, moved to town when he was still a young man. But all he could get to do in town was some sort of manual labor for which he was poorly paid. He realized early in life, but still nearly too late for him, that more than bread and butter and homespun for his brood must be found in business, and not in a day laborer's job. And so he got into business, buying and selling poultry and eggs and other country produce. This required no capital. Farmers who knew him would trust him with their produce to sell, and he would fetch their money back from his sales in town when he made the next trip to the farms.



# The Nicest House in Town

A story of Nell Cutter's close call

By Bess Streeter Aldrich

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

EVERY normal woman has some overwhelming desire hidden in the secret chamber of her heart. It may be the dream of a three-years sojourn in foreign countries, or the vision of a new kitchen sink. But the wish is always there, quite definite, often unspoken. She firmly believes that with its attainment will come complete happiness.

Nell Cutter's consuming desire was not an unvoiced one. On the other hand, she spoke of it so frequently that it seemed as much a part of her as her wedding ring. It was a *new house*.

For fourteen years the Cutters had lived in a rambling white house set well back in a big yard. A heterogeneous collection of maple, elm, and apple trees surrounded it, lilac bushes and snow-balls bloomed with friendly perennial interest, and a winding path led to a little plum thicket in the rear. The yard was pretty enough, but the house had never satisfied Nell Cutter. As it had been added to year by year, it had taken upon itself many pleasant features. But, architecturally speaking, it was a nonentity. Nell had to wrap her dust cloth about the broom and then stand on a table in order to wipe the ceiling in one part of the house. In other rooms she could quite deftly kill a fly on the ceiling with the slapper by merely jumping up on her toes. But the thing which sustained her in the face of these discrepancies was the thought of the new house which they would one day build.

"What do we want a new house for?" Ed would ask. "This one is as convenient and comfortable as can be." That was the "Cutter" of it, thought Nell. "Convenient and comfortable!"

"And about as artistic as an old shoe," she would retort.

She accumulated a

perfect swarm of plan books. Never did an architect casually insert an advertisement in a magazine but that the name of Mrs. Edward E. Cutter, of Meadows, would promptly appear on his mailing list.

For a long time the array of house plans confused her. With knit brows she pored over them by the hour. "Ed," she would say, "I can't for the life of me make up my mind which is most pleasing: Early English, Colonial, or Modern Dutch."

Ed would wink at the children: "Then there's Modern Fiji-Islander and Early Eskimo."

She would ignore this. "But whatever else it has, it's going to have a lovely sun-parlor."

"What in thunder's a sun-parlor good for?" Ed would be frankly puzzled. "If you want to sit in the parlor, you're welcome to, and if you want to sit in the sun, there's loads of it in Meadows."

But the day came when she definitely



Nell showed them around. "How nice it is," Mrs. Johnson expressed herself. "So



chose it. It was Modern Colonial. The exterior in its rigid simplicity, the interior in its width of space, satisfied the very soul of her.

IT NOW becomes necessary to lead out, with a great clanking of chains, the Cutters' family skeleton and let the world look it over. Some families are born with skeletons already in their closets. Some achieve them. The Cutters' had been thrust upon them. It was nine years now since it had arrived in a perfect cataclysm of stunned surprise. Its name was Debt. Ed had an old friend. They had been boys together and room-mates at college. The friend had needed a bondsman for an estate of which he was made guardian. Ed had signed the bond—had signed it as readily and freely as he would have written his name in his friend's autograph album. Well—for trust in his fellow man, he had given his pound of flesh. For nine years now he had paid the price and the family had paid it with him. When the

friend's finances crashed, and the tampered guardianship money crashed with them, Ed had borrowed the whole, huge, sickening amount, and paid interest on it. "What's interest?" Josephine had asked once when she was smaller.

"It's an animal that eats the trimming off your dress and the paint off the house," Nell had retorted acridly. But Ed had explained it in child language. Ed Cutter was a good father.

It was true. Interest, so far as the Cutter family was concerned, was an omnivorous creature. It had eaten a new set of travel books and the overcoat which Ed needed. It had swallowed a vacation trip and a set of dining-room chairs. Once it would have taken Josephine's music lessons if Nell had not appeasingly thrown it the new dressing-table which she had planned to buy. And every year Ed gave his fattest fees, like fishes to a trained seal, to satisfy the appetite of the principal.

Nell was bitter about it. Ed's attitude

was more philosophical. "It's happened, and it's a terrible jolt. I could let it change my entire outlook on life. But, by George, it's not going to."

So back and forth unceasingly went Ed Cutter to his work, never wavering in energy or courage.

With the arrival of the debt, the hope for a new house was shattered into a thousand fragments. But never did Nell Cutter give up the thought of it. There were long periods when, forgetting her longing, she would sing about the old place, thrilled at the thought of repapering a bedroom or buying new curtains for the living-room. Then, like the breaking forth of an old cankerous disease, would come her bitterness and her desire.

Comes now the time when the Brisbanes moved to Meadows. Mrs. Tom Brisbane was a strainer. She strained at gnats and camels with equal avidity. She believed in putting her best foot forward; and if the other one had no shoe on it, at least the public would not know. She was of the type which would rather put its children to bed while their only suits of underclothes were being washed, than give up having a card party with a cut-glass pickle dish for a prize. But Mrs. Brisbane had wonderful taste, which was more than some of the good souls in Meadows possessed.

"You're the only one who understands my temperament," she confided to Nell. Later she said, "When we build, I'm going to show Meadows a *real* house. There isn't one here that is up to my ideal."

NELL looked about her. It was quite true. Across the street stood the Horners' old-fashioned upright-and-ell, with a picket fence of ancient cut. On the corner was Charlotte Gray-Cooper's cottage remodeled into a bungalow, like a made-over dress. Farther down stood the Ramseys' square house, white and shining, but stiff as a dry-goods box, with a porch across the front. Hitherto she had thought of them as so many homes. Now, with the eyes of the artistic Mrs. Brisbane, she saw them only as hodge-podge affairs, homely and unattractive.

And when Tom Brisbane came to Ed confidentially with a chance to get in on the ground floor of a good money-making proposition, she began to feel that the realization of her hope for a picturesque house might come true.

Ed went into the subject thoughtfully and painstakingly. "No," he decided. "It listens well, Nell. But it's a gamble, and therefore shaky."

Nell was so disappointed that it made her sharp: "You wouldn't pick up money you saw lying in the road."

"No," said Ed soberly, "I wouldn't . . . not if it didn't belong to me."

But the deal did not turn out to be shaky. The Brisbanes began to get dividends—big ones. That in itself made Nell Cutter cross about Ed's conservatism. But when the Brisbanes started their new house her heart was full. She shed tears of salt. It seemed so thoroughly the one thing worth-while.

From the time the foundation was in, Nell Cutter haunted the Brisbanes' building spot. When the studding partitioning off the rooms was in place, it dawned upon her: it *was* her house. No materialized dream, no crystallized vision was ever



comfortable and convenient!" The words had a familiar sound





At sight of Nell, she burst into hysterical tears and broken sentences.  
 "I never was so treated in my life. . . . I wish I was dead! . . . It's awful!"

more identical with her ideal than this. There it stood in all its potential promise; the dining-room to the left, the living-room to the right, the sun-parlor beyond, and in the center the wide, spacious hall, from which the stairs would sweep upward with beautiful proportions.

**TO** BE sure, there were scores of finer homes in Dale City, but for Meadows it was the acme of beauty. The last finishing touches were a small Colonial entrance porch, dwarf evergreens in dull antique jars on either side the door, and a dragon-head knocker, which Mrs. Brisbane said was copied from the Brisbane coat-of-arms. And who was there in Meadows to deny it?

As though fortune were not favoring the Brisbanes enough, just as the house was completed Mrs. Brisbane's uncle died

and left her some money. Some said it was about twenty thousand; others, with less energetic imaginations, believed it to be about half that sum. With it Mrs. Brisbane bought furnishings for the house. The things began coming from Dale City: softly-blended rugs, overstuffed tapestry-covered furniture, dainty reed things for the sun-parlor, brown mahogany for young Fred's room, and ivory for Mayme's.

The finished product was perfect. The Brisbanes gave a party. On the way home Nell talked of nothing else. "Yes, it's pretty fine, all right," Ed admitted. And the little green god made himself quite thoroughly at home . . . settled himself cozily in the heart of Nell Cutter.

It was a Saturday in October when Nell Cutter, having worked all day to get the old home shining, dressed in the late

afternoon and walked down-town to meet Ed. As she turned into the office, three men came out. Two were strangers. One was Tom Brisbane. In the inner office, she found Ed with a queer expression on his face.

"Well, Nellie, Brisbane's invested once too often. That last stock . . . those big dividends were paid out of other investors' money. Those men were two of his creditors. He'll have to sell the house. . . . Private sale if it goes soon, under the hammer, if later."

"Oh, Ed!" Nell managed. "The stock I wanted you to buy?" The news was like an avalanche crashing by, an avalanche which threw debris in her face but did not hit her. Then, as the dust cleared away and she felt herself safe, her thought was all about the house:

"Oh, Ed, can't we get it?"

Ed's face was (Continued on page 94)



# You Can't Live On Your Reputation

*By Edgar A. Guest*

**I**N ONE way or another each of us is seeking and striving to achieve that excellence of accomplishment which shall mark us with distinction. The emphasis is laid forcibly upon achievement.

"Once come home a winner and your fortune is made."

This is what was told to me by men of my profession when I was a struggling boy. It was repeated in various ways.

"Land your first article in a magazine, and anything you write thereafter will find a ready market."

"The first thousand dollars is the hardest to attain. Get that and fortune will follow with little effort."

"Win your first fight."

"Build your first house."

"Get your first book published."

"Paint your first picture."

"Do something well, and you will cease to worry."

It was the old familiar belief wherever the future was being discussed.

Get a reputation!

And I struggled to get one, believing that when it came to me there would be an end to work and trial and study and devotion to duty. No one, I believe, had said it out and out, in so many words, that I could settle back and live upon my reputation; but the inference was there, and I am sure that was the idea lurking in the back of my brain. One real success and I could quit.

But it isn't so! Reputation has been falsely advertised or grossly misrepresented. It is not an endowment, but an obligation. It is the most valuable asset which a man can possess, but it is not a lounge to lie back upon. A week-old reputation will take you nowhere. Uncared for and unnursed, it will die a speedy death and leave you sick at heart.

The first success has been fatal to many a promising youth. Every city is peopled with wrecks who once believed they had safely come to port. There is only one insurance for a reputation, and that is hard and ceaseless labor.

Napoleon said of the British that they never won anything except the last battle.

Germany is to-day a pitiful illustration of the fact that reputation wins no battles. The last failure wiped out a hundred victories. What was once a powerful nation is now a country in despair.

I try to have no illusions about myself.

I am here to play my little part in the game of life, and I am anxious that I shall play to the best of my ability. I think Time has taught me a little something about the game. The chief lesson I have learned is that yesterday's achievement will not do to-day's work. It may bring to me the job to do, but the performance of it must come from me.

Always, whenever I have been in-

## Beware of the Cheers of Yesterday

**"W**hen age has dulled the senses and weakened our strength we must drop out," says Mr. Guest. "Then if we drop out, after a full lifetime of good work done to the best of our ability and capacity, all is well. But to be forced out early in life by a little reputation, to let conceit and arrogance undermine the will to do our best, is utter folly."

"Yet that is what the cheers of yesterday will do—if you let them make a fool of you. He who listens to the voice of flattery is lost. One swallow does not make a summer, and one fine deed does not make success."

clined to grow proud and chesty over some past accomplishment, there has come along the humbling discovery that what I am to be depends not on what I have done but what I have still to do.

It came to me first when I was a young reporter on the Detroit "Free Press." A chance meeting with a friendly detective gave me an exclusive story. It was the first "big scoop" I ever turned in. It tickled me and it pleased my city editor.

"That was a great story you gave us yesterday," he said when I reported for duty the next day. "Fine work, Eddie. Keep it up!"

That little phrase "keep it up" didn't mean so much to me then, but I was later to learn that it was really the first and most important rule of the game.

I had arrived. I was a recognized reporter of ability. I had beaten older men in the profession. I had been praised by my editor and I was entitled to my little spree of conceit. Unconsciously I settled back to enjoy a few days of living on my reputation. Then life handed me a jolt.

I missed one of the big stories of the year. I know why I missed it, too, but I have never confessed it to anyone but myself until now. I neglected to visit one of the outlying police stations, according to custom and rule. It was my duty to go there at least once a day. I didn't go, because I was sure if anything worthwhile happened the officer would telephone to me. He knew me and my reputation.

"Say," said the city editor that noon, "where were you last night?"

"On the job," I replied.

"It doesn't look like it," he replied. "You fell down hopelessly on that big burglary story."

"What burglary story?"

He showed me the opposition paper, containing a front-page article of which I had not heard the slightest hint. My reputation had let me down. Three days before I had been filled with pride; to-day I was humbled and temporarily in disgrace.

But I had learned my lesson. No more sprees of conceit for me! I'd forget yesterday, no matter what happened, and face to-day's work as though I had no reputation. Since then I have always found it better to keep myself humble than have life come along and humble me. There is no place on any pay roll for a man who is living on his reputation. The man who has quit trying has quit producing.

An insurance friend of mine learned this lesson. He was young and ambitious and his friends were many. They gave him their fire insurance business and in this way helped him to become established. For a year or two he was alive and alert; watched very closely the renewal dates and made regular visits to his clients. Among the number was a manufacturer whose account was a large one.

For two years he obtained it all, without question. The third year he had a reputation, and with it the idea that that particular piece of business was his for all time. He no longer took time to keep in personal touch with his friends. He was using the telephone. He called the manufacturer one day and said:

"About those policies of yours, Harry: I suppose I shall renew them as usual."

"Yes," replied the manufacturer, "yes, that will be all right; but why haven't you dropped in lately?"

"Been tremendously busy. Anything in particular you want to see me about?"

(Continued on page 186)



# The Narrowest Escape I Ever Had

It was a thrilling experience in a leaky diving suit

By James B. Connolly

**T**HE most dangerous experience that ever came my way happened years ago when I was walking in a diver's suit on the bottom of the Savannah River, down in Georgia. I was under twenty at the time, and my regular work was an inside job with the United States Engineers Corps for the Southeast Atlantic Division.

One of the contracts for the removal of a wreck in the Savannah River had been let to a diver named Johnston, and the inspector on the job was an old friend of mine named Clayton. Clayton was a good, square kind of a fellow and well liked—an adventure seeker, who was always making something exciting turn up if nothing happened to come along of its own accord.

One afternoon, when I was in the engineer's office helping the head draftsman plot soundings, in blew Clayton. He was in wonderful form, and began enthusiastically:

"Do you want to know what I've been up to? Then I'll tell you, sure I will! I've just come three miles down-river from No. 5. Johnston's sunken wreck job."

That very morning, while Johnston had been laying off, he, Clayton, had gone down in the diving suit! He had stayed down twenty-nine minutes! "Twenty-nine minutes!" Clayton emphasized.

"Huh!" exclaimed the head draftsman, slewing around from his drawing board. "What's so wonderful about that? Doesn't Johnston stay down an hour, maybe longer if he wants to?"

"But how long did he stay down the first time he tried it?" growled Clayton. "He told me himself that 'most everybody going down the first time hurries right in and right out—nervous!'"

"Huh!" growled the draftsman, amiably, and Clayton responded with the same friendly sign.

The rest of that day Clayton kept on talking about the sunken wreck operations, and I made up my mind I was going down-river to have a look for myself, and maybe get a try at that diving suit. The next afternoon, Clayton and I both knocked off an hour early and

went down the river to wreck No. 5. When we got there Johnston was under water.

The plant for this job consisted of a little old schooner, the "Mary Jane," on which were living quarters for Johnston and his crew, and a clumsy old barge of an open boat which held the operating gear. This barge and the "Mary Jane" were lashed alongside each other.

Soon after our arrival we saw a negro in the barge begin to reel in the life line and air hose. By and by the metal helmet of a diving suit came breaking

"I've been three days on this job. Three more days, and I'll be blowing up wrecks myself, huh, Cap?"

"You'll probably be blowing up something," answered Johnston, who was then climbing up over the side of the "Mary Jane."

Just as Johnston disappeared into the cabin to clean up before going to the city, I called to him, "Mind, Captain, if I get into your suit and have a look at the wreck?"

Johnston paused in the cabin way. "Of course not. But could you come to-morrow or any other day, so I can stop to put you into it myself?"

"Oh, I can put him in," said Clayton.

Johnston eyed him: "Think you can all right?"

"I'd be a fine, intelligent *hombre* if I couldn't put a man in that suit by this time—after being down myself, too!"

Johnston liked Clayton, and a contractor is always glad to favor an inspector who is half-way decent to him on the work. Still, he scratched his head and eyed Clayton doubtfully: "Getting dark, don't you think?"

"Plenty time before dark yet." And without waiting for any further word, Clayton reached for the diving suit.

"All right," agreed Johnston. "But, Wash, you Wash"—this to the chief darky helper—"you keep an eye out that the life line and air pipe lead clear. No fouling—hear me?"

"Yes, suh—I looks out, suh."

Johnston disappeared into the cabin of the "Mary Jane."

"We'd better hurry," advised Clayton, and hurriedly I threw off my coat, vest, hat, collar, and tie, and slipped my feet into the legs and my arms into the sleeves, and pulled the collar of the diving suit around my neck as Clayton directed. I knew nothing of a diving suit; whatever Clayton said to do I did, both of us working fast.

While thus hurrying I was impressing one of the men from the office, Grundel, with the fact that he was to keep record of the time. I was to stay down longer than Clayton had stayed—more than twenty-nine minutes. And Grundel, getting out his watch and grinning,

## The Only Thing the Adventurer Asks When Facing Death

**"D**ANGEROUS? A close call? It certainly was," says Mr. Connolly. "I never again want to be face to face with death and have to depend on pure luck to come away with my life. Adventure? That's quite another thing. No man who likes adventure worries about the danger of it. The really great adventurers I have met have felt an exaltation on finding themselves facing death. All the adventurer asks is that he shall not die by a fluke—by some silly accident. Not even your adventurer wants to be put in a position such that, no matter what he does, he can do nothing to help himself. That is tough."

out of the river, and presently Johnston was standing on the diving ladder astern of the barge. It was the duty of the negro helper in the barge to unscrew the helmet from the diver's suit, but friend Clayton shooed the darky away and usurped that pleasure for himself.

As Johnston's head emerged from the suit, he drew in several breaths of fresh air and said he reckoned he had done enough for the day. Then he called a darky to help him off with his suit. Clayton, of course, had to help him off, too. He just naturally couldn't stand by and not mix in when there was anything to do.



answered, "I'll see that you bust his record! Telling us we're dead ones up in the office—huh! We'll show him!"

Wash, the ducky, started to help me into the suit, but Clayton shooed him away again, saying, "Remember what Captain Johnston said, Wash, about life line and air pipe? Well, that's your job. And you, Jeff, you stand by your air pump. Go away both of you, we got to hurry."

I was buckled into the diver's suit. "All right now, all but the helmet, and I don't pull that on till the last thing," said Clayton.

"Here—don't this thing go on somewhere?" This from Grundel, who had been given the lead belt to hold.

"Dog-gone, I 'most forgot that!" Clayton hooked on the lead belt, which made eighty pounds of lead I had on me.

Over the stern of the boat and onto the top rung of the ladder I stepped laboriously. "All ready for the helmet? It's no feather to hold up," said Clayton.

"What about signals?"

"Oh, yes. This rope here, that's your life line. One yank on the life line means that Wash is to pay it out a little faster. Two yanks means slower, and the air pipe—this hose; if you feel the air sort of crowding down on you inside the suit then you yank once and Jeff won't give you so much. If you find yourself gasping like you're not getting enough air, then you give two yanks and Jeff'll pump a little faster. All right now?"

"Suppose something goes wrong and I want to come up in a hurry?"

"Let's see. Say, Wash, what does Captain Johnston do when he wants to come up in a hurry?"

"Tree pulls, suh. Tree pow'ful pulls, very quick together, suh."

"All right now?"

"All right."

CLAYTON lowered the helmet onto my shoulders, screwed it to the metal neck-piece, gave the two resounding slaps on the helmet dome which meant that I could drop under any time then. The two slaps echoed like severe blows inside the helmet.

Through the little square of glass in the front of the helmet I could see that Jeff was already working the air pump and that Wash had life line and air pipe all ready to unreel. Grundel was staring hard at his watch. A group of people were looking curiously on from a nearby lumber wharf.

I let myself flop backward off the ladder, hoping that I did it like a regular diver, and catching a glimpse—twilight was shooting down—of the darkening sky as I flopped. I splashed into the water, and became immediately interested in the manner of my falling to the bottom

of the river. When I felt my feet touch bottom, I turned so as to face the wreck down-river.

My next thought was to look through the helmet glass to see what I could see. I could see very little, because the Savannah River is a muddy yellow. I doubt if I saw six inches from the helmet.

Clayton had explored the wreck when he went down, and of course I also wanted to explore the wreck, which was four hundred feet down-stream from the "Mary Jane," quite a little distance for a fellow to find his way straight. However, the feel of the river current ought to give me the general direction. It was ebb tide; the tide and natural flow of the river together made a strong current.

I started to step off down-river, and just then I heard a gurgling sound, which

that weight, added to the weight of the cumbrous diving suit, would hinder a man very much under water. Now I stepped out, and, lo and behold! it was all right. My feet came slowly but easily off the bottom of the river.

I went along with a sort of half-swimming and half-walking motion. Once when I gave myself an extra little push-up to hurry on, I felt myself sort of bounding up off the bottom. As I recall it now, my progress under water if reproduced by a motion camera would resemble the slow motion pictures of ball players and other athletes in action. There was no heavy work to it. The extra air space inside the suit offset the extra weight of the suit and all the metal which went with it. I ambled along delightedly. Twenty-nine minutes under?

It was nothing. Too bad it was almost twilight when I started down!

THERE I was, not yet a minute under water and already setting up for a diving expert! It was the gurgling noise again which probably brought me to. It had been there all the time coming from somewhere close to me. I revolved myself around, and then carefully reversed myself back, thinking of a possible fouling of the life line or air pipe. I reached up to feel them to make sure I had not fouled them by turning around.

And, as I raised my arms, the gurgling sound grew louder.

What was it? What could it be? I stopped to think it out. But no use; and not being able to discover what was wrong I began to wonder if this new experience was affecting my nervous system, causing me to imagine things. Conceit natural to a youngster would not allow me to believe that I was over-nervous.

For all my mental reassurance, uneasiness was certainly taking possession of me. There was something wrong. Why should a low, gurgling sound like that be heard above the noise of a rapid river current rushing by?

I walked slowly on, listening intently to the gurgling; and soon my hearing was not the only sense that told me something was wrong. I felt a chill inside my rubber suit, a damp chill. And Clayton had told me that it was nice and warm inside a diving suit, even on a cold winter's day.

But now I was not nice and warm. And—what? Yes! I wasn't even dry. I was damp—wet—very wet.

I tried to account for that. I could not. I was wet, and getting wetter; and how could that be—inside a diver's rubber suit?

I stood dead still for I do not know how long to settle that gurgling matter for good. . . . Then a louder gurgling than before. It was from a stream of (Continued on page 154)



James B. Connolly, writer of vigorous sea stories, was born in South Boston, Massachusetts. His life has been a succession of thrilling adventures. He won an Olympic championship in Athens, Greece, in 1896. He served with the Ninth Massachusetts Infantry in the Spanish-American War, distinguished himself at Santiago. After that war he spent a time with fishermen off the Grand Banks, and then went up into the Arctic regions with whalers. Next he is heard from in the tropics. He served an enlistment period in the U. S. Navy, and once when a passenger on a merchantman he was shipwrecked. The Mexican imbroglio in 1914 found him a correspondent in that country. He went out with our submarine chasers and destroyers in their quest for the German U-boats in 1917. In 1921 he went to Ireland to report the situation there. His home is in Boston.

puzzled me. Was that a minor sound from the river current? No, it couldn't be. But what was it? I gave it up. It was doubtless some little noise which had to do with being in a diving suit; besides, if I was to make that wreck before dark I'd better be getting along.

So I walked on; and that engaged all my faculties for a time. There was a twenty-pound lead sole to each foot, and a forty-pound belt of lead around my waist. Up above I had wondered if all





Every time the sound of the beating died low she ceased her work and invested him with a sternly steady eye. Sooner, rather than later, he felt that eye upon him and looked up. Instantly its message ignited him anew with blazing, raving rebellion against her



# They Never Grow Up

A story for fathers and sons

By Ceylon Hollingsworth

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PERC E. COWEN

IT WAS Friday night in the moonlight and at an ice-cream corner famed as a rendezvous for boys. Long vacation with its illimitable expanse of free and unexplored country was only two weeks away. At such time of year, a boy of thirteen like Saggy Borts is restless with the call of the horizon. The instinct to migrate over the rim and return to his savage state is in his blood like the measles, and breaks out at every pore. The civilizing labors of the preceding fall, winter, and spring seem to have been wasted upon him. He is misunderstood at every turn. Trouble shoots at him out of the blue sky, misfortune blows up under his feet, and he is living the happiest days of his life, if old fellows from eighteen to eighty can be believed.

And Saggy was exemplifying these truths, and also several others equally eternal. But he knew nothing about it. He only knew that a pedestrian, on hail, had just hideously announced that it was ten o'clock! Stunned by amazement and riddled with terror at the disastrous flight of time, he leaped away in a breathless race for home.

When he reached the wide white walk that led up to his dad's veranda and the courts of justice he halted face to face with his crimes and, hiding himself in the deep moon shadow of the Norway maples that bordered the sidewalk, stared in dread at the lamp shades that glowed through the front down-stairs windows.

Suddenly he shrank behind a tree trunk. The quick steps of some man were hastening down the street. Soon the man passed through a patch of moonlight, a stout youngish figure with a forbidding swing and energy in arms and legs—his dad! He was bareheaded like his son, a lock of thick sandy hair flopping over his forehead. It was a hot night. His collar was off, his shirt turned in at the neck, his sleeves rolled up. By the sound he was in his slippers. But, worst of all, Tippy, Saggy's Airedale, which had wearied of the night life and deserted the corner an hour ago, was trotting well ahead of him.

"Gwin the house! Gwan!" ordered Saggy in a furious whisper, giving the dog a vehement push. Tippy had trotted straight to him. The next moment his dad charged straight up to him also, and jerked him across the sidewalk and into the moonlight.

"What were you doing in there?" demanded his dad angrily. "This is a pretty time of night to show up! It was just six-thirty when you went down to Hick's to plan for that fishing trip, and your orders were to stay but half an hour, or die."

"Aw-w, Da-ad, I didn't know it was s'late—honest! I started home in time, but we had to see Rick Evans, 'bout to-morrow and we found him over at the corner. We got to talkin', and—"

"Ah, you 'got to talkin' '!" snorted his father, shaking him east and west in lieu of the language which had failed. "Here you've got your mother all worked up and ready to fly to pieces, and she's kept me up and out hunting you when I am bone-tired and wanted to go to bed two hours ago. Shut up!"

"But, Da-ad," he whimpered, "can't y'understand how a fella'll get all in-t'rested to death about goin' fishin', and not know how the time goes, talkin'? You like to go fishin', so y'do."

"Shut up, I tell you!" Mr. Borts aided him through another dance movement. "I can't understand—after that rank disobedience of your mother's orders about coming straight from school this afternoon and the panning she gave you—I can't! And yet with *that* burning your ears, you walk right out and do it again. No wonder she's almost crazy about what you're headed for. You've got me guessing, myself."

"I ain't headed nowhere, Da-ad," he blubbered pleadingly. "Can't y'understand how I never thought of doin' it a-purpose? I—I—you know how you sit up nights with Mr. Artsinger talkin' about that big game hunt this fall. Ow-w! Oh, Dad! I—Ow-w! Don't! Don't! Ow-w!"

To a continuance of such imploring music his dad rushed him up the walk and into the house, whence, after some dramatic moments of waiting, came the muffled yet full, rich sounds of the real thing in such cases. Then all subsided into silence. And a little later the lights went out and the premises were ready for burglars.

BUT not all were in bed. Up in a rear bedroom, Saggy, tear-stained and sniffling, was kneeling in his pajamas at the window and brooding over the moonlight on the tomato vines, on the slate roofs, on the trees, brooding over every object and floating away two miles up the river to the wilderness of the Kinsman riffles. Up there was boyhood's heaven. Deep woods on either bank, willow jungles, reaches of still brown water, a tongue of oily rapids where the stony bottom cropped to the surface; and then the riffles, hundreds of feet of them, and then the still brown water again and the rocks, on and on around another bend, and on and on into new glories forever!

And these, the happiest hunting and fishing grounds outside of dreams, were not to know him to-morrow. That had been the sentence imposed by his mother. More. He had not only to stay at home, but she had commissioned him to beat the hall rug in time for the company that was coming for luncheon. He was paying too many prices. His heart was broken in two, and each piece was hot with rebellion against such injustice.

He kneeled there for a long time until he found his arm and head on the sill with the land of Nod swimming around him. Then he crawled into bed. And as he did so, a shining hope, like an angel, suddenly bent over him and nestled him in its arms and sank with him into the deeps of sleep. Mebbe it would rain to-morrow.

But when his mother called him in the morning and he sat up and gazed at the outdoors, he saw there the most wonderful day that had ever been made. Instantly he sank like lead into the depths of despair. But a couple of hours later he discovered that despair has heights as well as depths, and ascended into their midst, which, in this instance, was located on a nine by twelve rug spread on the back lawn a rod from the kitchen porch. He was kneeling on the rug, and in erratic ebb and flow of energy swatting it with a kite-shaped utensil of wire.

HIS strong-armed, dark-haired mother sat on the porch steps, her pleasantly resolute and housewifely expression bent over a yellow bowl of pitted cherries in her lap. A pan of the unstemmed fruit was beside her. Every time the sound of the beating died low she ceased her work and invested him with a sternly steady eye. Sooner, rather than later, he felt that eye upon him and looked up. Instantly its message ignited him anew with blazing, raving rebellion against her, everybody, everything, and he snarled down at the rug and tried to destroy it with a passionate shower of whacks.

About an hour later, Mr. Borts, in his little private office at the Borts' General Insurance Agency, interrupted conversation with his man Graham, who worked the north part of the county, and began listening at the telephone. In a moment his good-natured business front exchanged itself for an astounded frown that almost closed one of the blue eyes. His jaw hung. He listened, borne helplessly along on some startling torrent of news and mind which Mr. Graham could hear pouring in the jangle of some woman's voice.

"Well, confound him!" gasped Mr. Borts, when the torrent had suddenly ceased and given him his first opening. "I've got to settle that kid for good. I'll be loose here in half an hour and I'm going up after him. What? Twelve-thirty sharp, and you'll skin me if I'm not there? Aw, I'll be back in time for that luncheon. The folks'll be late anyway. All women, and a forty-mile drive—they'll have motor trouble.... No, no! It's got to be stopped, or there'll be no living with him."

He clapped the receiver into its hook and glared at Graham. "What do you know about that boy of mine!" he exclaimed. "Believe me, he's got me worried. He's getting absolutely beyond us. Yesterday noon his mother ordered him





"Help! Help!" he cried frantically. "I can't hold him much longer." The turtle in its struggles came to the surface for a second

to come straight home from school to do some errands." And he continued through a narrative of everything, to the opening of the rug situation. "A caller came and she went in. Left the cherries on the porch. Back she comes in ten minutes and, by Gad, if he hadn't eaten almost all of them—the pitted ones. He begged as usual, and said he only meant to take a taste. She boxed him good and locked him up in the furnace-room and went up to her room for a good cry over him. And five minutes ago," he concluded with a ring of proud dismay, "darned if he didn't break jail—pried the window open with an ax—and skedaddled, he and the

dog, presumably for the riffles where the boys are fishing."

"Well! Huh!" ejaculated Graham, sympathetically blank and solemn, yet ambiguous. He was long, lean, and gray-eyed. "Them riffles are a terror on boys. When I was a kid I played hooky many a time to go fishin' up there. More'n one tannin' I got for it, too."

"WELL, believe me, that's what he'll get soon as I lay hands on him. I'm going up there soon as we fix up these policies, and get him. Want to go along? We'll be back around noon."

"I don't mind," grinned Graham. And

they engrossed themselves in the business in hand. But it was several times half an hour before they had finished and were entering Borts's car.

Down where the riffles had ceased their troubling and the high old woods and the lane of sky had a chance to reflect themselves, Saggy and four other boys stood advanced like skirmishers across the middle of the little river. With a dime gummed up with cherry juice Saggy had leased an extra pole from Hicky. A green minnow bucket attached to Hicky's belt was tugging for escape down the river. Corks were riding among the bubbles and flecks of foam.



On the shingly strip of the south bank in the deep shade, a camp fire was burning. Tippy was appearing from time to time as he hunted in the woods. Saggy's conscience, which had belabored him at every step, had grown tired of standing around with its finger in its mouth and had lain down in the woods for a doze. All was peace and the love of Nature. And the Spirit of America, in his moccasins, leggins, and eagle feathers, was standing somewhere close by, his arms outstretched in blessing.

"Giminykrauts! Who's those men?"

Hicky, happening to glance up the river, cried this out in alarm and remained transfixed in utter dejection. At all times the arrival of grown-ups was a moaning blight, but, now, with a fugitive from justice in their midst, the appearance of men might forecast disaster. At the first note of this tocin,

Nobody was able to give him any advice. The corks were forgotten.

"Oh, lordy! . . . Here! Take your pole!" Saggy, who was standing next to him, thrust the rod into Hicky's free hand. "Tell him—tell him—y'ain't seen me—tell him I've gone home—tell him I—"

"Aw, there your darn dog's seen him," hissed Hicky. "Look at him runnin' for him. He's give you away. Skip into the woods and hide, why don't yuh?"

"Aw," cried one of the boys, "how can he run 'thout his dad seein' him, and then his dad'll give it to us."

SAGGY was in a deplorable panic. His face was white. Even his freckles had faded. His eyes were round and wild. He turned this way and that. No refugel. And then, governed by the instinct of the hunted animal, he took to the one cover at hand. He crouched down in the water up to his nose.

"Well, y'can stand there between me and him till I sneak ashore and hide, can't yuh?" And while he was yet speaking Saggy began walking on his knees down-stream.

"Aw, y'poor lun'tic," suddenly cried Hicky, regardless of whether or not the men heard him, "what y'goin' down-river for? That ain't for shore. You're scarin' the fish. Hain't you got no sense? Look at'm! Look at'm!" The water rapidly deepening, Saggy had begun to swim. Walking seemed too slow. "Look out, y'poor nut," now howled Hicky, "you're goin' right into the corks and lines. Hey-y-y!"

"Aw, quit yellin' and givin' me away!" came in an angry splutter from Saggy.

"Well, keep out them lines, then."

Saggy let his feet touch bottom and stood a moment, his head whirling with bewilderment. Since the boys had bunched, their fishing tackle had done likewise. The five corks were riding the ripples not six feet ahead of him, one of the wet lines blowing against his neck.

"Gee," cried one of the boys in a palsied undertone, "here come the men runnin'!"

This news finished Saggy's indecision. He emitted a dying cry, hurled himself forward and swam down-stream with frantic breast strokes. His face was ghastly, his eyes wholly unintelligent. In his over-haste his feet came to the surface and churned the water like a stern-wheeler.

THE boys immediately broke into shouts of remonstrance and, scattering as best they could, tried to save their lines. They jerked them out of the water and threw them high overhead—all but one. The hook caught in the shoulder of Saggy's shirt and one of Hicky's reels began to unwind steadily.

"Hey, hey!" howled Hicky, "You're takin' out my line! Unhook yourself, unhook yourself! Dog-gone yuh!"



Saggy's conscience bounded wide awake out of the woods and leaped astride his neck, where it began to pound him over the head and howl exultantly, "Wha'd I tell yuh? Wha'd I tell yuh?"

There was a rigorous silence, each boy twisting about and staring up-stream beyond the ripples, where two men were picking their way along the stony bank.

"Oh-o, Lordy Moses," faltered Saggy in dizzy terror, "it's my dad—what'll I do? Gee, he'll kill me!"

"Stand in front of me, can't yuh? Hey?" he wailed in stormy reproach and supplication.

Animated by the instinct of the herd which protects the helpless the boys with a splashing rush crowded into a screen and stood staring down at him.

"Aw, what good'll that do?" expostulated Hicky. "We can't stand here and hide yuh till your dad's gone. He'll ketch yuh, sure as snakes, and then he'll give it to us for hidin' yuh."

But Saggy was now as little open to the influence of language and eloquence as any other land animal that has taken to water in its last desperate effort to escape men and dogs. To him, the cries and shoutings were only the deadly din of hot pursuit and but confused and crazed him the more. He plowed and churned wildly on, gasping, whimpering, with no thought, and less care, for other people's hooks.

And a few more strokes brought him literally to the end of his string. Hicky's hundred feet of line were all out. Every boy was yelling (Continued on page 178)



# Keep Your Promises— And Make Others Keep Theirs!

Frank C. Letts, a great organizer, declares that one of the best ways of making enemies is to be lax and indefinite in your dealings, whether in business or social matters—Remember that it takes a little backbone to be firm, but no one likes a jellyfish!—Lessons learned in the course of a remarkable business career, which apply to any phase of life

*By F. C. Letts*

President, Western Grocer Company



Photo by H. B. H. H.

Frank C. Letts, one of the country's largest wholesale grocers, was born sixty-one years ago at Magnolia, Illinois. His early training and experience were of the sternest variety. At the age of twelve, when he was going to school and working in a general store, his "office hours" were from 4 A. M. to 10 P. M. Mr. Letts went into the wholesale grocery business when he was just past twenty. To-day he is president of the National Grocer Company of Michigan and of the Western Grocer Company, and chairman of the Board of Directors of the Durand-McNeil-Horner Company, of Chicago. These companies have numerous branches throughout the Middle West and the Far West. Mr. Letts is noted for his ability as an organizer and the precision which characterizes his business dealings. During the war he served in Washington as head of the department of supplies for the International Red Cross

**N**OT long after I went into business for myself I had as a customer a farmer whom I had known for several years. He had made a success of farming; but he wanted to give his children a better education than they could get in the country. So he sold his farm, moved to town, and opened a retail store. I sold him his first stock.

Things went well with him for a while. At first his bills with us were discounted, but presently he did not meet them until maturity. Finally, he fell behind and we had to carry him.

I did not worry about that. The man was well-fixed, and we were selling him the bulk of his merchandise. But there came a crop failure. Our merchant was in a small town where he depended largely upon county trade. He failed.

When I went to see him—he owed us a lot of money—the first thing he said to me was:

"Frank Letts, you are the cause of my failure!"

"Why do you say that, Chris?" I asked in astonishment. "We've certainly been good to you, haven't we?"

"That is just the trouble," he replied. "I believed everybody was honest. I did business on that basis, trusting everybody. *You* did not force me to pay my bills, so I did not insist upon my customers paying *me*. Since the crop failure many tenants who owed me large bills have moved away. Others can't pay a cent. I'm getting along in years, and I'm bankrupt. I'll never forgive you for not teaching me proper business methods by forcing me to pay your bills when they came due."

That happened a good many years ago. It taught me a lesson which I have since come to regard as of fundamental importance—one which I have tried to apply persistently in business, and which applies to much besides business. That lesson is this: One of the best ways of serving your friends and others with whom you come in contact is to hold them to strict account for fulfilling their obligations.

Few things harm a man more than the reputation, if he deserves it, of being *easy*, and of not insisting upon the strict observance of obligations owed to him. You are apt to lose the respect of people



who think you are easy. They will acquire the habit of imposing on you in little things. Then, when important transactions come along, they will not want to deal with you at all. People realize, even if they do not often analyze the reason, that a man who is easy with others is likely to be easy with himself. The feeling is sure to spread that the easy-going man is not entirely trustworthy.

When I was twelve years old our family moved from a farm to Afton, Iowa, where my father ran a hotel. Besides going to high school, I held two jobs, one with my father and the other with a Mr. Allen, who ran a general country store. My work began at four o'clock in the morning, and I think I was busier in those days than I have ever been since.

I always went with a bus from the hotel to meet the early morning train. I was what they called a "train runner," and my job was to solicit traveling men to stop at our hotel. There was one other train, at ten o'clock at night, and I met that, too.

For doing this work my father gave me my board and a room, and I believe I earned it!

By five A. M. I was expected to be at Mr. Allen's store, where I swept, dusted, and got everything ready for the day's business. At six-thirty another clerk came on, and I was free to go to breakfast; but I had to get back between seven and seven-thirty, remaining on duty until eight-fifty, when I left for school.

AT THE noon hour, I went straight from school to the store for thirty minutes, relieving a clerk while he went to lunch. When he returned, I went to lunch, but I had to finish eating and be back at school by one o'clock.

When school was dismissed for the day, at four o'clock, I immediately went back to the store, where I weighed in butter, counted eggs, waited on customers, and performed many other duties. At six o'clock I had a half-hour for supper, after which I returned and worked until nine-thirty, when the store closed. On Saturdays I worked all day in the store. For these duties, Mr. Allen paid me ten dollars a month!

I do not regret that busy experience. On the contrary, I am inclined to pity any man who has not had a similar chance to do hard work while he was young. At this time, too, I had the first experience which showed me that a reputation for being easy is a very unenviable one to have.

My employer, though a good business man, was a hard taskmaster. He was paying me ten dollars a month, when another merchant offered to pay me twenty-five dollars if I would do the same work for him. I was eager to accept the offer, but Father argued against it.

"No!" he said emphatically, "you ought not to change jobs. Allen is a good

business man and he will teach you the fundamentals. The other fellow is a slipshod, easy-going chap. He won't teach you anything."

I have always felt deeply grateful for my father's sound judgment then. What I learned under Mr. Allen I certainly learned thoroughly. The training he gave me has helped me all my life, and any easy-going habits I may have acquired cannot be charged to him.

When I was eighteen years old I happened to see in one of the Chicago newspapers that A. T. Stewart and Company of New York City were opening a branch wholesale dry-goods house in Chicago. As I wanted to learn something about larger business, I prevailed on a stock-shipping friend to let me go to Chicago with a couple of his cars of cattle. On

uncle's surprise, I received a letter from Mr. Walker. He told me I was to go to work in the dress-goods department at twenty-five dollars a month.

I was elated. I arranged to board with my uncle and aunt for ten dollars a month. That left me fifteen dollars for car fare, luncheons, and clothes. Before the year was out, I was advanced to what I regarded as the munificent salary of fifty dollars a month.

One of our regular customers came from Iowa. His name was Jordan. He and I soon got acquainted and he fell into the habit of always asking me to wait on him. One day Mr. Jordan said to me:

"Frank, how would you like to go into business in Iowa?"

It was an offhand question. I replied, none too seriously:

"Well, I'm pretty young, Mr. Jordan. But, of course, I'm anxious to better my condition and succeed. If you can help me, I'll be delighted."

I thought he only meant to flatter me. But to my great surprise, some time later, I received a telegram from him. He said he had decided to put me in business in Marshalltown, Iowa. I was to meet him at his headquarters in Ottumwa.

THIS was very sudden. I went to Mr. Walker with the telegram and asked his advice.

"Don't go, Frank," he said. "I know the Jordans. They are good people. But you'll do better to stay where you are. You are bright, energetic, and a hard worker. Some day you'll have a good position here."

"How good?" I asked. I was curious.

"Some day," he replied, "you'll probably be getting five thousand dollars a year!"

That was a poser! Five thousand dollars sounded to me then like all the money in the world. I thought surely I had better stay, if my prospects were as good as all that, and I partially decided to do so. But first I thought I would consult the general salesman, who had had a lot of experience, and who handled the Jordan business. When he saw the telegram he said:

"You take the Jordan offer!"

Then he added some remarks which I never forgot, for the reason that I later found them to contain a great element of truth.

"When you are in business for yourself," he said, "you'll find it different from being on a salary. You won't know just what you are making. At the end of the year, when the profit is shown, you will have the money saved."

Upon that salesman's advice I accepted Mr. Jordan's offer. When I got to Marshalltown, Mr. Jordan showed me the room he had rented to house our dry-goods stock, and said:

"The name of the concern will be Jordan and Letts!"

Then he went (Continued on page 112)

## Are You Easy to Borrow From?

"WE ALL know people who are willing, upon almost any occasion, to borrow a few dollars, promising to return it in a few days," says Mr. Letts. "Among these easy borrowers, how many are equally willing to 'forget' the loan!"

"Do you think for one minute that such a borrower esteems the lender more highly if the latter fails to ask for the return of these easy lendings? I do not think so! The borrower sets down the lender as *easy*, and he will impose upon him again in the same way at the first opportunity. There is not much difference between holding a man *easy* and holding him *in contempt*."

arriving there, I discovered that I was not the only one who wanted a job with the new concern. I stood in line for a whole half-day before I could even make my application!

Mr. Walker was the manager and the man who did the hiring. When my turn came he asked me what I could do.

"I'm willing," I replied, "to tackle anything."

He asked me something about my experience. I gave him my name and address, and he said in parting that he liked the way I talked.

"You'll probably hear from me again," was the only promise he made.

I had stopped overnight with an uncle who lived on the west side of the city. When I went back to his house I told him I was sure I was going to get a position. He laughed.

"Don't think it!" he said. "Those people have hundreds of applications for every position. There are dozens of city boys whose fathers have influence. They are the ones who'll get the jobs. A country boy like you has no chance!"

I had my own opinion as to that, but kept it to myself. Two days later, to my





"Helen, I gave you up years ago, because I felt I could bring you nothing but shame. I must give you up again for the same reason"



"Thank heaven for lawyers! I'd never have thought myself of getting something on you, Stephen"

# Stella Dallas

The story of a great love

*By Olive Higgins Prouty*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SIMONT

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## Synopsis of Previous Instalments

THIS is the story of Stella and Stephen Dallas, a mismatched pair, and their lovely daughter, Laurel. Stephen, of fine old family, was torn from his postgraduate work by the suicide of his father, who had used trust funds in his charge. Stephen cut himself off from all former associations, and got a job in the factory at Milhampton. In his new character he gradually came into affectionate relations with the pretty and vulgar daughter of a workman, and married her. He soon found out his mistake. Later a daughter was born. Stephen threw himself into his work, advanced, studied law nights, and got into the legal department. He was taken up by his superiors, and for a time the pair kept up social relations with the best people in town. Finally, when the daughter, Laurel, was about six years old, Stephen had a chance to enter a law firm in New York. After returning a few times he wrote Stella that he had made up his mind that their marriage was a mistake, and that he would come no more. He said he would provide her an ample income.

As Laurel grew up, she visited her father yearly. They were devoted comrades, similar in tastes and in temperament. On one of these visits Laurel is left for a week with Mrs. Morrison, a charming widow whom Stephen had loved in early life. To her and her three boys he now gave a true and helpful friendship.

It was at this time that Mrs. Dallas met, at a cheap seaside resort, a former riding master of Milhampton, with whom she had had a vulgar flirtation. They were seen together by some Milhampton people under circumstances that were innocent enough, but suggested a scandalous intimacy. The spread of this story cut off the last social connections of Stella Dallas and her daughter, which were already much weakened. Laurel, who was the apple of her mother's eye, was snubbed by her girl friends.

After Laurel returned from the visit referred to, Stella went into Boston to see a New York lawyer, who had asked her to call at a certain office about a possible divorce. The lawyer suggested that she could secure a divorce quietly on the grounds of desertion. She refused. Then he hinted that Stephen could readily get one because of her conduct. Gradually the meaning of this dawned on Stella. She rose to fiery indignation, called the lawyer a nasty-minded man, and rushed away, leaving him confounded, but realizing her innocence.

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WHEN Stephen Dallas started proceedings for a divorce, he was unaware of the scandal about Stella, spreading through Milhampton like a creeping grass-fire over dry hills in spring. It was his lawyer, Morley Smith, who first smelled the smoke of that fire. Myra Holland had started it after seeing Stella with Alfred Munn at Beaver's Beach.

That which spurred Stephen to action was as far removed from Beaver's Beach as were the stars. It was a look in Helen Morrison's eyes—a dear, precious, well-remembered look, a look that had not changed in all the years that lay between Stephen and his young manhood.

It carried him back across those years, to the time when he was a boy—full of promise, full of pride and self-confidence, the only son of Stephen Dallas, honored citizen of Reddington—to the time when Helen Morrison was a girl—beautiful, exquisite, the only daughter of another honored citizen of Reddington, Judge Frederick Dane.

The boy and the girl had known each other as children. Then their years at college and at boarding school had separated them. But they had met again, as

young prince and princess, at the ball Judge Dane gave for the coming out of his daughter. And it was the night after this ball that Stephen first saw, shining in Helen Dane's eyes, the starry look which years later he saw again in the eyes of Helen Morrison.

They had sat opposite each other, that long-ago evening, in Judge Dane's big, formal drawing-room and discussed such impersonal subjects as football and the boat race and the plays they had seen in New York. Helen had carried on conversations of the same sort with many a young man before, but never had her hands been cold and her face hot, as they were now with the sense of Stephen's nearness. The next day he sent her violets. There was no card, no message; but she knew from whom they came! He too, then, had been aware!

After that the world took on new interest and significance for Helen Dane. The very day after that call, Stephen had gone back to his law school in the East. But there were his letters and hers. They were as impersonal as the talk between them had been; but Helen understood. At least, she *thought* she understood. She knew that Stephen had still to spend a whole year and a half at the law school

before he could begin his career, but she liked prolonging the sweet adventure. She was sure it could end in but one way.

THEN came the event which shattered Stephen's world—his father's tragic suicide, which left his son to wear a tarnished name. When that awful thing happened, Helen's love for Stephen became a blinding desire to help and to comfort him. Her own father had died a few months before. She was alone in the world. If Stephen had need of her, she had need of him, too. She would tell him so, when his long, torturing journey home was over and he came to her, as she was sure he would. "But he did not come! Not even when, convinced that he was waiting for a sign from her, she left her card for him with a penciled message: "Please come over to-night." She already had sent him a note of sympathy, written at the first possible moment. But it was not until three weeks later that she received any word from him whatsoever.

In a formal, punctilious letter, he thanked her for her note and for asking him to call. He appreciated her generosity in offering to see him, but it was painful for him to talk to any of his friends. He had left Reddington forever, he said. He was going as far away as he could—possibly to Australia. He was glad he had formed no business alliances. He was glad their friendship was only in its infancy. He was thankful his father's act could cast no shadow on anyone outside his immediate family.

It was a letter written in the first bitterness, when youth suddenly finds its world in ruins. But to Helen Dane it meant but one thing: She read it until every word was graven on her heart. Then she put it away—and, with it, her belief that Stephen Dallas had loved her. She did not attempt to recall him. One cannot pursue that which does not exist. To him, she told herself, their relation had been only a "friendship in its infancy." She was just a girl he had fancied for a season. And so she, too, faced a world in ruins. A few months later, Helen Dane became Helen Morrison.

SHE had known Cornelius Morrison since her childhood. As her father's friend, he occasionally spent a night at Judge Dane's. And when the young girl was sent to a boarding-school in New York nothing was more natural than that her father should ask his old friend to look her up now and then, to see if she were happy among strangers.





This was the first time in all her

In spite of the social position of his family in New York, Cornelius Morrison always had been shy with women. Helen and her young boarding-school friends were an entirely new adventure to him. He became a sort of fairy godfather to them; and, to him, Helen herself became a sort of fairy princess.

At first, he believed he was fond of her as he might have been fond of a younger sister. Later, he believed he was fond of her as he might have been fond of a daughter. Then, suddenly, Cornelius Morrison knew that this was not true. He knew that he loved Helen Dane!

Loved her as a man loves the woman he wants to make his wife. And she was nineteen—and he was fifty-two!

**A**FEW weeks after he came to this realization he started for India. Three years went by before he returned. During his absence Judge Dane had died. And partly to pay respect to his old friend's memory, partly to see once more the girl he still loved, Cornelius Morrison went to Reddington.

He found a different Helen Dane from the happy girl he had known before. To him the explanation lay in the loss of her

father, whose death must have cut deep. He knew of no other cause for the change that had come over her. As he sat opposite her at dinner, she seemed to him like an abandoned kitten in a great empty house with only paid caretakers to see that she was fed.

"Helen," he said to her, "I believe you are lonely here."

Calmly, with no tears, with no emotion in her voice—it might have been a woman of forty who spoke—she replied: "I *am* lonely, Mr. Morrison. I wish I could leave Reddington forever. There's absolutely nothing to keep me here now."





life she had ever been one of a crowd

A wave of tenderness swept over Cornelius Morrison. A wild, delirious hope sprang alive in his heart. Could it be that he had anything to offer her that she wanted? He stayed on in Reddington for a week before he asked her that same question.

**I**N THE months that had followed Stephen's abrupt disappearance, there had been only one small light to relieve the darkness of Helen Dale's life. One of her aunts had a little girl, scarcely more than a baby, who loved to clamber into Helen's arms and to cuddle there as contentedly

as a kitten in the sun. It was with the thought of a little girl of her own, clambering into her arms and smiling up at her, that Helen gave her answer to the question Cornelius Morrison asked her. They were married a few weeks later.

Although Cornelius Morrison was always aware that he was not the perfect mate for Helen, and Helen observed her marriage with wide-open and seeing eyes, they each did much to enrich and beautify the life of the other. Not all happy marriages are made in heaven. Helen discovered. Some are the result of wise human effort and long, steady adaptation,

Cornelius Morrison was thirty years older than Helen. He was never free from the fear that some day a younger man, a more appropriate comrade for his wife, might supplant him in her affections. If a younger man devoted an evening to Helen, if she seemed to respond to his attentions with interest and vivacity, a deep melancholy would take possession of Cornelius Morrison—unreasonable perhaps, but uncontrollable and terribly painful.

Helen needed no explanation; through her intuition she saw, as clearly as through a microscope, the (Continued on page 66)



# The Day Always Comes— To Those Who Hang On Tight

Some extraordinary personal experiences that prove this truth

*By James Logan*

General Manager, United States Envelope Company

SOME sixty years ago—I was just past ten—I caught my arm in the machine at which I was working in a woolen mill. The arm broke in three places and my hand was all but torn off. Everyone thought I was a most unlucky youngster; I thought so myself. All the while I was growing up my left arm was weak. It was not strong enough to permit me to become a weaver; a weaver throws the shuttle with the right hand and pulls up the lathe with the left. My handicap forced me to do girl's work in the mill. Of course I could not keep on doing girl's work. And so I got out of the mill. That broken arm was really a well-disguised piece of luck, for it is hard to get out of the rut of a mill in time.

I believe there is a certain something, perhaps a sequence of happenings, which, for want of a better name, we call luck. But the "luck" is not more than a start, a jolt. The luck that counts comes from hard work. For instance, I got into the envelope business by what some might call luck. The firm I was then working for failed; the senior member asked a loan from a man who was then the leading envelope manufacturer of the country. I made up the statement of condition of the failed concern. The manufacturer liked it so much that he proposed I go to work for him. I had made the statement as well as I knew how. And there is no luck in a man, who is doing his best, attracting attention to himself. My Scotch disposition makes me unwilling to trust anything to luck until I have established control over everything that can be controlled. For trusting too much to luck often engenders bitterness when failure seems, without any reason at all, to follow failure.

When one does what he is doing as well as he knows how, he is getting ready to be lucky.

None of the members of our family was annoyed by being born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Logans have in the main

always been poor but respectable. They do lay claim to ancient lineage, and might well write of their history after the fashion of another Scotch family:

The Logan family is a vera, vera auld Scotch family.

The line rins away back into antiquity, we dinna ken hoo far back it rins, but it's a lang, lang way back, and the history o' the Logan family is recorded in five volumes, an'

And, in the Scotch fashion, the men would propound what they called "propositions" to argue, and altogether they picked up a surprising amount of information, and all of them learned reams and reams of poetry by heart. My father knew "Childe Harold" so well that you could start him anywhere in it and he would pick up the connection and go right on to the end of the poem.

My eldest brother was an explorer through Central and South America, Cuba, and Mexico, for a lumber company. In all his wanderings through the jungles he carried with him just two books, a Bible and a dictionary. I remember he told me that those were the only books that a man could never get tired reading. He could repeat much of the Bible from memory, and there were few words in the language that he could not spell and define. And he, too, had started to work before he was ten. But that is getting ahead of the story.

The power loom came into Scotland and the jobs for hand weavers left. My father had no work—and a wife and four children to provide for. David, the eldest, was twelve. I was the youngest, three months. He knew of only one thing to do—go to America, the land of promise.

He managed to borrow the money, and on the eighth of August, 1852, our ship slipped down the Clyde. The voyage took seven weeks, all but two days. In those days the ship gave only passage. The emigrants had to bring their bedding and food.

Landing at New York, we took another steamer for Norwich, Connecticut, and lodged with my father's brother-in-law. "They did everything for us that could be thought of, and I do assure you," my father wrote in a letter, "we had much need of it as we had all lost a good deal of flesh by the way. Even little James left Scotland with two chins, but when we came to New York he had lost one of them and a bit of the other."

My father got a place cleaning locomotives.

## Where Logan Got His Real Start

"IT WAS from my job in a book store that I got my real start," says Mr. Logan, "for after I had been there a while this thought struck me: 'I can keep books all my life, and I shall never get very far. A man can learn to keep books in about three months, so there will always be plenty of bookkeepers. I had better try to learn something that is not so easy.'"

"I asked the owner if I could spend half of my time out in the store, selling. I did not ask for more pay—only for more work. The head clerk kicked, but the owner backed me up. A little later I asked the owner to let me go out to sell books and office supplies one week in every three. That was a new idea. They had always waited for the trade to come to them. I proved to be a good salesman. I had two positions offered to me in banks; but I said no. The jobs were genteel but too easy, too little to do, with correspondingly low pay. I wanted a harder job with more pay, and I eventually got it."

about the middle of the third volume in a marginal note we read:

"About this time the world was created."

My father was a hand-loom weaver in Scotland. In those days a boy who was not working by the time he was ten was considered to be in a state of sinful idleness, for there was not much chance for education. My father worked in a little six-loom shop. The village schoolmaster used to come in and read books and newspapers aloud to the men as they worked.



tives in the Worcester terminal of the Norwich and Worcester railroad. The job paid him \$5.74 a week. My brother David found work in a cotton mill from 5 A. M. to 7 P. M. at \$1.24 a week, which gave a total family income of \$6.98 a week, which income so impressed my father that in the letter I quoted from he wrote:

"We have everything that poor people can wish for in the way of food, and if we be spared in health to this time next year we will have all the money paid back that we borrowed to take us out to America." And pay it back he did.

A year later we moved to Worcester, Massachusetts, and I have been in Worcester ever since. At first we lived in town, but then got a house and two acres of ground three and a half miles out of the city for two dollars a month. Father was now a night watchman on the railway, and he walked those three miles and a half night and morning so that he could bring us up in the country. From this smaller place we moved to a real farm of seven or eight acres, for which he paid sixty dollars a year. We managed to get some cows and chickens, and for eight dollars my father bought an old white horse named "Billy" to take him to and from work.

**T**HE big events of those days were going down to the city with my father to spend a night in the engine house. I still remember those old wood-burning locomotives: the "Uncas," the "Tecumseh," the "Colonel De Witt," and a lot more of them.

We were very happy for a while, but then things began to go against us. My father had farmed with the help of all of us. He was what we would now call a truck gardener, and his specialty was cabbages. His health broke down and he had to give up the railroad job, and then, in 1861, our landlord's cattle broke through the fence and ate up all the cabbage plants just as they were ready for transplanting. The landlord offered to do everything that he could—to furnish the money to buy other cabbage plants and all that. But my father would have his own cabbages or none. He was very stubborn and refused to pay the rent. We were sued and the sheriff attached our three cows. I shall never forget that terrible day when we four children followed those cows down the road. We had raised them from calves. They were a part of the family. They were our greatest, almost our only, worldly possessions, and it seemed as though the whole world were awry. Later the trouble was somehow adjusted and the cows were returned to us. But when the lease expired we left the farm.

Although we were very poor we were, as everyone was expected to be, hospitable. In those days liquors were cheap and nearly everyone drank rather freely. My father was practically a teetotaler but, following the old Scotch idea of hospitality, he always had a demijohn of rum or whisky in the cellar. On Sundays friends would walk out from town to see us, and it was considered essential that a tankard be filled and on the table after the Sunday dinner. One Sunday, when the tankard ran dry, a visitor rapped his glass on the table to call my father's attention to the fact, at the same time saying:



PHOTO BY SUMNER

JAMES LOGAN

James Logan was born in Scotland in 1852. While still an infant his parents brought him to the United States. The family settled in Massachusetts. At the age of nine James Logan began work in a textile mill. A year later an accident to one of his hands made him unable to do heavy manual labor. When fifteen he studied bookkeeping and thereafter held varied positions of a clerical nature, and for a time was a salesman. In 1878 he entered the envelope industry, and in 1898, when the U. S. Envelope Company, of Worcester, Massachusetts, was formed, he was made its general manager, a position he still holds. He has served as mayor of Worcester, which is still his home, and in other public capacities. He has also been a lecturer and writer on business topics. In 1904 he received the degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College.

"David, the tankard's out."

Maybe it was the tapping of the glass, but it struck my father all at once that he was running a free tap house. He went down into the cellar, brought up the demijohn, and walking outside the door, emptied its contents onto the ground, saying dryly:

"Yes, John, the tankard is out and it will remain out, for no more liquor will come into my house."

That was all there was to it. Our Sunday visitors dropped off.

My father was not strong enough to earn a living, and the money that David, the eldest, brought in from the mills was much too little to support the family. There was nothing to do but that we all go to work, and one month before I was ten years old I took my place in the card-room of the old "Red Mill." Three months later I gave my first wages,

amounting to twenty-six dollars, to my mother. Soon after this occurred the accident to my arm, making it necessary for me to change the type of work I was doing. We were paid quarterly—if the employer could raise the money. If he could not get the money, he gave orders on the village store. All of us gave our money to our mother. My father never carried a pocketbook; none of us did. She made all my clothes until I was well past fourteen. Naturally, she was a keen buyer and she picked up many a bargain. One of them I did not appreciate at all, a very special bargain in boots. The right boot was a close fit, of high grade, and rather dainty. The left boot was a rough cowhide affair about four sizes too large. It made a good deal of difference which side of me you saw first. If we absolutely needed money she gave it to us. When I was studying bookkeeping, she (Continued on page 159)



# Queer Tricks People Try To Play on the Circus

As the legal adjuster for one of the big shows, I have had some funny experiences. Most folks are honest, of course, but there are some who put their consciences in cold storage when the circus comes to town.

*By Frank A. Cook*

**I**F YOU are looking for trouble, allow me to recommend my job. You won't have to strain your eyes! Trouble will come hunting for you. All you will have to do will be to let it find you.

For fourteen years, as legal adjuster for the circus, I have been a sort of wholesale and retail dealer in trouble. I entered the business by chance; but I have stayed in it by choice. For it's a great life—if you don't weaken.

In 1908, while working with the Government Bureau of Corporations, I learned that an investigation of municipal affairs was to be undertaken; and as I thought I'd like to have a hand in it I tried to figure out how I could travel around the country, see a lot of cities and towns, and at the same time have a paying job.

It occurred to me that a circus did about as much traveling as anything I knew of. So I wrote to Ringling Brothers, stated my qualifications, and asked them for a position. I got it! They made me their "legal adjuster." I didn't know then what a legal adjuster was, but I soon found out.

We had been showing in Philadelphia for several days when an irate female appeared before me, bareheaded and clutching a strange object in her hand. She explained indignantly that one of our giraffes had reached over his enclosure and nibbled her new spring hat right off her head! She had recovered the hat, which she dramatically submitted in evidence; and I had to admit that the giraffe certainly had made a mess of the lady's spring millinery. She claimed that the hat had cost fifteen dollars; but we finally compromised on seven.

I might add here a word of warning to

other ladies: Keep your eye on the giraffes when you go near them, especially if you have something red on your hat. Giraffes will take a chance and browse on anything within reach. And they are particularly fond of red.

These claims for damages, however, are really the least of my troubles. In fact, I've had some I should hate to have missed, even if I'd had to pay the bills myself.

For instance, when we were showing in

Well, you never can do anything with an angry person by making him, or her, *more* angry, so I began by admiring the evidences of her talents as a laundress. I vowed that I never had seen such snow-white clothes.

"Why," I said, "there isn't a spot nor a speck on them."

"Isn't there!" she exclaimed. "Just come and look!"

Well, I came and I looked. And I could not deny that the flies had worked overtime on that wash! You had to see it to believe it could be possible.

"M a d a m," I said, "you certainly do raise industrious flies in your town. But the injury isn't permanent. You're such a wonderful laundress that you can easily wash these clothes again and remove all traces of this unfortunate invasion."

"That's all you know about house-work!" she exploded. "I'll show you."

And snatching a garment from the line she led the way to a tub near the house, applied soap liberally, scrubbed the garment good and hard, wrung it out, then triumphantly offered it for my examination. And, sure enough! not a fly

speck had vanished! She vowed they never would!

"But," I protested, "these are undergarments. No one will ever *see* the fly specks."

"We will see them!" she declared; and I couldn't deny that.

When I asked her how much she wanted to console her for having to wear fly-specked underclothes she fixed fifteen dollars as the price of her wounded pride. But I finally soothed her feelings with five dollars and three tickets for the evening performance.



This young lady posed with Mr. Cook to show one of the ways in which some women have tried to put something over on the circus. A young woman, for instance, claimed that she had torn her skirt on a tent stake. The tear was almost invisible but she demanded sixty-five dollars, the price of her suit. She finally accepted five dollars for the damage. A few days later another young woman appeared with a very badly torn skirt, due, as she, also, said, to a tent stake. She turned out to be a sister of the previous claimant and confessed that the whole thing was a trick. Mr. Cook says that a good many people have a double standard of honesty: one for ordinary affairs, the other for their dealings with a circus.

a certain Western town our cook tent was pitched close to a back yard in which a woman had hung out her washing. Late in the afternoon I was summoned to the lady's premises and found her in a great state of excitement.

She indignantly informed me that swarms of flies had been attracted to the neighborhood because of our cook-house; that they had then descended in battalions upon her nice clean clothes; and that her own lingerie, her husband's underwear, and the various other items of the wash had been liberally fly-specked.



I had an interesting case in St. Louis a few years ago. A young woman who claimed that she had torn her dress skirt on a tent stake exhibited a very small tear as the damage done. She said it was a new suit which she had "just had made at Barr's," that it had cost sixty-five dollars, and that it was "ruined."

Being a diplomat, I began by admiring the suit. "It certainly is pretty," I said. "So becoming, too! And I can see that it's in the very latest style."

She agreed enthusiastically to all this. "It's a plaited skirt," I said; "and as it is brand-new of course the color hasn't changed and it isn't soiled. You say you've just had it made; so all you need to do is to go to Barr's and get them to put in a new breadth in place of the one where the tear is."

OH, NO! she wanted the price of the whole suit! I pointed out that the coat was not injured and that the rest of the skirt was all right. Finally, after involving herself in so many contradictions that she realized she had practically convicted herself of attempting to cheat the circus management out of sixty-five dollars, she asked what I thought she ought to do.

"Well," I said, "if I were you, I'd go home, take a needle and thread, and show how nicely I could mend that little tear. Why, as clever a young lady as you are could fix it so that no one would ever notice it! And I will give you five dollars to pay you for the half-hour you will spend."

She took my advice—and the five dollars. But, a few days later, another young woman appeared before me with a torn skirt. And this one *was* torn! It looked as if she'd had a regular wrestling match with a tent stake. But as I glanced at the young lady herself I was struck by the fact that she bore a striking resemblance to the girl of the earlier skirt episode.

"Did your sister get her dress mended all right?" I suddenly inquired.

"Oh, yes—" she began, then caught herself.

I looked her straight in the eye. "So that's the game, is it?" I said. "Your sister got five dollars for something she claimed the circus was responsible for; and you thought it was an easy way for you to get some money too. So you put on an old torn skirt and came here to collect damages on a trumped-up claim. Officer!" I called to our detective, "arrest this woman for trying to obtain money under false pretenses!"

At that she broke down and confessed that she had planned the trick just as I said.

Of course we did not arrest the girl;

all I wanted was to teach her a lesson.

Another time, a woman declared that we had damaged a little cherry tree on her premises. I couldn't see the least sign of injury, except that a few leaves and twigs had been brushed off, but she insisted that it was seriously hurt and, furthermore, that she loved it so deeply that she was inconsolable. However, she estimated that thirty dollars would enable her to bear up under the tragic affliction.

I couldn't get her to reduce the figure, so I finally agreed to pay her thirty dollars for the tree. Then I called our men and

simply had thought, as so many people do think, that she could put something over on the circus.

It is a curious phase of human nature that folks who would not dream of cheating an individual seem to have an entirely different standard of honesty when they deal with a company, or an organization; especially if it does not belong in their own community. And the circus in particular is picked out as a target for the most amazing sharp practices.

There was the town of C—, where we never showed without having to pay the city government a big bill for manhole covers which were broken by the heavy wagons in our haul from the railroad yards to the lot. They charged us over fifteen dollars for each cover; and we always broke at least half a dozen. It seemed curious, for it was the only town where we had this trouble. But I couldn't deny that the damage was done; so, for years, we paid the bills.

Then something happened! An ex-employee of the city government, who had a grudge against it, told me the secret of those broken covers. Every time the circus was to show in C— certain of the town officials removed the manhole covers along the route and substituted others from a heap of old ones which had been discarded years before! They charged us for these rotten old covers which we broke. Then, when the circus had left, they put back the ones they had temporarily removed.

WE SHOWED again in C— a few years ago. And before the day of our arrival I told one of the town officials that I knew the trick they had played on us.

"I can take you to the junk pile from which you get the old covers you want us to break," I said. "And I know just where you store the covers that are removed before we arrive. Now," I said, "if you want this thing aired in public—all right! But I think there will be no bill this year for broken manhole covers."

Needless to say, there wasn't.

Another circus feature which some towns made an excuse for graft was our steam calliope. That poor little steam boiler was gone over pretty nearly every day of its life by some inspector or other, and of course he always collected a fee! One town presented a large bill for damages which they said had been done to their street paving by hot coals dropping out of the calliope's fire box. I have good eyes, and I couldn't see the slightest evidence of injury; but the city fathers were men of remarkable vision. Other towns tried to collect fines from us on the ground

## Why the Lady Thought She Deserved a Pass

"THE commonest form of graft," says Mr. Cook, "is the ticket graft. Here was one funny case: Late one afternoon a peppery little woman was brought to me to tell her tale of woe.

"I want four tickets for the show to-night!" was her opening shot.

"Yes, madam," I said. "The ticket wagon is right over there."

"Oh, I'm not going to *buy* them!" she retorted. "I expect you to *give* me the tickets."

"Really," I said; "on what ground?"

"Well," she tossed her head, "people have been streaking by my house all afternoon, going to this circus; and my dog was barking at them the whole time, so that he kept the baby awake and I lost my afternoon nap! The least you can do is to give me tickets for my family to come to the show to-night."

"But compared with the way *some* people try to graft tickets, that woman was modest in her demands. As I said before, the first thing I do when we reach a town is to go to the city hall for our licenses and permits. And, of course, we always 'fix up' the city officials with free tickets for the show. That's all right. We expect to do it. But it certainly is amazing what large families many of these city officials seem to have. I have come to the conclusion that an alderman with less than eleven children is almost a freak of nature."

told them to put a chain around the little sapling and get ready to pull it up. When she saw these preparations she demanded to know what I was going to do.

"Why, madam," I said, "I'm going to take the tree."

"But you can't do that!"

"Certainly I can," I replied. "I've paid thirty dollars for it. That was your price. Do you expect me to pay for a thing and not have it?"

"But I *want* that tree!"

Of course she wanted it; the tree wasn't damaged at all. So she accepted a few dollars and kept the cherry tree. She



that the calliope violated the smoke ordinance! Fortunately we have an electric calliope now, so that particular source of trouble no longer exists.

Towns sometimes try to charge exorbitantly for the water we use. In one case they turned off the water in the middle of the afternoon and said we couldn't have any more unless we paid a big extra charge for it. They claimed that we had used thousands of gallons, and that the town was almost dry. I made them put in a meter and turn the water on again. The meter told the true story; and they admitted then that they had simply tried to put over a scheme to get more money out of us.

**L**ATE one night, after the show was over and everything, as I supposed, had been hauled to the trains, I was told that eleven of our drivers and our assistant superintendent had been arrested. I hurried to the police station, where I was informed that the arrests had been made because the drivers had taken their wagons over streets for which we had no permit.

The first thing we do in a town is to get various permits, including one to take our wagons to and from the lot over a certain specified route. This route is marked at night by torches, so that the drivers will be able to follow it exactly.

The night captain of police said that the drivers had driven for two blocks on streets not included in the permit. I simply had to get the men down to the train, so I asked what he would accept to let them go.

"One hundred dollars each!" he declared.

Well, that took my breath away! It was an exorbitant sum and he knew it. But he also knew that he had us in a tight place. While we were discussing the matter, in walked George Black, our officer, all dressed up and looking like a million dollars. I introduced him very impressively. Then I said to the night captain:

"See here! Why do you hold those drivers? They're of no particular consequence; but here's Mr. Black. You can see for yourself that he is a person of importance. Why don't you let those no-account fellows go and hold Black instead?"

Naturally, when I said this, Black was as mad as a hatter; and as the captain wanted to be as mean as he could, he jumped at the chance of making more trouble—as he thought! So he agreed to take Black in exchange and the other twelve men were sent off to the train! As soon as they had gone, I took out one

hundred dollars, laid it down, and said cheerfully:

"There you are, Captain! That's for the release of Mr. Black."

"What!" he roared.

"Why, you said you wanted one hundred dollars for each man held, didn't you?" I said. "Well, you're holding one man. There's your hundred."

I never saw a more dazed human being—nor a madder one, when he realized what he had done. And, by the way, I found out how the whole thing happened. After our torches had been placed at the street corners where the wagons were to

noon, going to this circus; and my dog was barking at them the whole time, so that he kept the baby awake and I lost my afternoon nap! The least you can do is to give me tickets for my family to come to the show to-night."

But compared with the way some people try to graft tickets, that woman was modest in her demands. As I said before, the first thing I do when we reach a town is to go to the city hall for our licenses and permits. And of course we always "fix up" the city officials with free tickets for the show. That's all right. We expect to do it. But it certainly is amazing what large families many of these city officials seem to have! I have come to the conclusion that an alderman with less than eleven children is almost a freak of nature.

I encountered one city clerk, however, who reached the high water mark in this line. When I went to him for our licenses he announced that he wanted three hundred tickets for himself! I asked him if he hadn't said "hundred" by mistake, and if "three" wasn't what he had really meant. But he came back strong with his "three hundred," and added that if he didn't get that many tickets the circus wouldn't get any license. I took out the money for the license, offered it to him, and he refused it.

"Very well," I said, "you have been offered the regular fee and you have refused to take it. Now we will show *without* a license, if necessary."

**I** WENT across the hall to see the chief of police, who was a good friend of mine; and when I had told him the story he sent for the city clerk and asked him what he meant by holding us up

for three hundred tickets.

"Chief," said the clerk, "it's this way: I've been promising my friends that when the circus came to town I'd see that they got tickets. Election is coming on pretty soon, and if I don't keep my promise those people won't vote for me and they'll do everything they can to defeat me. I've just got to have those tickets!"

I couldn't see that it was up to the circus to contribute quite so largely to his campaign expenses, so he had to cut down his figure.

I ran across another policeman once who said he wanted one hundred and fifty tickets. But he explained that he was willing to pay for them; all he wanted was to have them *look* like complimentaries. He said his constituents would be more impressed by getting what seemed to be free passes than they would if they thought he bought (Continued on page 118)



FRANK A. COOK

Mr. Cook doesn't look as if he had a trouble in the world; yet as the legal adjuster for Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey's circus, he handles more queer kinds of trouble every season than the average person meets in a lifetime. He was born in Albany, New York, forty-nine years ago. After leaving high school, he studied law two years; then went to work for the Bradstreet Mercantile Agency. He got more experience as claim adjuster for insurance companies and as an investigator for the Bureau of Corporations of the U. S. Department of Commerce and Labor. Fourteen years ago he became legal adjuster for the big circus. He says it's a great life if you don't weaken

turn, this night captain had sent his men to *move* the lanterns from one corner to another one, two blocks farther along. Our drivers were thus decoyed into going over two blocks which were not on the specified route. The slick captain had expected to collect twelve hundred dollars by that little trick.

But the commonest form of graft is the ticket graft. Here was one funny case. Late one afternoon a peppery little woman was brought to me to tell her tale of woe.

"I want four tickets for the show to-night!" was her opening shot.

"Yes, madam," I said. "The ticket wagon is right over there."

"Oh, I'm not going to *buy* them!" she retorted. "I expect you to *give* me the tickets."

"Really," I said; "on what ground?"

"Well!" she tossed her head, "people have been streaking by my house all after-



# Why I Stopped Being Too Hospitable

*By a Wife*

**F**OR the benefit of other husbands and wives I have decided to tell frankly the story of a bitter and expensive lesson that wrecked my health and almost wrecked my married happiness. When Tom and I came home from our honeymoon and settled in our first home, the idea of having our friends with us much of the time was taken as a matter of course. I had been reared in a Southern home that was renowned for its hospitality, and Tom was naturally jovial and open-hearted.

During our college years, just before our marriage, both Tom and I had visited a great deal. In the summers I went for protracted stays with friends, and Tom would join us for week-ends whenever he was near enough. As I usually managed to choose my stopping places near the town where he happened to be located, we made many visits together.

All this time I realized that I was becoming rather heavily involved in obligations, to be paid in the house of our dreams. These little tastes of domestic life, however, only served to intoxicate us with the desire for that home which we hoped to model after these where we were being entertained. We wanted our guests to feel as free when they came to see us as we had felt in the most hospitable household we knew.

In laying these plans we failed to make one very important observation. This was that none of these homes was maintained by young couples who were just starting out. All our hosts were on a comfortable financial footing. Tom and I omitted the very essential consideration that entertainment of any kind requires money.

By the time we were married such a number of obligations had piled up that several accepted invitations were already awaiting us when we returned from our honeymoon. We were to live in Baltimore and Tom had made the first payment on our bungalow in the suburbs. The other payments were to be made by the month in such small instalments that it would be many years before the debt was wiped out. We were not able to keep help; but we had taken the house in preference to an apartment, so that we might have more room for company.

My notes of thanks for wedding pres-

ents afforded an excellent opportunity for issuing such invitations as we had not already given. To every one who sent us a gift I wrote: "As we have a whole house we shall always have room for you when you are coming in the direction of Baltimore . . ." etc. Thus my invitations were scattered broadcast, even among our more casual acquaintances. As Baltimore was a kind of center about which our entire circle of friends and acquaintances revolved, our opportunities for having them with us were more than ordinary. The result was an endless chain of company in our home, each departing guest heralding

We were delighted to see Kate. We ourselves were so happy that we were fairly bubbling over, and her presence added to our good spirits. Tom brought out the other boys from his office, and they gave our guest such a good time that instead of staying a week, as had been her plan when she came, she yielded to our entreaties and remained three. Before she left, my college room-mate came. She had been invited months earlier to be our first visitor, but she forgave us for taking advantage of the opportunity to see Kate first by sandwiching her visit in.

Lelia stayed five weeks, and left with the understanding that our home was to be hers whenever she could come to it. There were others of my friends who formed a group of habitual visitors with us, staying each time from one to six weeks. Their visits as a rule were very happy occasions. I would have enjoyed them more, however, if I had had a maid to relieve me of the extra work which their presence in the home entailed. Although they were treated as members of the family, and were always willing to help, there was an added responsibility whenever they were there.

Moreover, during their visits some of Tom's friends were out for dinner almost every evening, thus making this meal more of a "company affair." Also, it was harder to keep the daily routine going smoothly. During the day there were always places to go. These extra diversions, after doing the housework, and knowing that I must hurry home to prepare dinner, made my life very strenuous. Yet it did not seem fair to guests to let them stay at home all

## We Had Lots of Visiting Relatives

**"O**UR largest class of visitors included relatives," says the author of this article. "Most of these, I may say, belonged to Tom. He came from a very large family—so large that I cannot yet give offhand the exact number of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces, and nephews in the list, to say nothing of two brothers and four sisters. Most of them lived in small towns and doted on coming to Baltimore, so they used the slightest pretext as an excuse for visiting us at any and all times. Perchance, Aunt Susan would be seized with a desire to be in our presence and would write us to that effect, soon following up the message with her arrival for a stay of two or three weeks. Or some cousin might apprise us of the news that she was coming to town on a shopping tour, and would make our home her free hotel for the given time. The idea that we desired nothing so much as company had become current among the whole connection, so they never missed a chance to make us happy by gratifying this desire with unstinted generosity."

our hospitality among other friends, thus giving us a reputation to sustain.

Our first guest arrived when we had been housekeeping one week. In fact, our plans had been hurried on her account, as she was due at that time to pass through the city on her way from Philadelphia to her home in Virginia. She had written me of her itinerary some weeks before, mentioning that if we were in Baltimore by a given time she would stop between trains and see us. I had answered, urging her to stay for a visit. Thus we shortened our honeymoon by two days, to hasten back, get our furniture, and put the house in order by the time of her arrival.

day and do nothing, nor to let them go out alone, when they had come to be with me. The fact that they commended me for not having "settled down" after marriage added to my sense of responsibility for their kind of pleasure.

Among our other frequent visitors were those friends from small towns who made our home their stopping place when business, shopping, sight-seeing, pleasure-seeking, conventions, or railroad routes brought them to Baltimore. The habit of these people was to write that they were to be in town for a certain length of time, and they hoped to see us. We would answer with an (Continued on page 188)



# INTERESTING PEOPLE

## "Jug" McChesney, Dean of Traveling Men



"Jug" (John W.) McChesney is one of the world's greatest travelers. He has been at it for over forty years for the same line of goods, and is at it still when he is eighty-four years old. His associates and friends have awarded him every degree to be won in the University of Life for fairness, politeness, fidelity, philosophy—and humor. Read the veteran's remarkable story in the accompanying article

**S**TILL at work at eighty-four, traveling for the Redwing Union Stoneware Company, of Redwing, Minnesota, is the record of John W. McChesney, now of Kansas City, Missouri, but originally of Ohio and the western half of the American continent. For more than forty years, he has been covering the same territory for the same company. In his best days a round trip required seven months: into Canada, thence down the Northwest coast through Washington, Oregon, California, into Mexico, and on to Kansas, where he began thinking of heading for home to see his neglected family.

John W. McChesney was born in Ohio in 1838. His father was a journey-

man potter, looking constantly for clays suitable for making jugs, crocks, churns, and the like, and the son followed in his footsteps. The elder McChesney was a sound Abolitionist, and in 1855 moved to Kansas, where he "squatted" on a claim in Doniphan County.

A drought drove the McChesney family from Kansas into Missouri, and John was there with his father when Abraham Lincoln was nominated for President. They received the New York "Tribune" surreptitiously, and read it the same way, when not busy looking for a good clay with which to make jugs and crocks; this was their dream by night as well as by day, as men now dream of stocks, bonds, oil, and gold.

On one occasion young John attended a public speaking near St. Joseph. The speaker was some noted man of his time, and declared, in a burst of eloquence, he would wade in blood to his ears before the (oath) Yankees should force his daughters to marry negroes.

Young John was here guilty of an indiscretion; he swung his hat and yelled: "Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!"

Five men immediately jumped him, and it took that many to handle him; he was young, big, and powerful. But they finally overcame him, and he spent a few hours in jail. This made him angry—so he went to Ohio, his native state, and enlisted in the 64th Infantry.

His war record is as good as any man's. He went in a private, and came out a first lieutenant. His daughters say he was a captain, and they have his captain's sword; but John does not insist on this, although he does insist that he was in thirty-six battles; all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland, including bloody Chickamauga.

At the end of the war he turned again to looking for good clay with which to make jugs. This has been his passion so long that wherever he goes he is far better known as "Jug McChesney" than as Uncle John, or Mr. Mac.

The clays of Missouri and Kansas disappointed him, but he kept up the search. He "took up" a claim in Washington County, Kansas, and that, too, disappointed him. At last, compelled to make a living for his growing and neglected family, he went to work for the Redwing Union Stoneware Company. But only for a short time, he promised himself: he would make a grub stake, and again look for, and this time find, the good jug clay that was to make his fortune.

That "short" term of employment with a man who had actually found good jug clay, lasted forty years—until "Jug" was eighty-three years old. And that birthday found him still on the road, selling jugs for a rival.

His rival is a man he calls Elmer—E. S. Hoyt, president of the Redwing company. You may think Elmer is the head man of this company, but there is some evidence that he is not, and that the head man is actually John W. McChesney, assisted by a wonderful woman named Mabel Miller, employed many years in the offices of the company. By intelligent attention to the jug business, these two seem to have made a tolerably good man of Elmer; I heard Uncle John say within a month that Elmer is the best stoneware man in America.

When Uncle John lived in Redwing, he was always writing letters to his wife, suggesting how Elmer should conduct the jug business. These letters Mrs. McChesney couldn't read because her husband wrote so undecipherable a hand. But the wonderful Mabel Miller could



read John's letters, so his suggestions got to Elmer; the company prospered; and finally the president became quite a man.

Lately Elmer consulted with Uncle John's friends and children, and said:

"What will please Uncle John best? To travel as much and leisurely as he pleases and see his old friends, or remain at home? He can do whatever he likes, for Mabel Miller has ordered that his salary go on just the same, and continue as long as the good old veteran lives."

Of course Mabel Miller coaxed Elmer into the notion, but presidents of corpora-

tions are so notoriously grasping that I confess I rather like this man Elmer, for accepting so good an idea.

Not a hair is missing from the white head of the Jug McChesney of to-day. He hears as well as he ever did. Whisper a good word for Redwing, Elmer, or Mabel Miller, and he will hear it. He makes no complaint of physical defects, though I have heard him say that occasionally he "has fainting spells" in his legs. He is intelligent, kindly, and a hero, and second father to thousands of younger traveling men. Many of his customers to-day are grandsons of men

he called on long ago. He is able to eat a hearty meal, and knows the history of thousands of towns, and almost millions of people, most of whom he likes; he says that only once or twice a year does he run across a rogue, and he knows no job equal to that of traveling salesman for a training in fairness, politeness, efficiency—life.

I present to the readers of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE my friend, Jug McChesney, still a traveler—and he will be eighty-four by the time this is read. I refer you to his picture herewith, with the assurance that he is as fine as he looks.

E. W. HOWE

## A Skillful Woman Locksmith

FIFTEEN years ago Josephine Duble Miller was a typical Southern bride, interested only in her home, her semi-tropical flower garden, and her young husband. To-day she is proprietor of a full-fledged locksmith's business, doing virtually all the lock work on steamships and sailing vessels which dock for repair at the port of New Orleans.

When Mrs. Miller was twenty-one years old, she found herself confronted with the problem of a home to manage and a husband who was rapidly failing in health. His little business, carefully fostered at its beginning, was suffering for want of his attention. The employees of his locksmith's establishment had grown slack without supervision, and contracts were going to competitors. Thereupon, the bride became locksmith's apprentice, manager, and bookkeeper combined. Although the name of her husband, C. C. Duble, still remains over the door, the business has been in the hands of the wife since that moment.

"I had always had a bent for tinkering," said Mrs. Miller. "I had made my own toys, constructing them out of clock springs and wheels. I cannot remember when I was unable to repair a phonograph or a sewing machine."

"When I took up my husband's work, I learned the simpler mechanics of key work and lock construction readily. Then intricate tasks began to fall to me. By the time my husband was no longer able to be in the shop I was making the estimates along with the actual mechanical work. After his death I had no thought of hiring a manager or selling the business, but made changes and additions as they were needed. The volume of business was sufficient to require the attention of myself and two apprentices. It has shown a steady increase every year, and now yields from five thousand dollars to seventy-five hundred dollars annually."

Although a specialist in marine key work, Mrs. Miller is also recognized as an

authority on master-key work, a phase of the trade which has developed noticeably during the past few years. In 1921 two large buildings, housing the Canal-Commercial and the Whitney-Central banks, were erected in New Orleans. Contract bids for locks for all doors were let. Mrs. Miller won both bids. She later master-keyed the office building annex of the Canal Bank building with separate keys for each of the hundreds of tenants, a master key for each floor, and a grand master key for the entire building.

She has found considerable evolution in lock and key work during the fifteen years she has been associated with the business. No longer do builders equip heavy doors with foot-long locks requiring

locks are safer, many times over, than the old.

"My first steamship job was a rush order. It came soon after I began making estimates, and I was considerably elated over winning the contract. I marched aboard, serene in the confidence that I had learned my trade thoroughly and was prepared for anything the new departure might offer. The ship was docked for a thorough overhauling. Every lock was rusty, and specifications required that the new locks be duplicates of the old.

"My self-confidence wavered alarmingly during that tour of inspection. I could not have been more completely nonplused had I been requested to duplicate a lock to conform with the styles used in Mars. Not one was of American design. They were not even distant relatives of any lock on which I had ever worked."

"I have learned since that the majority of all ships' locks are English in design. I had never before seen one. I made careful drawings of the designs, patterned the new locks from the drawings, and in that roundabout way fulfilled my contract. I still make all locks of difficult design in the same manner."

As a new field for women, Mrs. Miller believes her trade has many attractions. "Every success exacts its payment," she says. "Mine is no lace-collar job, and the average well-dressed clerk might shiver at the thought of handling the gritty things I have to. Competition in my field is light. Where every 'handy'

boy used to apprentice himself to a locksmith or a jeweler, now he goes into the automobile, aircraft, or radiograph trade.

"The locksmith can depend upon a steady flow of small work. Lost keys must be replaced, new locks are to be fitted to buildings, and there are always broken locks to repair. The trade is a fascinating one—and even romantic. I have had raps come on my door in the dark of night, pleas from seafaring men, calls to open a rusty safe wherein lies a will disposing of a fortune. HAZEL G. SULLIVAN



Mrs. Josephine Duble Miller and her two apprentice helpers in the famous locksmith shop in New Orleans, where she fits out ships and big office buildings with keys. Mrs. Miller's "trade," which she learned from her husband, brings her in between \$5,000 and \$7,000 a year

ponderous keys eight inches in length.

"Those ponderous affairs were too simple to give an enterprising burglar trouble," Mrs. Miller said. "They were a maze of zigzag intricacies at the keyway, but, that problem solved, the door was virtually opened. Inside there was only a gauge and bolt. New models are small, even for large doors. Where giant locks are now installed, the new style of construction has replaced the old. The keyway is simple. But inside there are three or four, possibly six or eight tumblers. The new



## Evangelist, Editor, and College President

**T**WENTY years ago a boy named John Brown was working in the lime kilns at Rogers, Arkansas, a little town in the northwestern corner of the state. One night, after ten hours of hard work had been finished, he walked into Rogers to see what free amusement he could find, and stopped before a window through which he could see a man on a platform addressing a small audience huddled around a stove. Upon entering, he found that the speaker was Ensign Olesen, who was a Salvation Army leader of the district.

Missouri, an Ozark institution financed by Kansas City people who wanted to give the children of the hill countries a chance to get the education they needed and, at the same time, work. He is now president of the largest organization of accredited evangelists in the world, president of the John E. Brown College at Siloam Springs, president of the Siloam Springs Bible Conference, editor of "The American Evangelist"—the most popular magazine for workers of this type; editor of "The Southwestern"—a school publication of twenty thousand

school, of building a place where they could come at any age and enroll either for a high school or a college education without having to scrape up in advance money to pay for it.

At two o'clock in the morning he stood up and pounded his fist on the table. "I'll do it," he said, and the morning of August 5th saw him in Siloam Springs.

First he deeded over to the John E. Brown College his home, its grounds, its herd of Jersey cattle, and the rest of the plant, the whole valued at sixty thousand dollars. Then he went down-town and explained his plan to a committee of Siloam Springs bankers and business men.

There were some who opposed his plan as impracticable, but the majority of the people got behind him and his college. On September 25th, the school was opened, just as Brown had said it would be. There were one hundred students and a faculty of ten teachers—all from the best colleges, and persons of experience in every line.

The year just finished saw an enrollment of two hundred students, and twenty-five members on the faculty, headed by H. W. Kellogg, eight years an important teacher at Occidental College, in California. Not one of the two hundred students paid a cent for tuition or for board and room. Each gave part of his day to work, and thus became at least partially self-supporting. Aside from Brown's contributions, the rest of the money to back the school came from voluntary subscriptions and from the free-will offerings obtained at his evangelical meetings.

The school was heavily in debt when it opened. To-day it has a quarter of a million dollars in assets and doesn't owe a cent. It has more applications for

John E. Brown is a noted evangelist, and also president of the unique college which he founded at Siloam Springs, Arkansas. His idea is enabling students who cannot pay their own expenses to get an education without waiting to earn the money in advance. The picture at the left shows the college's new dormitory, accommodating over 100 young men



John sat down in a vacant chair near the stove and listened to the man. Forgetting his fatigue, he returned to his camp that night with his mind on what he had just heard. He attended Olesen's meetings for several nights thereafter, and at the end of a week he went to the ensign.

"You've converted me, and I've been singing these nights with the people and I want to know if there isn't something else I can do," he explained.

Olesen took one look at the boy's arms, muscled through much pounding of hammer on rock.

"You can beat the drum," he said. "Do you want to do that?"

"Yes, I do," John answered, and his schedule from that day forward was one of breaking rocks by day and pounding the drum at night. Occasionally, when the crowds were unusually small or Olesen was very tired, he had the boy do the exhorting.

The time having arrived when Olesen decided that Rogers and its territory was sufficiently operated upon, John gave up his work in the lime kilns and went with him to Siloam Springs, some thirty miles distant.

In Siloam, they slept in their wagon, did odd jobs through the day for farmers, to earn the food they ate, and conducted their revivals at night in an empty shack. Soon Olesen was ordered onward and the little mission was left to John. He preached with sincerity and implanted himself firmly with the people. Soon a delegation of people from a neighboring town asked him to come there and hold meetings. He "went over" and he has been "going over" in response to similar calls ever since.

At twenty-one, Brown was elected president of Scarritt College, at Neosho,

circulation monthly and editor of "The Interstate American," a farm journal. Besides these duties he is probably the most widely-known evangelist in America aside from Billy Sunday.

The night of July 25th, 1919, Brown conducted a meeting at Long Beach, California, after which he went to his hotel and, sitting alone in his room, turned over and over in his mind an old plan he had of establishing a college for children who had absolutely not a cent with which to pay their way through

admission than it could possibly take care of, even if it were ten or twenty times its present size.

"Our students are required to send letters from one minister, one teacher, and one doctor as references," Mr. Brown explained. "Those people, being older, know the school's objects and will play absolutely fair with us as to whether the students would be able to pay their way anywhere else. Thus we know that we get no one here except those who most need our help."

LONDON LAIRD



The picture at the right shows the administration building of Brown College. It houses the offices, publishing department, general store, post office, basket factory, and sewing-rooms. The college, which was established with a gift of \$60,000 from the founder, now has assets of more than \$250,000. It is supported in the main by voluntary subscriptions





SOUP MAKES THE WHOLE MEAL TASTE BETTER

Campbell's chefs  
invite you—



—to this rich treat!

It's good to sit down to a steaming plateful of this smooth, hearty Ox Tail Soup. The very first spoonful tells you it has been made by chefs of highest skill. Tender sliced ox tail joints in a thick soup, in which are blended luscious tomatoes, plump barley, golden turnips, Chantenay carrots, choice celery, fresh parsley, a touch of leek, and tasty ox tail broth. Let it simmer a few minutes in the saucepan to bring out its full, delicious flavor. This is the strengthening, invigorating kind of soup that adds real nourishment to any meal. Enjoy Campbell's Ox Tail tonight!

21 kinds

12 cents a can

Campbell's name has a mighty fame—  
You hear it night and noon.  
But you'll know it best by this simple test:  
Just lift your steaming spoon!



# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL



# Stella Dallas

(Continued from page 55)

cause of her husband's occasional waves of depression. She did not love him in the romantic way she had loved Stephen. But there was something fine and untarnished to be preserved about their relations, beside which passing and personal pleasures were trivial and unimportant. She was very careful to spare her husband the secret ignominy of jealousy.

With gentle consideration, too, she abandoned all forms of pleasure that emphasized the difference in their ages and placed him at a disadvantage. Cornelius spoke no word of complaint on the several occasions when she danced half the night away on a ballroom floor while he waited for her in a smoky anteroom. But quietly, without comment, Helen gave up dancing after a little while. Cornelius liked to give dinners. Helen learned to like to give them. Cornelius liked to go to the opera. Helen learned to like to go to the opera. Cornelius liked to ride horseback. Helen learned to like to ride horseback.

**S**HE was alone one day, riding slowly along one of the bridle paths in Central Park, when she glanced up—and found herself face to face with Stephen Dallas. He had reined in his horse beside hers, and was smiling and saying, "Do you remember me?"

It had been fifteen years since she had seen him; but her heart jumped into her throat in the same old young way it always had at sight of him a lifetime ago. But there was no outward sign of this as she said, with a little puzzled look, as if she were not quite sure, "Why—you're Stephen Dallas, aren't you?"

"You *know* I'm Stephen Dallas," he exclaimed in the old sure way he used to have.

There was joy in his eyes. There was gladness in his voice. He had the queer sensation that the intervening years since last he saw this girl were a bad dream, and he had just waked up, as keenly responsive to her as the day he lost consciousness.

He leaned over. They shook hands and exchanged a commonplace or two—Helen sweetly but coolly; Stephen with an impetuosity he didn't try to conceal.

"I saw you, half a mile back," he confessed. "You passed me. I didn't think at first it could be really you. Chance isn't usually so kind to me. By the time I had decided it couldn't possibly be anybody else, you had gone too far ahead for me to overtake you, with proper decorum. So I've been contriving ever since, how I might head you off. Again chance favored me. You might have made half a dozen wrong turns. Or perhaps it wasn't chance at all, perhaps it was mental telepathy."

To this boyish outburst of Stephen's, Helen replied, still sweetly, still coolly (long practice had made her skillful), "I'm delighted we met, but I scarcely think it was due to mental telepathy. I let my horse choose the turns this morning. I usually ride with my husband, and we always come this way."

"Oh, I know you're married, Helen,"

laughed Stephen boldly, as much as to say, "I suppose you think I ought to be told, I seem so glad to see you."

Helen was not to be perturbed by boldness. She was not a young girl to betray a pounding heart which she had reason to wish to conceal.

Politely, calmly, she inquired, "Are you living in New York now?"

He nodded, smiling. (What a beautiful woman she had become!)

"If two rooms in bachelors' apartments is living—yes, I am," he said.

"Have you been here long?"

"Three years."

"Three years! Really!" She raised her lovely brows.

"Oh, people may say the world's a small place, Helen," Stephen exclaimed; "but New York isn't. I've been trying for three years to run across your path, and I haven't succeeded until to-day!"

Helen replied prosaically, "Well, I'm glad we've met at last, it's always a pleasure to see anyone from Reddington."

Stephen felt a pang of disappointment. The years since last he saw Helen had not been a dream. They were real—every one of them was real, and Helen was as far removed, as beyond recall, as his youth. He turned away from her tranquil face.

"You must come to dinner with us some day," he heard her saying in that cool, smooth, impersonal voice of hers.

"Thank you very much," he replied perfunctorily, not looking back at her. Oh, he, too, could be cool and smooth and impersonal, if that was what she really wanted.

It was what she really wanted. When he dined for the first time at the Cornelius Morrisons' there were half a dozen other guests present. He sat nowhere near his hostess, nor did she give him any chance for conversation after dinner. It was always like that. As time went on, Stephen was frequently in the same drawing-room with Helen and often one of the same party, but her insistence upon a purely impersonal basis of intercourse made anything but the merest superficialities impossible.

**W**HEN Cornelius Morrison met Stephen Dallas he took a liking to the younger man. Often Cornelius would bring him to dinner unannounced. After dinner the two men would play long games of chess in the library, while Helen read to her boys in a room above. Of course Stephen saw Helen alone sometimes, but never for longer than a passing moment or two. Helen always had something to call her away. And during those passing moments she was always clothed in her impervious armor.

When Cornelius Morrison died and Helen was released from all fear of hurting him, she did not immediately alter her attitude toward Stephen Dallas. Habit was so strong (or was it respect for Cornelius that was so strong?) that she contrived to maintain with Stephen for many months the same remote relations which

she had established when her husband was alive. Cornelius Morrison had named Stephen as one of his trustees, and Stephen and Helen were necessarily alone together frequently. At first Stephen treated Helen as she had indicated she wished to be treated. He was almost formal with her unless the children were present as a safeguard. It was difficult for Stephen to strike a happy medium after he had been alone in Helen's presence for longer than half an hour. For he loved her! He had always loved her!

Yet, when the time came that he surprised once more the same look in the eyes of Helen Morrison that he had seen years before shining in the eyes of Helen Dane, he gave no sign. He had no right to speak. But from that moment Stephen Dallas determined that he *would* have the right. The very next day he went to see his lawyer.

**I**T WAS in September, shortly before Laurel's first visit to Mrs. Morrison's, that Stephen called in his friend Morley Smith. It was in January when Stephen came to the definite conclusion that there was only one way that he could obtain a divorce, and that one way would defeat the object for it.

Stella was as firm as adamant. Every form of argument that Morley Smith could devise had been brought to bear upon her, but to no avail. Stella would not comply. "If Stephen wants a divorce he will have to fight for it," was her invariable answer.

Stephen's hands were tied. It was unthinkable to expose in court the tawdry and unbeautiful details of his life with Stella before he went to New York, to unbury for the delight of a greedy public her compromising relations with Alfred Munn. He might be granted a divorce, Morley Smith assured him that he would; but of what use would it be to him? Helen's position as Mrs. Cornelius Morrison must be considered. She had always looked upon it as a sort of trust. Besides, there were her boys. They should not be made victims of such a scandal. And there was Laurel. No, a divorce obtained in such a manner would be worse than none.

As a last resort Stephen himself had gone to see Stella. It was after that ordeal that he felt convinced he could never marry Helen Morrison. He went to her as soon as possible after he had left the Boston train, to tell her about his defeat.

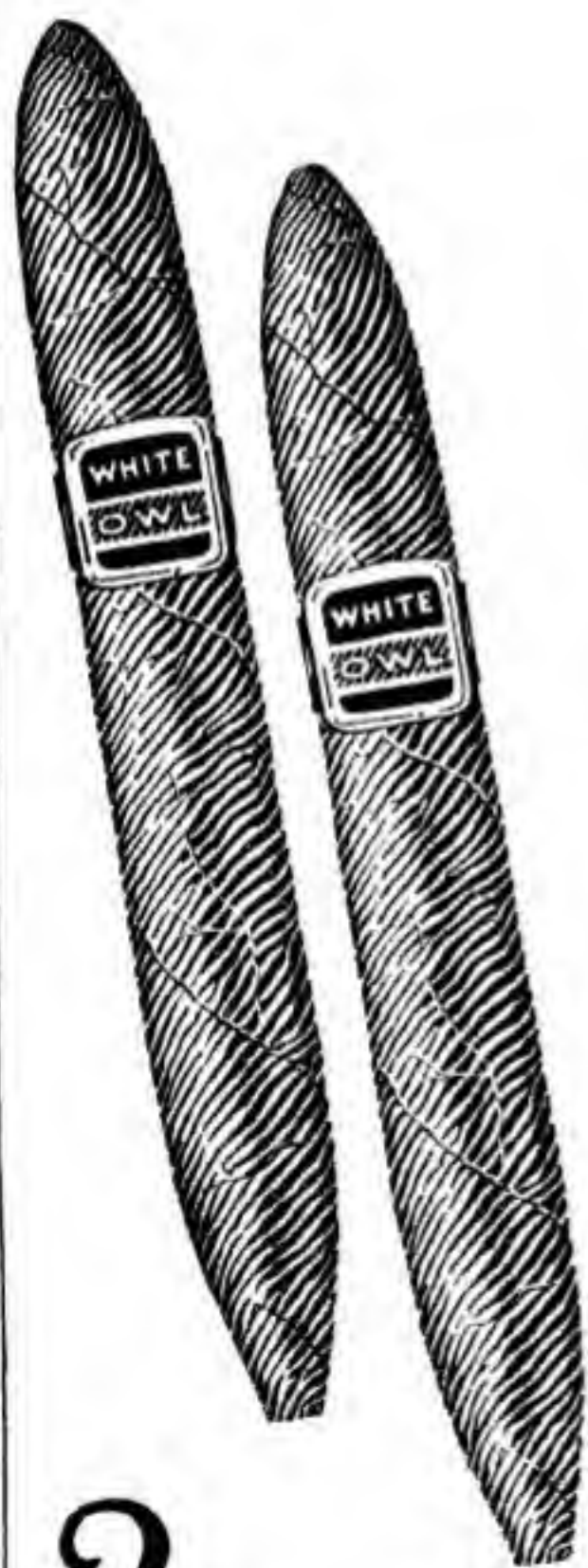
It was nearly twelve o'clock at night before he arrived. As he sat down in the long room, two floors above the entrance, he felt a little faint. Helen was not in the room, but it was so peculiarly hers that he could hardly breathe the air without feeling her sweet presence.

To-night fresh logs were flaming in the open fireplace. There was a flame-colored porcelain bowl placed on each of the low chests on either side of the hearth. There was a piece of flame-colored satin brocade, brilliant as a bank of nasturtiums, thrown over one end of the long Sheraton sofa.



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When Helen came into the room Stephen was aware that she was in pure white; but there was something as brilliant about her, as flame-colored, as the two bowls, as the satin, as the fire.

He gazed at her speechless a moment. Then went to meet her, put his arms around her, and kissed her.

Afterward he said quietly, "They're numbered, Helen."

**I**N SPITE of his high resolve to hold himself in restraint until a court had pronounced him free, he had not done so. As long as there had been hope that he might some day go to her unentangled, he had remained silent. But when hope had grown faint, had all but disappeared, brokenly, despairingly, one day he had confessed his love for her. That was a month ago. His confession had acted like a lighted match on paper. Once Stephen revealed himself to Helen, her love for him, long concealed but long realized, flashed into flame, like the combustion of a long-stifled fire, once it is given air.

As she sat beside him on the sofa tonight, her arm thrust through his, she observed with fierce pity his drooping shoulders, his hand lying limp and inert upon his knee. She placed her own on top of it and grasped it hard.

"Never mind, Stephen. Never mind."

"There's no hope."

"I know. We scarcely expected it so soon."

"Oh, it's final, Helen."

There was a pause.

"Do you care to tell me about it?" Helen asked.

Stephen shook his head. It seemed to him sacrilege to bring into this room even the image of Stella he had in his mind. So long as he remained in Helen's presence, he wished he might erase the memory of the unbeautiful interview he had just had with the woman who had once been his wife. Stephen closed his eyes an instant. Stella, powdered, painted, perfumed, coarsened in speech and manner as he did not suppose it possible, her fattened figure covered with cheap trappings from head to toe, flashed into his mind. He looked down at Helen's lovely hand. Stella and Helen were as unlike as a wax figure with highly colored cheeks, glass eyes, and blond hair is unlike a statue of a beautiful Diana carved in white marble.

"You saw her?"

"Yes, I saw her."

There was another pause.

"Tell me about it, Stephen."

"Tell her about it? Repeat to her the threats Stella had hurled at him? No! No! Helen must never surmise that her fair name had been mentioned, even by an unscrupulous lawyer, as a co-respondent in a divorce case. For such had been the nature of Stella's threat. It had been torture to Stephen to sit in Stella's presence and listen to her using Helen's name familiarly, daring to refer to her in the same breath that she referred to Alfred Munn. Stephen closed his eyes again an instant. He could hear Stella still. Her speech had grown terribly crude with the years:

"Thank heaven for lawyers, I say now. Gracious! I'd never have thought myself of getting something on you, Stephen, but my lawyer has been right onto his job. If you want a divorce, Stephen, go ahead

and dig up Ed Munn, and I'll dig up Helen Morrison, and we'll give the public something worth hearing. Of course, I, myself, don't want a divorce. There's nobody I want to marry. I'd see myself dead rather than tied up to Ed Munn. And I can't see that it's any advantage to a woman, with a daughter that she's got to bring out in society, to be a grass widow. I'd just rather have you in New York in business. I've taken an apartment in Boston now, and by the time Laurel's old enough to come out, it may strike me as a good idea to have her father in the background somewhere, when we give her a ball in one of the big hotels. Mr. Hinckley, my lawyer, says you'll probably want to do almost anything I want you to, just so I don't show up your little affair with that pretty widow down there in New York. My! But I think lawyers are clever. I certainly take off my hat to Mr. Hinckley!"

It was Helen's sweet voice saying, "You've had a difficult day, Stephen. I'm so sorry," that called Stephen back to a brief glimpse of heaven again.

He looked at her long and quietly. Then he said, "Helen, I gave you up years ago, because I felt I could bring you nothing but shame. I must give you up again for the same reason."

**A**NEW venture always acted upon Stella like fresh soil in a garden upon seeds. It brought out renewed effort and vigor. An experiment untried possessed all the possibilities of success. Stella never considered failure until it was demonstrated. Even then she would not accept it as such—invariably searching for some hidden advantage in her various disappointments and rebuffs.

"You can never tell," she said to Effie McDavitt. "It may be the best thing in the world that ever happened that there wasn't any room for Laurel at Miss Fillebrown's this year, and that I've got to get out of the King Arthur. I'd got into the way of thinking that the sun rose and set in Milhampton society. I'm going to take an apartment around Boston somewhere! A housekeeping apartment. Lollie is just crazy to have a home of our own, so she can entertain, and I guess it's high time. Mercy, I just wish I'd had sense enough to get out of Milhampton before."

Stella didn't know anything about apartments in Boston. She didn't know anything about where "the right place" was to live, nor who "the right people" were to know, nor which was the "right church," nor the "right school." Her knowledge of Boston was confined to the shopping district.

"But that's where this flare-up with Stephen comes in handy," she told Effie. "Before I had to dig up a lawyer to defend me against that Morley Smith creature, I didn't have a soul in Boston to ask about desirable locations, and desirable schools and things, that you have to know about to start right in any new place."

Mr. Joseph Hinckley of the firm of Hinckley, Jones and Hinckley became to Stella more than a legal advisor. His knowledge of Boston was somewhat confined, too (although not to the same district as Stella's). However, he never hesitated to give her an authoritative opinion on any subject if she asked for it. That was instinctive with him.

When Stella inquired, "Commonwealth Avenue's one of the best residential streets, isn't it?" he had assured her there was nothing to compare with it this side of Riverside Drive.

"Well, I've found an apartment on Commonwealth Avenue, way out beyond the thousands, and its front windows are just flooded with sunshine."

"Snap it up quick," exclaimed Mr. Hinckley. "The sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue! Great Scott! You can't do better than that."

Mr. Hinckley's advice to Stella was not as naïve as it appears. He was fully aware of the distance between one and one thousand, but he was also fully aware that his client might live in the very heart of the Back Bay, and barriers more forbidding than space would prevent her from ever crossing its thresholds.

Stella moved into her five-roomed furnished apartment just before Christmas. She put a great deal of time and energy into buying hangings and pictures, gay sofa pillows, and bright lamp shades for the apartment, to make it look homelike and cheery; but with no one to guide her, and the matter of expense a constant argument for the cheaper article, her results were not successful. As Laurel gazed upon the slowly-growing tawdriness of the apartment, the joy she had thought she would feel in inviting to it the vague new friends her mother told her she would make in her new environment, once they got settled, began to fade.

The living-room was furnished with mission chairs—big oak affairs with leather cushions, a rectangular couch, leather-cushioned also, and a table that was strong enough to be used for a carpenter's bench. And all in spite of the fact of a light-green satin-finished wall paper of the 1890 "parlor period" and an ivory-tinted mantel, which, mongrel though it was, showed more strain of Adams than of Elbert Hubbard. Stella put yellow-flowered cretonne at the windows. She told Laurel that she had seen a colored picture of a mission room in a magazine with yellow-flowered cretonne for hangings, and it was perfectly stunning! But the hangings did not make the room right. Laurel felt convinced at last that the room would never be right.

**L**AUREL didn't like Boston. She didn't know of a single winding river over which to glide upon skates, hidden among alder bushes, or of a single bare hillside white with the first snowfall, down which to fly into the sunset upon skis, nor of any rocky pasture land nor rough woodland, to steal away to all alone in April, in search of trailing arbutus. She hadn't minded so much having no companions of her own age in Milhampton, because there had been so many kind, familiar places to escape to, so many kind, familiar faces, too; the policeman who had known her in her baby carriage; the mail man who had brought her her first letter from her father; the humpback cobbler, at the corner of Main and Webster streets, who would bow and bob at her like a Rip Van Winkle dwarf every time she called at his little shop; Miss Thomas, the gentle, wrinkled-faced librarian at the Public Library, who helped her pick out books. There was no one to bow and bob, or smile, or help in Boston.





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Laurel spent many hours on the Boston street cars. Her mother decided it was too late to attempt to place her in any private school (of course public schools were no more to be considered in Boston than in Milhampton); but Mr. Hinckley said Boston was full of splendid institutions that specialized in about every living subject that existed, and he could arrange for Laurel to take up courses of instruction in almost any of them.

Therefore Laurel traveled from one side of Boston to another, pursuing music in one building, French and German in another, art in a third, current events in a fourth, filet-lace making in the top loft of a fifth. She chafed under the incoherent routine.

NIGHT after night Laurel cried softly into her pillow, after her mother had fallen safely to sleep. Day after day she struggled with tears that seemed always to be just beneath the thin surface of her smiles. She tried to reason with herself: She had been away from Milhampton before. Why, almost every summer since she could remember, she had been lonely in a new place. But she had never been quite so lonely. There had always been bell boys to speak to, elevator men, and chambermaids; there was no one here—absolutely no one.

Once, on the sidewalk outside the apartment, waiting for her mother to return from a shopping tour, Laurel fell into shy conversation with a dark little girl, a few years younger than herself, who lived in the apartment below. The possibility of a friendship with this gentle child filled Laurel with timid happiness for a whole afternoon.

But when she told her mother about the conversation, Stella had exclaimed, "Heavens, we can't know those people, Laurel! They're foreigners. I've discovered this apartment is riddled with queer people. Mr. Hinckley couldn't have known what he was talking about! We've simply got to move, sooner or later."

Until Stella had moved to Boston, Laurel had preferred a tramp in the country or a call on Jake, the cobbler, or on Tony, the beautiful young Greek who had a fruit stand outside the railroad station, to the movies; or a stolen pilgrimage to the little house that used to be red, where the mysterious old man, who was her grandfather—but she must never say so—lived, to a vaudeville or a play. But in her new solitude Laurel looked with interest upon the diverting interior of any amusement place. She went to the movies with her mother three times a week regularly. They climbed to gallery seats at Keith's every time the bill was changed. On Saturday nights, Stella and Laurel usually dressed in their best clothes and dined at a fashionable hotel, ordering the lowest-priced entrée on the bill, dawdling for hours over their bread and butter.

It was a bleak and forlorn existence for both Laurel and Stella. It was terribly shorn of human contacts. But it needn't have been quite so bleak and forlorn and shorn, Stella said, if Laurel hadn't taken such a dislike to Alfred Munn. Alfred tried to be awfully kind. He called at the apartment before they had been in it a week. He tried to be awfully kind to Laurel especially. But the child wouldn't let him.

"I can't bear that man, Mother," she had said as soon as the door had closed upon him after his first call. "Don't let him come again." There was a red spot in the center of each of her cheeks.

"Mercy, mercy, Lollie," laughed Stella. "Why, what's the matter with Ed?" she asked lightly.

"He's horrid."

"Horrid? How's he horrid?"

"He tickled me in the ribs and said I was pretty, and kissed me."

"Well, what of that? You're only a little girl. Why shouldn't he tell you you are pretty, and kiss you?"

"His lips were wet, and his breath smelled. Oh, Mother," shuddered Laurel, "don't let him kiss me again! Don't let him come here again!"

"Now, don't be silly, Laurel. I can't tell Ed Munn not to come here again. It would be awfully rude and bad-mannered."

"But he's rude; he's bad-mannered."

"Why, Laurel, how can you talk so about a gentleman who's trying to do so much for us?"

"He isn't a gentleman."

"He's more of a gentleman, I guess, than that dirty old cobbler you like so, who spits and swears, and that Dago who sells fruit, and came over steerage."

"Jake isn't dirty—only on the outside. And Tony is not a Dago. He's a Greek, and he comes from a place in Greece where the most beautiful things in the world come from. Besides, Jake and Tony don't kiss me; and Jake and Tony don't say horrid things to me about you."

"And what things did Ed say about me?"

"When you were out of the room he put his arm around me, and told me he thought you were pretty, too."

"Well?"

"He shouldn't have said that, should he? Not to me? The way he did?"

"Why not? I don't call that horrid."

"Don't you? Really?"

"Certainly not. Why shouldn't he say it, if he thought it?"

LAUREL stared at her mother, confused, perplexed. She didn't know how to answer, how to explain. She had never liked Ed Munn, but her dislike of him had never swept over her like this. It was frightening. Her sudden hatred of the man was like a big, dense cloud, that had rolled upon her unawares and enveloped her completely. She had turned toward her mother for help, for comprehension. She had groped for a steadying hand. But no hand had been held out. Suddenly Laurel turned and buried her face in the pillow on the couch and burst into violent weeping. Of late, many of her emotions were like enveloping clouds—love and worship, as well as hate and scorn. Her love for Mrs. Morrison was big, dense, un-understandable. As she lay with her face buried in the dark of the pillow, she could see great masses of red and purple light-dust, shapeless and conglomerate, rolling and shifting senselessly in the dark behind her closed lids. Life was like that. Oh, if only somebody would show her a straight, easy little path leading through the confusion!

"Oh, come, come, Lollie!" exclaimed Stella. "Don't do that way. Of course if you feel so bad as all that about poor Ed, why—he needn't come, I suppose. But, for the life of me, I don't see what he's done to you."

It was the first time for years Stella had seen Laurel cry like a little girl. It was the last time she ever saw her. After that one outburst, Laurel never again betrayed to her mother the fear of the shifting clouds of the twilight stratum of the dawning of her soul.

LAUREL sat on the end of the pier with her feet swinging over the edge. Four years had passed. She was seventeen now. A girl about her own age sat one on each side of her. Their arms were thrown lightly around her shoulders, and hers lightly around theirs. All three of the girls were in white, except for their sweaters—pale pink, pale yellow, and faintest lavender. The three girls made as pretty a display against the gray blue of the lake as a fragment of rainbow. Beneath their swinging feet floated several canoes, their bright red and green sides flashing in the sun. On the pier behind the girls was a collection of boxes, leather-encased thermos bottles and jars, and several tea-baskets.

The three girls were waiting for "the crowd" to assemble. "The crowd" was going on a picnic to Stag Island to-day. Laurel was one of "the crowd." This was the first time in all her life she had ever been one of a crowd. The thrilling experience had lasted for ten days. It would be three weeks, the day after to-morrow, since Laurel and her mother had arrived at this unexpected Paradise.

Now, down the long pier that stretched out into the lake from the lawn in front of the hotel drifted other fragments of rainbow, other groups of two and three girls with arms linked.

And among them occasionally a boy or two—tanned, lean, loose-knit, tough-muscled, dressed in light trousers and soft shirts—typical American college boys. There was a whole rollicking bunch of them behind the last trio of girls. By the time "the crowd" had all collected, the pier was as noisy as an ivy-covered wall full of sparrows on the first sunny day of spring.

Laurel and the two girls beside her jumped up and joined the general chatter. Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Grosvenor, the two chaperons for the day's festivities, leisurely approaching the bevy, could catch bits and snatches of characteristic conversation:

"Gorgeous day!" . . . "Good-looking sweater, my dear! . . . One exactly like it in henna."

Laurel didn't contribute much to the staccatoed exclamations, but her eyes shone and her cheeks were bright.

"Did you ever see anyone quite so lovely as Laurel Dallas this morning?" remarked Mrs. Adams to Mrs. Grosvenor.

"She's perfectly exquisite."

"How is your mother this morning, Laurel, my dear?" Mrs. Adams inquired a moment later.

"Oh, better, thank you, Mrs. Adams," Laurel replied, turning her flushed, pleased face toward the older woman. "The sweet peas you sent up to her were lovely. She told me to thank you ever and ever so much."

"I left another book at the desk, to be sent up to her later," remarked Mrs. Grosvenor.



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"Oh, Mother will be so pleased!"

"I hope she likes Wells, and hasn't read his latest."

"I'm sure she hasn't. You're awfully kind, Mrs. Grosvenor."

"Not a bit! I've been ill in a hotel room myself, Laurel dear; I know what it is like."

"Oh, Miss Dallas!" suddenly somebody exclaimed, close beside Laurel's other shoulder.

Laurel turned and looked up into the eyes of Mrs. Grosvenor's son Richard—her elder son. She had two. Richard was a senior in college. He was one of the oldest boys who played with "the crowd." All the girls were "simply crazy" about Richard Grosvenor.

"But he can't see anybody but you, Laurel Dallas," one of the girls who had been sitting on the edge of the pier with Laurel had just told her.

"You're going with me, in my canoe, aren't you?" he now said to Laurel, smiling.

Any of the other girls would have known how to respond in the bluff, hearty, good-comradeship style of the day: "Thanks, Dick," or, "Crazy to," or, "Sure, I am!" But Laurel hadn't acquired all the ways yet.

"Am I?" she replied, in the same pleased, surprised manner with which she met all attentions shown her.

"Yes, you are," he assured her quietly. He turned away.

"There! What did I say, Laurel Dallas?"

"I'll bet he picks a single canoe."

"He was here all last summer, and never as much as looked at any of us younger girls."

ALL the boys were now busy among the canoes, loading them, rearranging the cushions and seat backs, shoving the dainty little crafts up against the pier, ready for the girls to step into.

"All ready, Miss Dallas."

Laurel turned. Yes, Deborah was right. He had selected a single canoe. He stood up in it now as Laurel approached him. He reached up both hands toward her, the canoe drifting away a little from the wharf as he did so. Laurel placed her hands in his and he swung her across the widening gap between them into the center of the luxurious nest of cushions he had arranged. She alighted in the frail little boat like a bird on a tender twig. There was something of the same birdlike adroitness in every motion that Laurel made.

She had lost none of the peculiar woodsy quality of her charm in the last four years. Her freckles had disappeared, however. (Stella always maintained it was white vinegar and salt.) Her long curls had disappeared, too. Laurel did her hair up now, rolled it into a simple knot behind. But the gray eyes with their changing moods from dark to light—like a lake beneath varying skies—were still the same. Their grave, listening manner—like trees on a windless night—was still the same. She was still slight and sleek in body, too—as un-undulating as a low bas-relief when you draw your hand across its surface, but as possessed of lovely curves, too, and as suggestive of softness and warmth.

"Won't you sit down?" Richard Gros-



# *It has won the friendship of a nation*

There has never been the slightest uncertainty about the position of the Jewett with the American public.

When it was first introduced last year it was greeted, not as a newcomer, but with all the confidence and respect accorded an old friend.

And the explanation is really quite simple. Motorists had long waited for just such a car as this stout-hearted six.

They had pictured it in their minds as the ideal expression of economical motoring — so the Jewett immediately came into its own.

Since that time an immense volume of good will has been created throughout the nation.

The Jewett has consolidated every one of its friendships. It has proven that it is not only spirited and good looking, but strong, sturdy, dependable.

As might be expected, the sales

chart has accurately reflected this appreciation.

Month by month the figures have climbed until now the Jewett is firmly established as one of the fastest selling and broadest selling cars on the market.

It has, we sincerely believe, done more than any other automobile in preaching the sound doctrine of six-cylinder ease, comfort and efficiency.

It has made men conscious of the elements they should expect in a practical car, and they have done the rest.

In 1923 the new and greatly improved Jewett will continue its march of triumph.

It is now a seasoned product—tried and proven.

In the year to come it will vastly increase its circle of enthusiastic friends and still more firmly establish itself as a safe, sound and profitable investment.

**Touring Car \$995—Sedan \$1465—Coupe \$1445**

*F. O. B. Detroit, Tax Extra*

# JEWETT

*A Thrifty Six Built by Paige*





## Every Day for Seven Years

Nestled in the picturesque hills of North Carolina, not far from Asheville, is Grove Park Inn.

A decade ago, the spacious lobby of this famous resort hotel was richly carpeted with ten "Aubusson" rugs, each twenty by twenty-two feet.

Although these rugs have been trod by thousands of transient feet, their beauty is as much admired today as ever.

Mr. F. L. Seeley, President of Grove Park Inn, recently sent us, voluntarily, the following interesting letter:

"Until we discovered The Hoover, it was impossible to keep these valuable rugs clean, although we had an expensive installed air-cleaning plant.

"Since then the rugs have been Hoovered *every day for seven years*. I wish I could cut a piece out of one of them to show you their splendid condition.

"They are fully fifty per cent better off today because of The Hoover.

"The way The Hoover erects the nap has enabled these rugs to resist wear far better than they did when the nap was left mashed down.

"Also, the regular and thorough removal of nap-cutting dirt by the electric beating, sweeping and suction cleaning of The Hoover, has prevented a great deal of damage."

Mr. Seeley adds that he has heard, lately, "the ridiculous statement that vacuum cleaners are hard on rugs." He continues:

"I am so incensed over the injustice of such remarks, after our long experience with our eighteen Hoovers, that you are welcome to use our testimony to contradict such an absurdity."

Keep your rugs beautiful for years longer, have them *always* clean, make housework a pleasure, by using a Hoover.

"Phone any Hoover Branch Office or write us for names of Authorized Dealers who will gladly demonstrate The Hoover in your home—without obligation. On the divided payment plan, 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover. There is a Hoover for every task or purse.

*More people clean their rugs with Hoovers  
than with any other kind of an electric cleaner*

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO  
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners  
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

# The HOOVER

*It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*



venor asked her, still holding her hands, though he knew she did not require steadying now. Richard had arranged the pillows so that Laurel would be facing him, all the way up to Stag Island.

"Couldn't I paddle, too?" she smiled.

"If you want to?" he smiled back.

They were off ten minutes before the others. Mrs. Adams and Mrs. Grosvenor watched the pretty canoe, with Laurel in the bow and Richard in the stern, disappear like a lazy bird around a clump of trees.

"Richard seems quite taken by her," remarked Mrs. Adams. "He certainly shows excellent taste. I think she is a lovely girl."

"Yes, Richard has always been very discerning. I've often told him he's really almost too critical about girls. This is his first serious affair since he has been in college, so far as I know."

"It really is, then, serious?"

"Oh, I couldn't say that. It is obvious, that's all. Laurel is only seventeen, you know—a mere child; though Richard, absurd boy, says she's more like twenty in many ways than most girls he knows of twenty-two. It's serious enough, you see, for him to talk about her to me. She was motoring with us yesterday afternoon, and we discovered some mutual friends. It seems she visits at Mrs. Cornelius Morrison's—you know, of New York and Long Island. I am on two charitable boards with Mrs. Morrison. She is a charming woman. Bob, my other son, is at St. Lee's with Mrs. Morrison's eldest boy, Cornelius. They're delightful people. I hope Mrs. Dallas will be able to come down-stairs within a few days. I am quite anticipating meeting the mother of such a sweet, gentle, wholly charming girl as Laurel is. I wonder how she's done it in this age of wild young creatures."

*(To be continued)*

## Robbed of His Sight He Still Has Done Great Work

*(Continued from page 34)*

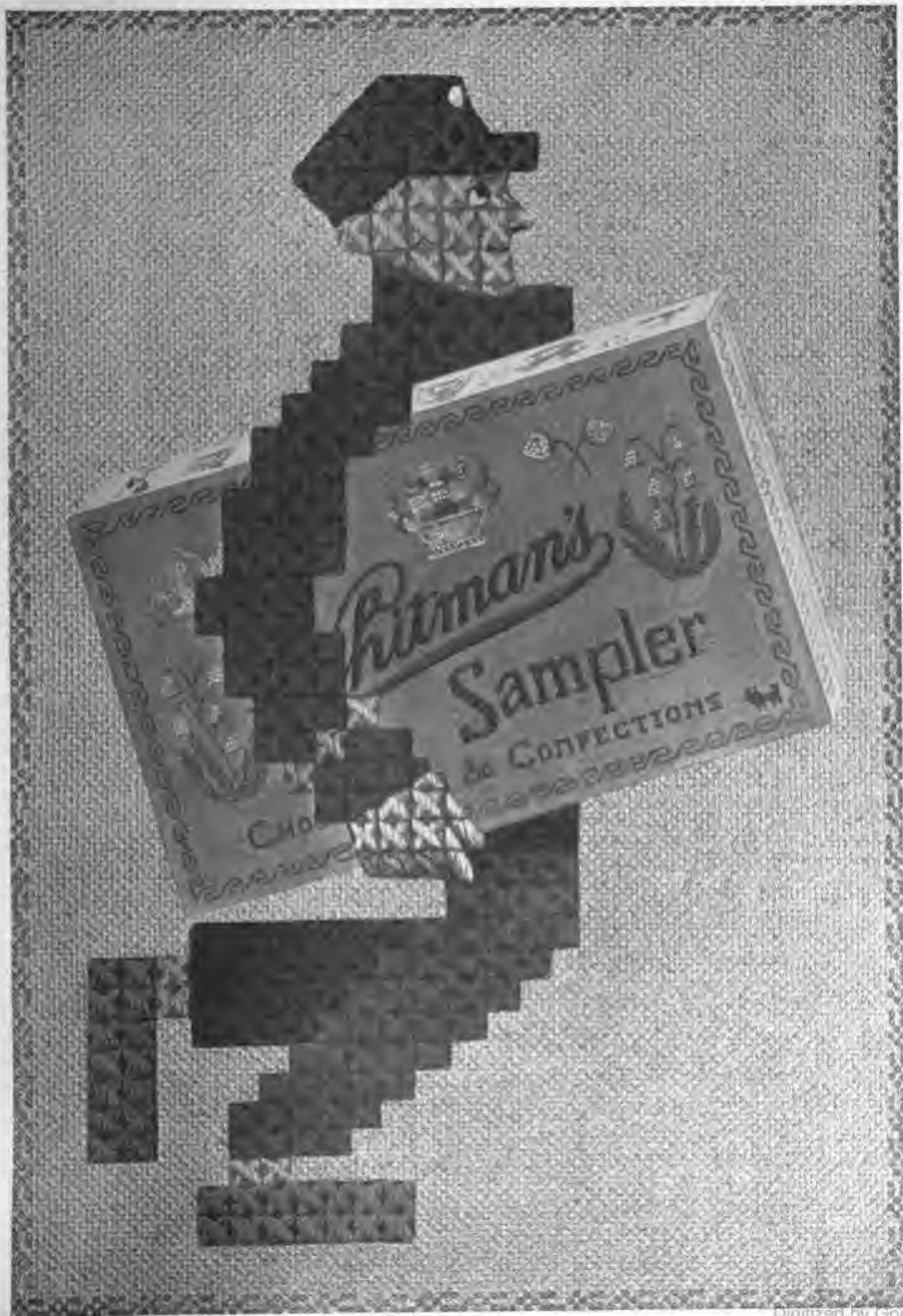
because I possessed the knowledge of what was to be taught, and I could go on increasing my knowledge by having new books and technical journals read to me. My ears could be almost as good a door by which to admit facts to my mind as my eyes had been.

"Of course, I have been *forced* to train my memory; but anyone else could do the same thing. The memory can be made to carry a heavy burden, or it can be allowed to atrophy through lack of use.

"My color sense, or rather, my color memory, is not as strong as it used to be. When I think of objects, I naturally have a mental picture of them. But as the years have gone by I find that I am inclined to think of objects more as forms, without any special color.

"Psychologists will tell you that this is a common experience with people who have become blind. The color sense gets to be rather indistinct; but the idea of form remains in a blind person's mental 'visualization' of things."









## *Do you realize that health depends largely upon the condition of your nerves?*

**P**ERHAPS you know from bitter experience that when you drink a cup or two of coffee at evening you do not get very much sleep that night. Or else, the fitful sleep you get does not seem to refresh and rest you as it should.

Remember that the caffeine in coffee always works on the *nerves*, no matter when you drink this irritating beverage. Only you don't notice the effects during the day as much as you do when you are kept awake at night.

Why not be on the safe side? Stop coffee for awhile, and drink healthful Postum instead. Postum is the delightful cereal beverage with a rich flavor that many thousands of people prefer to coffee itself.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms:—Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully twenty minutes.

## Postum FOR HEALTH

*"There's a Reason"*

Made by  
Postum Cereal Company, Inc.  
Battle Creek, Mich.



"Suppose someone told you about the Woolworth building in New York," I said. "How would you see it in your mind, with its fifty-five stories—"

"Ah!" Professor Campbell interrupted. "There is the point! If I am told that it is fifty-five stories in height, I have a dimension to guide me. That's what I *must* have—dimensions! People can tell me that something is magnificent, or beautiful, or graceful. But that means nothing to me. I must know the height and breadth and length. If it is a building, I want to know the shape; the number and the arrangement of the windows; the structural peculiarities. Then I have a mental picture of it. The picture may not be just like the reality, but it is a definite one and is probably quite like the reality, in form at least.

"When we put up our new chemistry building at the university, I, as director of the department, had charge of its designing and construction. And I had to depend on my memory to keep me in possession of countless details. I knew the exact location of every wall, door, window, and stairway. There were seven systems of piping to be installed. I knew the location of every pipe. I *had* to know it, or I couldn't have talked with the plumbers and other contractors about the work.

"The building contains one hundred and twenty-five rooms. I planned the equipment for all these rooms, and knew, practically to an inch, the position of every desk, table, case, and every piece of apparatus that was in the building. I carried all these details in my mind, because it was up to me to know them. You see," he explained, "if I was the director, I certainly meant to be able to do the directing.

**"P**EOPLE often talk about the memory as if it were a roll-top desk, with just a certain number of pigeonholes. When they are full, the storage capacity is exhausted. But that is not true of the memory. Its capacity increases with the demands made on it.

"In one respect, however, my memory does not serve me well, and the reason will perhaps be interesting to you, because you can compare it with your own experience. Perhaps you do not realize how you unconsciously fix the period of an event by something you *saw* at the time it happened. I have none of these visual associations to help me and I therefore often find myself unable to remember when a certain thing occurred.

"For example, I may attend the funeral of a friend. I have no difficulty in remembering that I did go to his funeral. But after a few years have passed, I probably couldn't tell you whether my friend died in summer or in winter, in spring or in fall. You would remember the season, because you would associate the event with what you saw at the time: trees in full foliage, or perhaps with bare branches, or in brilliant autumn coloring."

"But didn't the loss of your sight result in a sharpening of your other senses?" I asked. "We are often told that this is one of the ways in which nature compensates us."

"Well," said Professor Campbell, "nature did not see fit to compensate *me* in that accommodating fashion. Quite the contrary, in fact. By heredity, I was predisposed to deafness; and, as you probably have noticed, I am following that



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# A Year's Great Growth In Public Regard

The good Maxwell has wrought a revolution within its own sphere during the past year.

In general public regard it has risen to heights of approval probably never accorded to any other car in a similar period.

In the regard of its own public it has displaced all other claimants for first place.

It has established itself beyond question as a quality product, offering in that respect, value so superior that the most casual observer immediately recognizes it.

Wherever this conviction of greater value has thoroughly penetrated the public mind, it is outselling because it deserves to outsell.

It is being judged and being awarded preference on the three great evidences of motor car value—manufacturing superiority, better performance and greater beauty.

Thousands of owners have proven during these twelve months that in every essential of trustworthy construction, it surpasses the exterior excellence which makes everyone admit there is nothing on the market to compare with it.

We have waited a year before telling these truths—waited for that spontaneous public recognition we knew was bound to come, and which is being accorded now in unstinted measure.

You need not accept our assurances that the good Maxwell has come into its own.

Your own eyes and ears will bear witness that it has brought about a realignment in public regard which is redounding everywhere to its great advantage.

# MAXWELL







*Except the eyes,  
no factor in beauty  
counts for more  
than white teeth*

## No Excuse Now For dingy film on teeth

A way has been found to combat film on teeth, and millions of people now use it.

A few years ago, nearly all teeth were coated more or less. Today those dingy coats are inexcusable. You can prove this by a pleasant ten-day test.

### Film ruins teeth

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats which hide the teeth's natural luster.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. No ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. So, despite all care, tooth troubles have been constantly increasing, and glistening teeth were rare.

### New methods now

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Their action is to curdle film and then harmlessly remove it. Years of careful tests have amply proved their efficiency.

A new-type tooth paste has been created, based on modern research. These two film combatants are embodied in it for daily application. The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent.

Dental authorities the world over now endorse this method. Leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

### Other new effects

Pepsodent also multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise cling and form acids.

It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize acids which cause tooth decay.

Old-time tooth pastes, based on soap and chalk, had just opposite effects.

It polishes the teeth, so film adheres less easily.

Thus Pepsodent does, in five great ways, what never before was so successfully done.

### Used the world over

Now careful people of fifty nations are using Pepsodent, largely by dental advice. You can see the results in lustrous teeth wherever you look today. To millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

In one week you will realize that this method means new beauty, new protection for the teeth. Cut out the coupon now.

**10-Day Tube Free** 962

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 592, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

### The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

predisposition. I do not hear musical tones at all, if they are above a certain pitch. I cannot hear the buzzing of insects. That is no great loss, to be sure; but I also do not hear the high notes of birds, or the high notes of a voice, or a violin.

"This impairment of my hearing has cost me some pleasures I used to enjoy. I don't get a great deal of pleasure out of a concert now, for instance. As for the theatre, even when I could hear perfectly I didn't find very much satisfaction in a play. To me, of course, it was only spoken dialogue, without action or facial expression. It was a good deal as if a story were being read aloud to me by a number of persons instead of by a single one. Try it yourself. Keep your eyes closed throughout an entire play, and I think you will find that you get only a moderate amount of pleasure out of it."

"But in regard to voices in general," I said; "don't they mean more to you than to most of us?"

"I'm not sure that they do," he replied. "They doubtless signify more to you than you realize. Voices are individual in their characteristics; but we all know this. Perhaps I am more quick to recognize a voice because I have had only the voice as a guide to identity. But I don't think I have any extraordinary ability in this direction."

"THERE is one interesting thing, however, which is generally admitted: The voice does not change as much, or as quickly, as the face does when a person grows older. Occasionally my former students come to see me; and I can often recognize by his voice a man whom I have not met for twenty or twenty-five years. Sometimes I am told that the man, whose identity I have guessed by his voice, has so altered in appearance that his old friends could not recognize him. They were depending on the evidence of their eyes; and for some reason the evidence of the eyes seems to register more strongly than that of the ears."

"Even when the chief appeal is to some other sense, the eyes often distract the attention. For instance, if my hearing were perfect I think that I should enjoy a concert more without my eyes than with them."

"Nature has not compensated me for the loss of my sight by sharpening my other senses, but there has been one gain: I am sure that it is easier for me to carry on sustained and concentrated thought. Aside from my work, you see, there is little I can do, except to think. You remember the story of one of the Southern mountaineers who was asked how he and his neighbors spent their time."

"Well," he said, "sometimes we set an' think—an' sometimes we just set!"

"I'm inclined to believe that a good many people sometimes set an' think an' sometimes just set and look! People sit on their porches, or at their windows, and watch the passers-by, or the procession of automobiles; and their minds are occupied with what their eyes are seeing. Under those conditions, it is practically impossible to do any concentrated thinking."

"Then, too, they have constant temptations to do things for recreation; and most of these things depend on the possession of sight. They read, or play cards, or go to the theatre or the movies, or for a





To John Walter Gough, 5th American, is credited for the "Clippers" ships which carried the flag across all the seven seas, and wrote our period a chapter in our commercial history. Forgive us, at this time, the American "Clippers" is still a model for the full level of never again.

—Barnes, 1914

## The Spirit of Leadership

**N**OWHERE has the characteristic spirit of leadership in American industry shown itself more strikingly than in the development of automotive transportation.

Only the invincible determination of American manufacturers could have brought the automobile and the motor truck to their present high point of utility in so brief a time, and could have provided tires of corresponding excellence.

Imbued with this spirit from the beginning, Firestone set the pace in fine tire building by

pledging car owners the Most Miles per Dollar.

The Firestone Gum-Dipped Cord today is carrying on this high standard of worth and raising it to a level never before attained.

Into this tire's building has gone the full cumulative force of twenty-two years' experience and the efforts of an organization numbering thousands of workers.

The great and ever-widening popularity of Firestone Cords—their adoption for America's leading cars, is a gratifying and inspiring reward to the men who have made Most Miles per Dollar the objective of their life work.

*Most Miles per Dollar*

# Firestone





**A**chievements that endure are the milestones along the great highway of progress

In manufacturing there must be one standard by which every product of a similar nature is judged. World-wide recognition of Royal performance and endurance has established it as this standard among typewriters.

It is the result of an unyielding determination to produce a typewriter which, because of its perfection of detail, would be the accepted standard of value.

ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.  
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, New York  
Branches and Agencies the World Over

Chief European Office: 75A, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.  
Principal Canadian Office: 26, Notre Dame St., West, Montreal, P.Q.

*"Compare the Work"*

**ROYAL**  
Trade Mark  
**TYPEWRITERS**

motor ride, or a walk. But in my case, while I undoubtedly miss a great many pleasures, I am also immune to many temptations which would interfere with my doing as much thinking as I have done."

"But don't you enjoy motoring and walking?" I asked.

"I like to take a short ride occasionally," said Professor Campbell; "but how much motoring would you do if you saw nothing along the way? The only sensations you would get would be those from the motion of the car and from the wind against your face. Those may be agreeable for a short time, but not for very long.

"As for walking—yes, I like that; but I walk on my porch. I wouldn't see any more if I walked ten miles in the country! I usually walk from my house to my office and back, several times a day. But I never go on the street alone. Even with a companion, there is the constant necessity of negotiating steps and crossings and uneven bits of pavement, of which you take no conscious notice.

"But on my porch, which is thirty feet long, I can walk without having someone literally at my elbow all the time. I trail my fingers along the swinging seat and various other objects, so that I won't stray out of my course. For no one can walk a straight line for any considerable distance without the aid of vision or of touch. That is another fact you can prove to yourself by trying the experiment.

"BEFORE I built the house where we now live, I had a plank walk constructed in the yard of our old place. It was seventy-five feet long, with a rail down the center. About three feet from each end of the rail I set in it a screw. The top, which was covered with rubber, projected about an inch above the surface of the rail. As I went down one side, keeping my hand on the rail, this projection warned me when I was approaching the end of the walk. Then I would be ready to go around the end of the rail and up the other side.

"But my present porch is long enough for me to take the exercise I need. Until a few years ago I went regularly to the gymnasium, where I did a great deal of heavy work with the apparatus. But when a man gets to be past fifty, he must be a bit careful about overtaxing his heart. So I have contented myself with walking as a means of keeping in condition."

"Do you try to picture to yourself how you and the people you knew intimately thirty years ago have changed?" I asked.

"I don't think about that as much as you imagine," was the smiling reply. "It probably interests you very keenly if you see yourself growing older in appearance. Of course I know that my hair is practically white, and that my center of gravity is a trifle lower in my body than it used to be. But I don't think much about how I appear. I am chiefly interested in how I feel.

"Perhaps this insensibility to change in appearance is one of the compensations of blindness. But, on the other hand, one misses many things. For instance I have three sons and three daughters. Four of my children I never have seen. Of the other two, one was nine months old, and the other a little past two years, when I last saw them. Of course I have been told about them: the color of their eyes and of their hair. I can put my hands on their faces, and I can know for myself how tall



# "But Why Aren't We Making Money?"

That's a question which should never puzzle any business, no matter how small.

Yet thousands of merchants fail every year because they can't answer that very question.

This is all the more astonishing when you know that to answer it you need only a few simple easy-to-get figure-facts. These are the figures which will tell you whether expenses are too high and where they should be cut; whether you are loaded with dead stock; whether you're carrying too much on your books and a hundred other things of prime importance.

The very first thing to put into a business is an economical way to get these figure-facts. Any

business which tries to struggle along without them is constantly at the mercy of its own costly mistakes and the sharp attacks of competition, and is headed straight for disaster.

Burroughs, out of its years of experience, has been able to develop just such an economical—and easy—way. It's called the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan.

More than a thousand businesses already testify to the value of this latest Burroughs contribution. Read below what a few of them say, then get the Burroughs man to show you just what it will do for you. Your phone book or banker will put you in touch with him—or mail the coupon.



## BETTER FIGURES *for* BIGGER PROFITS

# Burroughs

### ADDING • BOOKKEEPING • BILLING • CALCULATING MACHINES

**George E. Evans, Clothier, Hoopes-ton, Ill.**—"Facts gained through the Burroughs Plan changed my whole method of buying, and I saved enough the first year to pay for the equipment several times over. I find I can't afford to GUESS. For years I thought I could."

**Berryman Bakery, Champaign, Ill.**—"We never knew what accurate records were until we put in the Burroughs Plan."

Never had the time before. It's no trick now to have complete information about our business every day—just like a bank. It's one of the best investments we ever made."

**A. K. Gilbert, Gilbert's Department Store, Clinton, Ind.**—"If the average merchant knew what the Burroughs Plan would do for him, your factory would be flooded with orders."

**Burroughs Adding Machine Co.,**  
6045 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me more information about the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan.

☐ Retailer ☐ Jobber ☐ Mfr.

Name .....

Business .....

Address .....





## Like Snowflakes

In their texture—  
Like nut-meats in their taste

Puffed Grains—grains puffed to bubbles—are the most enticing grain foods in existence.

Thin, crisp, toasted—as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. They are food confections.

The grains are puffed to 8 times normal size.

### But a scientist's creation

But remember this. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice were invented by Prof. Anderson. And his object was to make whole grains wholly digestible.

The grains are fascinating tidbits, but they mean far more than that. Every food cell is exploded—over 125 million in every kernel.

That's the reason for this process, where the grains are shot from guns. Every granule is fitted to digest. Every atom feeds.

### The ideal foods

These are the ideal grain foods. Children revel in them. Every serving means whole-grain nutrition. Serve them morning, noon and night, in every way you can. You know of nothing else in wheat or rice food that compares with these.

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Puffed Wheat in milk is the ideal bedtime dish.

It is a practically complete food, supplying 16 needed elements. It is rich in minerals. It is easy to digest.

If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve Puffed Wheat in plenty. It makes whole grains delightful.

they are, and things of that sort. Still, I do of course miss a great deal.

"You asked whether my other senses have been keener because of the loss of my sight. The impairment of my hearing, of course, has nothing to do with the accident which destroyed my eyes. And the same conditions which have affected my ears have also impaired my senses of smell and taste. But even before this happened these senses were just about normal, I think. And the reason was that I did not try to develop them *beyond* normal.

"You see, it was like this: After my accident, I had to decide in my own mind on what basis I was going to work out my life. And I decided that I would try to live, just as nearly as possible, in the normal way I should have lived if I had not lost my sight.

"It seemed to me that the most important thing toward which I could strive was constructive work; work which would help in advancing the useful activities of others. Merely to cultivate my own senses might afford *me* some pleasures I should otherwise miss, but it certainly would not contribute to the progress of the world, would it? The course I chose to follow has had the effect of narrowing my life. Perhaps it has made it seem rather drab at times. But I think I may claim that I have accomplished, to a considerable degree, what I wanted to achieve.

"My research work in regard to steel has gone on without interruption. I have my own laboratory and two assistants to work with me. I have designed a good deal of the apparatus we use. I plan it in my mind, down to the smallest dimensions. I can tell exactly how the plans shall be drawn; or I can go to an instrument maker and give him precise specifications. When the apparatus is tried out, I direct changes if they are necessary.

"**E**VERY year I have a new assistant. My own work goes more slowly, because I must train every new man in my methods. But when he leaves me he is grounded in the fundamentals and is competent to contribute valuable service in applying scientific principles to industry.

"That is the reason why I do have to get a new assistant each year; for when I have trained them these men are in demand at much higher salaries than the university can pay them. But I feel that I have done a double service; I have helped to start them toward success and I have sent out men capable of contributing to our economic progress. That, it seems to me, is a constructive achievement.

"The research work has in itself been constructive. Perhaps I haven't accomplished as much in that direction as I should have if I had not been handicapped, but I have published about sixty articles in scientific journals giving the results of my studies.

"Almost twenty-five years ago, I began a study of Portland cement. I believed that it had a great future in industry and that there was an opportunity to do valuable work in standardizing its manufacture. I designed and had constructed various small furnaces, with which we made a great many experiments.

"The average person will not be interested in the details; but the work we did was a factor in standardizing manufacturing processes, which led to a great expan-



# "He has a pull"

**LET US FACE** frankly this question of "Pull."

It *does* exist in business. The President of a Company hires the son of a trusted friend. Why? Not merely because the young man is the son of a friend; but because the President believes *that good blood will tell.*

A Yale graduate, who is a general manager, hires a Yale graduate as an assistant. Why? Not merely because the younger man is a Yale man, but because the general manager believes *that training will tell.*



**I**N Cincinnati the Board of Directors of a financial institution were considering several men for the position of Vice President and General Manager. The successful applicant—the man who now holds that coveted position—has written an account of his interview with the Board of Directors.

"I stated my experience," he writes, "and added that I had completed the Modern Business Course of the Alexander Hamilton Institute.

"I then learned that several members of the Board were subscribers to the Institute. They evidently knew that the knowledge obtained from the Course and Service gives a man a thoro grasp of the controlling forces of business, and fits him to hold a responsible executive position. At any rate, I was selected . . ."

There are men in Cincinnati who say of this man: "He has a pull with the Directors." They are right. But the "pull" is a perfectly legitimate one. The Directors, who owe a part of their success to the training of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, picked him because they believed that the same training had made him a man whose judgment they could trust.

This does not mean that every man who completes the Institute Course is "taken care of" in business. Business does not "take care of" anybody. It does mean, however, that with the knowledge and self-confidence that this training gives, you have an

added asset—a favorable introduction to the 200,000 worth-while men who are enrolled with you.

The Alexander Hamilton Institute makes no exaggerated claims and attempts to exert no pressure. It asks simply for the privilege of laying the full facts before thoughtful men. The facts are contained in a 118-page booklet entitled "Forging Ahead in Business."

Reading it may be the means of bringing you in touch with men who will vastly widen your opportunities for success.

## Alexander Hamilton Institute

682 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.



Name  From

Business Address

Business Position

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## 98 Quality Products that Serve and Save



## The Dealer's Endorsement of Whiz

The very fact that you see *Whiz* Products on so many dealers' shelves is a mighty strong endorsement of their high quality and dependable utility.

But, when a dealer offers a *Whiz* Product to you to supply a need—you are doubly assured—he knows they make good or he wouldn't recommend them.

74,892 dealers bought 24,380,714 packages in 1922.

The *Whiz* Factory is the largest factory of its kind in the world—no other manufacturer employs so many people or devotes so much floor space to the manufacture of similar products.

There is a *Whiz* Product for every motorist's every need.



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You'll find a need for it nearly every day—it will answer troubles, time and worry—it is just brim full of helpful information on how to care for the various parts of your car—how to find and fix motor troubles. Write for it today—it's free to motorists—just ask us, or a postcard—Send for your booklet.

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PRODUCTS



98 Quality Products that Serve and Save

sion of the industry. About 1895 this country was importing 2,000,000 barrels of cement annually and was making only 500,000 barrels. At present we are making almost 100,000,000 barrels a year! To have contributed something to that achievement is what I mean by constructive work.

"Two years ago, one of my papers was read before the Faraday Society in England. The title would not be even intelligible to the unscientific person; but to the expert, this paper—which was the logical conclusion of my years of research work in regard to iron and steel—would be not only theoretically interesting but also of practical value.

"You do not think of me as having any possible connection with the industrial development of this country. You feel a sort of half curious interest in me because, as you probably would say, I am 'a blind professor.' Yet the enormous advance in American industry during the past twenty-five years has come through the practical application of scientific principles. And these principles have been worked out," said Professor Campbell with a smile, "by the men who do a good deal of 'settin' and thinkin'."

"I VERY rarely sleep more than four or five hours a night. Usually I am awake from three until five in the morning; and it seems to me that the mind is at its best then. It is rested by the few hours of sleep one has had and it works clearly. I spend those two hours thinking over the problems I am studying at the time and in planning my work for the day.

"Of course I do a great deal of reading—by proxy. At home, the members of my family read aloud the daily papers and the new books on general subjects. At my office, I conduct what I call Course 34; I select five of the advanced students and have them read aloud to me from the scientific journals. Each of them spends two hours a week doing this. I have each one follow up with me the latest developments along some special line. I discuss the subject with them, making it really a seminar with one student. In this way, they benefit by what would otherwise be merely a service to me.

"My time is not broken into by the trips which most people take for recreation. I get no 'change of scene' by traveling about; so why travel? I don't think I have been in New York since I went there for a meeting of scientists ten years ago. I got nothing from the city itself, except an impression of noise and confusion. I was not as comfortable as I am at home. I couldn't do much thinking there. And thinking is not only my chief resource, it is my chief means of making my life something more than mere existence.

"You see, any circumstance has various handles by which we can take hold of it. Perhaps this is particularly true of what we call an affliction. There is usually some handle which will enable us to use the circumstance; possibly it may help us even to find some compensating gain."

"Yes," I admitted, "that is undoubtedly true in the big things—the real essentials. But if the circumstance happens to be a physical handicap, there must be minor difficulties which are very annoying. For instance, I don't think I could even dress myself properly if I couldn't see."





From the original etching by Earl Hutter

## Suppose LINCOLN lived to-day!

**SUPPOSE** Abraham Lincoln were still living in Washington.

And suppose that one eventful day you and I should set out together to pay him a friendly little visit.

We take the train—we arrive at the White House—our names are announced—and presently we are ushered into the President's office.

A tall, gaunt, awkward man rises from his chair in kindly greeting. Somehow the quaint simplicity of his manner makes us feel at ease. And we sit down, you and I, and we talk to this great man.

The shadow of a smile lights up that homely face as he tells some little anecdote or story. We marvel at the kindness in those eyes—the strength of that familiar mouth. And we begin to understand his power over men.

**AS** he talks we can picture the scene of his humble birthplace in Kentucky—his reverence for his mother—his boyhood hopes and disappointments—his never-ending struggle for success.

And we can see him walking forty miles to borrow a book; we can see him reading it by the flickering light of that warm log fire. We can almost hear the taunts of his fellows as they tell him that he is wasting his time in "readin' and learnin'."

And then Lincoln's calm, prophetic answer—"I will study and get ready and some day my chance will come."

We see all this and more. And finally we rise to say good-bye to Abraham Lincoln.

But as we pass out the door—and for days afterward at our work—those simple words come back to us:

"I will study and get ready and some day my chance will come."

And ambition thrills our souls—we resolve that Opportunity is not dead—that there is still a chance for us if we, too, will but study and get ready.

**PERHAPS** it is not written in the stars that you will become another Lincoln. Yet one never knows! Few men saw the making of a great president in the humble rail-splitter. But Lincoln looked ahead. He made each day count.

You, too, can make something of yourself if you will but dedicate a little of your spare time to preparation for the future.

To-day—right now—wherever you live or whatever you are, you have opportunities for study which Lincoln never had. Don't let them slip by.

You can have the position you want in the work you like best. You can have a salary that will make possible a happy, prosperous home, and the comforts and little luxuries of life that you would like your family to have. All you need is preparation to do some one thing well—the kind of training you can get in an hour a day of easy, fascinating study at home.

For thirty years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men in just your circumstances along the uproad to success. They will help you, too, if you will only make the start.

**NO** matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. lessons make it easy to learn. No matter what career you choose, some one of the 300 I. C. S. courses will surely suit your needs.

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon, and full particulars about the work of your choice will come to you by return mail.

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 18-page booklet "Who Wins and Why" and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.





MONTREAL  
\$33.00 22 by 17 1/2 inches. Hand carved solid mahogany case, 6 inch porcelain dial, silver bezel and gold sunk, convex glass, 8 day. Strikes the hour on Ten Tone Chimes, half-hour in Harmony.

## The fourth member of the family

"SAND man's coming!", chimes the silvery voiced clock, "Small folks should be asleep!"

"Well! Well! Almost forgot the time!", exclaims Dad, looking up from his paper, as a heavy eyed youngster is bundled off to bed.

"Almost forgot!" But the clock never forgets. Day-in and day-out, year after year, it counts the fleeting hours and speaks their passing with its cheery chimes. Friendly clock! Honored member of the family!

You'll be so proud of your Sessions Clock; proud of its beauty, its accuracy, and fine workmanship. And—don't whisper this to a soul—you'll be astonished at its moderate price. The best in clocks at the fairest prices has been the product of this firm for over fifty years.

Your jeweler or department store will gladly show you Sessions values. Write today for the little book, Friendly Clocks.

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WHESTER  
\$18 22 by 17 1/2 inches. Hand carved solid mahogany case, 6 inch porcelain dial, silver bezel and gold sunk, convex glass, 8 day. Strikes the hour on Ten Tone Chimes, half-hour in Harmony.

# Sessions Clocks

**DEPENDABLE AS TIME ITSELF**

"Oh, yes, you could," said Professor Campbell. "You would find your sense of touch much more serviceable than you imagine it could be. For instance, I shave myself; and I use the same razor that my father gave me when I was a sophomore in college, thirty-nine years ago, a fine old-fashioned English razor."

"But you have a very smooth skin, without wrinkles or deep lines," I objected.

"One reason for that," he said, "is that I always shave with cold water. Most men think they must have hot water. But I think that cold water keeps the skin hard and smooth. On that trip to New York fifteen years ago," he added, with a laugh, "the Pullman porter saw me shaving myself with my old straight razor, while the train was swaying and jolting along. He knew I was blind; and my friends told me that he came to them, with his own eyes fairly popping out, to protest that I would certainly do myself some serious injury. But I never have cut myself. Perhaps, after all, my sense of touch is better than the average. Like the memory, it improves with use."

"For instance, you asked whether I get an impression of a person's character by hearing him speak. I don't think voices reveal much more to me than they do to you. But I do get a very strong impression of an individual's personality by shaking hands with him. When I meet strangers, I form a pretty strong opinion of them from their hand-shake. And I usually find that this opinion stands the test of longer acquaintance. There is an involuntary revelation of character in the way a person shakes hands, and even in the 'feel' of the hand itself."

"ONE of the most important things I have had to learn was deliberation in movement. If the telephone on my desk rings, I must put out my hand slowly until it touches the instrument. Otherwise, I may knock it over. If I want to cross the room, I must do it slowly. I had to school myself to do this. People, I think, get the idea that this slowness of movement implies a certain feebleness; but that is a mistake. It is a lesson learned through an experience filled with literal hard knocks."

"In what ways do we, who have our eyesight, make things harder for people who cannot see?" I asked.

"Well, occasionally someone upsets our calculations by moving things without telling us about it. If a piece of furniture is moved, and I don't know of the change, I have to learn it by getting a few bruises. All such things—the arrangement of furniture, of the articles on my desk, the apparatus in my laboratory—are diagrammed in my mind. If you wanted to cure a person of disorderliness," added Professor Campbell with a smile, "you could do it by compelling him to go blindfolded. He would soon learn to have a place for everything and to keep everything in its place."

I have quoted what Professor Campbell said about people feeling a half-curious interest in him as "just a blind professor." But he does not realize what people do think about him. I talked with his associates in the university; and I wondered how many human beings would have fought a great handicap and have won





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1. **The Famous Diamond-Grid**—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short-circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.

2. **The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer**—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.

3. **The Quarter-Sawn Hardwood Separator**—made only from giant trees 1000 years old; quarter-sawn to produce alternating hard and soft grains. Hard grains for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grains for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is the battery for your car.

### LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

of Philco Service. Over 5500 stations—all over the United States. There is one near you. Write for address, if necessary.

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**DIAMOND**  
**GRID**  
**BATTERY**

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

## Stop! Look! Think!

—and you'll get your *Philco now*

Safety demands the strongest, toughest, most powerful battery you can get—a battery that will stand by you in emergencies—that won't expose you to the embarrassments, humiliations and DANGERS of battery failure.

Thousands upon thousands of car owners today—in record-breaking numbers—are replacing their ordinary batteries with dependable, long-life, *super*-powered Philco Batteries.

They know the Philco Battery—with its tremendous power and staunch, rugged, shock-resisting strength—will whirl the stiffest engine—give them quick, sure-fire ignition—*get them off at a touch of the starter.*

The Philco Battery is guaranteed for two years—the longest and strongest guarantee ever placed on a battery of national reputation. But with its famous Diamond-Grid Plates, Slotted-Rubber Retainers, Quarter-Sawn Hardwood Separators and other time-tested features, the Philco Battery *long outlasts its two-year guarantee.*

Why continue taking chances on ordinary batteries? Why wait for an emergency to show you the absolute need for a dependable, power-packed Philco? Install a Philco NOW and be safe. It will cost you no more than just an ordinary battery.

**RADIO DEALERS**—Philco Dynamic Radio Storage Batteries are shipped to you charged but absolutely DRY. No acid sloppage. No charging equipment. No batteries going bad in stock. Wire or write for details.

**Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia**

*The famous Philco Storage Retainer Battery—the standard for electric power for cars and trucks, and for home and industrial use.*

**PHILCO**  
**SLOTTED-RETAINER**  
**BATTERIES**

with the famous shock-resisting *Diamond-Grid Plates*





## A little-known cause of Baldness

A very common cause of baldness is the thoughtless practice of daily soaking the hair with water. This fact is not generally known, but is one which doctors recognize.

Water applied to the scalp and undried, is apt to combine with the scalp's natural oil and form a paste which clogs the follicles and prevents their natural activity.

If your hair is unruly through lack of natural oil, we recommend the occasional application of a few drops of fresh Sweet Almond Oil.

PACKER'S TAR SOAP, through its health giving pine-tar, used systematically for the shampoo, frees the pores of all clogging material and stimulates the scalp to produce its normal supply of natural oil and encourages the growth of healthy attractive hair.

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Shampoo with  
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### Special Sample Offer:

Send 25c for all Three samples or  
10c for any One of them

A generous sample of these three for 25c: Packer's Tar Soap, Packer's Shampoo, Packer's Charm (which quickly relieves chapped hands and lips and other rough conditions of the skin). 10c for any one sample. At any time we will gladly send free a copy of our Manual, "How to Care for the Hair and Scalp."



such respect and admiration as he has won, not only for himself personally, but also for the work he has accomplished.

"Don't take our opinion of him," said one of the faculty. "Here is something that was written by two of the most eminent British scientists. Referring to Professor Campbell's experiments on the diffusion of sulphur in hot iron, they say:

"Some of his data, and the conclusions he deduced therefrom, were of such a startling and improbable nature that his work was hardly deemed worthy of serious discussion by theoretical metallurgists." But they go on to say that they have "the utmost pleasure in directly confirming the accuracy of his general conclusion, and congratulate him upon an important discovery, so remarkable and unexpected as to have been received with general incredulity."

"That is high praise, is it not? But the most important thing in relation to his work is the *amount* of valuable research which he has carried on. He has recently evolved a new theory about steel. And while it is not yet universally accepted none of his claims has been disproved.

"His memory and his power of concentrated thought are extraordinary. And they are the direct result, the splendid by-product, of a handicap, which most men would have considered insuperable. His knowledge of technical apparatus is amazing. When he is working with students in the laboratory, he examines every piece of equipment they use, to make sure that they are doing things right.

**I**N MAKING experiments with steel, very high temperatures are often necessary. Professor Campbell has devised a remarkably sensitive galvanometer for measuring these temperatures. It is so delicate that the greatest care is required in its handling. Yet he never trusts anyone else to adjust it! Blind though he is, he himself takes off the glass covers which protect it; then, carefully feeling for the screw, he turns it, while someone gives him the reading on the scale, until he gets it exactly as he wants it. It is an example not of the blind leading the blind, but of the blind leading the seeing.

"And his personality is as remarkable as his scientific achievements. I have known him for many years; yet I never have seen him lose his temper. I never have seen him *show* any depression or gloom. In a certain sense, he seems to walk apart from the world. But while he has this sort of detachment, there is no morbid aloofness. Have you noticed him as he walks on the campus or along the street? His head is held high; he is as erect as a boy; he never will carry a cane and go along, tapping the sidewalk! It is as if he said, 'I am blind—but I will not *act* blind!' I often walk on the street with him; and he is so responsive that my slightest pressure on his arm is enough to enable us to move about with no indication of the fact that he does not see.

"I was a student in his classes when the accident happened that robbed him of his sight. It *might* have robbed him of his usefulness and of his happiness, if he had been a 'quitter.' But he wasn't! He has done a man's work in the world. He has helped other men to do *their* work. He couldn't do anything better and finer than that, if he had a hundred pairs of eyes."



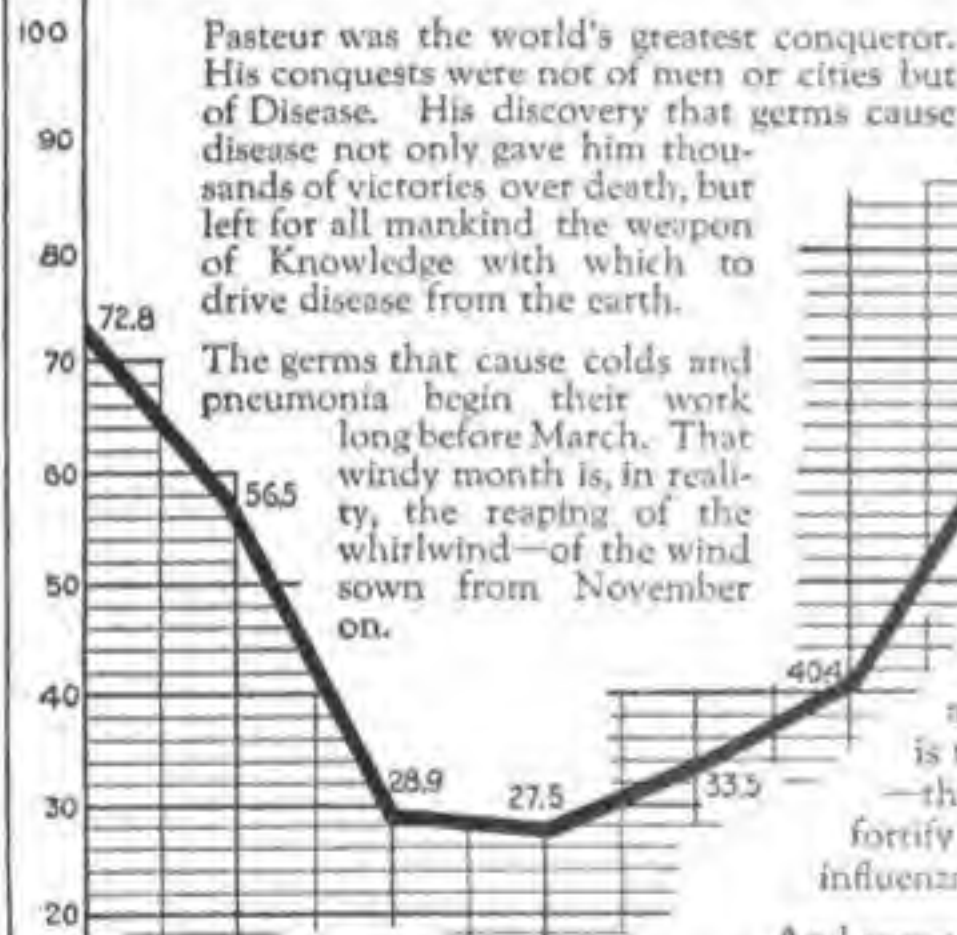
# March—The Danger Month

May June July August September October November December January February March April

Below is a photograph of a Year. It pictures graphically for you, month by month, the death rate from Pneumonia, from May 1921 to April 1922.

Study the picture. Travel over the Year. At each station or month, note carefully the Pneumonia figures.

When you reach the dizzy pinnacle—the March Peak—you will note that the danger of death from all forms of pneumonia is more than six times as great as in midsummer.



Pasteur was the world's greatest conqueror. His conquests were not of men or cities but of Disease. His discovery that germs cause disease not only gave him thousands of victories over death, but left for all mankind the weapon of Knowledge with which to drive disease from the earth.

The germs that cause colds and pneumonia begin their work long before March. That windy month is, in reality, the reaping of the whirlwind—of the wind sown from November on.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes said:

"Most diseases can be cured if taken in time, but some of them should be taken three hundred years before the patient is born."

Thus Dr. Holmes anticipated the great Pasteur and sounded the keynote of modern medicine—Prevention.

Looking backward down March Hill, note that the up-grade for pneumonia began when the windows went down and the steam was turned on. And that is the time to begin the work of Prevention—the building up of the body from within to fortify it against the germs that cause colds, influenza and pneumonia.

And remember, even though March comes in like a lamb—she is a wolf in sheep's clothing—ready to devour the body not strengthened throughout the year to resist her blustery winds, icy breath and the flattery of her occasional sunny smile.

The heavy zigzag line which stretches across this page is a facsimile of a portion of one of the health graphs regularly kept by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. It is printed to bring home to millions the fact that the danger from pneumonia is more than six times greater in March than in midsummer.

The things to be guarded against are over-fatigue, exposure, contagion and neglect. A first hint of danger is often indigestion or cold. Avoid clogging the body with heavy, indigestible foods. Most important, avoid consti-

pation. Wear light, warm clothing. Wear stout, warm shoes. Sleep with windows open.

If you get your feet wet, change to warm, dry things as soon as possible and restore the circulation. Keep the hands out of the mouth and keep the mouth and teeth clean.

Use a handkerchief as a screen for a cough or a sneeze.

As soon as nature warns you that something is wrong, consult your doctor; go to bed, get warm and keep covered up. Cut down your diet to

the last possible mouth. Drink plenty of water—hot preferably.

Mothers should specially guard children suffering from measles, whooping cough and the other contagious diseases—pneumonia frequently follows these diseases.

In the interests of community welfare, the Metropolitan gladly authorizes any individual, organization or periodical to reprint either the chart or information on this page.

HALEY FISKE, President

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY — NEW YORK





## When your Apron is off for the Day—what then?



After the last dish has been dried and put away and your apron hung in its customary place—what then? Are you too tired to enjoy the evening—to go to the movies—to have company?

This is to tell you how other women have overcome this condition. The remedy is simple. It lies in doing your kitchen work the modern way—in having up-to-date kitchen appliances—especially a Sellers Kitchen Cabinet. By making the kitchen work easy it often acts far better than any tonic from the drug store.

This is true largely because the Sellers has so many exclusive improvements and conveniences. Altogether there are Fifteen Famous Features which are combined in no other cabinet.

Remember, too, that even with its many unusual conveniences, the Sellers costs no more than any good cabinet. You may have the white enamel or golden oak finish. Most dealers will gladly arrange terms to suit your income.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS CO., Elwood, Ind.  
Canadian Branch: Sellers Kitchen Cabinets, Brantford, Canada

### Are You Going to Build?

Instruct your Architect to include space for a Sellers in your plans. Costs only half as much as building in a cabinet. Occupies the same space as a kitchen table. Free kitchen plans sent upon request.



Sellers Automatic Lowering Flour Bin

# SELLERS

## KITCHEN CABINETS

## The Greatest Regret of My Life

### FIRST PRIZE

### Regrets Not Hard Work, But Wasted Self-Pity

**A**T THE time I was seven years old there were no child-labor laws in my native state, and it was customary to place very young children in the spinning mills, where they worked eleven to twelve hours a day, earning ten to fifty cents.

My father, who could earn only six dollars a week, placed me with my older sister, aged nine, in the mill where he worked. We stood on boxes to reach the top row of spools. It took us several weeks to learn to run one frame—and earn ten cents a day between us.

In all the thirteen years I worked in the mills I never earned as much as ten dollars a week.

I grew up stoop-shouldered, hollow-chested, and flat-footed, with broken arches. I seldom played, but I did read—everything I could get my hands on. This reading and the knowledge that others had a better chance than I, caused me to form the habit of self-pity. How I did pity myself! I cannot count the hours I wasted in vain regret.

The only relief I had from the misery of those days was in day-dreaming.

After thirteen years I read one day that Lincoln said: "I will study and get ready, and maybe my chance will come." Those words inspired me, and I went to work in earnest. My chance did come.

To-day many of my day-dreams have come true. My name is well known to hundreds of people. I am an authority in my particular department of a big corporation. My salary compares favorably with the salaries of college-trained women, and I no longer pity myself.

My greatest regret, then, is not that I had to work so hard but that I spent so much valuable time in regretting the chances I never had, for I have proved to myself that it is never too late, and that "we always may be what we might have been."

F. M. B. V.

### SECOND PRIZE

### Gave Up for Big City Opportunities Afforded by Small Town

**O**F MY many regrets, the greatest is that I gave up the position of assistant cashier of a country bank to become a cog in one of the many wheels that operate one of the country's largest banks.

Tired of the monotonous life of a small town, I could not recognize any of the many opportunities that existed there, disregarding the fact that good board and a good room cost only twelve dollars per week, that I paid not one cent for car fare, and that if every inhabitant of the





FRANKLIN  
NEW BODY STYLES  
NOW ON DISPLAY







## Is Your Life Story Worth \$500 or \$2000?

**M**OTION picture producers often pay \$500 to \$2000 for acceptable screen stories. Yet their demands for stories can not be supplied.

In the last few months newspapers and film companies have offered more than \$50,000 in scenario contest prizes, all to secure new stories and encourage new screen writers.

And your life probably holds many incidents which would form the basis for stories worth telling—and selling.

A California school teacher; a Chicago society matron; a Pennsylvania newspaper reporter; an underpaid office man in Utah, are a few who have sold their stories at handsome prices, become studio staff writers or won big sums in scenario contests.

They studied screen writing to get away from routine work. Not one was a renowned author. Not one was a master of literary skill.

### The Palmer Test No Cost—No Obligation

**A**LL were discovered through the novel Palmer Creative Test by which phenomenal results have been obtained.

The first prize of \$10,000 and eight others in the Chicago Daily News contest, and all three prizes, amounting to \$5,000, in the J. Parker Read, Jr. contest, were awarded to new writers, discovered and trained by the Palmer Photoplay Corporation which is conducting this search.

These facts have been conclusively proved (1) many people who do not at all suspect their ability, can write scenarios, and (2) this free Test does prove to the man or woman who sends for it whether he or she has ability enough to warrant development.

#### Advisory Council

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Hollywood, Calif.

Highly useful, this self-examination is intensely interesting as well. You apply it in your own home. We hold your record absolutely confidential. Tell us frankly what your test shows, and give reasons for our opinion.

### We Offer \$1,000 and Royalties

**T**HE Palmer Photoplay Corporation now produces photoplays as well as instructs, through a thoroughly tested home-study course, in the writing of them.

And under our new plan we offer to new writers trained in our Educational Department whose stories are acceptable for our productions a minimum of \$1000 cash and royalties on the profits of the pictures.

So, for the first time, photoplaywrights will share in the success of the screen stories of their own creation.

In addition, one hundred sixty companies in Los Angeles alone are searching for better screen stories for which they will pay generously. We act as the greatest sales outlet for screen stories of all kinds.

### Is It You?

**I**T is for you to answer whether or not you will fit yourself for these rewards, providing of course, you have the inherent ability.

And money rewards are not all. For hundreds of Palmer students are using this stimulating course, not with a view to becoming professional screen writers, but to develop that invaluable asset, *Creative Imagination*, which lifts men and women to lofty heights, whatever their field may be.

Send the coupon for the Palmer Creative Test. Answer now, to your own satisfaction, that question which relates so vitally to your future course in life. Also receive our interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

#### Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Department of Education, Sec. 102

Palmer Building,  
Hollywood, Calif.

Please send me the Palmer Creative Test, which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge. Also send your interesting booklet, "How a \$10,000 Imagination Was Discovered."

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

STREET \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

All correspondence strictly confidential.

town was not my friend they were at least acquaintances.

This life I gave up for one consisting of strap-hanging, clock-punching, dairy-lunching, taxi-dodging, tag-buying, sometimes savings-banking, sometimes pawn-shopping, working, wondering, and regretting.

Although I have a good education, and through constant study and close application to my work know much more about banking than my position requires, I am rapidly developing into a perfectly reliable human "machine."

Should I happen to retain my present connection for the next five years, I have no doubt that my ambitions will compare with those of my older fellow employees, which are invariably the same; i. e., at the age of sixty, to own a bungalow in — Manor (only forty minutes from downtown), one or two thousand in six per cent bonds, an insurance policy, a garden, possibly five feet square, and the "old job."

My successor with the country bank in three years has acquired a home, a small farm, an interest in the bank, some "Liberties," a car, and a wife who can cook, sew, look pretty, and raise babies.

As I look at my pitiful Christmas Savings Club Book, and think of the opportunity that was mine, I feel that I am justified in this big regret. C. L. H.

### THIRD PRIZE

### Threw Away Good Health

**T**HE greatest regret of my life is that I did not take care of the wonderful good health I had when I was a young girl.

As a young girl I had rosy cheeks, thick, bright hair, was strong and husky. But when I went through high school, besides studying hard, I began to go to parties and dances, eat all kinds of sodas and candy. I thought it "silly" to go to bed early, to wear rubbers or do any of the things my mother advised me to do. At college I continued to burn the candle at both ends.

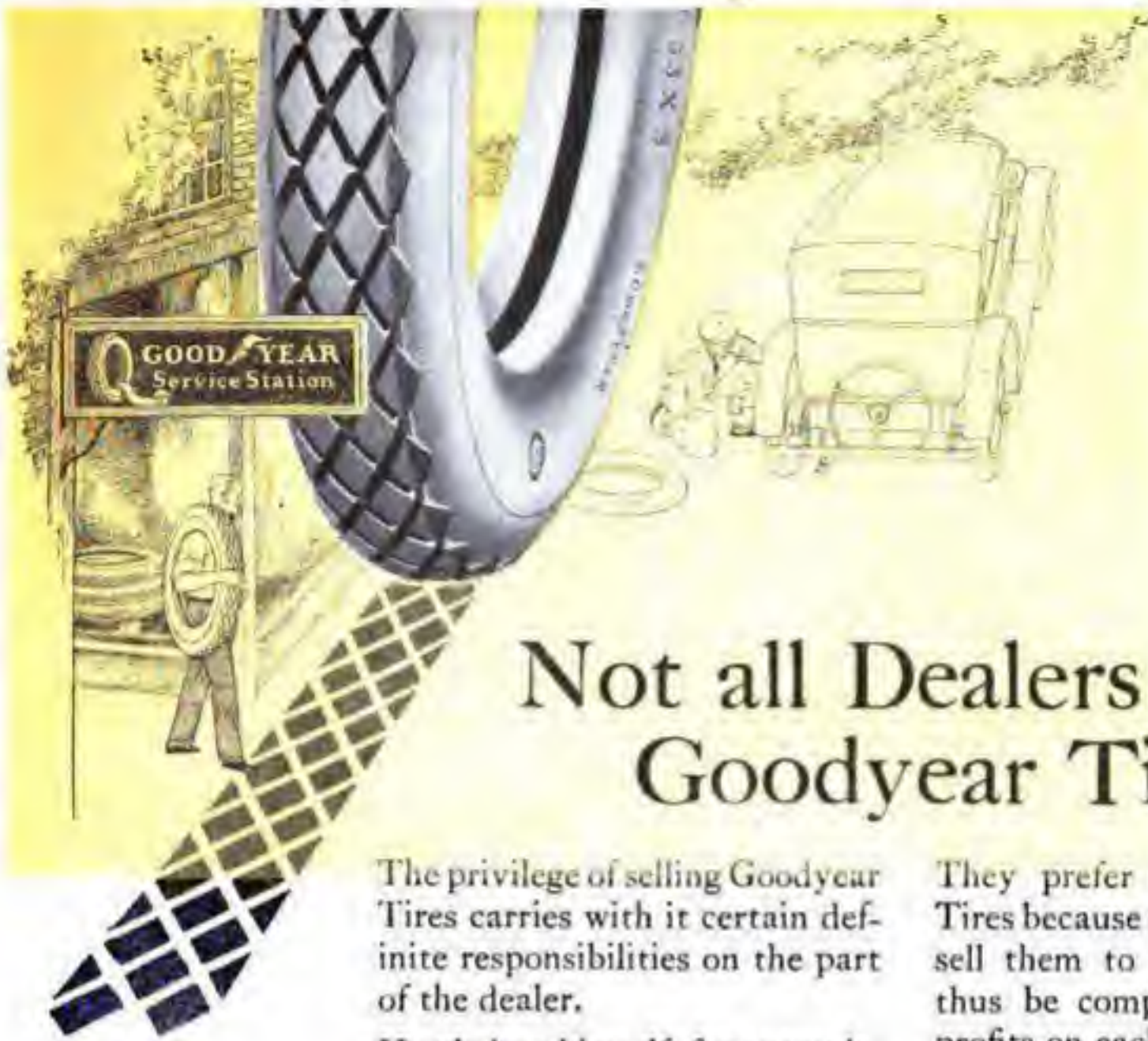
At the end of my second year at college suddenly my health broke; and at the same time I met a splendid man who asked me to marry him.

Now, when my thoughts turned to marriage I had lost weight and energy, and developed a nervous heart. Finally I said to my doctor: "Why has this come to me when I have always been so well and strong?" And he answered, in his kindly old way: "When we break the rules of health during adolescence not one escapes—not one."

I have been married six years now but am still paying for my folly. I have to lead the simplest kind of life, follow the most strict diet. In other words, health once undermined takes years to regain.

If only I could say to all the young folks of to-day: "Don't neglect the simple rules of hygiene, especially during your school days. Build up for yourselves strong, healthy bodies, and you will find you have treasured up riches more precious than gold, and untold happiness for the future." M. B.





Seek out the Goodyear Service Station Dealer near you. He sells and recommends Goodyear Tires and backs them up with standard Goodyear Service.

## Not all Dealers sell Goodyear Tires

The privilege of selling Goodyear Tires carries with it certain definite responsibilities on the part of the dealer.

He pledges himself, for example, to give you service that will help you get from Goodyear Tires all the mileage built into them at the factory.

He accepts a smaller profit than he might get from certain other brands, in order that we may put extra quality into the tires themselves.

Not all dealers see the wisdom of doing business on this basis; consequently not all dealers sell Goodyear Tires.

But Goodyear Dealers implicitly believe, as we do, that the foundation of a permanent and successful business is satisfied customers.

They prefer to sell Goodyear Tires because they know they can sell them to more people, and thus be compensated for lower profits on each sale.

They have learned by experience that every Goodyear Tire they sell will win them the good will of a motorist.

Dealing with them, you are sure of a quality product of exceptional and demonstrated value, supported by a service that will save you money.

Because Goodyear Dealers in their own interest think first of your interest, they are good men with whom to trade.

Because Goodyear Tires and Goodyear Dealer Service insure maximum economy, more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

*Goodyear Means Good Wear*

**GOODYEAR**

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# Jim Henry's Column

## "Babbitt"

I am not running a book review column, but Sinclair Lewis made sort of a veiled reference in "Babbitt" to Mennen Shaving Cream, which I want to discuss. No names mentioned, of course, but it is obvious to me that he meant Mennen's.

He was complaining about the standardized lives and habits of millions of American men and one of his serious accusations was that they all use the same shaving cream—presumably meaning Mennen's.

Now in the first place, not over two million and a half men in this country use Mennen's. Of course they are the better class of men but there are still twenty million sticking to unstandardized shaving habits.

But is it a serious weakness in a man that he recognizes and appreciates the same superiorities of which millions of other men think highly?

After all, most men have tough beards and experience the same sense of amazed gratification the first time a sharp blade leans against Mennen-softened bristles.

Most men have tender skin and the gentle, soothing, healing influence of Boro-glycerine (the secret of the delightful after effect) appeals to them all equally.

All men hate rubbing in the lather with fingers because it is messy and irritates the skin. They esteem Mennen's because it doesn't have to be rubbed in with the fingers.

There never was a skin that wouldn't suffer from free caustic. Why shouldn't all men approve the absence of free caustic in Mennen's?

And isn't any man likely to be without hot or soft water now and then? Mennen's works perfectly with hard or soft water—hot or cold.

It's really perfectly simple—American men want the best, that is why shaving with Mennen's has become the standardized practice.

If you don't object to starting the way thousands of other men have, send to cents for my demonstrator tube. Or buy a full size tube for fifty cents.

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Salesman)

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.



# The Nicest House in Town

(Continued from page 42)

grave. "I've been thinking of it. I'd like you to have it, Nellie. If the other debt were just cleared up! But maybe we could manage. If we could sell our place this week, I could borrow the rest and give a mortgage on the house."

They talked of their finances for a time, and then Ed began putting away his books and records. Ed Cutter was one of those men who have a few favorite sayings which they bring out with regularity. One of his choice bits was to quote at the close of every week from Burns' "Cort's Saturday Night." Only he changed the word "Cort" to "Cutter." For the first few months of her married life Nell had thought it quite clever. But when you have been married to a man for fifteen years and he says the same thing every week, it becomes an old friend, but without humor. You no longer laugh at it, but you would miss it. So Ed, gathering up his outgoing mail, said as blithely as though it were the original time: "Well, it's Saturday night and so,

"The toil-worn Cutter frays his labor goes.  
This night his weekly mail is at an end.  
He gathers up his mattocks and his hoes  
And weary o'er the moor his homeward course  
does bend."

ALL through the week Nell walked on air. Her heart kept up a continual anthem of joy. Try as she might, her sympathy for Mrs. Brisbane was not as great as her personal happiness. "It's going to be ours," she would say in wonderment. "Those lovely rooms . . . that exquisite sun-parlor. I'm going to have new furniture, too. I won't move in without nice things. We'll just add it to the debt. We might as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb."

So Ed brought Mr. and Mrs. William Johnson up to look at the old place. The children were in school when they came. Even Gramma was away. "Yes, we've worked hard, and we're comin' in to town now to rest," Mr. Johnson told them.

Nell showed them around. "How nice it is," Mrs. Johnson expressed herself. "So comfortable and convenient!" The words had a familiar sound.

For the rest of the week Nell Cutter moved in a realm of joyous anticipation. She kept it from the children. All they knew was that on Saturday night *perhaps* they were going to have the happiest surprise of their lives.

They moved along slowly, those twenty-four-hour days, until the last one came—Saturday. By noon, Nell was anxious beyond words. They were at the supper table when Mr. Johnson telephoned. Nell jumped like a shot to get the message. When she came back her face was beaming, her breath coming fast. "All right, children. This is it! . . ." There was dramatic suspense. Forks were poised. Every eye questioned her. "We're going to sell the old house and buy Brisbanes."

No one spoke. They all seemed dazed. Extreme happiness would do that, she knew. It was Josephine whose mind worked fastest. "Sell our house," she repeated in a little awed whisper, "and move away?"

At this, Nicky, whose brain had finally registered, threw back his head and belated to the moon.

Craig did not cry. He was mad. "That old stiff, shiny house? Why, there ain't even a porch . . . just a little peaked chicken-coop in front and two feather dusters stuck up in butter crocks."

"There's a sun-parlor," Nell protested.

"I don't want to sit in no sun-parlor. I want to go outdoors where the sun is."

"There are no trees," Josephine mourned. "The birds don't come there."

"Oh, my good old room," Gramma lamented, "where I can see the hills. Every day I say, 'I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills.'"

"Where'd I keep my guinea pigs?" Craig cross-questioned.

"Where'd T-toby stay?" Nick bawled.

"Good land, what ails this family?" Nell exploded. "I thought you'd be crazy anxious to live in the nicest house in town."

"This is the nicest house in town," Josephine said distinctly, "ain't it, boys?"

For the only time in their argumentative lives the boys agreed unconditionally with their sister. Nell looked at them in amazement. No, they were not joking. They meant it. They thought the old thing *was* the nicest house in town.

Plainly, Ed was sympathetic with them. "I know how they feel, Nell. It's home to them."

"I think it's nicer to have just one home," Gramma put in mildly. "You sort of weave your dreams and desires into the very walls."

There were more disparaging comments from the children. "Now, now!" Ed stopped them. "That'll do. Mama wants to, and we'll do what pleases Mama."

LIKE a back-stage call, the telephone sounded again. "It's Mrs. Brisbane," Nell announced. "She wants me to come right over. She sounded awfully upset."

When she arrived, Mrs. Brisbane called to her to come right up-stairs. As she responded, Nell caught again that wonderful satisfying picture—that sweep of living-room, French doors and sun-parlor beyond. Her hand lingered lovingly over the dull mahogany rail which swept up the enameled stairs. Mrs. Brisbane was in a big chair by the bed. She had a cloth on her head. At sight of Nell, she burst into hysterical tears and broken sentences. "I never was so treated in my life! . . . I wish I was dead! . . . It's awful! . . . Tom just talked awful to me! . . . He accuses me of getting him into this—me! My whole family's deserted me . . . Fred . . . I don't know where he is half the time. . . . Mayme . . . she never tells me a thing. I heard to-day, from another source that she—she's going to marry him anyway—that Ray Blake. . . . Well, she don't need to bring any youngster of his here. . . . I wouldn't touch it. Oh, it's awful. I wanted you to come. You're the only one in this town who understands me."

Nell had a sudden revolting thought that this well-meant compliment might not be greatly to her credit.





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Treat your face to the luxury of a shave with a new blade stropped on Twinplex. Never again will you ask, "Why should I strop my blades when new blades are so cheap?" Twinplex improves even a new blade 100% and gives 100 perfect shaves from it! A few turns strop both edges keen. Sold everywhere. Twinplex Sales Co. St. Louis, New York, Montreal



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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



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Tell me the cost of equipping my building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips (check whether home, factory, office building, church, school).

Give number of outside doors \_\_\_\_\_  
windows \_\_\_\_\_

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## Save Fuel Keep Warm End Draughts

You will be surprised at the small cost of equipping your home or business building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

And they add so much to comfort, cleanliness and good household economy. They save 25% to 40% of fuel costs. Keep dirt, dust, soot and smoke from sifting in. That ends one of the most tedious tasks of housework.

### Why Heat Your Building 36 Times Every Day?

Tests show the rush of cold air at unprotected windows and doors fills the average building 36 times daily. Why fight this with fuel?

How much more simple to bar it out as thousands of good home managers do, with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

At 12,000,000 windows and doors Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips permanently end fuel waste and discomforts resulting from draughts. They make homes dust-proof. Protect hangings, furnishings and decorations. End rattling doors and windows.

Healthier homes result. Children are safe from cold

air currents. No cold spots. You are not driven from the bright, cheerful window by chill draughts.

**Free** Chamberlin Strips are used on 85% of all weather stripped buildings, including homes, banks, schools, office buildings, churches, stores, hotels and apartments.

They are guaranteed to last as long as the building. Any need for service or attention, no matter how many years hence, is cheerfully done free, by Chamberlin experts. An estimate by our engineering department, on the cost of your equipment, is free. Just send the coupon.



"I've schemed and schemed for my children," the woman went on, "and worked their father time and again to gratify their wants . . . planned this house as nice as I could for them . . . and *this* is what I get for it . . . They go off every evening and leave me alone . . . and their father takes his hard luck out on me!" There were more random complaints and then: "What I really sent for you for was about the furniture. I'm in an awful pinch. . . . Tom says you folks are going to get the house. I wanted to ask if you'd buy most of the furniture just as it stands. . . . We'll move away, of course; we wouldn't stay *here*, now, the way we've been treated. It's only about half paid for, and Tom don't know it . . . and after to-night I'd kill myself before I'd tell him. Schmidt and Mills keep *dinging* at me, just *hound* me, when I haven't a cent more to pay. I thought if you'd pay me cash, I'd let you have it for about three fourths of its actual cost—then—I could make another payment."

NELL'S amazement was greater than her sense of propriety. "But we heard . . . your uncle?"

"Oh, that *fortune*? That was only a hundred dollars, but people thought it was more and I just let them." Back she went to her grievances: "He's so *mean*, Tom is . . . about money . . . swears about the bills. What can I do? I can't help things being high. How'd he like to have us going around looking like gypsies?" There was much more. It was disgraceful, the whole tirade concerning the family and its financial status. The air was stifling. Nell wanted to get away, outdoors, under the stars, on home to her own.

She managed to escape with no definite promises. Once out in the open, the house she had just left no longer seemed the most beautiful one in town. It seemed the House of Sham. The luxurious chairs were upholstered in falseness, stuffed with lies. The shining enamel was as slippery as deceit. Looking back as she turned the corner it appeared in the moonlight a whited sepulcher with dead men's bones within. As she hurried on, she was mentally confused.

There was with her the vision of people everywhere: men and women, young and old, who were feeding the animals to keep up appearances: Debts. Interest. Principal. Instalments. Mortgages. Loans-on-life-insurance—all the snarling, menacing animals which padded softly forever just back of the crowd. She seemed to see the people continually casting furtive glances over their shoulders, constantly throwing money to them—always trying to cover them so no one would know they were there. With two of them, the house of Cutter had long contended. These were bad enough. And now Mortgage would slip, leopard-like, into the procession. Interest and Principal had been bad enough. But Mortgage—that ate homes. Lumber, stucco, brick, Modern Dutch, Colonial, Early English—they were all the same to the hydra-headed monster. Constantly, he watched and if you slipped—he ate your home.

She was at home now. The low, rambling house lay still and peaceful under the warm October moon. The swaying elms dipped and beckoned hospitably. The lights shone through freshly-laundered

curtains. In the living-room she could see Ed in his big shabby chair with the boys perched on the arms, the boys who could scarcely be driven away from their father's side. Gramma was holding the baby in her comfortable lap, Gramma, who welcomed each grandchild as if it were her own. Josephine was at the piano—Josephine, who told her every thought, who fairly turned her mind inside out for her mother to see. The tasteful arrangement of the old furniture with its good lines, the warm glow of the shaded lights, made the room look softly mellow. Why, it looked *artistic*! Nell Cutter had eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge!

As Nell went in a man got out of a car and came up to the door. It was Mr. Johnson. Ed was both cordial and businesslike. He took a folded paper from his pocket. "I brought a blank deed home."

Nell went pale. She steadied herself at the back of a chair. Nick, pulling at her sleeve, kept hissing something through his teeth. It sounded like "Can't have it . . . Can't have it!" By the side of his father stood Craig, fists doubled, glaring at the intruder as though he were armored and entering a baronial castle. Josephine had gone kitchenward, and Nell was vaguely aware that somewhere along the route she had burst into tears. Gramma got up and went into her own room, as though she did not want to be in at the killing. Only Ed remained cool and unperturbed. Suddenly, Nell Cutter felt that she was selling many things of which she had not taken cognizance. She was selling big feathery lilacs, the odor of apple-blossoms, the songs of birds, the hills from whence came her help. She was disposing of her children's birthplace, the shrine of memories, Ed's energy, her own peace of mind. She was feeding the animals—to keep up appearances.

"Mr. Johnson," she broke in, "I'm awfully sorry to disappoint you after all I said . . . but I don't want to sell now. There's another house, though . . . the Brisbanes' lovely new one. Scarcely anyone knows it's for sale. Mrs. Johnson would love it, I know, she's such a good housekeeper. It has as many rooms as this one . . . and a *sun-parlor* . . ." she added feebly, carefully avoiding Ed's eye.

GRAMMA and the children had gone to bed. Ed and Nell were in the kitchen attending to all those little duties which come under the jurisdiction of house-holders. "Well, Nellie," Ed said cheerfully, "you certainly showed your good sense."

"Princes and lords are but the breath of kings, An honest man's the noblest work of God. The cottage leaves the palace far behind. What is a lordling's pomp? A cumbrous load Disguising oft the wretch of humankind."

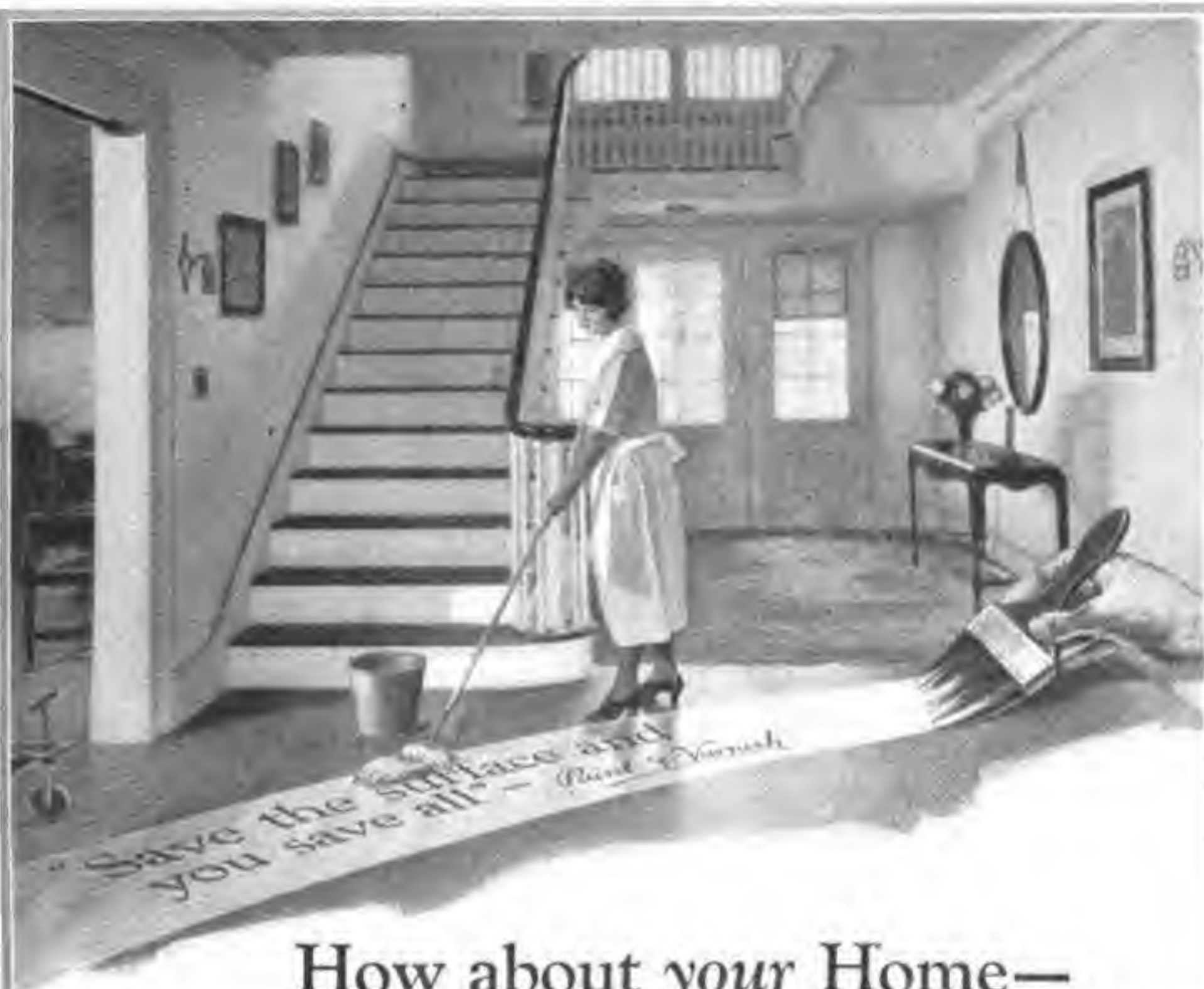
He wound the clock. It had been Gramma's. He could remember seeing the little speckled church on it when he was a tiny boy. He put the key behind the steeple. "Well, it's Saturday night again and so,

"The toil-worn Cutter frae his labor goes. This night his weekly moil is at an end, He gathers up his mattocks . . ."

He broke off. "What's all this stuff piled up in the kindling-box?"

Nell's answer embodied all the elements of curtness, conciseness, and simplicity. "House plans," she said. "Burn 'em up."





## How about your Home— are you wearing out the Floors or walking on the Finish?

A NEW floor costs approximately fifty times more than a new finish. Paint and Varnish save more than the surface—they save money.

Paint and Varnish save labor, too. Women who have to look after unfinished floors complain that no matter how hard they scrub, they can not make them *look* clean.

A South Dakota woman unburdens herself as follows:

"But alas the floors! The farmers' hurrying feet, the hired men's heavy shoes, the babies pushing chairs and toys about, and the never ceasing march of the busy housewife, soon told their story. By the first spring we knew the floors needed help. *If they had received it then, perhaps all would have been well.* But they did not get their needed varnish. . . .

By this time they were so worn, I had to scrub them twice a week to remove the stains that would now sink in. . . ."

The woman who lives with varnished floors tells a different story. Her mop glides quickly and easily over smoothly finished surfaces.

And listen to the woman who uses linoleum:

"The linoleum on our kitchen floor is soon to celebrate its *quintcenth* birthday anniversary in our home. It is well protected by frequent coats of varnish."

Take a look at the floors you walk on every day. Do they need protection? Save the surface and you save the floors. The same with every surface of all property you possess. Save the surface and you save all.

IT costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. Paint and Varnish NOW, or you'll pay far more, later, for repairs and replacements. Don't put it off—put it on.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN—507 The Bourse, Philadelphia.  
A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.





## Build up your strength and energy

Deprive your body of one vital element, which many common foods are known to lack, and no matter how much you eat you will inevitably exhaust your vitality and tear down your health.

Be on the safe side; eat Yeast Foam Tablets and you will get in abundance a substance you need in order to build up and maintain vigorous health.

These tablets are a tonic food, made of selected, whole, dehydrated yeast. They stimulate the appetite, improve digestion and help the body change food into healthy tissues.

Yeast Foam Tablets are easy to take; they keep and, unlike baking yeast, they don't cause gas. Sold by druggists and made by the makers of the famous baking yeasts, Yeast Foam and Magic Yeast.

# Yeast Foam Tablets

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Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Co.  
1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

# The Secret of Sound Sleep

(Continued from page 15)

perfectly normal arrangement your mind would be calm and unworried.

"Of course," he smiled, "with that mental attitude you would sleep more than two hours, when you needed to. But that is not the point. The point is that the after-effects of a bad night are not caused by lack of sleep but are chiefly due to your emotions of anxiety and fear.

"I say 'chiefly,' because there may be another factor. What are the thoughts that occupy the mind of a person who lies awake at night? Much of the time, of course, he is thinking about going to sleep; fearing he won't, and worrying because he doesn't. The rest of the time he is thinking about the *same things* that have occupied his thoughts during the day.

"The man keeps on thinking about his business problems. The woman thinks about her domestic cares. If people are not well, or believe they are not well, they think about their health. If they have any sorrow, they think about that. College students, who have been working over their books, think about their studies. People have an idea that men who work at physical labor are not troubled with sleeplessness. But they very often are; because they spend the night, or a part of it, thinking about their own special worries; fear of losing their jobs, worry over expenses, or over family complications.

"**N**OW, here is a very important fact: When we use a nerve cell, we exhaust some of its stored-up energy. When we allow it to rest, it stores up new energy in place of what has been used. Mental fatigue comes through a *continuous* use of the same group of cells without giving them a chance to renew their store of energy.

"The mental exhaustion which is felt after a bad night is due not only to the anxious emotions we have had but also to the fact that we have gone right on working the *same nerve cells* which we have been using during the day. If we had allowed them to recuperate, while we used other cells, which were not already tired, we should not feel exhausted.

"Everyone ought to realize the importance of *resting* the nerve cells. We should do it a number of times during the day. Stop your work once in a while. If you are a brain worker, either lie down a few moments, or sit back in your chair with closed eyes, and completely relax. Stop thinking about what you have been working on. Make your mind as blank as possible.

"I have told some of my patients who are business men to have a couch in their office and to lie down occasionally for a few moments of complete relaxation. If you don't want to have a couch—there, again, we have the fear instinct, the fear of what others will say—you can lean back in your chair and stop thinking about your immediate problems. I do this myself. I know of many cases of other men who do it. We all *need* to do it.

"This is especially advisable for anyone troubled with sleeplessness. For it not only prevents the nerve cells from becoming exhausted but it helps a person to ac-

quire the ability to relax at will. We *must* relax at night, in order to sleep. Practice it in the daytime. It is easier then, if you are a beginner, because you are not obsessed with the fear of not going to sleep. In this way you will 'get the habit,' and will be able to do it at night.

"You probably are disappointed because I don't tell you things to do about eating and bathing and exercise, or give you a lot of schemes for counting, or tell you to count sheep jumping over a fence, or something like that. Most people want to use 'trick plays' of this sort. But they are *fundamentally valueless*, because they do not get at the root of the matter.

"Indeed, they are more likely to prevent sleep than to induce it. The trouble is that they demand *concentration* of the attention, whereas it should be dissipated instead. You may get some purely temporary benefit from them, because they keep you from thinking about the worries of the day, and so let the brain cells which are fatigued have a chance to rest. But you can accomplish the same result in a better way by relaxing the mind and body. And this will give *permanent* benefit, as well as better temporary results.

"Of course the common protest to this is the impatient exclamation, 'But I *can't* relax!' My own answer to that is, 'It isn't true. You can—but you won't!' People have said to me, when I have told them to lie perfectly quiet when they go to bed, 'I can't! I am so nervous I can't lie still an instant!' Again I say, 'It is not true!'

"At first, you will have to compel yourself to keep still. You will think that you simply must move your head, if only an inch or two. You will have to restrain yourself, by an effort of the will, for several minutes. But then you will find that your inclination to make that particular movement has passed. If you are sincere and earnest in your wish to give the thing a fair trial you will tell yourself that it really is working. A moment later you probably will want to move your head some *other way*! And again you will have to restrain yourself. Then you may feel that you simply must move your arm, or your foot.

"**B**UT these inclinations *will pass*, if you do not yield to them. I had one case, a woman who used to keep her head in almost constant motion for some time after going to bed. Every few seconds she would shift it a little on the pillow. She would turn her whole body, again and again. She would move one foot, then the other, and so on. But chiefly it was her head that she kept shifting about. She thought she couldn't keep still. But the very first night that she *made* herself keep still, she did so quite easily; and she very soon went to sleep.

"As I said before, we go to sleep because we *decide* that we will. And we 'decide' this by deliberately trying to put ourselves in a condition favorable to sleep.

"Do you have trouble in going to sleep?" Doctor Sidis suddenly asked me.

"Yes," I admitted.

"Well, then," he went on, "when you





## Pickles in Patterns

*Just one example  
of uniformity  
in food preparation*

**E**XAMINE closely a jar of Heinz pickles. They look good to eat, yes—but note the arrangement of the contents. Everything placed just so.

Now look at another jar. It shows the same uniform pattern. You can't tell them apart. And any number of jars, each packed by a different girl, show the same orderly, tasteful arrangement.

The neat, prim, white-capped "Heinz girls" do this very skillfully and rapidly. Visitors to the Heinz spotless kitchens marvel at their deftness.

This uniformity in packing is proof of a still greater thing—the uniformity of the products which are packed. It speaks volumes for the care in sorting and selecting.

And the Heinz principle of uniformity goes still further. It is uniformity of grade and quality as well as of size—uniformity in every phase of preparation. Any one jar of pickles or any one can of beans is exactly as good as any other jar or can. The uniform quality and taste of each of the 57 Varieties is something which can always be depended upon.

The reason is not only high standards of food preparation—but cheerful loyalty to these standards by the men and women who do the preparing.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY

57  
Varieties



# Make Words Work for You

**A remarkable new invention that automatically gives you greater command of English in 15 minutes a day; finds and corrects your mistakes; increases your vocabulary.**

Words are the greatest weapons at your command; upon your use of them depends your success or failure. Words are the weapons you use every minute of every day to fight your battles, no matter what you are striving for. Words tell *what you are*. Your language reveals you. If your words are sharp, crisp, convincing, and correct you can overcome every obstacle in your pathway to great achievement. Yet most persons use flat, ordinary, lifeless words which roll off the mind like water off a duck's back; and most persons are only 61% efficient in the essential points of correct English.



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go to bed, say to yourself, 'I don't care whether I go to sleep or not.'

"But I *do* care!" I protested.

"I know you do," he said, smiling; "but it is important for you to tell yourself that you *don't*. It is a well-known fact that mere affirmation has an influence on the mind. We really help ourselves not to care by telling ourselves that we don't care. Have you ever wanted to go some place, have been prevented from going, and have said with a shrug of your shoulders, 'Oh, well, I don't care!' Didn't it help to give you a really don't-care frame of mind? When you want to relax it helps if you say to yourself, 'I am utterly relaxed.' Because you instinctively react to the suggestion.

"MY PATIENTS, as I said before, are people we call psychopathic; that is, they have fallen into abnormal mental habits. But we can learn a great deal from them. The psychopathic person makes himself believe in utter absurdities by following the simple process of telling himself that they are true. But the normal person can use the same method to control his sane and reasonable ideas.

"You tell yourself that you don't care if you do not go to sleep. And you can believe it; for you have *reason* on your side. You have had it explained to you by scientists, for they all will tell you this: that a prolonged sleep state of unconsciousness is not essential to your health! You know, because they have told you, that what you do need is relaxation and rest. So you tell yourself that you will relax, be quiet, and think idly of something remote from your personal interests. You can do this. Of course, these being the conditions favorable to sleep, you probably will go to sleep anyway. The point is, not to *care* whether you do, because you realize that it is not vitally important whether you go to sleep or not.

"Did you ever hear the story of the peasant who went to a magician and wanted to be told the secret of how to find a hidden treasure of gold? The magician assured the man that it would be perfectly simple.

"All you need to do," he said, 'is not to think of foxes' tails for three days.'

"Well," laughed Doctor Sidis, "you can imagine the rest of the story. Of course the peasant couldn't keep from thinking of foxes' tails for three minutes, let alone three days. It was so tremendously important for him *not* to think of them that he was afraid he would; and his fear made him think of them constantly.

"It is the same with sleep. You have a mistaken idea that it is vitally important for you to sleep a certain number of hours every night. Because you think it is so important you are afraid that you won't. And your fear brings about the very result you dread.

"I spoke of shutting out sensory stimuli, such as the impressions which come through the eyes. I advise you always to close the eyes when you first go to bed. They themselves need rest. So do the brain cells to which they have been sending impressions. However, if you stay awake for some time, especially if it is hard for you to keep your mind from thoughts which excite and interest you, I suggest that you try this:

"Open your eyes. Perhaps, as you lie

in bed, you can see a star in the sky. Fix your eyes on that star; not intently with rigid purpose, but quietly and easily, because the star really is nothing that concerns you. Let yourself think idly about it. You will find that, if you do not *try* to think, your mind will wander on and on, bringing up a lot of impressions and ideas that are scarcely held together by a thread of thought. They come and go without effort on your part, mere fleeting pictures, most of them. After a while your eyes will close of themselves. And the chances are that you will go to sleep. But it *does not matter* if you don't! You are resting, both in body and in mind.

"If you cannot see a star, you can perhaps look at the dim shape of a tree; or you can look at some object, half visible in the room itself. You can look at it idly and let your mind drift, while you rest. It is a well-known fact that prisoners in solitary confinement have a tendency to sleep, unless there are external stimulations which cause mental activity. And so, with ourselves, if the body is quiet, the attention relaxed, drowsiness naturally follows.

"I said that I would explain the effect of monotony in inducing sleep. Our nerve cells have what is called a 'threshold of stimulation.' That is, the stimulus coming from outside must be of a certain intensity in order to get over this threshold and cause the nerve to react. Sounds, for instance, must reach a certain intensity for us to hear them, and so on.

"But science has discovered that if a stimulation is repeated *over and over*, this threshold of sensation rises. Or, to put it another way, the nerve grows fatigued and the stimulus must be made stronger and stronger in order to affect the nerve. If the strength of the stimulation remains the same the effect on the nerve constantly *diminishes*.

"That explains why a monotonous repetition of sound helps to induce sleep. The nerve cells which are affected by the sound grow tired, the threshold of sensation rises, and they cease to react to sounds, unless they are much louder or of a different character. So by monotonous repetition of sound we actually succeed in *shutting it out* of our consciousness entirely. And, by just that much, we limit the field of consciousness—which, you remember, is one of the conditions favorable to sleep."

"THAT sounds all right as a theory," I admitted; "but I know people who can't sleep if there is a clock in the room and they can hear it tick."

"You mean that they *say* they can't sleep," objected Doctor Sidis. "It isn't the clock that keeps them awake. It is their fear of the clock. I mean, their fear that it will disturb them. I could prove to you that almost no sound in the world keeps a person awake. It is only what we feel about the sound."

"But that's it," I said. "People think they can't control their feelings."

"Yet they do it, if they want to," was the patient reply. "I have had cases of people who thought they couldn't sleep with a clock in the room; and others who thought they *must* have a clock in order to sleep."

"Did you try to prove to each one that he was mistaken?" I asked.

"As a physician, I am governed by various factors in deciding on treatment,"





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said Doctor Sidis. "But the normal person should say to himself: 'I can go to sleep, either with or without a clock. I hear it only when I listen for it, anyway. The real point is whether it is a convenience for me, regardless of sleep, to have a clock in my bedroom. If it is, I naturally want one there. It has nothing to do with my sleeping. It is really favorable to sleep.'

"Of course the greatest trouble people have is in controlling the thoughts, in *letting alone* the things they have been thinking of during the day. You cannot acquire this ability as quickly as you can acquire the ability to keep your *body* quiet. It takes practice, cultivation, to be able to relax the mind. The reason why I object to the use of the countless formulas for going to sleep is that I think they defeat their object.

"I have read directions for hundreds of these 'trick plays.' But the flaw in all of them is the fact that they require you to concentrate the mind on some definite thought, even though it is a trivial one. I do not see, therefore, how these things can effect a cure. For we cannot overcome the result of mental concentration in one direction by mental concentration in another direction. Not when inability to sleep is the result we want to overcome. In that case we must substitute mental relaxation. I cannot see *any other road* to a permanent escape from the condition.

"DO YOU realize what constitutes our chief mental activity? It is *making selections* from a vast number of impressions and ideas. That is what we are doing, all day long; *selecting* the impressions received from outside, putting them together to make thoughts. And we are constantly selecting memory impressions and associating them with new ones as they come to us through our senses.

"Now, when your thoughts keep you awake, it is because you are going right on with this *selecting and arranging* of ideas. If you didn't, you wouldn't have consecutive thought.

"Well, then, this is the very thing we must *stop* doing if we want to have mental rest. Sometimes you are conscious that you are going to sleep. You know vaguely that you are 'dropping off.' And haven't you noticed, at such times, that your thoughts are broken and disconnected? Half-formed ideas, fleeting and unrelated impressions, pass through your mind. It is because you no longer are selecting your thoughts and fitting them together.

"If you let your mind alone and don't direct your thoughts they will wander from one thing to another. They are not thoughts, in fact; they are merely a train of disconnected ideas and impressions. This is the *normal state* of the mind as it approaches sleep. And since this is true you can see clearly that the way to go to sleep is to put the mind in the normal state *for sleep*."

"I wish you would sum it up as concisely and as definitely as you can," I said.

"All right!" agreed Doctor Sidis. "The first step is to lie still—keep quiet, close your eyes, and relax physically. If you were merely an animal, you would go to sleep under those conditions almost immediately. Remember that I proved this over and over again, even with animals that were so excited and nervous that I had to keep them still by main force.



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"But you are not merely an animal. You are a thinking human being. You want to have your mind in a state of unconsciousness. That is what sleep means to you."

"Well, first remember that you can rest without unconsciousness; and that rest is the chief essential to your well-being. The state of unconsciousness, therefore, is not of supreme importance to your health."

"However, your mind is tired too. The brain cells you have been using all day are fatigued. They need to store up new energy. If you go on thinking and planning—planning is particularly bad because it is especially devoted to selecting ideas—the brain cells are kept at work. Their energy is still further exhausted, and you will get up in the morning more fagged mentally than when you went to bed. Therefore you must relax mentally. You can do this by not thinking consecutively on any subject. You can let your mind wander. This is the normal state of approaching sleep. A quiet body and an 'unthinking mind' will almost inevitably result in sleep. It is the only right method. It is fundamentally sound. The popular devices are mere trick plays. They have no lasting value."

## Hope Is a Liar!

(Continued from page 9)

that robust optimism will keep them up; that hope is a faithful friend, a tireless comforter. But I say, "Nonsense! Hope tells a flattering tale; hope is a liar; hope tucks you up in a bed when you ought to be out; hope smooths over your acts of stupidity and tells you it'll be all right next time. The hopeful man is a weak man; the strong man stands alone and needs no hope."

Although, in those days, I never hoped that an editor would take my manuscript, I was never beaten when he refused. I had schooled myself too hard to feel refusal much; I had attained another point of view, which may be summarized as "Be dull."

Here again I go against the usual counsels, which tell you to be bright. I say to you, be dull, be stoical. Are you a janitor, asked a hundred times a day the same silly question? Are you a telephone operator, and is the public rude? If so, you are the same as I was, and you can stand it if you say: "I am what I am, and the world does not know it; let it try to hurt me if it will. I am serene. I am above this battle." Through such an armor nothing can touch you. Your energy remains; and in your obstinacy you may adopt another motto: "Never Resign!"

That motto I drew from one of my bad habits. All those who play chess know that at a certain point of the game the situation of one player grows so hopeless that custom suggests he should resign. I played chess in those days, but I never resigned; I played on until my pieces were taken, until my king was not only cornered, but mated. And why? In virtue of this saying: "Never resign! The other man may have a fit."

When I wanted to sell a manuscript, I might have to wait; I might have to reconstruct it; I might have to look for another customer, but I'd go on offering





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it until it grew so old that it dropped to pieces. Then I had it retyped. On looking through my register, I find that I had articles refused eleven times, thirteen, sixteen times—yet, in the end, I sold them! I should have gone on offering them till the skies fell, improving them as I gained experience, rewriting them, but always offering them. Ten years ago I wanted to see Spain. I offered myself as correspondent to nineteen newspapers in succession, and nineteen rejected me. Then one accepted me; but I should have gone on so long as there were newspapers to approach, until my decease or that of the editors.

It was not easy, this battle. To plan, to adapt himself to other people, to face adverse criticism, to fail to achieve his best work, all that takes the courage out of a man. But, as Mr. Kipling says:

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew

To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you,  
Except the Will which says to them:  
"Hold On!"

then indeed you are the master of your fate. To be the master of your fate you need to *have* pride, and *not* to have it. You need the pride that tells you you are human, that you carry in your breast an atom of eternity; but you must cast away the pride that makes you flush when your master calls you a fool, or your customer cheapens your goods. I came to that.

I CAN illustrate this simply by recording that in 1910 I waited for an interview on the staircase of the London "Daily News;" in 1911 I was shown into the waiting-room; in 1912 I shook hands with the editor. It was not the merits of my work did this for me, equal and better work was available; but I was there, always there, seeing whom I could, taking a snub and coming back for another; never hoping, always bearing; until, by degrees, the work that was printed made my task easier; until there were no more barriers.

I attribute all success to courage in action and fortitude in defeat. That is so; but an author must have the goods to deliver, and he must deliver them in the right way. I realized early that details matter; that the presentation of my work had much to do with success. So I took endless pains over details: the paper, the typing, the binding, the fasteners—all this I made as perfect as I could, and one day I received my reward. I was introduced to a publisher who had rejected my work.

"Oh," he said, "you're the man who sends in the beautiful manuscripts."

By that little thing I had become known, as a workman by the finish of his product, as a salesman by his "selling" manners! In other words, I had made an impression on this man's mind; the acquaintance had good results, and we later did business—which we should not have done if his mind had not been interested, prepared in advance. A man's pains may yield him nothing at the time, but his pains are observed, and mark him out for further notice.

In another sense, too, nothing was too small. After a few years, the peril approached me that threatens every young



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man who has achieved a little success: I might become conceited. We all know that state of mind; we have been made foreman of the shop, or promoted over other clerks. We are rather full of ourselves, when one day our employer requests us to take on a job that should go to one of our subordinates. We are insulted; we may be foolish enough to protest; we try to "pass the buck," and thus we leave upon the mind of the employer the impression that we have become too big for our boots.

That difficulty confronted me after I published my first successful novel; I felt like a demigod lost among mere mankind. I had a vision of future big successes, leisure, fame—when a newspaper asked if I would write paragraphs. That gave me a shock! It was like asking a movie star, who had once been a stenographer, to take down letters at a dollar an hour. Evidently that editor did not know how much I had got on. Fortunately, instinct whispered to me, "Nothing is too small. You are a young writer yet. If you refuse, you antagonize a customer who later may give you better work to do. If you accept, you open a new market, you make yourself known."

So I accepted; on the top of public success, I wrote paragraphs at seventy-five cents each. A few years later that editor was glad to order from me articles for his middle page. Nothing is too small. If I were a salesman in a steel works and a customer refused to buy a battleship, I should willingly sell him a packet of pins if I had them.

I SUPPOSE that many men and women consider themselves too sensitive to bear such an education. They should not be proud of this, for sensitiveness is not a charming quality; it is a mental disease of which we should cure ourselves. Most of their sensitiveness is due to vanity. They "cannot bear" refusals, rough answers, delay. If that is so, then must they remain under-dogs. Nietzsche was right in saying: "He who can bear all things can dare all things." And the thing which is so hard to bear, which must be borne, is the contempt of one's fellows. I wonder if my readers quite realize what it cost a young man at the sensitive age of twenty to put up before his desk a board filled with his errors in pronunciation, for the office boys to guffaw at! I made myself callous to contempt, as I made myself callous to the rejections of my work.

It was this that enabled me to stand alone and to find strength in my solitude. The boy or the girl who starts in business, as I started in literature, is too much inclined to seek introductions, hoping to obtain a job as a favor. The good jobs do not come that way. The editor, the storekeeper, the bank president, are famished for young talent; real talent needs no introduction from the lady the editor took in to dinner. Indeed, an introduction makes him suspect that the applicant cannot rely on his ability alone. I have had a few introductions; none ever did me much good. The best results have come from:

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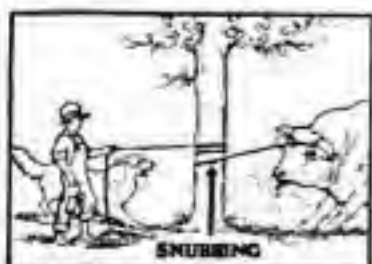


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by remembering that the buyer had a heart like mine, and should be analyzed as a human problem.

3. Delivering the goods to the hour and the minute, through peace and war, snow-storm and flood, in sickness and in health. If I promise an article for Tuesday and the railroad breaks down, I'll walk.

In the foregoing I seem to have suggested that I took pains to give the public what it wants. That is not the case. The man who writes only "what the public wants" is as low a man as the druggist who supplies cocaine to the "public" that wants it. I have never written a line which I cannot justify to-day; I might have had an easier time if I had been less idealistic about it. I may have changed my views; at thirty-nine I do not think as I did at twenty-five; but what I said at twenty-five I honestly believed then. There is no other way to keep one's heart clean and one's pocket filled; a man can no more prosper through writings which he despises than a salesman can sell stoves unless he believes that they are good stoves. For a while the fraud may stand, but in the end the writings and the stoves find liars out.

**WHAT** I mean applies to the trade of any man or woman: Just as one must not offer canned beef in a vegetarian colony, one does not send an article on flying to the "Boxing News." I studied my markets as I studied my men; you may have in your head plays fit to set beside Shakespeare's; but you will not sell them unless you discover the theatre that wants them. If nobody wants them, and yet you must write them, then write them; you will have been true to your impulse, and your faith may yet be justified. If you want to go to sea and your friends suggest that you accept a shore job, go to sea; for if you do anything that you think unworthy you will not keep a clean heart; when misfortune finds you out you will go down because you will deserve to go down.

Misfortune must come. There are some things which ability, energy, resource cannot hold back. I have worked hard, and I have been rewarded; but I have had to face the loss by death of people much loved. Twice my life has been in ashes; but I did not leave it there. There comes a time to all of us when we believe that none other can give us what we received from the dear dead. Then indeed we must seek lofty fortitude; I am human and have not always shown the fortitude I should. But in the end I have rebuilt my life, because I realize that life goes on.

I have told myself: "One very dear lies in the grave; so will you by and by. The flowers will bloom after you have gone, and lovers will court in the churchyard. It is right so. You have but a little time here, and much to do. You live. You intend to live. Then live well, live bravely, fully. Do not pretend to yourself that you cannot love again, strive again, achieve again. To do that would be morbid. Rather, set your face forward, forgetting nothing of the past, determined to make a fine thing of the future. And hold to this: 'There is in man something that is more than man.' Courage to act, courage to refuse, courage to endure, until we are dismissed."



## It's great after shaving

**I**f you've never doused clear Listerine on your face after shaving, you've missed something good.

Just try it tomorrow morning. See what a delightful, exhilarating feeling it brings to your face—how it "sets you up" for breakfast and the day's work.

You'll find you will want it after your shave every morning.

Listerine provides the ideally safe antiseptic lotion. It is composed of a pure, saturated solu-

tion of boric acid, skillfully and always uniformly blended with healing, fragrant oils.

Thus it allays irritation and guards against in-

fection that might come from any abrasion or nick your razor may leave.

Read the circular that comes packed with each bottle. It describes dozens of other

uses for this excellent antiseptic—uses that have kept Listerine ever growing in popularity for the past half century.



*Fresh, clean, cool and safely antiseptic*

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY  
SAINT LOUIS, U.S.A.





## It Protects the Skin From Wind and Chaps

This is what winter weather does to the skin if not suitably protected—first, the wind dries out the moisture, then the cold brings chaps. The result is that the skin soon grows rough and coarse.

If you protect your skin against wind and cold, it will retain its natural softness and freshness. Your skin needs Frostilla Fragrant Lotion every day to keep it at its best. This lotion is quickly absorbed by the skin and contains no grease or oil to make it sticky. The fragrance is the delightful perfume of many rare flowers.

Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is useful for many things. In manicuring it softens the cuticle and prevents soreness around the nails. It keeps the hands white and smooth in spite of adverse household duties. Men find it soothing after the shave. It prevents and relieves chapped ankles.

Use Frostilla Fragrant Lotion before powdering. After rubbing it into the skin wipe off the surplus with a soft cloth, then powder. No shine can appear; the skin takes on a more natural appearance and the powder clings on much longer.

This year's Frostilla Fragrant Lotion is different from the last. Its popularity shows 1975 (proof) in its success. It can be purchased everywhere on the United States and Canada. Retail price, 15c. The Frostilla Company, Chicago, New York.

# Frostilla

FRAGRANT LOTION



## Keep Your Promises —And Make Others Keep Theirs!

(Continued from page 51)

off to the East to buy merchandise, and left me to run the place. I was nineteen years old then. My share of the profits the first year was a little over ten thousand dollars. And Mr. Walker had held out the prospect that I might, sometime, earn five thousand!

That was my first venture for myself. It was a good business, and profitable, but some undesirable elements developed and I sold out. For a couple of years I engaged in the breeding of blooded stock. I held a great sale finally and cleared out all the stock at a handsome profit. That left me without a business.

Before leaving Afton for Chicago I had attended a business college in Dayton, Ohio. There, on my way to and from classes, I passed a wholesale grocery. I used to stand and watch the operations with great interest.

"Some day," I promised myself, "I'm going into the wholesale grocery business!"

It fascinated me. So, at this time, when I had no business, I recalled that resolution. I looked into the possibilities and it appeared to me there was an opening for such a business in Marshalltown. I succeeded in getting two other men to see it my way, and we three agreed to put ten thousand dollars apiece into the project.

**P**RESENTLY our plans got noised about town. Very soon I was called into a conference with some of the principal local wisecracks, among them the presidents of the two biggest banks.

"Frank," the spokesman at this conference said solemnly, "we understand you are figuring on going into the wholesale grocery business here?"

"That's right," I replied.

"Don't you know," he continued, "that a couple of concerns have already tried it?"

"Yes, I know it."

"Both of them failed. They had more money than you have. If they couldn't make a go of it, how can you expect to?"

I determined, however, to go ahead with my plans. At the start I called on all the retailers in town and told them what I was going to do. I explained that we expected to run a wholesale business, with all the frills.

"We anticipate no preferences as to price," I said; "but when you buy outside you have to have the goods shipped in and pay freight on small lots. We can save you something there, and we want your business."

They promised to try us, and kept the promise. Our company made a profit of only four hundred dollars the first year, but after that did better. There have been many changes and additions since, and to-day, instead of having just one house in one city, we have twenty-six houses in as many cities, with manufacturing plants in two other cities.

It was before we really began to ex-





## *Kodak Welcomes Winter*

There's a tang to the air and a zest to the occasion that give life and action to the pictures you make.

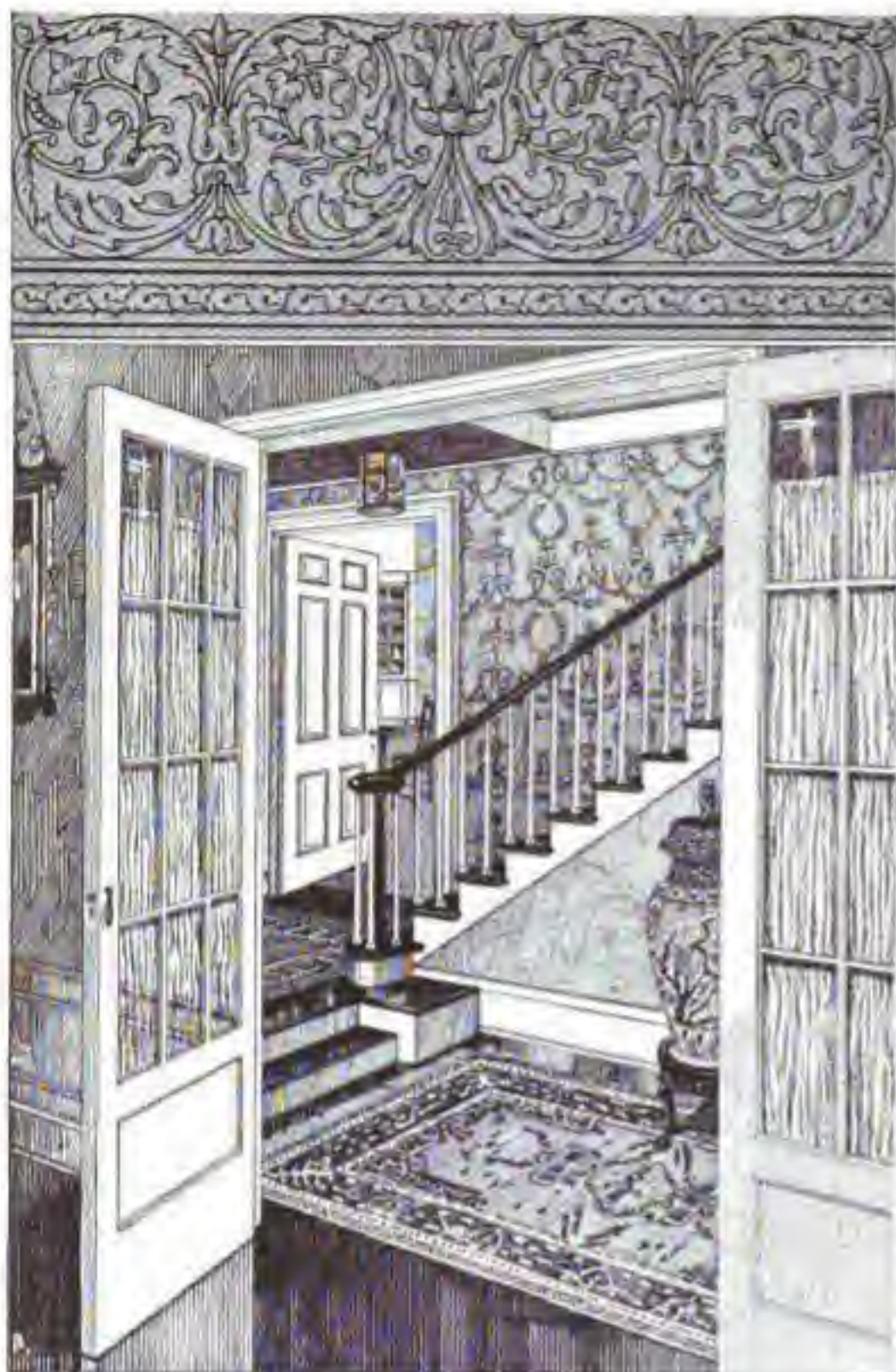
Winter prints contribute prized pages to your album.

And it's all easy the Kodak way—and all fun.

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up*

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y.** *The Kodak City*





# CURTIS WOODWORK

Woodwork by Curtis is proudly trade marked by the name "Curtis" and the year "1866", when this institution started with the intent to make the finest possible woodwork. This intent has made Curtis the standard of comparison. It will pay you to see the Curtis dealer—usually the best in the community. His Big Catalog illustrates and describes every item in this complete line of woodwork. If you do not know his name, write to Curtis Service Bureau, Clinton, Iowa.



Colonial Entrance No. C-101

This Curtis entrance will make vestibule or hall bright and cheerful. Many shown in Curtis Booklet, "Entrances and Exterior Doors," free on request.

## Good Woodwork Makes— Poor Woodwork Breaks— The Beauty of the Home

TO SEE your pet ideas built into a new house or rebuilt into an old one is like making dreams come true.

But these dreams do not come true unless you use woodwork of the finest quality—not necessarily more expensive, but recognized at once by all your friends as "quality."

The woodwork of a home is like the motor in a car—little noticed unless it is wrong—but all-important. Therefore it is of utmost importance to select Curtis woodwork—so well made that the maker is proud to place his trade mark on each piece.

Your assurance of Curtis quality and correct design comes from our experience of 57 years in the wood-working business—all that time with the intent to produce the very best. To this we add the knowledge and skill of our consulting architects.

That Curtis woodwork is made right, is easy to prove by talking with home owners in almost every community. They will tell you that Curtis woodwork, room for room, seems to improve with age. Like a good violin, Curtis woodwork continues to please, year after year, because it is made, piece by piece, out of good materials, in correct proportions, and with jealous inspection before it leaves the maker's shop.

Curtis does not sell rough lumber nor "ready cut" houses, but specializes in standardized woodwork, such as doors, windows, porch work, stair cases, trim and built-in-furniture, all of which is trademarked.

Just one example of Curtis quality: The solid pine 1 3/4 inch raised panel doors, have panels 1 1/2 inches thick instead of only 9/16 inch. This makes the door stronger and gives a "raise" which adds much to its appearance. A little thing—a detail—which illustrates Curtis intent in everything they make.

Curtis woodwork is equally important if you plan to build a house, or only to replace an old door.

Curtis standardization means a specialization on the finest designs, the highest quality at reasonable cost, prompt deliveries, and the constant intent to make woodwork good enough to pass the Curtis inspection of every piece.

No matter what you plan to do which requires woodwork, it will pay you to see the local Curtis dealer and study his Big Curtis Catalog. Or ask your architect or contractor to show you illustrations of Curtis woodwork.



Breakfast Nook No. C-742

A great space-work-and-step-saver. Includes table and seats. Full information from Curtis booklet, "Permanent Furniture," sent free for asking.



Dressing Table No. C-810

With ten swinging mirrors, numerous drawers and trays. Further information sent free—ask for booklet, "Permanent Furniture."



C-615, Colonial Mantel

# 1866 CURTIS

Look for this trade mark. It identifies every genuine piece of Curtis woodwork. You will find many that imitate Curtis design, and some that claim to be "just as good." But without this trade mark you do not receive Curtis quality! An intrinsic value that unites appearance, utility and Curtis intent.

Our 57 years' experience teaches us that prospective home builders need to see in advance a variety of house illustrations and floor plans—therefore we offer the authentic Plan Books listed below.

Send This Coupon for Valuable Information  
The Curtis Companies' Service Bureau  
Dept. 123, Clinton, Iowa

Send me the Plan Books checked below. If they do not meet my requirements I will exchange or return them in good condition in ten days for my money.

Vol. XI, 20 homes—bungalows, \$1.00  
Vol. XII, 20 homes—1 1/2 and 2 story 1.00  
Vol. XVI, 20—6 room houses . . . 1.00  
Vol. XVII, 20—7 room houses . . . 1.00  
Vol. XVIII, 20—8 room houses . . . 1.00

Exterior, woodwork illustrations and floor plans in each. Volumes XVI, XVII and XVIII are the work of Trowbridge & Archerman, Architects, New York.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_



pand to any great extent that I had the experience with the farmer which I described at the beginning of this article. That man told me, you will remember, that I was responsible for his bankruptcy because I had not held him strictly to account for what he owed us. His statement set me to thinking very seriously. I concluded that if we were wrong in his case we must be wrong in *all* cases where we did not insist on prompt settlements from our customers. So I began then to put into effect a much stricter policy regarding terms of payment. To-day we go so far as to refuse to sell to any merchant who does not pay his bill at maturity. This may seem a little hard, but the fact is that this method of dealing accomplishes a great deal of good, and very seldom causes any real hardships.

In those early days we were so far behind in our collections that at the end of a month we had on our books accumulated unpaid accounts amounting to twice as much as the month's business. This was due to the fact that our customers took, on the average, sixty days to pay our bills.

We set out to reduce this, and aimed at first to have not more than one hundred and fifty per cent of a month's business on the books. Having reached that goal, we set a higher and a higher standard—and reached it.

**AT THIS** moment I have in front of me last month's report, summarizing the results in twelve houses. The sales amounted to, roughly, one million three hundred thousand dollars, while the amount owed to us by customers was less than a million; that is, we had only about seventy-three per cent of the month's business on the books. Some of our best houses regularly have as little as forty or fifty per cent.

One of our houses is located in an old lumber county in Michigan. It used to have a high percentage of outstandings, as the accounts not yet paid are called. Whenever I talked to the manager about cutting down the percentage, he always replied:

"It can't be done in this territory, Mr. Letts. The merchants have been educated for years and years to expect long credits. If we undertake to shorten the terms we will simply lose all our business."

This man's excuses were so good that we finally had to change managers! The new man was accompanied by a credit manager trained in the policy of educating customers to pay promptly. The two of them immediately set to work.

The result? Did we lose all our business? We did not. We more than doubled the volume, and the percentage of outstandings was reduced from two hundred to about forty!

I have seen similar results time after time in our own houses and in other companies whose officers have consulted me. These results are not due to chance. The merchant who is compelled to meet his obligations promptly simply has to collect promptly from those who owe him. That helps to make him a better business man. And the result is that he has more money with which to buy!

Mr. Harlow N. Higinbotham, a great credit man, and president of the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893, understood very well the importance of holding people to their obligations. Mr. Higinbotham at

# Old English Wax

## FREE!

A can of Old English Wax will be given free, for a short time, with every *Old English Waxer-Polisher*. The Waxer-Polisher is a new labor-saving device that does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. A great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. If your dealer can't supply you, mail the coupon below.



## Now is the time to get at your floors

Give them the rich, lustrous finish you have so often admired in other homes. You can do it quickly and easily.

Old English Wax brings out the hidden charm of the wood in a mellow, velvety lustre. Such a finish is hard, lasting, and proof against scratches and heel-marks. Once waxed, the floors will retain their beauty for a lifetime with only an occasional "touching up" of the places most used.

### Wax floors the new, easy way

Just as easily as you push a carpet-sweeper, so can you use the Old English Waxer-Polisher. It does two things—waxes, then polishes the floor. Of course, a soft cloth will always be a satisfactory way to apply wax and polish the floor. But the Waxer-Polisher is quicker, easier, and uses less wax.

### The cost is small

Old English waxed floors look expensive—but are not. Old English Wax is made with a large proportion of hard, high-grade, imported wax, so it goes farther, lasts longer, and therefore costs about one-third of other finishes.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1620 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O.  
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Manufacturers of wax finishes exclusively for over 25 years

### Mail Coupon for Free book

Fill in your information about the proper treatment for floors, woodwork, furniture, linoleum, etc. Shows how simply and economically you can have permanently beautiful floors. All expert advice based on over 25 years' experience.

Get Old English products at your paint, hardware, drug, home-furniture, or department store. Or write us direct. At least mail the coupon now for the free book.

THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1620 Dana Ave., Cincinnati, O.  
☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—How to Care for Them."  
☐ Send me, all charges paid, an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* with a Can of Wax Free at the special time-saving price, \$2.50 (Deduct and West, \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Winnipeg and West, \$5.00), which I enclose.

Name.....

Address.....



# The Correct type of Tooth Brush

*As evolved by modern experts and adopted  
by modern authorities*

A world-wide crusade is being conducted for better tooth protection. This new-type brush is a vital factor in it.

It is made to the specifications agreed on by leading dental authorities. Dentists in general, the world over, now advocate this type.

It does more than remove food debris. It attacks the coats, the cause of most tooth troubles. It is adapted to the rolling method, now generally advised. One should always brush from the gums toward the tooth points.

Its correct separations let the bristles penetrate between the teeth. Its correct shape adapts the brush to all tooth surfaces, to combat film, tartar and other deposits. Its use massages the gums—a great factor in dental hygiene.

Careful people everywhere, under dental advice, are adopting this type of brush. It is known as the Decoater.

## Pocket Style

The Decoater also comes in this pocket style. Thus travelers, motorists and others may always have a well-kept tooth brush with them. But the time is coming when all careful people will carry a pocket brush.



*Folds into a case like this*

Wherever you are, teeth should be brushed immediately after meals. With people who eat away from home, this is the only way.

With the pocket style the handle case is permanent. You simply buy refills as the brushes wear out. It fits the vest pocket or a woman's bag.

Decoater Brushes cost 50c; Pocket Style, 31c;  
Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.

Most druggists now sell them. If you fail to find them, remit to us.

**THE PEPSODENT COMPANY**

*Decoater Tooth Brush Dept.*

1104 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago

Decoater  
The New Era Tooth Brush



one time was associated with us, and a prosperous merchant then told me the following story about him:

"All that I am worth," this merchant said, "is due to Mr. Higinbotham."

"How so?" I inquired.

"I came from the East," he replied, "and opened a store in Manchester, Iowa. I bought my first bill of goods from a well-known Chicago house with which Mr. Higinbotham was connected. I discounted that bill. I continued to discount for some little time; but as I was lenient in granting credit to my customers I reached the point where the best I could do was to meet my bills at maturity."

"One spring I bought a very large assortment of goods to be paid for in the fall. My sales were heavy, but I was trusting the goods out. Shortly before the bill came due I found it was going to be impossible to meet it. I sat down and wrote to this Chicago firm, explained the situation, and asked for an extension. I never dreamed it would not be granted."

"Presently, however, I heard from Mr. Higinbotham."

"I have noticed your career," he wrote, "ever since you went into business. You discounted your bills for a while; you then met them at maturity, and now you are seeking an extension. The reason for this is, I know, because you have not been collecting your accounts as you should. I am going to refuse to extend the time on your account for two reasons: First, because our firm expects its money when the bill falls due; secondly, I will be doing you a real service if I make you pay the bill, because it will mean you will have to go out and collect your accounts."

**T**HIS merchant told me that when he received Mr. Higinbotham's letter he was very angry. However, as he saw he would have to pay the bill, he got busy and collected enough to do it. Then for the first time he began to realize the great importance in business of completing each transaction—not only making the sale, but also getting the money for it!

At the time he told me about it, this merchant had retired with a snug fortune. He never again had to ask for an extension.

A harness manufacturer told me of the following experience: A farmer came to him to buy six sets of harness. He asked for sixty days in which to pay, and promised surely that he would pay then. The harness man agreed to the terms. But at the end of the sixty days the farmer said:

"My bill is due. I've got the money and I'll pay it if you say so. However, I have a chance to invest the money in some cattle, and I'd like to use it for that purpose."

The harness man was in no particular need of the money and wanted to please the farmer. So he granted an extension of sixty days. At the end of that time the farmer asked for another extension and offered a good excuse. The second extension was granted. At the end of *this* sixty days the farmer neglected to come in at all, so when the year was up the manufacturer sent a statement of the amount due. The farmer came in very promptly and he was thoroughly insulted.

"There's your money!" he said, paying it down. "But it's the last of *my* money you'll get!"

The terms, to start with, had been

## For LIBRARY WALLS



**Alabastine**  
*Instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper*



## For Every Room in the House

Alabastine is a new and improved wall treatment. It is a white, non-toxic, and non-flammable material. It is easy to apply and dries quickly. It is suitable for use in all rooms of the house, including the kitchen and bathroom. It is a great alternative to wallpaper and kalsomine.

Alabastine is a new and improved wall treatment. It is a white, non-toxic, and non-flammable material. It is easy to apply and dries quickly. It is suitable for use in all rooms of the house, including the kitchen and bathroom. It is a great alternative to wallpaper and kalsomine.

ALABASTINE COMPANY  
Baltimore, Md.

EVERY PACKAGE OF ALABASTINE HAS THE CROSS AND CIRCLE PRINTED IN RED





*The crate on the left was designed by a Weyerhaeuser engineer to replace the one shown on the right.*

*The diagonal bracing and 3-way corners make a strong, rigid crate that absorbs the bumps and keeps the strain off the contents.*

*Internal bracing holds the contents in place. Liberal use of resawed lumber for sheathing affords ample protection against damage from the outside. The dealer will receive unmarred merchandise.*

*Curiously enough the new crate shows a number of savings over the old one.*

*This new crate is made up in sections on jigs. It is delivered to the packer in sections. He is not required to do any cutting or fitting.*

*An instance of what Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are doing for shippers every day.*



## This Crating Service May Do as Much for You

**A**S an example of the kind of thing that is making business officials sit up and look to their packing, consider the crates pictured above.

The crate on the left was designed for a manufacturer of washing machines by a Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineer.

It takes the place of the crate on the right which used over 11 feet more of lumber. It is stronger in every way—a reliable protector of its contents.

It is 39 pounds lighter. A saving in freight alone that amounts to 3900 pounds per car shipment. No mean item in these days of high freight rates.

Furthermore it represents a saving in labor costs. This new crate is put together in half the time required to make the old crate.

**A**NY business man who looks into Weyerhaeuser scientific crating is liable to find himself dealing with *big-figure savings*. But the greatest thing this service does is to insure the delivery of merchandise in perfect condition.

As a result the shipper's customers are pleased. It is service that they recognize and appreciate. Dealers have tired of the damage claim nuisance. They want goods fit to go direct to the salesroom.

Shippers who have adopted scientific crating report other advantages and savings. It speeds up collections, decreases sales resistance and gives to their salesmen a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

**T**HE services of the Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to the executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

For crating purposes, this organization supplies from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities ample for any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



**WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS**  
**SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA**

*Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.*





Arch. Dwight James Baum, Riverdale, used long 24-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles, finished "Dixie White" for side walls in secure an attractive wide shingle effect; Variegated Moss Green shades of 18-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles on roof strengthened the Colonial White of the side walls.



**Y**OUR home can be made to reflect all the individuality and charm that good architectural design can create if you use "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles on both side walls and roofs in the proper sizes and selected colors.

"Dixie White" treatment is especially adaptable to certain settings. Then there are Greens, Browns, Reds and Grays, and unusual possibilities with variegated colors.

All straight grain shingles preserved with creosote and pure earth pigments ground in linseed oil insure long life building material. You save painting and repair bills.

Send 25c for Portfolio of fifty large Photographs of homes of all sizes by prominent Architects. Ask about our special "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles for Thatched Roof effect; also the large 24-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles for the wide shingle effect on side walls, either in Dixie White for the true Colonial white effect, or shades of green, brown, red or gray.

**CREO-DIPT COMPANY, Inc.**

1062 Oliver Street

North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Sales Offices in Principal Cities. Many Lumber Dealers Carry Standard Colors in Stock. Plant at Minnesota Transfer, St. Paul, for Western Distributors.



Portfolio of Homes

**"CREO-DIPT"**  
*Stained Shingles*



## Easy to Play Easy to Pay

Easiest of all wind instruments to play and one of the most beautiful—you will be astonished at the ease with which you can master a

**BUESCHER**

### True-Tone Saxophone

You can learn the scale in an hour's practice and play popular music in a few weeks. Practice is a pleasure because you learn so quickly. You can take your place in a band within 30 days if you so desire. Three free lessons sent free. Enclosed for home instruction (elementary, church, lodge or school). In big demand for orchestra and band music.



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Director, Clyde  
Doerr and His  
Orchestra



Vincent Lopez  
Director, Vincent  
Lopez Hotel  
Piedmont Orchestra

**75%** of all popular music is played with Buescher Instruments. Ask for picture of the Nation's Biggest Makers.

### Free Trial— Easy Payments

You may order any Buescher instrument. Collect. Deposit. Instruments are shipped by express. Instruments without return or return, and no. 10 days to your own home, without obligation. If perfectly satisfied, pay for it in easy payments to suit your convenience. Mention this advertisement. We will send you a coupon book. Send for coupon.

### Saxophone Book Free

After nearly 300 years' supremacy, string instruments are almost entirely displaced by Saxophones in all nationally popular orchestras. Our Free Saxophone Book tells which Saxophone takes violin, alto and bass parts, and many other things you would like to know. Ask for your copy.

**BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.**

Makers of Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments

1181 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

<b>BUESCHER BAND INSTRUMENT CO.</b> 1181 Buescher Block, Elkhart, Ind.	
Gentlemen: I am interested in the instrument checked below:	
<input type="checkbox"/> Saxophone	<input type="checkbox"/> Cornet <input type="checkbox"/> Trombone <input type="checkbox"/> Trumpet
(Mention any other instrument interested in.)	
Name _____	
Street Address _____	
City _____	State _____

explicit. The customer was willing to abide by them if the manufacturer insisted on them. As time went on, it became harder and harder for the farmer to pay. Probably the six sets of harness were pretty well worn out by the time the statement came! And the seller, by being easy, too easy, merely in the hope of doing a favor, lost a customer!

I have spoken all along pretty much in terms of business. But the rule holds good everywhere. Not so long ago my daughter asked me to pay her allowance one month ahead of time.

"What do you want it for?" I inquired.

"For a dress," she replied.

"My dear," I said, "wait until your money is due, and then buy the dress."

She consented reluctantly. When thirty days later her allowance check was given to her, I remarked:

"Now you can buy that dress."

She laughed.

"Dad," she said, "I've made up my mind I can get along without it."

It was no doubt better for her that I lived up to our arrangements. It is just as simple to be strict as to be lax in meeting the obligations and in having them met. It's a matter of habit. But the difference between the man who has the habit and another who has somehow neglected to acquire it is very nearly the difference between success and failure.

"HUMAN Nature in a Hat Store" contains a lot of information that you will want to remember when you go out to buy your new spring hat. It is filled with curious facts and stories about hats and heads, men's tastes, and the shapes and styles of headgear that suit them—as revealed by the guiding genius of an important New York hat store. The article is by Merle Crowell.

## Queer Tricks People Try to Play on the Circus

(Continued from page 60)

the tickets. That was probably true, too. It seems a universal trait of human nature to like to flourish free-tickets before less fortunate friends.

One day I was puzzled by the news that all our "balloon boys"—those who sell pennants and balloons—had been arrested. I couldn't understand why, so I hurried to the police station to investigate. The sheriff, who was in charge, greeted me cordially.

"I hear you've got a bunch of our boys down here," I said. "What have they done?"

"Nothing," he replied genially. "That's the trouble. *Nobody's* done anything. Not for *me*! None of your fellows have showed up here with tickets for me, so I determined to make *somebody* come down here. I couldn't think of anything that would bring you quicker than to arrest some of your people. So I did it—and here you are!"

Many a time I find myself in a situation





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where only quick thinking will save me a peck of trouble. For instance, I was out on the lot one day when I saw two strangers having an argument with one of our employees. He was a man who never gave any trouble so I couldn't understand what was up. I went over to the group and found that the two strangers were local detectives and were threatening to arrest our man on a trumped-up charge. That was a time that called for quick thinking. Turning to our man, I said angrily:

"Haven't I told you that I won't stand for any more trouble from you? This settles it! I'm through with you. Get out!"

The chap stared at me in amazement. He looked like a nice dog that had been kicked by his best friend.

"Go on!" I said. "You're fired! Get your stuff and take it away."

Going close to him and shaking my fist in his face, I muttered, "It's all right, old fellow, I'm just bluffing. Slide out, while I'm talking." Then I turned back to the strangers.

"I've warned that fellow over and over again," I said; "but I'm through with him now!"

And so I went on, holding their attention until suddenly they looked around and said, "Why—he's gone!"

"Yes," I said, "he won't trouble us any more."

**A**NOTHER time, when a grouchy patron of the circus complained of one of our men who, I was perfectly sure, was not at all at fault, I "fired" him in the same manner. I actually made him leave on a regular passenger train, but tipped him off to wait for us at our next stop.

Just as I expected, the man who had made the complaint backed down and begged me to reconsider the dismissal. Later, he hunted me up again and said that if I wouldn't reinstate the discharged employee he himself would get a job for him. It simply proved what I had known all the time, that his complaint had been without just cause. But it would have been impossible to get him to admit this if I had attempted to argue with him.

Charles Thompson, a veteran "adjuster," was with the Sells show once when someone complained to him of a man whom they indignantly pointed out. The man complained of happened to be Sells himself! But Thompson did not mention this fact to the disgruntled stranger. Instead, he apparently flew into a rage, walked up to Mr. Sells—his employer and the boss of the whole show—and told him he was fired! The stranger protested that he didn't want the man discharged; so Thompson, with apparent reluctance, consented to reinstate him. No one appreciated the joke better than Sells himself. The stranger never knew it *was* a joke.

One of the favorite ways of trying to hold the circus up is to bring in some claim just as we are leaving. One night several of the sheriff's deputies appeared just as we were beginning to send the wagons to the train and said they had an attachment to serve. I examined their papers, then I said:

"Well, I suppose you want to attach something valuable. How about one of the elephants?"

That idea appealed to them, so we arranged it. When it was all agreed on, I

said, "You'll have to leave a man in charge of the elephant."

They were rather taken aback by this; but finally told one of their number to stay, and the rest went off. When they had left, I had one of the elephants brought out and fastened to a stake.

"There's your elephant!" I said. "I hope you won't have any *serious* trouble with him." And I walked off and left them together.

We proceeded with our work, loading the wagons and getting the stuff off the lot. Every little while, the deputy would call me over to where he was standing guard over his elephant and want to know what he was going to do.

"Don't bother me about it!" I said. "I'm busy. He's in *your* charge now."

Finally he called me again and demanded if I was going to leave him there alone with an elephant on his hands.

"Certainly," I said. "But I want to remind you of one thing: He is still the property of this circus. If anything happens to that elephant, or if he does any damage while he is in your charge, you will be held responsible for it."

"But I don't *want* to be responsible for it!" he protested.

"You are, whether you want to or not," I retorted. "And I advise you to be pretty careful; because if an elephant gets excited and goes on a rampage he will muss up a lot of property. So be careful how you treat him."

The man looked at the elephant, looming up in the darkness and weaving back and forth, as elephants do.

"He seems pretty nervous to me," I said. "He probably doesn't like you because you're a stranger. You'd better be careful." And I turned to go.

"Say! Wait a minute!" the deputy begged. "Don't leave me with that elephant! Take him away."

"But how about the attachment?" I asked.

"Never mind the attachment!" he said, "I'll take the responsibility of explaining to the sheriff; but I'm darned if I'll take the responsibility of playing nurse-girl to an elephant!"

**SO THAT** was the way I got out of that trouble. Another time we were just leaving the lot when they told me that a chariot and four horses were missing. They simply had vanished after the chariot races at the close of the evening performance.

Well, I hunted and hunted, but I couldn't find hide nor hoof of them. Finally, I came across one of the townspeople who said he had seen a chariot and four horses, apparently in full flight down a certain street. I thought perhaps they had run away; so I got on a horse and started after them.

I did a regular Paul Revere ride through the night, asking everyone I met whether they had seen a stray chariot anywhere. I finally traced the outfit to a stable on the outskirts of the town. The sheriff himself had climbed into the chariot as it stood outside the main tent, and had driven off without being observed. He said he had attached it, on some claim or other, and seemed very proud of his exploit. But when I told him he would have to feed the horses and deliver them and the vehicle in perfect condition wherever we





## "What to do?"— the question that makes men—or breaks them

**A**LMOST every day in any large business some unusual problem arises which is beyond the experience of even the best informed men in the organization. It is then that the right answer to the question "What to do?" will often make a man—the wrong one break him.

It is not unfair to say that an institution such as LaSalle—with its millions of dollars in financial resources—its staffs of highly specialized experts—its organized files of business data—its facilities for business research—is, because of the very nature of its work, in a position to give advice which no single individual could possibly attempt—no matter how important his work—no matter how wide the scope of his experience.

Daily we have cases arise where opportunity is knocking at the door of a LaSalle student—provided he answers correctly the "What to do?" of the immediate moment.

By means of a broad Consultation Service—open to all LaSalle members—law suits are averted—financing problems are solved—sales are increased, for individuals and corporations—thousands of dollars are saved in freight charges—factory costs are cut—production is increased—emergency situations are promptly and properly dealt with—all by our students, with the advisory facilities of LaSalle back of their actions.

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the entire educational and research facilities of LaSalle stand solidly behind him—ready to help him solve any new or unusual business problem with which he or his employer may be confronted.

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As I look back over the decade past—consider the four hundred thousand men who have enrolled with LaSalle—everything we have done or tried to do—both in our business training courses and in our supplemental services—centers in the important work of helping ambitious men to answer with soundness and authority the "What to do's?" of business life.

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wanted them sent, he climbed in again and drove back to the lot.

Another time—it was Fourth of July—one of our boys, named Hathaway, was walking down to the train with some of the other young folks after the night show. The girls were in front; and Hathaway, who is a jolly young chap, would occasionally throw a torpedo on the sidewalk back of them. They would jump and squeal, as girls do, just for the fun of it.

The whole thing was mere play. But the small-town policeman knew that they were circus people; so, in spite of the girls' protests, he arrested Hathaway for disorderly conduct! I was sent for, and went to the police station, where I tried to explain that it had been only harmless fooling. But the policeman stuck to his charge. Hathaway, I was informed, would have to stay in the lock-up until morning, when he would appear before the mayor, who was also justice of the peace.

Perhaps you don't know what that means, but I did. When a prisoner is tried before a justice of the peace it is almost a foregone conclusion that he will be found guilty. The reason is that if he is convicted the magistrate collects the fine. Out of three hundred and fifty cases tried in a magistrate's court in Philadelphia, just *one* case went in favor of the defendant! As that is a fair sample of what generally happens, I was pretty sure Hathaway would be found "guilty."

The only thing I could do was to try to get the business over as soon as possible, so that we could rejoin the show. I called up the mayor by telephone and tried to show him that the charge was groundless, but he insisted that the case must be tried. To make a long story short, I finally succeeded in persuading him to let the prisoner appear before him at his house. We drove out there, he "held court" in his parlor, and fined Hathaway twenty-seven dollars and a half! The funny thing was that he consented to *remit* the fine. His dignity had been appeased. But it was two o'clock in the morning before we got away.

**YOU** would be amazed, I think, if you knew the absolutely unreasonable claims for damages that are brought against the circus. In one case, a man claimed that one of our tent stakes "encroached" on his property. The city engineer was called to examine the situation, and announced that the stake was *one inch* over the line. Whereupon the property owner got out an attachment in the sum of *five hundred dollars* against the circus.

During the influenza epidemic a few years ago, one of our workmen died on the first section of our train. They wired me—I was on the fourth section—and I telegraphed to have the body taken off at a certain town and sent to the local undertaker's. When my section reached the town I got off to attend to the matter. I hunted up the authorities and asked that the body be shipped to the man's friends. I gave them the address where I could be reached, and told them to let me know what the expense proved to be and I would send them the money.

"Not on your life!" they said. "You'll pay *none*!"

"Very well," I replied. "How much will it be?"

"*One thousand dollars!*" they declared.

"But how much is the undertaker's fee?" I asked.

"Two hundred dollars."

"What is the other eight hundred for?"

"Never mind what it's for! You'll pay it, or your train doesn't leave this town."

I stepped aside as if to discuss the matter with the circus men who were with me, and quietly told them to go back to the station and get our train on its way as quick as they could. Then I returned to my discussion. A little later one of my men came back and called me aside.

"We can't move the train!" he said. "They've chained the wheels to the track!"

Well, I paid the thousand dollars, and we left the town. We got back a good share of the money they tried to rob us of; but we were a long time doing it.

**I** COULD go on indefinitely, telling how people make trouble for me; I could tell of the man with a broken arm, who with the connivance of a dishonest lawyer claimed that the arm had been broken by his falling off the circus seats. I found that his arm had been broken before the circus even came to town!

I could tell how all our balloon boys were arrested one morning by a greedy chief of police. Going to the police station I had them all brought in; and as we conferred together I told them to slip me every cent they had in their pockets. Then I turned them over to the chief.

"They are not on the circus pay roll," I said. "You'll have to collect from them. They're not under my charge."

When he tried to collect the fines he imposed, of course they hadn't a penny among them.

"Too bad, Chief," I said. "You made one mistake: you arrested them too soon. They hadn't a chance to sell their balloons and get the money."

You understand that this arrest had been absolutely inexcusable. It was a plain case of extortion. I don't want to give the impression that we would attempt to evade justice. The trouble is that people seem to think the circus is legitimate prey for graft. Sometimes the graft is like that attempted by this particular chief of police. Sometimes it is harmless and amusing.

For instance, I was approached late one afternoon by a bevy of very charming ladies with a request for something like twenty tickets for the evening performance. Of course I politely asked just why we were expected to have them as our guests, and they informed me that they belonged to a Ladies' Auxiliary, and had been working all day in a booth, where they sold coffee and sandwiches to the people who came to town for the circus. They seemed to consider that their little money-making enterprise had in some mysterious way put us under about twenty tickets' worth of obligation to them.

And so it goes. We of the circus try to be fair and generous. For example, we often invite the children in the orphan asylums to come to the show as our guests. But we have learned to ask, not only how many *orphans* we are to expect, but also how many *grown-ups* will be in charge of them. It is an actual fact that on one occasion we had forty-five orphans accompanied by forty-seven attendants! I think anyone will admit that those orphans were well chaperoned.



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## In the Nick of Time

(Continued from page 13)

downward in the snow. She was up instantly, laughing. "A nice trick to play on your unsuspecting bride," she cried gayly, then the smile faded; a nameless, horrible dread gripped her. "Archie!" Awakened suddenly from her sleep she was unable fully to comprehend her position. "Arctic! Arctic!" He, too, was gone. The team had been stopped by the overturned sled. The dogs were squatting on their haunches awaiting someone to put things right and mush on.

Then a breath of the Arctic whipped about her, the advance guard of an on-rushing storm. In another hour it would be snowing. Surmising the situation, Edith became strangely cool. She cut the lashings and dragged her trunk and bags clear, then righted the sled, pulled the dogs around and started back. A short distance beyond the lead dog came to a stop, hair bristling in rage, fangs bared in a snarl. The horror and magnificence of the scene ahead was never to fade from her memory.

EVANS had not moved from where he had fallen. Squared over his body stood Arctic, making a final stand, his faithful body and loyal old heart a shield for the helpless master he loved; a magnificent old pensioner, adding to the already overwhelming debt his master owed him; old, even feeble, yet ready to match his toothless gums against the murderous fangs of the two wolves circling slowly to attack.

For the first time in their experience, a team of Evans felt the bite of the lash. It rose and fell until the team was racing. From the ridge above two more wolves loped into view. Reinforced, the others stood their ground. "I'll never make it," she whispered, "Good old Arctic will be pulled down, and then—"

"Whoa!" The team halted, uneasily staring at the wolves. Edith blessed the big brother who had taught her to use a thirty-thirty, and Evans's rifle, which was lashed to the sled. She aimed carefully, fired, and one brute leaped stiff-legged into the air, and fell quivering to the snow; a second shot sent the other dragging its hind quarters into the brush. She brought down a third before it reached the woods. She replaced the rifle and urged the team onward.

"Oh, you poor dear! You are suffering so!" The tears sprang to her eyes unbidden as she touched his white, drawn face with her lips. Evans tried to smile, an attempt that wrenched her very soul.

"Ptomaine!" he whispered with an effort. "It's going to snow!" He paused to gather his strength. "Let me go. . . I'll . . . be . . . all right . . . Drive fast . . . before storm." Cramps twisted his body and features agonizingly, choking off his words. "Brave little wife," he faltered; "love . . . you . . . take . . . old . . . old Arctic . . . and . . ." The words died away to a whisper. She leaned closer.

"Oh, my darling, tell me what you want me to do! I'll never leave you here! Never! Never! Never! Archie! Archie! What of Arctic?" She shook him frantically to arouse him; to draw from the

silent lips the phrase that might mean the difference between life and death to both. A strange peace seemed to have settled over Evans; the face lost its agony.

Then she dragged his limp form to the sled and covered it with robes. The lead dog was gnawing at an iceball in one of his pads. "Ready now!" she cried: "Find the way home!" She took her place at the sled. "Mush on!" Beneath her moccasined feet she felt the trail. Arctic trotted contentedly at her heels.

The first flurry of snow greeted her as she bucked her way through a rough spot. She had taken the only apparent course, yet when she emerged to easier going she no longer felt the trail. A twinge of dread gripped her. She urged the dogs onward, allowing the leader his own judgment.

Presently he stopped, and she hurried ahead to find a way down the steep incline. The frozen lake, covered with snow, stretched out before her. Her frantic search to pick up the real trail was fruitless, but the silent figure on the sled goaded her to desperate measures, and she made a trail of her own. Once on the lake she permitted the leader to take his own course, urging the team on at a killing pace now that the going was good. The falling snow blotted out all landmarks.

With each footfall she hoped to feel the trail once more, to know they were not wandering aimlessly about, wasting precious moments. The suspense was maddening, and she lost all track of time, except that it was almost night. The lead dog swerved suddenly, the other followed, and a cry of joy burst from her lips. "A trail!" she sobbed, "A trail, and it's fresh. Oh, Archie, it means help for you."

Eagerly she stooped to examine the tracks. They were small for a man. "A woman!" she whispered. "Another woman here?" A dull, wounded look crept into her eyes, as if someone had lashed her across the face; her despair was tragic, terrible! The tracks were her own. She had made a complete circle without realizing it. And now the full realization of her dire straits swept through her. The lead dog was hopelessly lost; young, strong, and willing, yet he must be guided.

THE figure on the sled was mantled with snow. The sight chilled her. She brushed aside the snow that had sifted to his face and kissed his cold lips. "Oh, my darling!" she whispered, "if those precious lips could speak but a word of guidance, and not depend upon poor, ignorant me."

On! On! Ever pushing aside that swirling curtain, peering eagerly ahead, only to have it close behind swiftly, yet never lift ahead. Once it did lift for a brief moment, and she saw Arctic standing erect, some distance away, looking toward her. His presence gave her a measure of comfort; then the curtain fell. The storm gradually grew worse and at times even the lead dog was hidden. Again she stopped! Arctic, too, had forsaken her. His actions were strange. Content to trot with the others day after day, now, in her hour of need, he persisted in remaining aloof.





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*\*fresh*  
from the  
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*Time—and time alone—ages, cures and mellows the tobacco used in Tuxedo. Nothing can hurry it.*

**\* But after it is blended and packed for smoking, the sooner you smoke it, the better it is.**

Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—one dozen tins. The cartons are dated, showing the last day it can be sold.

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Buy a tin today—try a pipeful—and see how good fresh tobacco can be.

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**Tuxedo**  
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The American Tobacco Co.



At that moment, when her spirits were lowest, she suddenly realized that Arctic knew the way, was trying in his dumb way to lead. Age had not robbed him of his brave heart, magnificent spirit, or a sense of direction. Somewhere in the swirling cloud of flakes the old dog was pushing ahead. Was it too late? Was he even now beyond recall?

"Arctic! Arctic!" she cried. "Come, old fellow! Arctic! Arctic!" The very silence seemed to mock her; the shroud enveloping the silent figure on the sled was deeper now, she noticed. "Arctic! Arctic!"

And then the curtain parted a few feet away and Arctic bounded to her feet. Every inch of the old pensioner's body bespoke the joy that had filled his heart at her call. "Let me show you the way," he seemed to plead; "those other dogs are nice young fellows, but they lack experience. Nothing like an old head at a time like this." She removed the harness from the lead dog, and slipped it onto Arctic. The old fellow was trembling in his eagerness to be off. Patiently he waited her command.

"Mush on, Arctic!" she ordered in a low voice, and with bated breath awaited the result. He swung to the right with such speed as almost to upset the sled, taking a course almost opposite the one she had followed. Apparently the old fellow was in doubt, for he zigzagged uncertainly for several minutes, yet she did not interfere. At least, he could not make their situation any worse. The others, inspired by their former leader, seemed to take on new life. Tails that had been dragging, curled over woolly backs, and they speeded up to maintain a pace far too swift for the old pensioner—a pace he himself set.

And then, without preliminary warning, she suddenly felt a difference. It was almost too good to believe. Disappointed so many times, at first she refused to believe; yet there could be no doubt now. They were back on the old trail. With an angry cry she shook the shroud of snow from the robes covering Evans. "You sha'n't die! You sha'n't!"

WHEN the storm lifted some time later they had reached the opposite shore. New peaks reared abruptly about bewilderingly. A dozen routes were open apparently, but the wise old dog never even looked up. Twisting this way and that he tugged the sled to the top of a ridge, then over a level stretch and down into a valley. They reached an opening in the woods. Before them was a frozen river.

The pensioner had taxed his old body beyond the limit. Now he commenced to lag. A strained tendon caused him to limp pitifully at times. It was cruel to keep him at it now, yet she dare not change. At the forks of the river he headed up the south tributary. "No!" she ordered with quick decision, "we must take the other to Grady's—an enemy! This must be the trail to his cabin. Gee, Arctic, gee!" But Arctic knew. He had not taken the North Fork trail in a year and he continued stubbornly toward home. "Gee, Arctic, gee!" Her tone was sharper now, but he ignored her. Then she ran to his head and caught hold of the harness. "Don't resist, old fellow!" she pleaded; "we must have help if we can get it. He's dying on that cold sled, per-

haps we are too late, and I'm tired, so tired! Come on, Arctic!"

Obedience had been instilled from his puppy days. It was wrong to enter enemy territory, yet he obeyed. Followed a heartbreaking mile during which she staggered along, clinging desperately to the sled. It came at last—a faint yellow light shining through a cabin window. Unutterable thankfulness filled her heart a moment, then gave way to dread. What manner of man was this who hated Evans and all that was his; who could slay a tried and true friend like Arctic and feed him to the dogs? What sort of a bargain would he drive with a girl who came so suddenly from the night—the wife of his enemy? Then, as her lowered glance rested a moment on the still, snow-en-shrouded figure, she knew in her heart she would accept any terms if it meant life to him.

Two of Grady's fierce brutes darted from the door the instant their master opened it. She caught a brief glimpse of his burly form and bearded face outlined in the yellow light; then her indomitable will faltered; silently she fell to the trail, a blurred picture in her mind of Grady's sharp-fanged Malemutes tearing at Arctic's defenseless sides.

EDITH opened her tired eyes slowly. A rough hand was gently stroking her own; a bearded face was close to hers. "It's all right, little lady!" a heavy voice was saying; "it's all right. There! There! Now, don't be afraid of me. You've had a mighty tough time of it."

"Archie," she whispered, "Archie?"

"Oh, that old pirate will pull through; but you didn't get him here any too soon. I had to kick hell, pardon me, out of a couple of my brutes to keep 'em off old Arctic. Darn his old heart, anyway! He dropped in his tracks about the same time you did. Never had my hands so full before. Brought all three of you into the cabin, did what I could for Evans, then began on you."

Arctic limped across the room and placed his shaggy head in her lap, while she had a good cry over it. Grady found it convenient to cough at that moment; then he continued: "I knew the old fellow had pulled you through. He's too old to work like that, but he's not too old to enjoy a pension. Evans ought to have killed me that time. To-morrow I'll hook up my dogs and get your things. Might as well make your home here a couple of weeks until Evans gets well. It gets blame lonesome, and—" Grady managed to blush on that portion of his face not covered by his beard—"I've got a wife of my own coming up on the next boat, hope she don't have to face what you did; but if she does, then I'll pray that there's a toothless old Malemute lead dog around handy."

When Evans opened his eyes, he was brought to understand what had happened by a strong handclasp and a few broken words from the bearded man and the cry of happiness from the brave little wife who had stood the test.

The pensioner paused in his eating. "Humans are a queer lot," he observed sagely, then resumed his meal—a mixture of rice and soup, prepared specially by the bearded man for a loyal old Malemute who had lost all his teeth.



# New instrument shows for the first time what goes on in your mouth

With its use new facts are made known about the fluids which protect the precious, unreplaceable enamel of your teeth

A new instrument has just been devised, called the *sialometer*. With it, for the first time, the physician can watch with his own eyes the secretions from the glands in the mouth as they flow into a measuring flask, drop by drop from a tiny silver tube. Now he can measure them and study their properties at will.

Without the healing, germ-free fluids which these glands produce, we could not live. They soften and lubricate our food—actually *digesting* part of it; they help protect us from the germs of colds, tonsillitis, pneumonia, and many other infectious diseases.

This instrument teaches us also that it is their steady stream of fluids that protects the precious, unreplaceable enamel of your teeth against the deadly acids of decay.

## *A never ending fight*

In the warmth of the mouth minute food particles ferment just as milk turns sour when left in a warm, moist place. The acids thus formed immediately begin to attack the enamel, ultimately forming cavities.

Brushing the teeth, while absolutely essential to mouth cleanliness, will not keep the acids from forming.

Even if you brush your teeth after every meal (and not one person in a hundred does) enough food remains to feed myriads of acid-forming bacteria.

To provide protection against the acids, nature intended the salivary glands automatically to flush the mouth and teeth every moment in the day and night. The fluids with which they bathe your teeth and gums are *alkaline* in character. They neutralize and wash away the acids as fast as they form.

Although the glands are small they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. In a healthy mouth they secrete more than a quart of fluid per day.

But the way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at anything like their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by long-continued chewing of hard, tough foods. When we are chewing they are 20 times more active than when the



*The sialometer—a new instrument for the study of the glands of the mouth*

jaws are at rest. The soft foods, quickly swallowed, that we eat today give them neither exercise nor stimulation.

## *Today these glands must have gentle stimulation*

Today the salivary glands of modern men and women need gentle stimulation. This is why for twenty years thoughtful, intelligent people have been using Pebeco to correct an acid mouth.

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what the chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts them as do strong acids—it never checks their action as do soapy alkaline substances.

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gums. Its constant use gives you teeth as beautiful as nature intended you to have.

After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath—and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its pungent and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn and Fink, Inc.

## *This simple test will show you*

Send us ten cents today for material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these deadly acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. B-5, 635 Greenwich St., New York.



*Trying to keep the teeth clean by brushing alone is like trying to keep the bathroom mirror polished when hot water is running in the tub*



# Your Choice 75c a Week



No matter what your occupation, one of the home study sets listed below will quickly fit you for a better job and bigger pay. Any set you select will be sent for seven days' examination, and if you decide to buy you may pay the rock-bottom price at the rate of **only 75c a week**. But you must act now! We cannot guarantee these reduced prices for any great length of time.

These books are the work of recognized authorities. They are written in plain, easily understood language, by recognized authorities, and contain hundreds of photographs, diagrams, tables, etc., that make difficult points as simple as A-B-C. Handsomely and durably bound in half or full Morocco leather (except as noted), and stamped in gold.

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<b>Machine Shop Practice</b> , 6 volumes, 2300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$45.00. Now 21.80
<b>Steam and Gas Engineering</b> , 7 volumes, 3300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$52.50. Now 24.80
<b>Law and Practice</b> (with reading course), 12 volumes, 6000 pages, illustrated. Was \$97.50. Now 49.80
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Yes, we'll gladly ship any set right to your home or office upon your simple request. Pay only shipping charges when the books arrive. Don't send a penny until after you have used them seven days, then return only \$2.50 or return them at our expense. Pay balance at the rate of \$3.00 a month—75c a week.

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# Is There Anything Here That Other Men Couldn't Do?

(Continued from page 16)

let him "look around." He heard that the Western Electric Company was taking on college men and giving them an apprenticeship course in the factories, so he headed for New York, where the jobs were being assigned. One of the officers looked him over and said that the company would be glad to avail itself of his services at a salary of ten dollars a week.

"Report to the superintendent in Chicago," he said.

Mitchell gulped a little, started to say something, thought better of it, and walked out. What he would have liked to say was, "Who pays my fare?" but at the moment he was in no position to take a chance of losing that ten-dollar job by reckless conversation.

The hundred dollars with which he had set out from Amherst was already shrunk; it had almost disappeared when he stepped out of the smudgy old Pennsylvania Station in Chicago late at night and looked up and down Madison Avenue. He had never been in Chicago before; he knew not one single person in the whole city. Walking across the street in the direction of an electric sign he entered a hotel and hired a room. The hotel happened to be a notorious hang-out for criminals and bums, one of the most unsavory spots in Chicago's unsavory west side; but its prices suited Mitchell's finances, and being blissfully unconscious of its reputation he slept soundly, and was fortunate enough to get away with his slender roll intact.

At eight o'clock the following morning he showed up in the offices of the Western Electric Company, and a half-hour later he was earning ten dollars a week at the lowest desk in the clerical department. There were no bookkeeping machines back in 1899; every order that came into the office had to be copied with a stub pen which would make a stroke heavy enough to produce several carbons. Mitchell was put to work at this copying.

SEVERAL months ago, after he had become president of the National City Bank, a mysterious stranger walked into his office on the plea of urgent personal business. Once safely inside he introduced himself as a handwriting expert.

"I should like to get several samples of your handwriting for analysis, Mr. Mitchell," he said. "I have studied your signature and find it very interesting indeed. The strong, upright strokes with which you form the letter 'M' are very revealing. They indicate a vigorous nature which brooks no compromise."

"Bosh!" said Mitchell. "Until I was twenty-two years old I signed my name in slanting letters with a sharp-pointed pen. Those strong, upright strokes you refer to are indicative of nothing but six months' hard labor, copying orders for the Western Electric Company."

He was in the order department of the Western Electric only a day or two when he realized that there was something

lacking in his equipment. College had given him certain decided advantages over his fellow clerks in habits of thought and general information; but in their knowledge of the use and meaning of figures his office associates had it all over him. It was the sort of handicap which many a college man would have taken lightly. He was in training for an executive office; why should he bother with the details of bookkeeping? He would be able later to hire men to attend to that. But he is the sort of man who is unhappy unless he knows all there is to know about the task he has in hand. At the end of the first week, he put his ten-dollar bill in his pocket and hunted up a business college.

"How much is a night course in bookkeeping?" he demanded.

"Two dollars a week," said the professor.

TWO dollars from ten dollars leaves eight dollars; and when one is paying six dollars a week for his meals and a back room on the top floor of a boarding-house, one has a problem in finance which is as difficult in its way as the problems that have to be solved by the president of the National City Bank. Mitchell's solution was to walk back and forth to his boarding-house for lunch, which was included in the six-dollar rate; the walk measured a mile and a half each way; but he made it every noon, and so, having paid his tuition at the night school and his board, he still had two dollars left for such incidentals as clothes, laundry, recreation, and entertainment. It was hard sledding, but at the end of six months he knew all that his competitors in the department knew about bookkeeping, and had his college training as an asset in addition.

After a time he was moved over into the credit department as an assistant to the credit manager, and having had a chance to size up the situation he went back to school a second time. He enrolled for a night course in commercial law and learned what constitutes a contract; and under what conditions a corporation is liable for its failure to deliver on time; and how the laws of indebtedness differ in different states. When the credit manager was transferred to Kansas City, it was natural enough that Mitchell should step up into his place. So at the end of three years he was out of the boarding-house and on his way.

Big businesses look very imposing from the outside; but they are nothing but an aggregation of human beings, with the shortcomings and weaknesses inherent in all of us. They outgrow the plans of their builders; they have departments which are tangled up with other departments, so that nobody knows just where one leaves off and the other begins; they develop bad situations, which everybody suspects and side-steps. The Western Electric Company was no exception.



# New Way to Keep Fit

Walter Camp Shows How to Build Health and Efficiency in 10 Minutes' Fun Every Day—His "Daily Dozen" Now on Phonograph Records

**N**OT so long ago, if you were to go up to an "old-school" physical culturist and tell him that his methods were all wrong—that a person can keep perfectly fit in only 10 minutes a day—he would very likely scoff at you.

Yet today there are somewhat over a million people in America who know it can be done. They not only keep themselves in perfect physical trim in ten minutes a day—but they get lots of genuine fun while they're doing it!

Credit for the discovery of this easy, short-cut method of body development goes to Walter Camp, perhaps the greatest authority on athletics and physical development in America today. Mr. Camp's whole system is embodied in twelve simple exercises which are known as the "Daily Dozen." Already these twelve exercises are completely revolutionizing present-day methods of physical culture.

The "Daily Dozen" made their first appearance during the war. A navy official claimed that the regular setting up drills and calisthenics left his men tired out. Instead of building up efficiency, they often tore down efficiency. So he came to Walter Camp for a solution of the difficulty. The famous Yale coach, after months of experimenting, had just perfected his "Daily Dozen." So he turned them over to the army and navy officers.

The success of the "Daily Dozen" in the training camps was soon apparent. The officers in charge of the camps had never seen anything like it. The exercises seemed to double the pep of the boys in training. Instead of leaving them tired out and exhausted, the "Daily Dozen" gave them a wonderful new enthusiasm and vigor. Even members of the Cabinet, recognizing the great value of Mr. Camp's method, became ardent "Daily Dozen" fans. As a guard against physical break-down, due to overwork, they practiced the "Daily Dozen" religiously.

The "Daily Dozen" works on an entirely new plan—there are no chest weights, no Indian clubs, no apparatus of any kind. All one needs to do is imitate the exercises of caged animals, who keep fit by stretching their stomach muscles!

As Mr. Camp said in his recent speech before Congress, which is printed in the Congressional Record:

"We are all wild animals in a state of captivity. When you stop to think of it, man was meant to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, and in the early days he had to dig for what he was going to eat. He had to work hard to get it. Today, instead of that, your food is brought to you on a platter. You do not work for it. A great deal too much of it is brought and what is the result? The result is that you are being injured by civilization.

"Now, what do the wild animals in a state of captivity do? You do not see any lion or tiger kicking like this, to exercise his legs. He knows his legs are going to be good enough. But what is he doing all the time? He is stretching those big muscles of the body, bending and stretching his body muscles. That is an inherited instinct in those wild animals. The wild animals and the tame animals, too, know that it is the stretching of those body muscles that counts, and nothing else. Everything else takes care of itself."

It is on the principle of stretching that Mr. Camp has based his "Daily Dozen." These, as physical culture authorities now admit, pro-

vide all the exercise people really need to keep in proper physical condition.

And now, with the special permission and sanction of Mr. Camp, a wonderfully ingenious improvement has been made in the manner of doing the "Daily Dozen" which just doubles the enjoyment one usually gets from their practice.

Each one of the twelve exercises has been set to inspiring music on phonograph records that can be played on any disc machine. A book is included showing by actual photographs just how to execute the "commands" which are given by a voice speaking on the record.

This innovation has made a decided hit with "Daily Dozen" fans. Each exercise has been adapted to a tune particularly fitted for the movements. So that all a person has to do is put on a record, and let his movements keep time to the spirited tune being played.

In this way, one is literally carried through the whole "Daily Dozen"—in most cases without even realizing that he is taking exercise—exercise which incidentally is building up a splendid reserve of health, strength and energy.

Some of the results brought about by the "Daily Dozen" to music are nothing short of astonishing. The exercises seem to release an entirely unsuspected supply of energy, which is reflected in a marked increase in one's capacity for both mental and physical exertion. People of nervous tendencies have seen their nerves become strong and calm in a remarkably short time. Many, once troubled with insomnia, now enjoy eight hours of restful sleep regularly. Stout people have seen their excess fat disappear—often at a surprisingly rapid rate. Needless to state all these benefits have resulted in great increases in mental and physical efficiency.

Music was the one thing needed to make the "Daily Dozen" a 100 per cent. way of keeping fit. Music has a wonderful power to inspire action. A fine rousing tune, such as the great Sousa march, "The Stars and Stripes Forever," has a stimulating effect. It actually sweeps one along. That is why there is "no loafing on the job" when one does the "Daily Dozen" the new way.

No matter how "tired" one may be, all he needs to do is put one of the "Daily Dozen" records on the phonograph. The music will do the rest. You will not want to stop until you have gone through the whole twelve exercises. Then, very likely, you will want to do them all over again!—as many "fans" usually do.

Any man or woman who does the "Daily Dozen" to music regularly, even if it is only six or seven minutes a day, is certain to reap manifold rewards in increased health and efficiency. The "Daily Dozen" to music keeps one filled with a seemingly unending supply of vigor and endurance. They inspire an actual eagerness for hard work or play. Not only have they a wonderfully soothing effect on shattered nerves, but in many instances they have banished cases of stomach trouble which resisted all other forms of treatment.

But perhaps the greatest value of Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" to music is that they add a greater joy to living. They inspire a new



Walter Camp,  
originator of  
the "Daily Dozen"

cheerfulness, a new optimism, a new confidence that is only possible when one is enjoying glorious health.

## Try the Complete System Free—For Five Days

You cannot fully appreciate the real joy of doing the "Daily Dozen" to music until you try it. So we want to send you, absolutely free for five days, the "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records and the book which illustrates the movements. These full-size, ten-inch, double-disc records, playable on any disc machine, contain the complete Daily Dozen Exercises, and the 60 actual photographs in the book show clearly every movement that will put renewed vigor and glowing health into your body—with only ten minutes' fun a day. A beautiful record album comes free with the set.

No need to send any money. Simply mail the coupon below and get Walter Camp's "Daily Dozen" on phonograph records. Enjoy the records for five days, and if for any reason you are not satisfied, return them and you owe nothing. But if you decide to keep the records, you can pay for them at the easy rate of only \$2.50 down, and \$2 a month for four months until the sum of \$10.50 is paid. Thousands of people have paid \$15 for the same system but you can now get it for only \$10.50 if you act at once.

Simply mail the coupon and see for yourself, at our expense, the new, easy, pleasant way to keep fit. You'll feel better, look better, and have more endurance and "pep" than you ever had in years—and you'll find it's fun to exercise to music! Don't put off getting this remarkable System that will add years to your life and make you happier by keeping you in glowing health. Mail the coupon today. Address Health Builders, Inc., Dept. 72, Garden City, N. Y.

### FIVE DAY TRIAL COUPON

HEALTH BUILDERS, Inc.,  
Dept. 72, Garden City, N. Y.  
Please send me for five days' Free Trial at your expense the Complete Health Builder Series containing Walter Camp's entire "Daily Dozen" on five double-disc ten-inch records; the book containing 60 actual photographs and the beautiful record album. If for any reason I am not satisfied with the system, I may return it to you and will owe you nothing. But if I decide to keep it, I will send you \$2.50 in five days (on the first payment) and agree to pay \$2 a month for four months until the total of \$10.50 is paid.

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City..... State.....  
If you prefer to take advantage of our cash price send only \$10.00.  
(Orders from outside U. S. are payable cash with order.)





**A** BULGING lump of metal—all sharp edges and points—wearing and tearing pockets and hand bag linings—confused, jumbled keys—keys that are hard to find! *That's a key ring!*

Flat—orderly—good looking—convenient—a protection for clothes and hand bags—every key in its place—every key easy to find! *That's a Buxton Keytainer!* . . . . . Which?

Keytainers come in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys; in price from 30c to \$11. From the plain serviceable type to the De Luxe style in rich leather and fine gold. All have the patented revolving hook which makes it easy to turn the keys; the hump feature prevents loss of keys. There is a special Keytainer with a convenient pocket for small important papers, such as your auto-license.

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**BUXTON  
KEYTAINER**

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

Most of its business consists in manufacturing instruments and supplies for the Telephone Company, and the enormous extension of the telephone system had caused it to grow by leaps and bounds. But it had also, a very large business in the manufacture and sale of heavy equipment—motors, switchboards, and the like. On its total business the company showed handsome profits; but Mitchell suspected that the equipment business was being conducted at a loss, and instead of side-stepping, he made himself a nuisance around the place until they told him in self-defense to go ahead and show what he could do. Almost at once his suspicions were confirmed. The manufacture of the heavy equipment was hopelessly intermingled with the manufacture of the telephone supplies; there was no adequate accounting system, no fair distribution of costs and overhead. Worst of all, practically every order for heavy equipment was a "special order;" and, according to the sales department, had to be so. The goods "could not be sold" on any other basis.

**G**OING after the thing in his vigorous fashion, Mitchell established a separate factory for the heavy equipment and installed a separate system of accounts. Then he called the salesmen together. Rumors of what he had in mind had already spread among them; they were loaded for him.

"We're making and selling this stuff at a loss," he explained to them, "and the only way we can change the loss into a profit is to standardize, and sell the customer what we make instead of what he thinks he would like to have us make. What do you say, therefore, to cutting out the special orders?"

What they said was plenty. The cry of protest rocked the factory. It couldn't be done; there were a hundred reasons why it couldn't be done. Other businesses might standardize, but this business was different. Only one voice from the sales department was raised in dissent. An alert, vigorous young man from St. Louis took Mitchell's side.

"We're pretty poor salesmen if the only stuff we can sell is stuff the company is losing money on," he said. "If the goods are standardized we can sell them at a lower price and make a profit besides. Go ahead and give us the product; we'll sell it in St. Louis."

I do not know the names of the salesmen who protested that the policy which would show a profit to the house would ruin their sales. But I do happen to know the name of the man who knew that the thing which ought to be done could be done. His name is Gerard Swope; a few months after Mitchell became president of the National City Bank he was elected president of the General Electric Company.

Big switchboards for power houses were among the items in which the Western Electric Company dealt. The company did not manufacture but only assembled them, buying the instruments from one concern, the circuit breakers from another, the fittings from another, and so on. It occurred to Mitchell that a very large advantage would result if these various concerns could be brought together and, with the approval of the

president, he set out to form a consolidation. When his plans had reached the proper point he took a train for New York and laid the scheme before Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America.

The plans looked good to Thorne, but the man who had made them looked even better.

"I'm up to my neck in consolidations of this kind," he said to Mitchell. "I know the financial problems involved, but you have had an industrial training that would be very helpful to me. Come down here and be my assistant."

Mitchell went back to Chicago and talked it over with Enos M. Barton, president of the Western Electric Company, who had been his business father.

"I think you should go," said the older man. "You are ambitious. Here you can travel only as fast as the company travels; there you will be able to set the pace to suit yourself. Go ahead, and good luck to you."

So Mitchell took another train from the smudgy old station that had been his introduction to Chicago. And, in a little more than seven years from the day when he had come to New York for a ten-dollar job, with less than a hundred dollars in his pocket, he was back again—this time in Wall Street.

For the next few months he lived most of the time in Pullman cars. He was here and there, visiting plants, making reports, holding conferences, reconciling conflicting points of view. There were days when he hardly had time to glance at the newspapers. The financial skies were clouding over in fearful fashion, but he was scarcely conscious of it. He was in Maine examining a plant when a telegram came from Mr. Thorne instructing him to return to New York by the earliest train. The following morning he tumbled out of a lower berth and read in a newspaper that the Knickerbocker Trust Company had closed its doors, and the fears of the financial world were concentrated on the Trust Company of America.

**I**N THE next few weeks I was given a five years' training in banking," he once remarked.

For two weeks there was a battling line of depositors in front of the bank. The men and women in that line came to know each other, as though they had grown up together, or spent four years in the same college. They would leave to snatch a few hours' sleep at night and return to claim their rightful places in the morning; and even in those tense hours the spirit of fairness prevailed. The whole crowd combined to resist the effort of anyone to usurp the place of another. Step by step the line moved forward as one after another the men and women came up to the cages to claim their deposits; and behind the gratings the tellers toiled, passing out the dollars.

Mitchell moved from cage to cage; at night he sat with Thorne and the directors laying the plans for the next day; and in the early morning hours he rolled up in a blanket and slept on the floor of Thorne's office. There are rats in Wall Street who run when the ship begins to leak; and there are men who stand four-square against the storm. Oakleigh



The three Cadillacs at the Brookland track, near London, where they won the Dewar Trophy by a dramatic demonstration of the perfect interchangeability of their parts.



## What Cadillac brought to General Motors

**S**AIID the Royal Automobile Club of London: "We will award the Dewar Trophy each year to the motor car demonstrating the greatest advance in the industry."

In 1909, three Cadillacs were taken from the dealer's storehouse in London to compete against the best that Europe could produce.

They were torn apart; the parts were tossed into a heap; it was impossible to tell from which of the cars any given part had come.

Then an amazing thing occurred. Mechanics, with only the most ordinary tools, stepped up to the pile, reassembled the three Cadillacs and sent them whirling around the track.

No other competing car could be rebuilt without filing and hand fitting. Cadillac had revealed to the world an unsuspected American achievement—perfect interchangeability of parts.

So the Dewar Trophy was won for American industry.

In 1912, Cadillac built the first car ever equipped with a complete electrical system of starting, lighting and ignition, and so won the Trophy a second time.

By a long succession of similar triumphs the leadership of Cadillac was gained. That leadership it kept and brought to General Motors.

• • • • •

General Motors has built for Cadillac a wonderful new plant. It has contributed the united experience of its seventy-one divisions and subsidiaries to Cadillac craftsmanship; it has put its research laboratories at the service of Cadillac engineers.

Thus, giving and receiving, the two have reinforced each other. From the strength of the parent company Cadillac draws increased strength. From twenty years of Cadillac fidelity General Motors inherits a splendid tradition and an enduring ideal.



THE DEWAR TROPHY which Cadillac twice won.



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*Maker of* PASSENGER CARS AND TRUCKS

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*Its Divisions and Subsidiaries make these* ACCESSORIES, PARTS AND EQUIPMENT *which contribute to the merit of many other trustworthy cars*

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Cleanse baby's soft skin with this sweet alcohol.

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95% **MIFFLIN** *the*  
*Alcohol* **ALKOHOL** *external*  
**MASSAGE** *tonic*

Thorne was a man. On the last day of the crisis he went down into the vaults of the bank, and bringing up his own safety deposit box dumped its contents on the table in the directors' room. Everything that he or his wife owned was there, and he offered it all to the committee in charge as the final sacrifice to save his bank.

There was a moment of silence in the big room; then the chairman of the committee reached in among the papers and drew out Thorne's insurance policies and passed them back to him.

"You have played square," he said. "We'll take everything else, but we can't take these. A man's family has some rights, even in a time like this; put the policies back into the box."

THE crisis passed and for the next three years Thorne and Mitchell worked side by side to rebuild the bank, and to transform a lot of worthless assets into assets of value. They succeeded. When the hard job was done, and Thorne retired, Mitchell went to Europe, partly for a rest and partly to learn what methods the European nations had developed for the distribution of securities to the public. Returning, he established the successful private banking business of C. E. Mitchell and Company; and it was while he was thus engaged that the directors of the National City Bank discovered him and asked him to become president of the National City Company.

Mitchell had never heard of the National City Company; few men in Wall street knew of its existence. Formed as a subsidiary of the bank, to buy and hold securities, it had paper assets of millions of dollars; but its entire organization consisted of four people, and its business was transacted in a single room. It was as nearly dormant as any organization could be. The very men who offered Mitchell the place had only a very vague idea of what the aims of the company were. They knew they had a concern which was inactive; they wanted it to become active. But how the transformation was to be made, or what the company would look like when the transformation should be complete, they did not know. They were willing to leave that to Mitchell.

With his background of industrial experience, convinced as he was that the money for the future development of American industries must come from the public, and that some machinery must be established for taking the securities of these industries to the people, he saw in that tiny office and staff of four employees the seeds of a great enterprise. He closed up his own office and walked down the street to develop an organization which has jarred the investment banking business out of the ruts in which it had traveled for a hundred years.

The making of the National City Company is a story in itself, too long by far to be told here. From an organization of four people, Mitchell built it, in six years, to an organization of more than fourteen hundred people, doing business with thousands of investors daily. He opened branch offices in over fifty cities; not dingy rooms on upper floors of office buildings, but stores on the street level where people pass by. Instead of waiting for investors to come, he took young men

**RELIEF FOR YOUR  
TROUBLE ZONE**

*— the nose  
and throat*

**LUDEN'S**

**MENTHOL  
COUGH DROPS**

**GIVE  
QUICK  
RELIEF**



and women, gave them a course of training in the sale of securities, and sent them out to find the investors. Such methods, pursued with such vigor and on such a scale, were revolutionary. To-day, in the amount of money which passes through its offices, the National City Company is the largest corporation in the United States. Its annual sales, I understand, run well over a billion and half dollars. Small wonder that when the National City Bank needed a president they should have offered the office to the man who, in six years, had worked such wonders with the National City Company.

In trying to analyze Mitchell's success one runs up against three characteristics so obvious that even the most casual acquaintance remarks about them. His is a physical success, first of all. You may pass him almost every morning on Fifth Avenue, for he walks from his house in the Seventies to his office in Wall Street, a distance of six miles; and he swings along at a pace that makes walking the best kind of exercise. Theodore Cuyler was a wise old man who preached in a church in Brooklyn for years, and saw many young men come to New York to succeed or fail. Somebody asked him once what his observations taught him, what is the first essential for winning out? He answered without hesitation, "Staying power."

**MITCHELL** has an unusual power of using men, of understanding them and holding their loyalty. This is the second impressive fact. One of his associates told me about hiring a chauffeur for him. "I suppose you don't want to pay more than the ordinary rate of wages," he said to Mitchell.

"Yes, I do," Mitchell responded promptly. "I always want to pay more than the going rate, because I want to be in a position to demand more than ordinary service. Get a good man and pay him more than he asks, but tell him that I'll expect him to keep my hours, and they're long hours."

The hard-hitting crowd of young men whom he gathered around him in the National City Company swear by him. One of them said to me:

"Mitchell runs the company, of course; there was never any doubt about that. But he never takes a single important step unless he can get a unanimous vote from the rest of us. He has his staff meetings every noon, and we sit around the table and take up the important questions: Shall we purchase this new issue of bonds that is offered? Shall we open a new office in this city? Shall we transfer such and such a man? Every one of us talks up just as frankly as though we owned the company. Sometimes we agree with Mitchell; sometimes we disagree. If he sees that we aren't with him one hundred per cent he never brings any pressure to bear. He drops the matter quickly; sometimes he will bring it up at a later meeting; sometimes it simply disappears. But in all the years I have worked with him I don't remember that he ever made a big decision unless he had us all behind him."

I asked Mitchell once how he picked men for high position. "Where do you look for them?"

"I don't look for them," he answered. "We never hire stars in the City Com-



## *The Message Every Morning Brings*

**THE** daily bath—with its stimulation of the skin to renewed activity—its suggested use of a pure and refreshing toilet soap.

It should not be necessary to urge the merits of Resinol Soap, nor is it necessary to people who have tried it. They know that it invigorates a sallow, sluggish skin, and helps to keep the complexion clear and fresh,—and the hair thick and lustrous.

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FIRST AID for

Quick Relief

pany; and I'm not hunting them for the bank. We don't keep looking over back fences to see what brilliant performers the other fellows may have concealed in their back yards. We prefer to develop our own.

"The selection of a personnel director is important because he furnishes the raw material—and it must be good. Then I try to see to it that department heads have some insight, some capacity for leading and teaching their men, and I want those chiefs of departments to have enough breadth and courage and generosity to advance their men as they deserve, and to let someone above know about it. If the personnel director does a good job and the department heads are sizable, and my fellow officers appreciate fully the need for help at the top, the problem is simplified. When I see a head stick out above the crowd I keep my eye on it. 'That's my man for an assistant officer some day.' And I don't forget him.

"If a president *deserves* to have big men around him he will have them," he continued. "I believe that thoroughly. I have said to our officers: 'Whenever you have a special desire to run over to Europe, or to visit the Middle West or the Coast, we'll usually be able to find some bank business for you to do which will justify your expenses.' Nobody can go out through the West, or to Europe, and *study*, without bringing back something that is valuable to a great city bank," he added. "By continuing to encourage that sort of study I expect some day to have around our executive table a group of men who have a sounder national and international banking knowledge than can be found anywhere else. In the long run no big institution can be bigger than its men."

He quoted to me once the remark of Enos M. Barton, the wise old president of the Western Electric Company who gave him his first business schooling. "The job of the president is to sit steady in his chair and keep the boys from making fools of themselves," Mr. Barton said. I imagine that Mitchell is building toward the day when the president of the National City Bank will be able to operate on that basis.

FINALLY, he has a most impressive fund of common sense. He does not fool himself about himself; his feet are on the ground. This is the third thing. When he was elected president of the bank, and moved his office down-stairs to the main floor he said to one of his friends on the board: "I know what I am up against. I'm like a chap that's going to learn to play the piano. I've got to begin picking out the simple tunes with one finger; then, after a while, I'll be able to use one hand, and then both hands. And some day I'll know enough to take it all apart, pull out the bad strings and put in good ones. But it's a long course of study, and I know it."

"How far along are you now?" I asked him after he'd been president about a year. "Can you play 'Home, Sweet Home' and 'Rock of Ages'?"

"Hardly," he answered, "but I'm practicing."

I have seen him at his practicing. I met him one evening after he had spent a couple of hours with some officials of

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a big steel company. I don't know what it was all about, but he seemed to have taken a five-years course in the steel business in those two hours. He was at a luncheon another day when a man who had studied Russia intimately made a talk to a group of bankers. The next day the man lunched with Mitchell alone; it was a chance to get the real facts about a great problem—too good a chance to be overlooked. The men who traveled with him through the sugar country of Cuba say that he averaged eighteen hours a day, visiting plantations, studying mills, analyzing statements, asking questions—always asking questions. But when he came back he *knew* about the sugar business; he could play that sweet melody on his piano pretty well.

One of the contagious diseases of Wall Street is directoritis—the habit of being a director. There are men whose whole lives are just one session after another in a padded chair, who can't put their fingers into the vest pocket of any suit of clothes without finding a ten-dollar gold piece. Mitchell is not a joiner of directorates. His job is big enough for all the energy and judgment he has; he refuses to scatter himself over a dozen enterprises; he sticks to his piano.

So at forty-five he occupies one of the great financial positions of the world, with every prospect of remaining in it for a long time to come. The three things which disqualify men for a permanency in such a place are: (1) ill-health, (2) the incapacity to inspire confidence in one's associates, and (3) the swelled head. Men who knew Mitchell at Amherst say that he is just as healthy, and just as willing to admit that there are things he does not know, as when he was entering orders for the Western Electric Company at ten dollars a week. And they still call him Charlie.

**"YOU Can Always Cash in on Your Experiences"** is the title of an unusual interview next month with a great New York financier and business man who has successfully operated in more than twenty different lines of activity. If you are thinking of changing from one business to another, you will be particularly impressed with this man's experiences.

## Always on Top of His Job— Not Underneath It

(Continued from page 38)

rushed out from New York and signed agreements with the entire country population; every step in the effort of the city to acquire the land was resolutely fought, in the interests of a larger price. But the land had to be acquired and quickly; and acquired it finally was. Eleven miles of railroad track and sixty-four miles of roads were relocated; the nine villages were razed to the ground and the dead from two thousand eight hundred graves moved elsewhere.

This last detail of the preparations



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HOFFMAN "Controlled Heat" is designed so that a woman can easily and accurately regulate the heat in any room. Each radiator has a one-finger control valve. A touch on this valve gives as much or as little heat as you want, when you want it and where you want it.

Then there's the big advantage, which both you and your wife will appreciate, of being able

to have different temperatures in different rooms; the nursery warm as toast for baby's bath; your bedroom cool and fresh.

And you will be just as interested in the simplicity and remarkable economy of "Controlled Heat" as your wife is in its convenience and comfort.

### ***A booklet you should read***

BOTH of you should read the booklet, "Controlled Heat" which tells why it is "the greatest forward step in modern home-heating."

Surely you will want "Controlled Heat" in that new home you're planning.

Business executives, planning big buildings, should first investigate the remarkable advantages of "Controlled Heat" in large installations.

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- ☐ Please send, without obligation to me, the booklet, "Controlled Heat."  
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provided an unhappy reminder of the transitoriness of human life. Though these were little country villages where everybody is supposed to know everybody else, the relatives of many of those buried in the cemeteries could not be found or, if found, evinced no interest in the removal of the bodies. After two years had elapsed, therefore, the remaining bodies were transferred by contract; and the last of the dead gave up the fight which the living had waged with such persistence to delay the great work as long as possible.

Second. On each side of the Hudson River are valleys, the rock floors of which had been deeply eroded through the geologic ages. In order to cross these it was necessary to run many portions of the aqueduct underground, boring through solid rock at great depths.

**B**UT the greater problem was presented by the tunnel under the city. The thought of boring a fifteen-foot tube through solid rock, from two hundred to eight hundred feet beneath the basements of New York's skyscrapers, and of doing this without the slightest disturbance to the flow of life above—this seemed incredible to expert and lay minds alike. Nothing of the sort had ever been attempted before, and engineers and editors protested against it.

Suppose something should happen to the tunnel after the water was turned into it, how could it ever be repaired? Suppose one of the shafts, through which the water comes up to the street level for distribution into pipes, were to break—a fifteen-foot geyser would shoot into the air for a couple of hundred feet with force enough to blow a skyscraper into atoms. The whole thing was not only dangerous but impracticable, said the wise objectors. But Waldo Smith went quietly on his way. The only external evidence that the tunnel was being constructed was the erection of twenty-four little wooden buildings, about a mile apart, one over each shaft. As most New Yorkers live their whole lives inside a circle of less than a mile in diameter, few saw more than one of these little houses, and almost no one stopped to ask what they meant. Before New York suspected that a tunnel was being drilled under its feet, the tunnel was completed.

Third. The greatest engineering obstacle of all was in bringing the tunnel under the Hudson River. It came down to the Hudson under Storm King Mountain at a depth of two hundred and twenty-eight feet below sea level. But to go under the river the tunnel had to be cut through solid rock, and nobody knew how deep it would be necessary to go down in order to find rock. Scows were anchored in the middle of the channel and test holes were sunk through the water and the drift which formed the river bottom. Down and down they went, but even at a depth of seven hundred and fifty feet no solid rock was struck—only boulders and sand. For two years the borings continued, and finally a hole was sunk so deep that the engineers seemed on the very threshold of success, when down the river came floating an awkward, lazy barge, bumped comfortably against the scow from which the borings were being made, and tore it



from its moorings. The hole was lost, the work of two years gone for nothing.

Meanwhile the aqueduct was being pushed on toward the river banks from both directions. It took courage to push on. "How do you know you can get under the river?" demanded the newspapers. "Why throw away these millions on a ditch that may never cross the Hudson?" . . . "How can you be sure that you will ever strike solid rock under the river's bed?" Waldo Smith did not answer the criticisms and, if he was disturbed by the failure to strike rock, no one could see it in his face or manner. He went on in his quiet way, issuing orders in low tones and figuring out what to try next.

He set his men to digging a three-hundred-foot pit on each side of the river. At the bottom of each pit he constructed a big round working chamber and then, with long hollow drills tipped with diamonds, he started to bore under the river from each side, until the drills should meet in the middle. Almost at once another obstacle cropped up. The long, slender drills showed a tendency to turn upward, instead of following a straight line at the initial angle; it was evident that unless the engineers knew the amount of the departure or corrected the deflection they could not know the depth of their drills. To solve this problem a clever expedient was devised: In each drill was inserted a small bottle partly filled with hydrofluoric acid, which etches glass. When this was let down into the boring and allowed to remain long enough to etch the bottle, the angle between the horizontal etched line and the axis of the bottle enabled the engineers to calculate the true position of the drill, and to make corrections accordingly.

THE boring went on from both sides until finally, at a depth of one thousand five hundred feet, the two drills met in solid rock, one having bored two thousand feet and the other one thousand eight hundred and thirty-one feet. But even then the problem was not solved. The borings from the scow had found no rock at seven hundred and fifty feet, and these diagonal borings had found it at one thousand five hundred feet; somewhere between these depths was the top of the rock. But where? It was necessary to know the answer to that question in order to insure building the tunnel far enough below the top to enable it safely to resist the great bursting pressure of the water in the aqueduct at that depth. So another pair of diagonal borings at a lesser angle was made, and these met in rock under the river at a depth of nine hundred and fifty feet. The engineers, therefore, knew that they were safe in boring somewhere between the nine-hundred-and-fifty-foot and the one-thousand-five-hundred-foot levels, and they decided to put the tunnel through at a depth of one thousand one hundred and fourteen feet.

So New York's fifteen-foot river of water comes up to the banks of the Hudson, under a mountain, at a depth of two hundred and twenty-eight feet below sea level. There it drops vertically down a great shaft to an additional depth of eight hundred and eighty-six feet (one thousand one hundred and



## A good thing it did leak!

IF THE air valve on that radiator hadn't leaked, he might have gone on wondering, winter after winter, why his coal bills were so high and his steam heat so poor.

But, because it did leak and ruined the wall, he decided that it was time to try Hoffman Valves. And then he made the discovery that—

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- ☐ Enclosed is \$2.15 for one No. 1 Hoffman Valve to try on my worst radiator. If not satisfied I can return the valve and receive my money back.
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fourteen in all), flows under the river, and rises through a similar shaft on the other side. There is nothing like this sub-river tunnel anywhere else in the world; it represents a new chapter in the conquest of engineering obstacles.

To make a complete catalogue of the obstacles would more than fill this magazine. It was necessary to assemble a force of more than one thousand three hundred engineers, and these dealt with contractors employing twenty-five thousand men. To nature's multitude of barriers human nature added its jealousies, its unreliability, and its unending ingenuity for doing the thing wrongly. And back of all this there were the newspapers and "the people." General Goethals has stated publicly that the task which J. Waldo Smith achieved presented more engineering difficulties than the construction of the Panama Canal. Suppose we let that sentence stand as a summary of the obstacles, and turn for a moment to the man.

The first thing that impressed me about Waldo Smith was the fact that he was chief engineer of the waterworks in his home town, Lincoln, Massachusetts, at the age of seventeen. It wasn't much of a waterworks, to be sure—a little one-lunged pump and a couple of miles of pipe—but it was the biggest thing of its kind in the town, and he was the boss of it while he was still a boy.

"Of course I very soon discovered that I would have to know a lot more if I was going to travel very far," he said to me. "After I had worked a while, I went to Andover and then to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology."

**B**UT one thing that interested me was that he got a good stiff taste of work before he went to college.

A friend of mine was having his shoes polished recently by an Italian bootblack. He asked the bootblack about the relative advantages of this country and Italy. "Surely your children have a far better chance here, Tony," said my friend.

Tony was not so sure.

"My son come out school when he eighteen," he said, with an expressive gesture. "And I donno. You can't teach a boy to work unless you begin before he's eighteen."

One could write several articles on that text. Henry Ford remarked to me that he always gave preference to boys from the farm because they had learned, early, how to work. The farm demands continuous effort every day, not once in a while; it presents new obstacles with every change of weather; it thrusts responsibility onto shoulders while they are still young. All this is a factor in the battle with the obstacles of later years.

One of the reasons why Waldo Smith was able to finish his big job a year ahead of time, and at a figure more than eight million dollars below the estimate, is found in the fact that he gave not only authority and praise with equal generosity; he gave himself. Napoleon said that a general always has men enough if he will bivouac with them in the field. There is a world of difference between working for a boss you admire and working for a man you like.

"I've always tried to be accommodat- ing," Waldo Smith says simply. "I like people; they're interesting. It's good fun to see them get along and to help them when you can."



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Accommodating is the word he used; but it's hardly a big enough word. Human expresses it better. A young engineer on a section of the aqueduct far removed from New York made a long, careful report. It involved evening work and Sunday work, but it was part of the regular duty for which he was paid and he sent it in without supposing that it would attract any special attention. But it got to the chief, and the chief sat down, and in his own handwriting wrote the young engineer a note. It meant only five minutes in time, perhaps, but the young engineer never forgot it.

A totally unfit engineer got into one of the camps. He was a trouble-maker and, because he was too incompetent, he was slowing down the work. One night the other engineers pulled him out of bed, hazed him, ducked him in the watering trough and ran him out of camp. The incompetent scurried to New York and stirred up a political rumpus. It got to the commissioners, who, to avoid a storm, directed the chief to administer a reprimand to the engineer in charge of that division.

**WALDO SMITH** can take orders as well as deliver them. He journeyed out to that section and summoned the division engineer who, being one of the ablest men on the entire job, was almost heart-broken at the censure. Smith read the reprimand in full—every word, every letter, while the color mounted in the other's face. Finishing, he folded up the paper and slipped it into his coat pocket. His voice dropped almost to a whisper: "Was he slowing down the work?" he asked.

The division engineer nodded. "Did you duck him good?" Smith continued.

The engineer, showing plainly his surprise, nodded a second time.

"You ought to have drowned him," said Smith, and without another word turned on his heel and marched away.

Waldo Smith showed also that he had courage of the highest order. He showed it at the very beginning when he refused to award the big contract to the contractor whose bid was lowest. The newspapers descended upon his head with the force of the water descending into his tunnel at the Hudson. "What political jobbery is this?" they demanded. Waldo Smith explained simply that he had to have a contractor who could deliver the goods, and that it was false economy to deal with any other. And the event proved the wisdom of his choice; the contractor finished the work both inside the time limit and inside the amount of the estimate. "In this world an awful lot is forgiven," Waldo Smith remarked, "if something is accomplished." So he let the papers howl and quietly got the work done.

Indeed, I doubt if he ever read the papers. Certainly he never answered them. "It doesn't pay," he said with a smile; "besides, criticism doesn't hurt if you know you're right. It's part of the price of the job. It reminds me a little of the famous Muldoon," he continued. "I went up to his health farm one summer. Roosevelt used to go up there sometimes, and John Purroy Mitchel, our mayor. Muldoon is very exacting; as long as you remain in his camp he de-



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mands absolute obedience. He pulverizes the pride of the successful, soft New Yorkers who are so accustomed to giving orders on their own account, and about the second day some of the chaps who can't stand the hooks pack up their stuff and sneak home. He singled me out for personal attention one morning when I was apparently too slow in comprehending what he wanted the class to do. He shouted across the gymnasium:

"You haven't brains enough to come in out of the rain! You, a chief engineer! I don't see how such a fool as you can hold any job at all!"

Waldo Smith chuckled at the memory. "I loved it," he said. "The whole class was tickled to see me getting my medicine; but they didn't dare to smile or Muldoon would have descended on them. But he reminded me for all the world of the criticism of the newspapers—loud and hot for a little while, but soon over; and not at all important, provided you know you're right."

THE Jesuits have a saying to this effect: "A great deal of good can be accomplished if one is not too careful who gets the credit." I thought of that saying as we sat and talked. Smith's job was a bigger engineering feat than the building of the Canal. Goethals himself had said so. But Smith's job was eight hundred feet under the street; and even those who benefit most from it have only a vague idea of what a big thing it is. I thought of Harriman, who, like Smith, was a quiet little man who never took the trouble to answer his critics. In 1907, when the Colorado River overflowed its banks, Harriman jumped in and spent one million five hundred thousand dollars to stem the flood. He saved the Imperial Valley; and Roosevelt, thanking him for it, promised that Congress would reimburse him; but Congress never did.

Shortly before his death Harriman revisited Imperial Valley and was met by a reporter.

"Mr. Harriman, the Government hasn't paid you that money," said the reporter, "and your work doesn't seem to be duly appreciated. Do you not, under these circumstances, regret having made this large expenditure?"

"No," Harriman replied. "The Valley was worth saving, wasn't it?"

"Yes," said the reporter.

"Then we have the satisfaction of knowing that we saved it, haven't we?"

The job was worth doing. It was done. From Harriman's viewpoint there was nothing more to be said.

Waldo Smith's job was underground. The men of his own profession have recognized its enormous contribution and rewarded him with the highest honor they can give. But of the millions who drink the water that his tunnel brings to New York, few ever heard of him, or stop to think how the water comes, or what would happen if it stopped. From them he has as little credit as Harriman received; and apparently he worries over that just about as much as Harriman worried, and not one bit more.

Which is another reason, I take it, why he overcame his obstacles and why, out of all the Smiths in New York, he is one of thirty who outwitted Fate and broke into the pages of "Who's Who."

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## The Stunt King of the Movies

(Continued from page 21)

"You'll take care of me, won't you?"

"I assured her that I would; and when the canoe upset I took pains to go down pretty deep, so that she would be above me. The current, of course, was fierce. I knew we would be through the worst of it in about a minute, and I can stay under water at least two minutes, so I didn't try to come to the surface. I just stayed under the girl and kept pushing her foot up with my hand. When we got out, below the rapids, she was terribly indignant.

"I thought you promised to take care of me!" she exclaimed.

"Well," I said, "didn't I do it?"

"No! I never even saw you!"

"But," I said, "you can't swim, and yet you were at the surface of the water all the time. How do you explain that?"

"Why, my foot kept hitting against something, and that was what kept me up," she declared.

"Well—I was that something," I told her.

"IN ONE play, I had to make a bridge of my body from the top-story window of one building to the fire escape of an adjoining building, and my wife was to cross by this human bridge, sixty or seventy feet above the ground. The distance across the gap was six feet.

"You can bet your life that I made sure of myself before I did a stunt like that, with my wife's safety at stake. We began training for it at home. I would take two chairs and stretch myself out, horizontally, between them. Then I had my wife sit on me, while I was in this position. Then she would stand on my back. And finally she would walk along my body, from one chair to the other. We kept this up for six weeks. We experimented until I had found just how to brace myself, just how many steps she should make, and where she should put her foot each time. Then, when I felt absolutely sure of the principles, and of our ability to carry them out, we did the real stunt.

"In one picture I walked a wire across Au Sable Chasm. It was one of the wires on which a big iron bucket, or scoop, travels back and forth. I had to step over the pulleys as the bucket passed under me. To prepare for this I spent weeks walking a wire in the gymnasium. I began with it a few inches from the floor and gradually raised it to a height of six feet.

"I never had been on a wire higher than that when I did the stunt for the camera. In that case, the wire was about fifty feet high. We had no rehearsal. I simply did it, and the camera man made the pictures. I knew I could walk a wire. The height was merely a detail that did not affect the main fact. If I laid a six-inch plank across this room, you could walk it all right. If I put it fifty feet in the air, you probably would fall off. Your fear would destroy your self-confidence. That's the whole explanation.

"The only serious accidents I have had were due either to the fact that I hadn't



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made sure of the principles involved or that I had depended on other people for some of the details. The worst smash I ever had came from relying on what others told me. It was a scene where I was to jump from a balcony running around a ballroom, catch a chandelier, which I could swing back and forth like a pendulum, go from that to another chandelier, and swing from that to the opposite balcony. The ballroom had very lofty ceilings, so that the chandeliers were about twenty-five feet from the floor.

"When we were ready to make the scene I protested that it wasn't safe. But if we had waited until the changes could be made, it would have meant paying five hundred people for an idle day; for there was a big crowd there all ready to go on with it. Finally, I allowed myself to be persuaded to try it, at any rate; and it went through successfully.

"You see," they said. "There's nothing wrong with it. Will you do it again?"

"I did it again—all right. Then they wanted me to do it a third time. And that time the chandelier hit the upper part of the balcony, shattered the globes, and a shower of glass flew into my face. Instinctively, I tried to shield my eyes with my arm, lost my hold, and fell to the floor.

"My left arm was broken at the elbow, the bones protruding through the flesh, and at the wrist. My right arm was broken and the elbow dislocated, so that the hand stood out backward, at right angles to the arm. As I looked down at it, I couldn't even see my hand. I thought it had gone through the floor.

"THE doctors said I would never have much use of my left arm again. It took me a good many months to show them their mistake—but I did it! Long before that arm was out of the cast, I was at work getting some life into it. I began by just holding a small object in my hand, opening and closing the fingers. Later, I got a small piece of lead and carried it in that hand. I kept adding flat pieces of lead, wrapping the whole thing in paper. This package I carried with me wherever I went.

"Once, when I had gone to the bank, I laid my package of lead on the desk while I signed a check. When I turned to pick it up, it was gone. The detective on duty, who thought he had spotted a crank carrying a bomb around, had taken it to the bank officials. They apologized profusely when they got my explanation.

"For months I worked almost incessantly, by exercise and rubbing and massage, to get strength into my arms. As far as I can tell, they are as sound now as they ever were. The doctors call it a miracle. If it is, I know that you have to work a miracle. It doesn't just 'happen.'

"Sometimes I have had an accident because, for perhaps only a few seconds, I did not keep my attention concentrated on what I was doing. One of these accidents happened only last year. I jumped from an airplane to a moving railway train—not to the top of the train, which would be comparatively easy, but to the side of the train, where I caught the sill of an open window and hung there by my hands.

"I made it all right, but my attention was diverted by the airplane. When I

DR. J. BERG ESEWEIN

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had jumped, it rose higher and went over some trees alongside the track. Then the sound of its motor suddenly stopped. And it was while I was wondering whether the plane was in trouble that I got into trouble myself. The train was to slow up and I was to drop off. But at the place where I did this there were several tracks branching from the one on which the train was running. There had been some rain not long before and these tracks were slippery. Because I was thinking about the airplane, I did not notice this. The consequence was that I fell, dislocated my hip, and tore the ligaments of my leg—and that is worse than an ordinary fracture of bones.

"I was back at work, however, even before I was able to walk. They would lift me onto my motor-cycle and I could ride that and do stunts—but there had to be someone waiting to lift me off.

"As I was living in New York when that accident happened I got eighteen dollars a week while I was laid up. That was my allowance under the industrial insurance laws of the state. My friends used to think it was a good joke on me, that eighteen dollars a week. But I was quite proud of it, because it was the only insurance I can get. No company will insure my life. They won't even insure a production in which I appear.

"SEVERAL years ago, when I was making 'The Great Gamble' under Joseph Golden's direction, he tried to get the members of the company insured. And he succeeded—for a while! Then, one day, the insurance agent came up to the studio and wanted to see me about something. They told him I was 'working on location,' as we call it when we are doing scenes away from the studio. But as we were in that neighborhood they told him where to find me.

"In the scene we were making that day, I was pursued by the villains, as usual; and in order to escape them was to jump from the roof of one seven-story building to the roof of the next building, across an eighteen-foot gap between the two. The insurance agent arrived just in time to see me make this leap. Two minutes later he was on his way to the nearest telephone booth he could find! He called up his company, told them to cancel our policy immediately, and I've never been able to get a dollar of insurance from a company since then."

"But, when you made that jump, of course there was a net below you, in case you missed, wasn't there?" I asked.

"No," said Hutchison; "because we had two cameras working all the time. One was on the roof, showing the jump from that point of view. The other was placed where it showed the gap between the two buildings, from the ground up, and me leaping from one to the other. In that way, the moving picture audiences could see there was no fake about it and that there was no net underneath.

"It was a running broad jump. I had practiced it in the gymnasium and had proved to myself that I could cover a distance of twenty feet. That gave me two feet as a margin of safety. I had everything measured exactly, and had a piece of canvas fastened on the roof at the point where I must take off. For as I ran up at full speed, I knew I wouldn't be



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cycles, or trucks, they "get there" as they can.

When Nature rages to that point where few things can stand against her, when property is destroyed and towns cut off, the telephone is needed more than ever. No cost is too much, no sacrifice too great, to keep the wires open. If telephone poles come down with the storm, no matter how distant they may be, no matter how difficult to reach, somehow a way is found, somehow—in blizzard, hurricane, or flood—the service is restored.

Whatever else may fail, the telephone service must not fail, if human effort can prevent it. This is the spirit of the Bell System.



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surface within two minutes. He rides a motor-cycle alongside a train at full speed, leaps from his machine and catches the rear platform of the train. If he missed— But he hasn't missed yet! He says that is an easy stunt, that the hard part is when he has to let himself slip off the steps, as he catches the railing, and be dragged along the track while he clings to the railing with his hands.

But in most of the things he does there is one lesson which can be useful to us all. It is the lesson of *careful preparation*, of trying to make sure how a thing can be done before attempting to do it. We do not pay as great a penalty for ignorance and haphazard carelessness as Charles Hutchison would. But we do pay! We trust to chance, to "muddling through" somehow or other. And when we do a thing that way it is certain to be muddled itself. Hutchison neither trusts blindly to chance nor trusts blindly in himself. In talking of the dangerous stunts he has done, he repeatedly said: "I knew I could depend on myself." He is constantly testing himself. And when he knows what his ability is, he has *faith* in it. He doesn't say: "Well, of course, I did it that time; but maybe I can't do it again." He says, instead: "Well, I did it once, so I can do it again." He does, as he said, seemingly impossible things because his courage is based on a knowledge of the facts and of his own capabilities.

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## "There is No Failure Save in Giving Up"

(Continued from page 27)

first water for irrigation came through in June, 1901. In September of that year, Shenk, with his father and brothers, began to level, irrigate, and seed nine hundred acres. The leveling alone was no mean task. Every sand hill had to be smoothed evenly and slightly graded, so that water would flow between all the furrows and hit every spot.

There were a thousand times in the early years, and later too, when men of ordinary nerve became discouraged and quit. They convinced themselves that the prize to be gained in the Colorado Desert was not worth the price. Shenk, however, never became discouraged, and he never thought of quitting. Sheer grit made him, at every fresh obstacle, take a tighter grip and hold on all the harder.

"There aren't words in the English language," he said, to describe the hell men had to go through and the guts it took to stick. In 1902, among other little things that happened, the Government sent a crop expert to examine and report on the soil in the Valley."

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The report, which I looked up, said in one place: "One hundred and twenty-five thousand acres have already been taken up by prospective settlers, many of whom talk of planting crops which it will be impossible to grow. They must early find that it is useless to attempt their growth."

This report proved disastrous for the Valley, for it came at a time when capital and settlers were needed above all else. It turned away thousands of people and millions of dollars. As time proved, the report was largely unjustified.

"The young man who made that report for the Government," said Mr. Shenk, "stayed with me. I was busy with mules and scrapers, digging irrigation ditches and getting my land in shape.

"You're wasting your time," he said to me. "That land won't raise anything, and if it did it wouldn't be any good. There's too much alkali!"

"All right," I replied; "but I'm going to see!"

"I went ahead and planted and put the water on, and presently I had wonderful crops."

AT THE end of four years Mr. Shenk, Senior, received an offer of \$27.50 per acre for the sixteen hundred acres belonging to him and his sons. That land originally cost him \$2.75 per acre. The offer appeared too good to refuse, and without consulting his youngest son he contracted to sell the entire ranch, and signed his name to the papers. When Adolphus heard the news he shook his head.

"No, Father," he said. "I won't sell."

"But," the older man expostulated, "this is a lot of money. It's a big profit."

"You're right," the son replied; "but not big enough to satisfy me. This land is going to sell some day for one hundred dollars an acre. When it does, I'll sell—not before."

His father laughed at such a possibility. But he could not budge the young man from his determination to hold on to his land.

This refusal precipitated a lawsuit with the new purchaser. The authority of law in the country at that time was largely in the hands of men who could exercise it. Young Shenk ran the would-be buyer off his land and successfully retained possession until a deputy sheriff was brought across the mountains from the county seat, one hundred and fifty miles away. The sheriff compelled Shenk to give in for a little while; but presently the courts decided the land belonged to him.

Shenk's father, when he contracted to sell, agreed to accept five equal payments made at intervals of five years. Before he received the second payment, Adolphus had disposed of his section at one hundred dollars per acre.

"I was sorry later to have sold even at that price," he told me; "for afterward, as agent, I disposed of some of my own original land at two hundred and seventy-five dollars per acre. I have bought other land since, and some of that I now own is producing on a valuation of more than two thousand dollars an acre."

Sand storms and the intense heat of the Valley in summer were some of the special hardships that Shenk and others had to contend with.



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"Many a night," he remarked with a smile, "I worked in the fields without a stitch of clothing, and I'd jump into the irrigation ditch afterward!"

But there were hardships of another kind, too. Being a new country and close to the international border, it attracted many bandits and outlaws. Shenk, after he sold his first ranch, engaged for a time in store-keeping, and was the second postmaster in Calexico.

"Holding up the stores was a favorite sport," he said. "I had a partner and we used up a good many cases of ammunition in practice. My partner practiced with a rifle mostly; I generally used a revolver. We used to throw nickels and dimes as targets. My partner got so he could hit eighteen out of twenty tries.

"Our store was never held up.

"The nearest shipping point on the railroad in those days," he continued, "was Flowing Wells. It was fifty miles across the desert, and when you got there it was only a siding and water tank. We had to make the trip to Flowing Wells ever so often for supplies.

"There wasn't any road. The sand drifted and covered up the wagon tracks between trips. In order to find our way we would pick out a peak in the mountains and head for it. When we struck the railroad we'd look at the numbers on the telephone poles to decide whether to go east or west to get to Flowing Wells.

"There was no agent and no station. Our goods were thrown off on the sand. They'd lie there, if we were lucky, until we came to get them. Many a time I ordered a crate of bacon and made the trip across the desert, and got nothing but the crate for my pains. Hoboes had the bacon!

"There was no regular mail schedule at Calexico. We had to send out letters by engineers or others who happened to be making the trip.

"We used to carry currency across to the station. Checks were no good in those days. We had to pay for everything in cash. The bandits seemed to take a special delight in trying to hold us up on these trips."

MR. SHENK mentioned this early in the day. When we were driving toward home, after several strenuous hours at the ranch, I reverted to the subject.

"What happened," I asked, "when they tried to hold you up on the desert?"

"I'll never tell you!" he replied. "But I never lost any money."

Adolphus Shenk was never a gun-fighter. He was a man of tremendous energy and definite purpose in a raw country. Guns in the hands of straight men took the place of law, the orderly processes of which were remote and uncertain. Bad men had to be run out.

In the year of 1905 there was added to the torrid climate, banditry, and the other hardships of a new country, the dangers of flood. In that year the Colorado River, from which water is taken to irrigate the Valley, and which normally empties into the Gulf of California, broke away from the engineers.

They had made a cut in the banks for irrigation purposes, meaning to close it again before the spring flood. But instead of one flood that year there were five; they began unusually early, and prevented the closing of the cut. By August,

as a result of this, the Colorado River had completely changed its course. It stopped running into the gulf and emptied into the Valley, cutting new channels and ruining mile after mile of ranch land.

What was known as the Salton Sink was the lowest part of the Valley and lay several hundred feet below sea level. The river began to make a new sea in the Salton Sink. Before the runaway river was turned back into its normal channel it had created the Salton Sea, a body of water some twelve miles wide and thirty miles long.

At that time many settlers thought the Valley was ruined forever. They were willing to sell out for what they could get. Values dropped almost as rapidly as once they had risen. But while others were selling, Shenk was buying.

"I BOUGHT everything I could get my hands on," he said. "Later, when the river was under control, I turned around and sold at a good profit.

"It was a trying time. For a while the whole town was threatened. A levee was built. Every man, woman, and child was drafted to work on it. It held all right until one Saturday night early in April. The wind then was blowing a gale, chopping up the river. The waves rose and lapped over the top of the levee.

"For three days and nights I worked, along with everybody else, in water up to my neck, placing sand sacks to strengthen the levee. We had to tie ropes around men to keep them from being swept under by the current. As it was, the water got into part of the town. It was four feet deep in the railroad station."

After three days the river subsided enough so that the town was saved.

Shenk proved to be a pioneer not only in the sense of enduring physical hardships in building a new country, but also in developing new ideas for the benefit of the country. For two years he experimented to find out how to raise alfalfa properly; then others in the Valley came to him to find out how to do it.

Mr. Shenk was also one of the earliest to experiment with cotton in the Valley, was the first to raise it successfully, and he is now one of the largest producers. He also raises, or has raised, everything it is profitable to produce in the Valley. But Shenk is much more than just a rancher.

In the early days he was the first customs broker of Calexico, and a school trustee when he was scarcely of age. He has engaged in the buying and selling of real estate in the Valley. He does a very large insurance business. He was responsible for building the cotton compress in the town, one of the largest west of Texas. He has promoted or financed cotton gins, and also oil mills to utilize cotton seed and by-products. Finally, he makes loans for some of the banks most largely interested in the Valley. This last fact was responsible for a recent and supreme test of Shenk's mettle.

Across the border in Mexico were a number of cotton ranches operated on lease by Chinese. Shenk negotiated loans for the lessees, and he was required to endorse the notes. Two years ago the bottom fell out of the cotton market. The Chinese saw that everything was lost. They ran for cover. To the bankers



it seemed inevitable that Shenk must be drawn under with them. They said to him: "There's only one thing you can do: go through bankruptcy. After that, you can probably get on your feet again, somehow."

This, however, Shenk positively refused to do. For a week he fought with the bankers. It took him six arduous days to make them see it his way. And thereupon he tackled his biggest job.

He took over the ranches that the Chinese, sixteen of them, had operated. He found the equipment in miserable order; some of it had been made away with before he arrived. There was standing cotton in the fields which was worth less, at the market price, than the cost of picking it. But Shenk picked it.

It was but little more than a year ago that Shenk took over this twelve thousand acres on a ten-year lease, assumed the obligations of the Chinese, and faced what many qualified people told him was a hopeless job. His losses in his one disastrous year was \$232,000. But those who told him the job of recovery was hopeless had not fathomed Shenk. The cotton that he picked at a time when its market worth was less than the cost of picking it, cut his \$232,000 loss in half, for the market, as he had foreseen, recovered.

"You can't run a ranch with Mexican labor," he was told; "they won't work."

But we passed hundreds of them working hard and faithfully, and, under supervision, doing a splendid job. All day and until the sun was setting we drove about Shenk's great ranch. Nothing escaped his attention. He noted the condition of every field and irrigation ditch.

IT WAS nearly nine o'clock at night after supper in the kitchen at the main camp when we started on our drive back to the border. We passed camp after camp on his ranches: little villages in which the characteristic huts of tule grass and arrow weed predominated. For miles after we left the main camp we could see its light across the level fields of what once was desert. Just beyond was the actual desert, that part of it where water will not go; and beyond that were the barren mountains of Mexico, bulking big in the starlight.

It was after ten when we arrived at Mr. Shenk's office in town. His desk was piled with papers accumulated during the day.

"You're not going to clean them off to-night?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied; "I seldom leave before twelve or one o'clock. There's my motto," he concluded, as we shook hands.

He pointed to a frame which enclosed a dozen lines from Henry Austin. I read the lines and copied off one, because it seemed to me to sum up this man, who has endured nearly everything a man can endure, and has come through at the age of forty, full of vigor and with a smile. Here's the line I copied:

There is no failure, save in giving up.

Men like Adolphus Shenk, men who don't know when to give up, who hang on in spite of hell and high water, who have fought for and built this country step by step from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific—they are the true pioneers.

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## The Day Always Comes—to Those Who Hang On Tight

(Continued from page 57)

used to give me ten cents a day for my luncheon. Later I found that it was only by the utmost pinching and planning that she managed always to have that money for me.

The Civil War came on. That was a great time for a boy. We little chaps, who were not old enough to enlist, formed armies of our own. Over in New Worcester was a company. We could not go through New Worcester, and one of their company could not come through our valley. They challenged us and we met in the battle of Jamesville. I say "us," although I was considered a little too young to be a regular member. Our crowd, one night just as the mill closed, marched off a hundred strong to give battle. I hid my dinner pail behind a stone wall, picked up a club, fell in at the rear, and went off to war. Our scouts located the enemy in a strongly intrenched position down behind a stone wall near the old Wesson House. Our leaders gave the order to attack and dislodge the enemy.

WE MET at the stone wall and then it was a free-for-all. When it was all over I found myself with a very black eye and lost in the swamp with Pat Manville. Pat managed to enlist in the real army a little after that, and he was killed in the following year, when he was only sixteen years old. We wandered in the swamp until after midnight before we found a way out. On the road back home I met my two sisters looking for me and about half a mile farther along I met my father. There was some doubt as to who won the battle of Jamesville but none as to who won the battle in Logan's woodshed.

It was hard work in the mill. We had to be in our places at five in the morning. We had half an hour for breakfast at seven o'clock, forty-five minutes at noon for dinner, and then worked on until seven o'clock. My sisters worked in the same mill. Annie was twelve and Margaret was fourteen. Margaret was not very strong, and sometimes after the long day it was very hard indeed for her to get home. We would have to stop very often and sometimes we had to help her; but at that we felt ourselves rather well off, just because we had work.

A boss in those days was a boss. Someone in our room broke a lamp chimney, and Mr. Jones, my boss, thought that I knew who did it. I did not, but he would not believe me. He went off and got a rope, made a loop, put it around my neck, and threw the rope over a beam. I felt perfectly certain he was going to hang me, but I wept so bitterly that he told me he would put off the hanging until another day.

Our life was a simple one. We earned enough money to keep us from want and we had no desire for luxuries, because we did not even know what they were. Every Sunday we walked two miles with our mother to the village church and Sunday-school, and it meant a great deal to us, even though our teacher did inform us

that a javelin was a musical instrument which Saul threw at David. And when Lincoln was assassinated, I distinctly remember that one of the congregation said that it was a judgment on him for having gone into a theatre. Years later, when I first entered a theatre, although it was to see Joe Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle, I had an uncomfortable feeling that maybe I was going to Hell! My father never went to church. Probably he got too much of it when he was young. His father was one of those strict, unlovely Christians who thought religion was mostly a matter of discipline. The children had to walk to church two minutes apart so they would not desecrate the Sabbath by talking on worldly subjects.

My own early reading was the dime novel, and, despite what anyone says about dime novels, I know I never read anything in one that did not make for the good rather than for the bad, and probably if I had not read them I should not have read anything. My favorites were the Munroe and Beadle publications. We had a club. Membership in it cost one dime novel. Ten cents was too much money for any one of us to put out more than once a year or so for reading matter, so we each contributed a cent to the library fund, and when ten cents had been accumulated we added a volume. What little time we had away from the mill we spent in high adventure after the manner of our heroes—dwelling in caves or putting to sea on logs. Almost any book that a boy will read is better than any book he will not read. I cannot imagine what life would be to-day without reading.

There were thirteen mills, all drawing water from what was known as the Paxton Reservoir. They were arranged in steps. When the water was low, Number 13 would not get started until nearly noon, for they all used the same water. When the pond of mill Number 1 had filled, it started work. The water it used flowed into pond Number 2, and so on down the line. Each mill had a big bell, and when the bell tolled it was a signal that the power was on and the hands were to run to their places. I worked in mill Number 12, and because of that my life was materially changed.

ABOUT a quarter of a mile away was the village school. While waiting for the bell we boys used to join the other children at their recess play. The teacher of that school was Miss Mary E. D. King, and next to my mother she did more than anyone else to shape my early years. One day she came out at recess and said:

"You boys ought not to waste all this time. Why don't you come to school during the forenoon or whenever you are waiting for the water, and leave when bell tolls?"

I thought it was a wonderful opportunity. So did four others, but they soon dropped out. When the fall rains came on and there was plenty of water, Miss King suggested that I eat my dinner with





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her over at the school and recite my lessons. I did that for two years. She loaned me schoolbooks and I fitted up wire fingers to hold them open near my machine so that I could read and still not touch the pages with my dirty fingers. At the end of that two years I was further ahead than the boys who had been on full time, and that in spite of the fact that often I had to work nights.

The mill in which I worked was not evenly balanced for equipment. To make up for this shortage in equipment my machines had to run extra two nights till ten o'clock and Saturday night till midnight—this for a boy not thirteen years of age and the only person in the mill!

Miss King taught me to write a good hand, and she suggested that I ought to get out of the mill and learn to be a bookkeeper. She opened up to me the fact that the mill was not the beginning and end of life. This seems a simple enough thing to-day, but it was not then, for we more or less took it for granted that we always had to keep on doing whatever it was we started at.

I fell very ill. It was thought that I had tuberculosis. In the "good old days" consumption claimed many a mill worker. I got about half well and went back into the spooling-room of a mill. That was a girl's job.

IN ORDER to stimulate production, the wages of the sixteen children in the room were each month posted up. One girl had always led the list, but in my first full month I passed her and earned thirty-one dollars and twenty-five cents. I worked in that room for more than a year and led in every month but one—although this girl was always on my heels. The whole room speeded up, and as a reward the boss cut our pay ten per cent. In three months we had overcome the ten per cent handicap and were earning the old wages. They again cut us ten per cent, and three months later they cut another ten per cent. I have never quite got over the unfairness of those wage cuts. I felt then and feel now that some of the benefits of speeding up belonged to us.

Many a man has been embittered by this sort of thing. It did not affect me in that way, but it has been a controlling thought with me in wage scales ever since I became an employer of labor.

I did not want to stay in the mill, and really I was not strong enough for even the girls' work, so with the help of my mother, in my sixteenth year I took a course in a business college at Worcester and learned bookkeeping. I was there about a year, and as soon as I got out found a couple of temporary jobs; but when that work was ended no one seemed to have anything for me to do. I was a wee lad. I am not very tall now, but I did a good deal of my growing after my eighteenth year. Probably the mill stunted me. Nobody wanted a bookkeeper who was scarcely higher than a big desk. One of the principal tailors was rumored to need a bookkeeper. I made my application; he took one look at me and, turning on his heel, said:

"No, you are not big enough. That's all, that's all."

My father did not think much of the bookkeeping idea and more especially he thought very little of a bookkeeper who



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did not have a job. He insisted that I go back into the mill. I would have had to go back—we obeyed our parents in those days—but my mother put her foot down on it. She said positively:

"Jamie is out of the mill, and now that he is he is going to stay out."

Finally, I got a job at one hundred and fifty dollars a year in a dry-goods store. I slept in the store, acted as watchman, and thus saved room rent. On the side I received fifty dollars a year for keeping the books of a valentine manufacturer, and three evenings a week I kept the books of a grocery store, getting one hundred and fifty dollars more for that service. Later I went back, as bookkeeper, to the mill in which I had been a spooler, and remained there two years.

**MY NEXT** job was in a bookstore, and it was from that job I got my real start. The Worcester Polytechnic School had just been established, and ours being the principal bookstore I soon came to know the boys. The students at the Polytechnic Institute were graduating each year and going out into the world as leaders. I began to wonder if when they came back to their class reunions I would still be selling pens and writing pads. I said to myself, "I won't! I won't!" And I didn't. But I got a great deal out of that five years in the bookstore—more than some men get out of a college course.

The stationery store was not well managed. One partner spent more than the business could afford. The senior partner went to a rich neighbor, G. Henry Whitcomb (the envelope manufacturer I have mentioned), to borrow money. He asked for a statement of the business.

I made up a summary covering the transactions of five years and boiled it down so that it was included on two sheets of paper.

The moment Mr. Whitcomb saw the statement, he asked: "Who did that?" Mr. Sanford (my boss) told him. "Send him to me," said Mr. Whitcomb. "He is the man to talk to me."

He loaned the money, and in about a week I was approached by a friend who asked me why I did not buy an interest in the business. I said I had no money. He said that he knew a man who was willing to lend me the money as an investment. I imagine he had been sent by Mr. Whitcomb, although I never knew definitely. My guess was that, having loaned some money to the company, shrewd Yankee that he was, he would insure the first loan by making a second loan to me; so I refused to borrow or buy. Very soon came an offer from Mr. Whitcomb to work for him at seven hundred dollars a year.

I was twenty-six years old. That was two hundred dollars a year less than the bookstore was paying. I asked advice of five friends, and four of them advised me not to take the place. But it was a national business; I saw a future and I took the job. It proved to be my life work. I traveled on the road; but I was a salesman, not a drummer. There's a difference. I tried to find out everything about the business. In those days there were no stenographers, and all correspondence was in long hand. They put a box on my desk, and it became an office custom, instead of settling hard questions, to say, "Put it in Jim's box," and usually when I got home from a long trip the box was full,

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and for weeks I would work every night till I caught up with the work, and then it was time to go out for another trip.

I was in effect manager, but without the title, and at the end of the fourth year I was getting only fifteen hundred dollars.

We could not agree upon my salary for the fifth year. I asked that I be paid the same salary that had been paid to three of my predecessors—who had not made good. There was nothing to do but get out.

With George H. Lowe, of Boston, I embarked in the envelope business on my own account, and right in Worcester. Then came an offer to return to my old place—enter the firm. I went back. But the arrangement did not work out, so the following year, with the two Swift Brothers and John S. Brigham, I withdrew, and the Logan, Swift and Brigham Envelope Company was formed. The banks and individual friends were willing to lend us all the capital we needed—that is the advantage of starting where one is known—and in seven years we were the leaders in the envelope industry in the United States. When in 1898 the United States Envelope Company was organized by consolidation of ten of the leading envelope companies, I became the first vice president and general manager.

All of which, if it means anything, means just this: the day always comes. What seem at the moment to be misfortunes are usually the ending of an old, outworn era and the beginning of a new and better one. At least, it has been that way with me.

## The Narrowest Escape I Ever Had

(Continued from page 45)

water flowing into the suit in some way. Having settled that, I decided to have myself hauled to the top; but before giving the signal I made sure I had them right. One pull on the life line meant to let more of it out, two pulls to be hauled in, three pulls—quick pulls—haul me in at once. Right!

My first thought was for the three quick pulls; then I thought of Clayton and all the talk I had made of staying down longer than he had, and so I gave two unhurried pulls, or what I meant to be unhurried at the moment, expecting to find myself hauled right up to the top.

I was not hauled up at once, but it did not make me uneasy; there must be some reason for the delay; and so I waited—oh, ten seconds, twenty seconds, perhaps half a minute, not wishing them to think up top that I was getting rattled or anything like that.

Still I did not find myself being hauled up. I waited for another little while.

No action. I repeated the signal. No action yet from above; and all this while the gurgling sound was increasing, while the water rolled into my suit with increasing volume.

Ten more seconds which I counted out, and still I was not being hauled up. I then gave the three strong, quick pulls. That will fetch them, I thought.

It did not fetch them. Then I began to think I must have my



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signals wrong. I rehearsed the signals in my mind; two steady pulls on the life line meant that I was to be hauled up in no great hurry; three quick pulls meant to haul me in at once. I had them right. And there was no confusing the life line for the air pipe; the life line led to the right-hand side of the helmet, the air pipe to the left. No mistake there.

I gave three more quick, hard pulls. And waited.

No sign from above. There must be a reason for their not answering. All of them could not have dropped dead. What was the trouble?

I decided that they were not prepared for a signal from me so soon. I had been set on staying down more than twenty-nine minutes, and only a few minutes had passed. I had also said I was going to explore the wreck, and naturally nobody would be looking for a signal from me until there was something like four hundred feet of life line and air pipe out.

I thought of hurrying down-stream so as to run out the four hundred feet quickly, and then give the three quick pulls. But it was only a thought. Before ever they could reel out and haul me back four hundred feet I would be smothered. . . . And what chance then?

I was once concerned in hauling out of the river a dredge hand who had been under water about six minutes. It was twenty minutes before we got any sign of life out of him. I thought: If they wait twenty-nine minutes before hauling me in it will take more than twenty minutes to bring me back to life!

Three times more I gave the three quick pulls, with intervals of about ten seconds between. Still no response.

JUST about then I began to think perhaps I was in for a drowning; and I recall the intellectual curiosity which bothered me when once I made up my mind that I was in a bad way. I could feel the water inside the suit mounting up to my chest, and I knew that it would not have to more than half fill the helmet to get me.

What interested me was that I had read in various books the statement that when a man sees death rolling down on him, then everything he ever did, especially his misdeeds, comes flashing into his mind. Standing there at the bottom of the Savannah River, I recalled that statement, and I was curious to see if the thoughts of all I had ever done would come flooding to my brain.

Nothing of the kind. I stood dead still and even tried to bring to mind all I could, particularly my misdeeds; but my memory did not seem at all concerned with what I had been doing all my life till then. I remember clearly that when I had settled that question, I said to myself: "There's a hoary old lie nailed—to my satisfaction at least." I also recall adding to that: "Now you've settled that, what good will it do you if you don't live to tell people about it?"

I next tried giving one pull, two pulls, three pulls, on the life line. No use. Something else was bothering me then. The air inside the helmet seemed to be growing thick. I gave a pull once on the air hose. I did not expect to get action on it; but while my arms were upstretched to reach for the air hose I noticed that the water seemed to be

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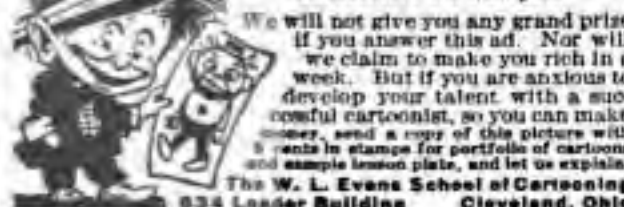
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coming in faster. I raised my right arm again, then both arms. It was so.

Why was that? And puzzling that out I took notice—and not till then did I take notice—that I had no rubber gloves on. I felt one sleeve. It was wide open at the wrist. I could slide either hand well up the open sleeve of the other arm. I remembered then that Johnston had taken off a pair of rubber gloves, dropped them into the bottom of the boat when coming out of the water, and Johnston was a big-boned man with tremendous wrists. Even with the rubber gloves over his big wrists there was a stout rubber band over the gloves to keep the water out at the wrists. That was a fine bust certainly—in a diver's suit rigged like that!

Well, if they could do nothing for me up-top I supposed I would have to do something for myself. I faced about and walked up-stream, having a notion that if I got under the "Mary Jane" I might by some miracle find a way to claw up to her. I walked now with less buoyancy than coming down-stream in the beginning. I tried to bounce up from the bottom, but there was no bouncing with all that loose water inside the suit.

I WAS back to what I judged would be under the boat. I began to figure. It was thirty feet to the bottom of the river at that tide. The diving ladder stretched perhaps five feet under the surface. The keel of the little "Mary Jane" might be six feet under. My finger tips might be able to reach up seven and a half feet. Seventeen feet between. No use there.

If that wasn't tough luck! There they were and there I was, and no way to connect. It was then it occurred to me that my voice might carry through the air tube, make a speaking tube of the air pipe. I shouted. The shouting was something to do and I shouted again. "Hullo, up there! Haul me in, haul me in, haul me in!"

All at once I felt a twist at my helmet. My feet were coming off bottom. What? Yes, I was being hauled up, steadily up, my hands going out to reach something up ahead of me. They felt something besides water at last. One of the ladder uprights, it turned out to be. I gripped it, and then the other upright—oh, but I gripped them! I next hooked my claws into a ladder rung; and another ladder rung.

Up I climbed till I found one foot on a ladder rung, the other foot on the next rung. They were sure enough rungs, too, no dream, because just then I saw through the little helmet window. I could see the forms of people and a little shine of moonlight.

The moonlight made me suspicious for a moment. There had been no moon when I went under. I turned my head to see; all right, there it was, a barrel-head of a white moon climbing, lifting above marsh grass of Hutchinson's Island in the east.

Someone was unscrewing the helmet. It was Johnston, I saw, when he had it off. Clayton was standing by him. There was Grundel, too, with his watch still in his hand.

I lifted one foot to step into the boat, and stubbed it against the top ladder rung. I had under-estimated the weight of the leaden shoe, or my own strength.



Only for Clayton I would have pitched head first into the bottom of the boat.

They unbuckled the suit, pouring out what seemed to me a barrel of water. I looked down at myself. My shirt, a starched linen one, was like a wet handkerchief, which sight cheered me. I hadn't been shaken up without reason. My trousers, a pair of nice new gray ones, were clinging to my legs like wet swimming trunks; all of which cheered me. It was real.

"How long was I down?" I asked.

"You were down about five minutes," said Johnston. "You might have lasted as much as two minutes longer, not more."

"How're you feeling?" asked Clayton.

"Fine—now. What a boob I was not to think of yelling up through the air pipe sooner."

"Yelling—through the air pipe? What do you mean?"

They did not know what I meant; whereupon I asked them how it happened they had all at once hauled me up after letting all my signals go by.

They never got a signal. I pulled on the life line, no doubt, but Wash was all the time paying out line, not thinking of any signals before I had reached the wreck, four hundred feet away. So my pulling on the life line had only helped to run it off the reel.

THEY told me what had happened: I was under water, the air pipe and life line unreeling freely, everything going all right, apparently, when Johnston (after dressing to go ashore) came out of the "Mary Jane's" cabin. He stopped in the operating boat to see how things were going. He watched Jeff working the air pump. He watched Wash unreeling the life and air lines. All right there. He followed the lead of the air pipe and life line over the stern of the boat and noticed that the current was setting the lines toward the stern of the "Mary Jane."

"That's a pretty strong current," said Johnston, "and that old rudder post of the schooner is pretty well splintered. That air pipe could easily get fouled there, and his wind choked off. Or the life line jammed. I don't like it. Better haul him in."

"He'll be sore," said Clayton. "He said he would stay down longer than I did."

"I know; but an accident to one of you fellows from the office wouldn't do a contractor any good. Better haul him in."

Johnston had hardly said that when he felt something under his foot. The moon gave but little light, and he had to stoop to see what it was. It was a bolt from one of the metal shoulder straps.

"Who put Mr. Connolly into that suit—you, Wash?" he shouted.

"No, suh!"

"I put him in. Why, what's wrong?" answered Clayton.

Johnston, who had been pawing around then in the boat, picked up two more bolts and a shoulder strap. Two bolts went to each shoulder strap.

"A lot's wrong. There must be water seeping through his shoulder seams. Haul him in." Just then he discovered the rubber gloves and the big rubber bands. He jumped to the reel with Jeff. "Haul him in, haul him in! For the love of heaven, haul him in—"

And so I was hauled in.



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## The Girl Who Was Brought Up to Be a Snob

(Continued from page 25)

One day Bert was not in the store. A middle-aged man was weighing up three-and-a-half pound lots of sugar. She heard him say to a customer that Bert had pneumonia. "Not serious," he explained; "but you never can tell, with pneumonia."

Connie felt very sorry that the young manager should be ill. After weighing the matter in her mind, she decided to express her sympathy. When her turn came she told the substitute that she was sorry to hear the bad news.

"I hope he is receiving proper care," said Connie. Then she added, without intending to do so at all, "I—I wonder if I could be of any assistance to him."

"He's getting all the care in the world, miss. His mother's a fine nurse. They live down on River Street." Connie started at the mention of one of the town's mean thoroughfares. "But I'll tell him you offered. What name shall I say?"

"Just say that Miss Major inquired," she said uneasily. How had she ever come to offer her services? It was so unnecessary.

"You any relation to the old Doc that died, miss?"

"He was my father," said Connie.

AS CONNIE walked home, she felt weak; partly because she had offered assistance to Bert, but mostly because he was ill. It was a shame for such a cheerful soul to have pneumonia. "What if he should die?" she thought.

She couldn't keep her mind off Bert. His joking ways; he wasn't really impudent, she was sure, now. And his nice hair—"I would like to touch his hair," she thought suddenly. Then she was ashamed.

She looked at herself in the mirror, tilting it so as to get a full-length reflection. What a colorless thing she was! She pulled at her ash-blond hair until it puffed out at the sides something like young Mrs. Goldstein's. Then she raised the hem of her skirt two—three inches. It occurred to her that it would be all right to wear her skirts a trifle shorter.

Next day the substitute manager beckoned to her confidentially. She didn't like that. She began to blush before he said a word. "I gave Bert your message, and he said he was more glad to get it than anyone else's." The man beamed knowingly.

Connie's pulse quickened. "He's a great joker," she said.

"He is, and he ain't," the man corrected. "He wasn't joking then. You'll see, miss. One of these days he'll tell you himself." He laughed and shook his finger at her, while she blushed painfully. "He's on the mend fast. Can't hold Bert down long."

Connie tried to rid herself of the excitement caused by the man's words. When she got home she looked in the mirror again. Yes, her hair did catch the light a little when it was fluffed out.



Before she went to bed she shortened two dresses. There was no reason, she told herself, why she should not dress more becomingly.

Next week Bert was behind the counter again, thin, interestingly pale. Connie's vision blurred a trifle. When her turn came he did not call her "Young lady." He said, "What for you, Miss Major?"

She gave him her order in a low voice. It seemed as if his fingers dawdled over the tying up. She noticed for the first time that his hands were well kept and well shaped; not broken-nailed and stubby, like old Herzog's.

"Awfully good of you to think about me when I was laid up," he said, as he dropped her change into her hand. The coins gave her small electric shocks.

Connie hurried out. . . .

AS TIME went on there came to be no doubt about Bert's fingers dawdling; they certainly did. Not enough to halt business perceptibly. But Connie knew.

He couldn't seem to get over her offering to help when he was ill. "You were the only one that bothered to say anything like that," he said.

"It wasn't anything, really," she insisted. She wished he wouldn't stress the matter so much. It made her uncomfortable. Yet it made her glad, too. Bert was only a clerk in a grocery, but she, Connie Major, had stirred up something in him.

They fell into short, desultory conversations about the comparative merits of cocoa and chocolate, the drizzly spring weather; things that he discussed with all customers. Connie didn't realize that wedges were being driven in bit by bit toward the opening of personal friendship. All she knew was that she had trodden upon tradition by being sociable with one whom Carewe would surely classify under "such persons," and that, although the tail of the tradition still squirmed, the consciousness of her defection was like wine.

She had the on-edge feeling that something was going to happen. Yet when it did happen she was angry. He asked her to go to the movies, asked her quite suddenly one afternoon, very low, while he fitted her purchases into a big bag.

"Oh, no, I thank you," she gasped promptly. And her manner added, "The ideal You, asking me!" For she was really very indignant. The sense of stirring up things had been vague, with always the possibility that perhaps she might be mistaken; while here was something bald, concrete—and outrageous. The movies, of all places!

Bert shrugged his shoulders slightly. She saw his face redden. He handed her back her change in silence. Clearly, he was hurt.

Connie walked home swiftly. The idea of his imagining that she would accompany him anywhere. She, a Major, accompany a nobody from River Street! To the movies!

Yet she was sorry she had hurt his feelings. He hadn't realized his offense, she knew. She didn't like to hurt anyone, especially a person just up from having pneumonia.

Perhaps, in the interest of humanity, it would have been better to accept his amazing invitation. She wouldn't like to send anyone into a dangerous relapse.



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sipped his soda. "I'm taking a night course in chemistry," he said.

"How delightful that must be," she answered. "My brother is a chemist—as well as a biologist, you know." Bert rose in her estimation, nearer her own men-folk.

"Oh, I won't ever be a high-brow like him; but I don't intend to cut cheese all my life. There are chemical jobs in food factories, and that's what I've got my eye on. I guess you think I'm slow getting at it. But I've had to help support my folks. Never went to school much."

"My father took up the study of criminology when he was fifty," said Connie. "He did! Gosh!"

"So I'm sure you'll succeed."

When they came to her house, she said primly: "I've had a pleasant evening."

"So've I," said Bert. "Go again?"

"Why—yes, thank you."

Bert White whistled a syncopated bar softly. "Oh, my gosh!" he exploded.

Connie jumped. "What is the matter?"

"Oh, nothing. Can't tell you. You'd laugh."

"I don't think I should."

"No—can't tell."

Connie did not insist.

"Now, just for that, I will tell you," said Bert. "Any other girl would have teased to find out. It just goes to prove what I was thinking—that it's so kind of queer, you and me talking here, so friendly and common."

"I suppose—it is." Connie felt a sudden warm sense of companionship.

"Your dad didn't have any too much love for us on River Street," Bert went on soberly. "I guess he thought we weren't much better than dirt. So isn't it queer, really?"

"Yes." Connie understood. She felt a great pity for her father. "My father was a lonely man," she said gently. "But I—I believe in friendliness, don't you?"

"Bet I do! Can I come again soon?"

"I hope you will."

THERE is a bloom that comes to a woman only when she is pleasing in some man's eyes. It is a perishable bloom, as involuntary as youth itself, and as easily lost.

Connie's neighbors noticed it. "You must have stayed in too close with your father," young Mrs. Goldstein told her. "You're a different person."

Mrs. Salvatore didn't say anything. But she smiled wisely.

The weeks passed in a haze. Connie and Bert White went to the movies often, and sometimes to a real play in town. There was an Italian restaurant that Bert called "Tony's," where they ate spaghetti, a place Carewe would have scorned. Connie felt like a real bohemian, going to "Tony's."

What Connie did not realize, of course, was the fact that there is no such thing as a stationary admirer. She was not the first woman to imagine that things could go on pleasantly forever. . . .

One day Bert whispered something that startled her. "I've had a raise, Connie! I'm going to ask you something to-night!"

She nodded faintly, and turned pale. It was the first inkling she had of the thinness of the ice. She grew suddenly afraid of life.

When she got home it seemed as if all



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CROWELL

the ghosts of all the Majors had heard that whisper, too, and were crowded in her small rooms, waiting. They wanted to know what she was going to do about it.

She sat down on the old sofa. She thought of Carewe's words: "As a Major, you cannot compromise." And she had been compromising ever since her father's death!

She had not scrupled against the compromise of renting the house to aliens. That had been necessary. And the mere act of renting, even to undesirable tenants—which hers weren't—could not sully the fabric of a family.

But to marry a man from River Street—that was another kind of a compromise; that wasn't necessary. Bert's father clerked in a cigar store, and his brother was a butcher. . . .

Oh, why couldn't they go on just being beautiful friends? Why did Bert have to get his salary raised?

"I suppose I have led him on, accepting his attentions," she considered miserably. "Oh, I am so ashamed! I can't marry him!"

The ghosts of the Majors receded.

CONNIE didn't eat any supper. She sat on the sofa, dry-eyed. At a quarter to eight she heard Bert swing around the corner of the house, whistling soft jazz. He knocked . . . he knocked again. She had not lighted the gas.

Once she started to her feet. It was cowardly not to let him in. Maybe he wasn't going to ask her to marry him.

But she knew he was. She sank down again.

Bert gave up knocking and walked away, not whistling.

Connie slid to her knees, and pressed her face against the frayed brocade. "Oh, God, don't let him be unhappy about this!" she prayed. Her sharp fists beat the lumpy upholstery. "Why was I born in a family that won't let me marry Bert? Tell me, God! I want him! I . . . want . . . Bert!"

But the God of the Majors was silent.

Connie slumped to the floor. There had been some satisfaction in frenzy. Now there was nothing.

The chill of the night roused her finally, and sent her shivering to bed.

She had done the only thing a Major could do. The only thing she regretted, as the days passed, was her cowardice at not letting Bert in and telling him the truth. But how could you tell a man he wasn't good enough for you?

Herzog charged her more than ever, no doubt to pay her for her defection. She kept within her budget by eating meat only twice a week.

Sometimes the longing to see Bert was so great that she walked past the cash-and-carry store. She could catch glimpses of him, rushing around in his white coat. Once she heard him laugh. . . .

"I mustn't go past here," she said. But after a few days she went again.

There was a time in the afternoon when trade was dull. Half past three. It was Bert's custom then, she knew, to lean against the shelves where he kept the shrimp and tuna fish and eat a bar of chocolate. Once she had come upon him so engaged, and he had broken off half the bar, and made her eat it with him.

A longing came over her to see him in











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In the evening we all sat together around the big lamp. It wasn't a case of sister being at the movies, brother out on a joy ride, father at his club, and mother worrying about all three of them.

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"I've always driven a Ford car until this year. Finally, I bought two big cars, built a garage that cost more than the house, and hired a chauffeur, because the driving in the crowded city is so hard. But I don't use these big motors very much. I like to ride back and forth in a street car. It's friendly, and one gets into such nice talks with people! It's no fun riding in a limousine with a chauffeur out in front and you sitting there stiff and alone. It's kind of pathetic."

"One of the great pleasures in life is giving to others, and when a man gets too much money he hasn't even that pleasure left. It's not real giving to write a check that you don't miss. The laborer who buys a basket of fruit for a sick friend, or the farmer who strips his garden patch to take a batch of new peas over to his neighbor is getting an inner glow that a rich man never knows."

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thought. It isn't easy to know what to do. The nearest you can come to satisfaction is by giving anonymously. Then you can be sure, at least, that you didn't make the gift for the sake of publicity or popular gratitude.

"Nearly all people who openly solicit gifts of money would be better off without them. Trading independence for charity is a poor bargain.

"Even the best intentioned gift may easily do harm. Suppose, for instance, that I were able to give enough money to some small denominational college so that the institution would become self-supporting on the income from it—so that it wouldn't even be necessary for the students to pay tuition. That money would be cursed. It would rob many of the students of the stern discipline of self-support; it would take away the joy of giving that former students have, when they sacrifice fifty dollars or one hundred dollars to help swell a needed endowment fund—and the whole spirit of the institution would be the poorer.

"Often nowadays people ask me to invest in this or that—promising me large profits. I tell them that that's the best reason for my not investing. I don't want any more money.

"The man with a simple little home, whose income is large enough so that he doesn't have to worry about life's necessities; the man who can watch his children growing up around him and going forth to battle with the world, is as rich as any millionaire. I know that I'd be willing to exchange places with him."

THERE followed another silence, broken by Mr. Rackham.

"Please don't think I mean that a man can't be rich and happy, too," he said. "Mr. Ford, for instance, is one of the happiest men I know, despite his great wealth. But Mr. Ford has retained his simplicity, his kindness, his interest in everyday folks and everyday things.

"For a number of years after I became a stockholder in the company we were near neighbors out on Edison Avenue. His life there was full of simple, thoughtful acts. I remember once, for instance, when I had gone to bed early because I wasn't feeling well. Presently I heard someone coming up the stairs, and I knew from the step that it wasn't Mrs. Rackham. Then someone tiptoed into the room and fumbled for the electric lighting switch. When the light was snapped on I saw that it was Mr. Ford.

"He asked me how I was and sat down beside me. I wasn't feeling much like talking; so he told me all about his recent visit to Washington, and his long conference with President Wilson. I don't know how long he sat there chatting. The point is, however, that the spirit of the whole thing, and the way he talked, was just the same as if it had been twenty years ago with both of us.

"Once, when we were out in the country together, he told me of a hope that some day the water power that was being wasted in the streams running through small towns would be harnessed, and a lot of little plants put up—each of which would turn out some one part of an automobile or other machine. Then these parts could be shipped to a central assembling plant.

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"I love the small towns and small-town people," he said. "They talk my language! We're herded too much in big cities for our own good. Now if we could have these little plants scattered around through the country, they could be shut down for two or three weeks every fall, and all the workers could go out and help the farmers harvest. It would be a good thing for both the factory folks and the farmers, and there wouldn't be any more crops rotting for want of someone to gather them."

"THERE'S another thing that keeps Mr. Ford happy. His mind is always working, just as it has done since he was a boy. Mechanical problems fascinate him—and he has the best mechanical instinct and mechanical memory that I have ever known."

"A few years ago one of our Detroit business men's associations was having an excursion. At Saulte Sainte Marie most everyone went ashore for a while. A handful of us sat on the deck of the boat. Among them was Mr. Ford and Governor Cox, of Ohio, the Democratic Presidential candidate in the last election."

"Governor Cox was talking very entertainingly about something or other, when I noticed a steamboat nosing along the St. Mary's River quite near to us. At that moment Mr. Ford pricked up his ears. I could see from his attitude that he was listening to the throb of the engine."

"Why, I helped build that engine years ago!" he exclaimed. "But that isn't the boat we put it into!"

"How do you know?" I asked.

"I can tell by the sound of it!" he replied. "To the person who loves and understands them, engines have voices just as human beings do."

"And, amazing as it may seem, we learned later that the engine on that boat was the very one that he had helped build."

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and tried to ride a bike for the first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

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| Accountant and Auditor  | Sanitary Engineer      |
| Bookkeeper              | Surveyor (and Mapping) |
| Draftsman and Designer  | Telephone Engineer     |
| Electrical Engineer     | Telegraph Engineer     |
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1—"Wash," Don't Scour Your Teeth (you wouldn't scour piano keys)

"Wash" your teeth thoroughly. Don't scour them. Washing cleans safely. "Scouring" cleans harmfully. Scouring scratches the enamel, the enamel protects the teeth, and you can't grow new enamel! Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream contains no harsh grit. It cleanses and polishes by washing without scouring.



2—After Each Meal

"Wash" your teeth after each meal. When you eat, particles of food lodge between and around the teeth. Remove them promptly before they ferment in the high temperature of the mouth. Fermenting food causes cavities in the teeth. A clean tooth doesn't decay. "Wash" your teeth regularly, carefully, and thoroughly. Wash them just before going to bed.



3—Use a Safe Dentifrice

Use a safe dental cream. Powerful drugs in a dentifrice injure the mouth and throat. Avoid any dentifrice so strong that it cannot be used safely several times a day. Select an established, tried-and-tested dentifrice with a reputation for merit. You can use Colgate's during a long life without in the slightest degree injuring the enamel of the teeth.



4—Rub the Gums (Gingival massage)

As advised by many dentists, after you use the tooth brush, finish the cleansing by rubbing both upper and lower gums with the tip of the forefinger covered with Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. That massage helps to keep the gums firm and healthy.



5—See your dentist twice a year

Some people try to doctor themselves, but even they don't attempt to be their own dentist. See your dentist regularly, twice a year at least.

## COLGATE'S Cleans Teeth the Right Way

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## Dot Aldrich Has an Attack of Conscience

(Continued from page 31)

I went back to cleaning silver with a sort of exalted feeling. Will might earn money for our physical necessities; it was my part to see that the esthetic side of life was not overlooked. Besides, it had been very pleasant to be treated like Mrs. William Eldridge Horton. That may have had a little to do with it.

Just before dinner time, I was out on the back porch a minute and I saw Dulcie on hers.

"Hello!" she said. "If you hear wild screams from our house you'll know that Roger is cutting my throat. I've got to break the news to him that I fell for another book agent this morning."

"A book agent," I echoed.

"Poetry," said Dulcie. "'Epics, Sonnets, and Lyrics of the Ages.' He was a silver-tongued orator, and I guess I went into a trance. At least, the first conscious moment that I can remember I was signing on the dotted line. Roger will have a fit."

I WENT back to the kitchen, feeling strangely uneasy. Someway, it had never occurred to me that Mr. Napp was a book agent. Dulcie putting it that way made it seem an entirely different matter from the way I had thought of it. My feeling of uneasiness grew. I suddenly recalled that Will is not so very fond of poetry. For the first time it occurred to me that I had not asked how long I would have to pay fifty cents a week.

I didn't say anything to Will about it during the first half of dinner, trying to make up my mind the best way to tell it. Suddenly, an inspiration came to me. I needn't ever tell him at all. Half of that luxury money belonged to me. I would just pay fifty cents a week to feed my soul, and not say a word to Will about it.

The last of the week the books came, and they were beautiful, but huge. Ten of them! They were a lovely glowing red, and Mr. Napp was right, they would furnish just the color-tint our living-room needed. But it suddenly occurred to me that if I wasn't going to tell Will about buying them I couldn't very well have them appear in the living-room. They weren't the sort of thing one could slip in unobtrusively.

Finally, after much thought, I took them up to the attic storeroom and put them under a quilt. It didn't seem right to keep the epics, sonnets, and lyrics of the ages under a quilt, but I thought it would do for the time, till I thought of something better.

The trouble began Monday, when I had to send the next fifty cents in a little cardboard holder that had come with the books. I opened the budget box, and there in the luxury square were two new half dollars, our week's luxury. It would be very simple and perfectly honest for me to slip one of them into the holder and send it, but, of course, later in the week, Will would be likely to want some luxury, and would see that half of the money was gone.



I cast my eye over the other squares, and the idea occurred to me that I might borrow from one of them, refuse all luxuries of any form, and then—Will, of course, wouldn't spend the whole dollar himself, week after week—return the loan as soon as I had a good chance. This was a very simple way, and at once I took a half-dollar out of the doctor and dentist square and sent it to the epics firm.

This all sounds simple and easy, and it was. Everything would have worked out perfectly all right if it hadn't been for the one thing that causes me practically all my troubles. That is my conscience. I do wish my conscience were either stronger or weaker; strong enough to keep me from doing questionable things in the first place, or else weak enough to let me just forget all about them once I've done them. But your conscience is like the shape of your nose—you're simply born with the kind you've got.

THAT half-dollar hadn't been in the post office an hour before I had warnings that I was going to have an attack of conscience. I can always tell when it's coming on, just the way a tooth feels queer and sensitive before it begins to ache. "Dot Aldrich," I said to myself, "I do wish to heaven you weren't so good!"

Someway, my conscience ran all in one direction; I just felt that I was being terribly mean to Will. I made chocolate pie, his favorite dessert, for dinner, to sort of make it up to him; but the fact that I had taken the fifty cents out of the doctor-and-dentist box preyed on my mind. I felt that while I was feeding Will rich and indigestible food with one hand I was stealing his doctor money with the other. I wished I had made a simple cornstarch pudding and not trifled with his health.

To make it worse, all that week Will did not touch the luxury money. The next Saturday night when he put in a dollar bill, he said:

"Gee, two dollars for luxury! Hurrah for our side!"

I was no better off than before; I couldn't take out fifty cents now without his missing it. This week I took the money out of wear-and-tear-on-house-and-furniture. That did not seem quite so mean, but, as luck would have it, Will spilled salad on the rug and I had to have it cleaned, which took every penny out of that square. I couldn't borrow from it again.

The next week I took the fifty cents out of dentist-and-doctor again. I felt like a sneak thief, but there was no other square I could get it from.

And, to make it all the worse, he was so simply darling to me all this time. Every nice thing he did for me made me feel meaner and guiltier. He never even touched the luxury money. Finally, when there was four dollars in the box, he said:

"Let's buy you something with this, Dottie. What'll you have?"

"Nothing," I said hollowly. "There isn't a thing I want."

"Oh, come off!" said Will, coaxingly. "Try to think of something. I want to buy you something nice. Gee, Dot, I'm getting sweeter on you every day."

And that was the man I was deliberately stealing from! The man whose doctor money I was embezzling to pay for epics and sonnets!

# Looking for Business

## A Movie by yourself

George Faulkner was broke.  
George Faulkner & Company was broke.  
And worst of all George Faulkner  
LOOKED broke.

True, his accounts receivable were more than his accounts payable, but he couldn't collect soon enough. And his creditors were on deck—at the phone—at the door.

But opportunity still lurked around the corner, as it had all through George's life.

Jones & Company, Inc., were open to a big order if he could only sell them. But even if he sold them he would have to get so much down

or else he couldn't continue. It was a fighting chance—all depending on the presentation.

He finished opening his mail, consisting mostly of bills, duns, and more bills.

In a dejected state of mind he put on his hat and slipped out the side door of the office and headed for Jones & Company, Inc.

It was with a sigh of relief that he was told in their outer office that the manager was out. He picked up a current magazine to while the time away. In the advertising pages he came across a message that seemed to have been written personally for him.

"Look Success and you'll be successful. Go to a barber shop and get that tired, ageful look exchanged through a *Boncilla* appearance of success."

Look Success. That was what he needed more than money. He reached in his pocket. His last \$10 bill was still there. First he went to a haberdasher's and got a new collar and tie. Then he stepped into his barber's and got a shave and a *Boncilla* Facial.

Looking into the mirror he saw a fresh, glowing face that surprised even himself. He began to feel success as well as look it.

Did he get the Jones order? We'll say he did. And he got what was better—confidence in himself.

*Boncilla* built up his personality, as well as his face tissues.

You live this story yourself.

And then take home a 50c Package o' Beauty for your pal. There's three treatments for her to use at home that will take her back to her sweetheart looks.

If you can't get to the store readily, mail the coupon below.



# Boncilla

The Boncilla Laboratories,  
Boncilla Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.

I enclose 50c. Please send Pack o' Beauty to

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City & State \_\_\_\_\_

Ans. 3-21





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# WASHINGTON

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PARKS AND CIRCLES—THE ONE PLACE ABOVE ALL  
OTHERS, THAT EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD VISIT

From that marvelous architectural panorama of the great wings and towering dome of the mighty Capitol, to the glistening white marble shrine of patriotism, the Memorial Amphitheatre, in Arlington, the visitor to Washington is enthralled by the almost endless number of places and objects of historic interest that clamor for his attention.

Little does the new-comer dream of the unending store of surprises that await him here. To stand in the chambered silence of the Lincoln Memorial and gaze upon the calm and beloved countenance of Lincoln, that heroic figure of marble; to linger for a few moments in the stately rooms of the White House; to wander through and breathe the atmosphere of the home of Washington at Mt. Vernon—just this alone is an experience you would treasure.

The convenient, pleasant way to reach Washington is over the lines of the Baltimore & Ohio. Convenient, because it is the only route east and west passing directly through the Capital City, where liberal stop-over privilege is accorded. Pleasant, because of the comforts the Baltimore & Ohio provides—modern equipment, splendid dining-car service and courteous employees.

Much of interest about Washington is entertainingly presented in a new 48-page "Guide to Washington" just issued by the Baltimore & Ohio. A copy of it will be mailed to you on receipt of the coupon below.

## Baltimore & Ohio



W. B. Callaway, Passenger Traffic Manager

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Baltimore, Md.

Without obligation on my part, please mail me a copy of the new 48-page "Guide to Washington" issued by your Company.

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City \_\_\_\_\_

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A 115

My conscience was becoming worse by the day. It seemed to me that Will spent all his time thinking of sweet things to do for me, trying to make me happy. I felt so guilty that I could almost make myself cry, just thinking about it. The next week I managed to save the fifty cents out of the housekeeping money, but instead of the nice, thrifty feeling I had always had before when I saved on the housekeeping money, I just felt lower than ever.

I'd keep telling Will about how thrifty I was in marketing, in order to ease my conscience a little. Once or twice when I did this, he looked at me so queerly that I wondered if he suspected anything. And all the time the luxury money kept mounting higher and higher. Will never touched it, but he seemed to take a morbid pleasure in counting up just how much there was, so I never dared touch it, either.

Then came a week when I couldn't possibly skimp the fifty cents out of the housekeeping box. I went to the dentist-and-doctor square again, remembering how Will had said proudly that he'd die before he'd go to his father for help, now that he was a married man. I wondered if he really would, if he should be terribly sick and there was only enough doctor-and-dentist money to pay for one or two visits. I stood, looking at that little square of bills and fifty-cent pieces, my heart like lead. I could see Will getting sicker and sicker, and no money for the doctor, just because I was indulging myself with epics and lyrics.

AND then, suddenly, an idea came to me. Maybe, if I should refuse to send the fifty cents, they would take the books back and drop everything. New hope in my heart, I rushed up to the attic to see if they were all right. I lifted up the quilt and looked at the books. My heart sank again, lower than ever. There must have been a mouse in the storeroom, because one corner of the lowest book looked as though it had been nibbled. It didn't really hurt the set hardly at all, but I realized that now the firm would never take them back.

It was raining a cold winter rain and I could hear it dropping gloomily on the shingles over my head. I opened the top book and read sadly. It seemed fate that I should open to

Out of the day and night

A joy has taken flight;

Fresh spring and summer, and winter hoar,  
Move my fair heart with grief, but with delight

No more—O, never more!

Then I went on and read "The Land of the Leal" and "The Light of Other Days" and "My Highland Mary," the rain dripping sadly on the shingles. The whole world seemed sad and rainy to me.

I must have been up there for ages, because at last I heard Will come in. He whistled his frat whistle. "Who the devil are you-hoo?" and I pursed up my lips to whistle the answer, "I'm the devil, who are you-hoo?" But I couldn't whistle. The sound of that familiar whistle was just too much. It brought back so clearly the happy, care-free days before I had begun to embezzle, when my conscience was clear, and Will and I could be happy and silly together. I couldn't stand it another minute. Come what might, I would tell Will.



He found the open attic door and came up-stairs to find me. He kissed me and then kept his arms around me.

"Will," I began huskily. (It's easier to tell anybody anything when they have their arms around you.)

"Dolly," said Will suddenly. "I'm a perfect rotter."

"Oh, Will," I wailed, "wait till you know about me—you won't say that—"

But he didn't pay any attention to me, just went right on.

"I've been stealing from you—taking your poor little money that you save—money that you work and scheme to get ahead—I take it out and spend it—"

"You—what?" I gasped. It was almost as though Will were making my own confession.

"I've meant to pay it back out of the luxury money sometime," Will went on; "but I knew you'd miss it and—well, I'm just a bum, that's all."

"What money did you take?" I asked, feeling as though I'd wake up in a minute.

"Money you thought I was putting in the bank," said Will. "I sneaked out half a dollar every week; I meant to put it back as soon as I could and—well, to-day I got to thinking what a peach you were and how I was squandering money that should be left to take care of you in your old age; I got to thinking of you getting old, and being poor and— Well, I'm through, that's all. I'm a bum."

"You are not," I said, hanging on tighter. "What did you spend the money on?"

"The basket-ball pool," said Will grimly. "I—I hated to turn the fellows down; they think you're a tightwad if you can't raise fifty cents a week, and kid you about being henpecked, and—and— Well, if I can't stand a little kidding for you—"

"Oh, Will!"

THEN I told him about the "Epics, Lyrics, and Sonnets of the Ages."

"And I've been stealing all the time from you, Will," I said. "Taking fifty cents a week that I don't know how long I'll have to keep up, money that you might need when you are sick and—"

I lifted my head off Will's chest, and to my surprise he began to grin. The grin got broader.

"Wh-what are you smiling at?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Will. Then he began to laugh. "You lifting off my deathbed fund, and me stealing from your old age and—oh, gosh, it's funny!"

Then he laughed and laughed till a tear trickled down the side of his nose. I didn't see anything funny at all; but I began to laugh, too, because Will was laughing, and my worry was off my mind, and everything in the world seemed to be all right. We laughed and laughed. Then Will hugged me and kissed me again, and we laughed some more.

Finally, we opened up the books and found the slip saying how long I'd have to pay fifty cents a week, and how you got discount for cash. Will said they were a darn handsome-looking set of books, and why didn't I take Uncle Horace's twenty-five dollars and pay them off.

"That would not be enough," I said, thinking of that money for the first time.

Will started to laugh again.

"I've got just enough," he said, "to make up the difference."

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

## Only One in Five is Safe



### Forhan's guards the teeth and health

Just before Pyorrhea starts to undermine the teeth and health—kindly, knowing Nature sends a warning: the gums are tender and bleed easily. Take heed immediately, before it is too late, before the gums recede and the loosened teeth must be extracted.

Better yet, play safe. Don't wait for Nature's warning. Four persons out of every five over forty years of age, and thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea. This is the immutable law of averages. Your dentist will tell you that.

Go to him regularly, systematically, for tooth and gum inspection. And brush your teeth, twice daily at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. This healing dentifrice, if used in time and used consistently, will help to prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will make your mouth clean and healthful, preserve your priceless teeth, safeguard your precious health.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is time-tested, efficient, safe; pleasant to the taste and refreshing to the mouth. The foremost dentists recommend and use it.

Be on your guard. Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth with it regularly. Remember, in your case, the odds are 4 to 1 in favor of Pyorrhea. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes.

## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

*More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea*

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal







## So they painted the fence—and paid for the privilege!

Here is a story that has made millions laugh.

One fine day Tom Sawyer's Aunt Polly kept him at home to whitewash the fence. Tom hated work, but he set about it whistling.

Pretty soon other boys came along. Tom looked so happy they envied him, and began to snatch at the brush. But Tom wouldn't let them work; not until they paid for the privilege.

The first boy offered an apple; another had a jew's harp; a third went home and got his pet kitten for Tommy. When evening came, the fence had three coats of whitewash on it—and Tom was fairly rolling in wealth.

And this famous story is only one of the funny, human, memorable stories Mark Twain loved to tell.

Perhaps it is familiar to you, but do you know the hundreds of others—how Huck Finn dressed up as a girl, but gave himself away by throwing a brick like a boy, or how Pudd'n-head Wilson got famous in his home town; do you know the "Jumping Frog," or why the Earl of Bilgewater went on the stage.

Those are the stories that made Mark Twain immortal; that is why men of every degree loved him, why he "walked with kings," received an honorary degree from Oxford, and became the best loved American of his time—he had the rare, wonderful power of making people laugh.

Learn how he did it; let us send you to-day a free copy of that famous little book:

### "How to Tell a Story"

By MARK TWAIN

When you have read it, you will enjoy good stories more. It is as though Mark Twain had chatted with you a while, giving you the secret of his charm. One thing he said, when his fame reached its height, which is well worth repeating:

"Let's make an inexpensive edition of my books so that everybody can have them."

How this wish of Mark Twain's has been realized, and how and why his books are now owned and read and loved by more people than know the work of any other humorist, is explained in the free book.

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Send me free a copy of "How to Tell a Story," by Mark Twain, containing also full information about the Author's National Edition of his works, and how I may procure it by small monthly payments.

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NOTE:—The publishers cannot undertake to send this complimentary copy to children.

731-MTH L

"I won it," said Will. "That's what gave me the nerve to 'fess up."

"You won it? You won the basket-ball pool!"

"Yep!" said Will.

We stayed up in the attic while the rain pattered cheerily on the eaves, and talked a long time. It was then that we thought of the simple thing which would solve so much married unhappiness. We decided that never again would we feel that we didn't have a penny that didn't belong to the other one, too, and that we had to account for. We agreed to split the luxury money, fifty cents a week apiece. Neither had to tell the other one what he did with his fifty. We even went further than that—we made the absolute flat rule that neither one *could* tell or ask the other what he did with his share.

NOW, that may sound very simple and trifling, but I honestly believe it is one of the secrets of a happy marriage. There is something too tight-fitting about owning every single penny together and having to spend it together, like machinery that's screwed up so tight it won't work. Having fifty cents a week that belongs just to you, alone, is just like the oil on the machinery; it seems to give a little slip and ease to the budget wheels.

I know that this one little secret would make thousands of married people happy. I'd like to tell them about it, explain how, although I am saving every penny of mine to buy Will a birthday present with, just knowing that I don't *have* to makes me feel so free and comfortable. It is a valuable discovery. But would it do any good to tell this to anybody in Montrose who, perhaps, can remember me when I had mumps on both sides at once? It would not. Oh, but that is a true saying—the prophet in his own country.

It doesn't make any difference, though, in a way, because I doubt that many married women would have strength of character to carry it out, anyway, and keep from asking their husbands questions. I have unusually strong will power, and it takes every bit I have. Basket-ball season is over now, so there is no pool. Sometimes I sit on the other side of the light and look at Will sitting there, and want to ask him so bad that I have to bite my tongue and hang on to the chair seat with both hands to keep from doing it.

What can Will be doing with all that money?

"WHAT Happens to a Play Before You See It" is told next month by Mary B. Mullett, who has obtained from an important New York theatrical producer some astonishing facts about the number of manuscripts a big office receives a year, what most of them are about, how much the author is paid, what it costs to produce plays, and how many of them succeed.

MONTAGUE GLASS, the famous humorist and playwright, has written for next month an article to which he has given the title: "Why I am Forty-five." In it you will find some canny and frequently astonishing observations by a keen observer who has just reached one of the important milestones in life's journey.





## Getting Acquainted With Father

(Continued from page 39)

hardly taste his food and would linger around after the meal.

He wouldn't come straight to the point on such occasions but waited around until the rest of us had gotten out of the house. Then he would approach Mother shamefacedly, like a guilty boy and, after clearing his throat, say, "Dar, I've got to trouble you for that money I've been saving up for a special purpose. I've got a note to meet at the bank and it's the only way. I'll give it back to you in a fortnight."

But he never had the money to put back in a fortnight. Sometimes it was weeks before he had another dollar to put back into that fund "for a special purpose." And then he would build it up bit by bit, month after month until something else happened to force him to withdraw it all for the business. Once a lot of meat went bad on him. Another time his horse died. Again, he endorsed a note for a worthless neighbor and had to pay it. Something always happened to take the money he so persistently tried to save "for a special purpose."

AFTER a while we began to regard this fund as a joke. Some of us thought that, after all, it was just a whimsical way he had of laying a few dollars aside for emergencies. His "special purpose" ceased to perplex us or annoy us. For thirty years he had indulged this idiosyncrasy. In that time he had built up those savings in Mother's keeping only to have to tear down and start all over again, as many times as there were years in his efforts. It was amusing, vexing, pathetic, or tragic, according to the temper of us on occasion.

I was one of the first of the children to grow up and leave home and, like so many children, I did not keep in close touch with the old folks at home. I had almost forgotten about Father's habit of building up and tearing down savings for his "special purpose," when I got a letter from him one April day. The letter read:

DEAR WILL: I thought I would write and let you know we are all well, except for my back; it has bothered me right much. I reckon I need a little rest and a change of air, and I plan to pay you a visit some time next month when the weather is warmer and it's safe to take off my flannels. I've been saving up a little for a special purpose and I figure I have enough to pay my way and back. I've always wanted to take a trip to Washington, and have been counting on going there ever since you moved there. How far is it from Washington to Niagara Falls? Your loving FATHER.

The letter made no unusual impression on me and the revelation of the "special purpose" escaped me entirely. I wrote Father and told him I would be glad to see him in Washington, and planned to make his trip interesting and restful. But he never came. Instead, I received a letter from Mother several weeks later saying that Father was extremely ill and asking me to come to see him.

I arrived at the old home to find it looking about as I had left it, and after greeting Mother and the rest I went into the room where Father was lying. I was with



## In Your Country —a "Strange Land." See it now

BY AN ENGLISHMAN

I HAVE been to Europe and the Orient—have climbed the Alps in Switzerland and Italy, and the Chinese Himalayas. I've seen the famous island of Capri. I've ridden camels on the great Sahara Desert at sunrise. Enjoyed, in fact, most of the beauties and the grandeurs that mark different portions of the earth.

And yet I've visited no one spot on the globe that combines "so many trips abroad in one" as one section of your own country provides.

The railway journey there from your eastern cities is itself worth while, and the most comfortable that I've ever taken—summer or winter, and I've made it several times during both seasons.

But the most extraordinary thing about your Southern California, is that year-round perfect climate, which I had heard about but never quite believed could be so delightful.

In my country we love sports and follow them almost religiously in good weather.

But in Southern California you have more than three hundred days a year with the sun shining and all our sports to boot.

English golf courses are famous, but you have many of the world's best there, and you can play almost every day. Then there's fishing, hunting, yachting and sea-bathing of the finest kind. You ride your horses in the mountains, motor to your desert, enjoy the peaceful beauty of the rare old mis-

sions, or have tea at your hotel or modest boarding place in your great central city there, and all within a radius of two hundred miles which you travel on those incomparable motor roads.

I don't see how anyone could be bored there, and I never met a fellow who was bored. He was always going here or there or doing this or that. And his children looked the happiest and healthiest that I have ever seen.

I hear that a hundred thousand new visitors went there last summer. My only wonder is that they had not been there before.

Above is a tribute to a portion of your country that perhaps you've never seen—the All-Year Playground of America, the one place of its kind.

Come now or next summer—come at any season—and enjoy its complete change. Bring the family. Put your children in fine schools.

There are things to see and do here that you've never seen or done before.

It is not too soon to plan now for this great trip. No matter what season you plan to come send now for full information. Ask railroad ticket agents or mail coupon below. Plan for next summer, or come now. You'll say it's the best trip of your life.

ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA,  
Dept. M-2702, Chamber of Commerce Bldg.,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

Please send me full information about the summer and year around vacation possibilities in Southern California.

Name.....

Address.....

All-Year Club  
of Southern California







**T**HE "Center of Population" means one thing to the teacher of geography, another to the merchant, but to the manufacturer it means more than to all others combined. The number of his potential customers is based on population. It is people he is trying to reach and serve. The East was settled first, and the first factories were built there. As the country grew, the Middle West and then the Far West were settled. The center of population has been pushed steadily westward.

The center of population in 1800 was a few miles west of New York. By 1860 it had reached the Alleghenies. It has since moved across Ohio and Indiana. Today it marks a spot 150 miles east of St. Louis. It is moving slowly now, and scientists tell us that it will never go further than 50 miles beyond St. Louis, because the two oceans, the gulf, the desert and the cold North set their own limits.

#### Reaching the Markets

As their markets grew westward with the population, eastern manufacturers endeavored to serve an increasingly distant patronage. In order to reach their western customers, Atlantic seaboard industries paid more and more transportation charges and faced growing western competition.

The day is past when the manufacturer can shrug his shoulders at a high freight rate and say, "Pass it on to the customer." Eastern industries cannot indefinitely overcome the disadvantage of high freight rates and successfully compete with plants more favorably located.

What is the logical answer? Either re-establish your operations at St. Louis or build a factory branch in St. Louis to handle the ever increasing westward movement of business. *St. Louis: manufacturer ship from the center—not the rim.*

St. Louis is a good city to live in, work in and play in.

*Send for one or both of our free illustrated booklets, "Industrial St. Louis," and "St. Louis—The Home City."*

**ST. LOUIS CHAMBER OF COMMERCE**

St. Louis, U.S.A.

him more than an hour before we were left alone, and then he began to talk to me freely and confidently as I had never known him to talk before. It was just as if we had always been the best of pals, understanding each other in all things.

He said: "I thought I was going to see you, Will, but I don't think I'm ever going to get out of this room. It's Bright's disease and I'm too far gone. If I get over it I count on going to see you later in the summer."

One of his mottled hands with its dark outstanding veins sought mine and we clasped hands for half an hour before another word was spoken. And then he said:

**"YOU** know, I've always wanted to take a trip. Pa was a sea captain. He died when I was just a boy, but I always remember his trips to Boston, Charleston, and the West Indies. Once he sailed as far as Buenos Aires. I always wanted to go on one of his trips, but I was little and the baby, and Ma didn't think much of it. They promised me I could go when I was twelve years old, and I could almost see bananas and coconuts and monkeys and poll parrots down there in the West Indies, just thinking about it. But Pa died before I was twelve, and I never got my trip.

"It was the greatest disappointment in my life. I just can't tell you how it worked on me. Finally, however, I made up my mind that instead of grieving over spilt milk I would have a trip all of my own sometime when I got able and the family was looked out for.

"It didn't matter much where I went; I didn't especially care about going to the West Indies or Buenos Aires or some foreign place like that; I thought Florida might be a pretty place to go to. And then I heard so much about New York and Washington and Niagara Falls, and places like that that weren't so far off. So I thought I might visit one of them sometime. I never could get it out of my mind that I was due a trip that I never got.

"And then when you went to Washington to live, I made up my mind that I would at least go to Washington. I sort o' thought that maybe sometime you would invite me to come to see you; but then I knew you didn't know that I wanted to go, and I knew, too, that you had just about all you could take care of without me.

"But this month, anyway, I was going to take that trip for which I'd been saving up all my life. I never did tell you all what I was trying to save for, because it would have sounded foolish to anybody who didn't understand. Of course, you know how something always happened to take the money for something else, and it just seemed like I never would get that much ahead until this spring.

"This spring I figured out that I could make a trip to Washington for about twenty-five dollars, my board and lodging not costing me anything because I would be with you. I had nearly a hundred dollars saved up and wanted to take Dar, but she wouldn't think about going. You know, she never would go anywhere. And so I figured that maybe I could go to see you and see the sights in Washington, and have enough left to go to Niagara Falls, too."

And the end of all his planning was here on what was to be his deathbed. Coming near to the end of life's journey, the great secret of a childish heart was revealed.

His meek and sensitive soul had never permitted him in all his life before to breathe one word of a heart-hunger which must have seemed to him a bit of selfishness. I began to see him then for what he was, a plain, plodding, toiling, sacrificing soul, who had toiled and served and sacrificed while carrying always in his heart a love for an adventure and a yearning which none had ever guessed. For nearly two score years he had planned and saved for "a special purpose" that would, alas, never be realized. And none of us had ever taken thought that Father wanted anything in this life, except the privilege of working twelve to sixteen hours a day to keep a roof over the heads of the rest of us. It came to me all of a sudden that in all the thirty-five years of my own life I had never taken the trouble to get acquainted with Father. Now I was getting acquainted with Father. There on his deathbed, in several conversations which followed before his death, he said many things that have profoundly influenced my life.

For instance, I asked him if he had any fears of death.

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "I am not afraid to die; I don't reckon anyone is afraid to die when the time comes. I have lived my life the best I know how and tried to do the Lord's will. But I don't suppose that makes much difference in the way one feels when his time has come. I sat up once with a man who was to be hanged in the morning. I was with the Death Watch. The man had killed his wife and baby. It was cold-blooded murder. But that murderer wasn't afraid to die. He laughed and joked at day-break, when he was to be hanged at sunrise. I have seen a lot of folks die and none were afraid. We've all got to go sometime, and a man who can weather the storms of this life needn't worry much about the next.

**"THE** only thing that has bothered me is I haven't laid by anything for your mother and you children. I did think I should like to live just a few years longer to get some things straightened out and leave something for Dar. When my debts are paid off she won't have enough to run her many years, and she will have to depend upon you and the other children. I've been thinking a lot about the rest of you. I never did much for you; it's always been an uphill struggle with me and most of the time I just did manage to keep a roof over our heads.

"But somehow I feel everything will come out all right. I've got a lot of faith in God, and that faith has been a great comfort to me these past few days. Lying here, counting the hours, a lot of things have become plain to me, and I seem to understand things I never understood before. I know now just what Jesus meant when he said: 'And lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' He is with us always, the very thought of Him comforting and helping those who love Him and try to live His way. I don't believe I am going very far away; I have a feeling that I am going to be very close to all of you even after I am gone." His eyes closed and he slept for several hours after that.

Presently, all the family had retired for the night and the house was wrapped in



# Come in and see the NEW CORONA



## A N I N V I T A T I O N

You are most cordially invited to visit any of the 1300 Corona stores, from Maine to California, where the New Corona is now being shown. Whether you are one who has never tried *personal typing*—or an expert from the ranks of Corona's half million users—you will want to try this new Corona with your own hands, and see what an advance has been made in portable typewriter designing. To locate the nearest store, find "Corona" in your phone book, or write for our new folder.

CORONA TYPEWRITER CO., INC.  
GROTON, N.Y.

### New Features

The New Corona is really an office typewriter in portable form.

A lot of the improvements are:

1. Automatic Ribbon Rewinder.
2. Double Carriage.
3. Standard Portable Key Layout.
4. Wide-Spread Carriage Return and Line Spacer.

There are Corona sales rooms and service stations in all parts of the world. Above is a glimpse of the Corona store in Rochester, N.Y.



# How merchants are using *Dramatized Selling* to build up Farm Trade

—as reported by a traveling salesman

A unique window display that "never fails to have a crowd before it on days when farmers are in town" is reported to Farm & Fireside by R. C. Bowden, traveling salesman.

The display consisted of a single pair of Crompton All-Weather Corduroy Trousers, one leg fastened to the ceiling, the other supporting a heavy steel rail. A card in the window stated: "This pair of trousers has been worn six months by . . . . . (a well known farmer). Buy a pair and try them."

Interest in the product, sales of these trousers, increased greatly as a result of this display. It was Dramatized Selling—making a dramatic story of the simple, honest facts about the product which the manufacturer had repeatedly emphasized to the farmers of that community through advertising in Farm & Fireside.

Any issue of Farm & Fireside, any product advertised in its pages, as shown below, offers you the same opportunity for Dramatized Selling, for cashing in on the confidence in the product which advertising has created. In proof of this, witness the following incidents, as also reported by Mr. Bowden:

## *How other merchants are doing it*

Two years ago a hardware merchant handling Devoe Paints (as advertised in Farm & Fireside) in a town of 2,000 population saw business going to a cheaper, unknown product. He painted his store, half with Devoe Paint and half with the cheaper paint—and now, with the Devoe-painted surface practically as good as ever, the other side cracked and peeling off, he is get-



ting about all of the paint business in his town. Dramatized Selling, surely!

A furniture merchant applies Dramatized Selling to window shades. In one window he has a Hartshorn Shade Roller (as advertised in Farm & Fireside) which has been used four years; in another window he has a cheap roller which, he points out, is the third one used during the same

period. He sells three times as many Hartshorns, he reports.

In the rice belt of eastern Arkansas, Mr. Bowden investigated a window which had doubled the weekly sales of a hardware merchant. The idea is simple enough—a showing of merchandise advertised in Farm & Fireside, a few copies of the magazine opened at the advertisements and an attractive sign, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside." Dramatized Selling again!

## *Dramatized Selling wins confidence*

Can farm families who read about the products listed below in Farm & Fireside each month be otherwise than impressed by Dramatized Selling, dramatized displays, of these products? Certainly those merchants who tie to the products advertised in Farm & Fireside are gaining that most priceless of all assets, *confidence*—a confidence built up during the years by editorial and advertising policies which have made Farm & Fireside truly "The National Farm Magazine."

The instances reported by Mr. Bowden, traveling salesman, prove the soundness of the plans outlined in our recently published booklet, Carl Brown's Letter. If you have not received a copy of this Letter, written by a practical, everyday farmer, just write us, "Send me Carl Brown's Letter," and we will gladly do it.

The Crowell Publishing Company  
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, The National Weekly, The Mentor

TIE to these products advertised in

# FARM & FIRESIDE

*The National Farm Magazine*

Absorbine  
Advance Cork Inset Brake Lining  
Agricultural Gypsum  
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.  
A. M. F. Stickle Bar  
Barratt Everlast Rooflines  
Black Plug Inset Powder  
Brown's Beach Jacket  
Burpee's Seeds  
Capwell Horseshoe Nails  
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company  
Champion Spark Plugs  
Chandler Motor Cars  
Chasebrough Vaseline Products  
Chesterfield Cigarettes  
Chevrolet Cars  
Clark Grave Vault  
Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton

Clothescraft Clothes  
Colgate's Toilet Preparations  
Crompton "All-Weather" Corduroys  
Dandelion Butter Color  
De Laval Separators & Milkens  
Devoe Paint & Varnish Products  
Dietz Lanterns  
Dodge Brothers Cars  
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic  
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-ACE-A  
Du Pont Products  
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company  
Essex Cars  
Eveready Flashlights  
Freemove  
Gillette Razors  
Glaxo Underwear

Goodrich Tires  
Goodyear Tires  
Great Northern Ry.  
Green Gull Watches  
Hart-Davidson Motorcycles  
Hartshorn Shade Rollers  
Henderson Seeds  
Hood's Canvas Footwear  
Hoover Kitchen Cabinets  
Hudson Cars  
Hupmobile Cars  
Ingersoll Watches  
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment  
International Motor Trucks  
International Tractors  
Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms  
Jewett Cars

Kelly-Springfield Tires  
Lehigh Portland Cement  
Lambert's Menthol Cough Drops  
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments  
Mellin's Food  
Multifid Coconut Oil  
Mustard  
Northern Pacific Ry.  
Older Tyne Socks  
Overland Cars  
Peppermint Tooth Paste  
Pillsbury's Flour  
Planet Jr. Implements  
President Suspenders  
Prest-O-Lite Batteries  
Radak Radio Sets  
Rat-Nip  
Red Star Tires

Reefree Devonshire Cloth  
Resinol Soap  
Sapolio  
Semi-Solid Buttermilk  
Shaler Vulcanizer  
Stomach Beds  
Sloan's Lintment  
Smith & Barnes and Strohber  
Pianos and Player Pianos  
Stack Bros. Fruit Trees  
Swift Products  
Union Carbide  
United States  
Velliste Underwear  
Viko Aluminum Ware  
"Wear-Ever" Utensils  
Willys-Overland, Inc.  
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



silence save for Father's heavy breathing. I had taken a cot in the hall just outside Father's room, where I would be within easy call should he want any of us in the night. I had fallen asleep when I was awakened by a noise. I arose quickly and in the dim light of the hall I discerned a ghost-like form walking with outstretched hands. It was Father and he was unconscious of his movements. I spoke to him; he did not answer. I took him by the arm; he offered no resistance, but was not aroused by the contact. I led him back to his room and to his bed. He yielded to my directions like a lost child, but gave no sign of consciousness. I forced him upon the bed and gave him water mixed with a drug the doctor had left. He took several swallows and soon was asleep.

I HAD to leave him the next day to attend to some matters at home. When I returned three days later Father was dead.

I did not go at once to the room where his body lay. I avoided that room until no one else seemed to be about, and then I entered, closing the door softly behind me. Since I must take one last look at that which was Father I desired to be alone. Was it an unconscious sense of guilt that impelled me to avoid coming face to face with the dead in the presence of living witnesses? After closing the door I moved over to the casket and looked at the pallid face. It was not unlike the face that had lived, death had wrought few changes; the eyes were closed naturally as in sleep and there was the suggestion of a quizzical smile about his mouth.

There had been subdued voices in the hall outside when I entered the room. Presently they faded away and all was silent. As I stood there, looking down at that calm face, there seemed suddenly to come out of the void these words: "You have a friend on the other side!" They struck my ears as plainly as if they had been spoken. Now I know that it was the still, small voice of conscience, extracting a measure of self-justification from the memory of my last talk with Father—assuring me that my years of aloofness and failure to understand were lost sight of forever in the great and perfect peace upon which he had now entered. At once I felt strangely reassured and satisfied.

In the midst of the church service over the dead, a few hours later, this comfortable, satisfied feeling gave way all of a sudden. I tried to hold back the tears. I set my lips tight that no tremor might betray the sudden surge of emotion within. And then I succumbed, sobbing like a child and quivering there in my seat like one in convulsions. I clutched the side of my pew where I sat, to steady myself.

At last I felt a full and overwhelming consciousness of the debt that I owed to Father—a debt that now could never be repaid. The whole story of his tragic life had unfolded itself before me. I saw the silent, plodding, prosaic citizen in baggy trousers and a frayed shirt for the hero that he really was. He was only a private in the bedraggled army of life, but of millions of such the army of humanity is made.

It is an inconspicuous part that fathers seem to play in life. Yet how unselfishly, how resolutely they set their faces to the task of building and maintaining homes that families may be raised. Out of their loins come all the great ones of the earth,

and out of their sweat and blood and heartaches is produced the food, raiment, and shelter of a race that would otherwise perish utterly.

Father never had any opportunities himself. When he might have sought opportunity and adventure, he obeyed the impulse of a nobler heart and stayed on a poor little farm in a section where neighbors were few, to maintain a home for his mother. Later on in life, when the economic pressure forced him to leave the farm and seek greener pastures for his own flock, it was too late for him to choose that occupation or trade that might be attractive or interesting to him. He had to take that which came nearest to hand and make the most of it. He could be only a huckster. It is true, of course, that even a huckster may rise to heights of material prosperity. Father might have sold the produce of his farmer friends for one price and returned them another; he might have advanced small sums of money to farmers out of season, and taken heavy usury out of the next crop or out of the increase of poultry and pigs. But that wasn't like Father; the short cuts and "opportunities" of business were not in his make-up. He got that which was his by patiently plodding and scrimping.

Yes, it was my own conscience that lashed me at the funeral. Father had forgiven my years of contemptuous indifference to him, but my conscience was not so forgiving. It bared my soul as a back bared at the whipping post, and with a knotted lash of stinging memories it rained blow upon blow upon my naked soul until I cried and writhed and almost screamed aloud under the hurt of it. It lashed me until I succumbed, sobbing like a child and quivering like one in convulsions. No wonder I clutched the side of the pew where I sat to steady myself, lest I faint and fall under the punishment.

IT HAS been long in my heart and on my mind to tell this simple story of how I got acquainted with Father. I do not delude myself with any idea that in putting a flower on his grave at this late day I am atoning for the flowers I never sent in my lifetime. I got acquainted with Father too late. But I do write this earnestly and hopefully as a thought for the sons of millions of other fathers still living. Everywhere I see children who do not know their fathers; who sail along blithely and blindly, unconscious of the fact that fathers may have souls. Most of us are neglectful enough of mothers; we are more neglectful of Father, leaving him who has taken care of us to take care of himself. Your father may not want to take a trip to see some strange part of the earth; but there may be something for which his heart yearns without your knowledge. It may be only a new suit of clothes that he wants, but which he denies himself because he feels an obligation to you and Mother.

If he has forgotten how to play, the probability is that he has never had time to play. Get hold of him; get him out of himself; make a chum of him once. Your dad may be the loneliest creature on earth, and hungry for understanding, sympathy, and friendship. Get acquainted with him while he is up and going; it isn't a pleasant thing to have your conscience lash you—too late—after he is dead.

## You said it, Sir!

*Mr. C. A. Latimer, of Holyoke, Mass., writes us that he treats his friends as well as his customers*

HERE is his letter:

GENTLEMEN:

I use Old Hampshire Bond for the same reason that you use the magazines you advertise in—because I want my message found in good company.



Your advertisements, or my letters, are addressed to many whom we know not at all, or very slightly. They will judge your advertisement, first, by the standing of the medium in their eyes; then by the make-up of your advertisement. They will judge my letter and the offer thereby conveyed in the same way—first, by the vehicle, and secondly, by the make-up of the letter.

Many people are very susceptible to first impressions. Man, as a race, is prone to build greatly on evidence in hand (witness the popularity of Sherlock Holmes and other masters of deduction), and I want what I put before a man to set him building in the right direction. Consequently, I use Old Hampshire Bond for these letters, and I never treat my friends with less consideration.



Yours very truly,

[Signed] C. A. LATIMER  
1677 Northampton St.  
Holyoke, Mass.

People who like fine things instinctively look for the watermark that identifies Old Hampshire Bond.

**Old Hampshire Bond**

For printers and business men interested in fine paper, we have some interesting samples which we shall gladly send to all who write on these business letterheads.

**Hampshire Paper Company**  
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Also makers of Old Hampshire Stationery for Social Correspondence





## How I Made \$876 In One Month's Spare Time

\* My name is Rowe and I live in a small city in New York State.

Two years ago I was a baker—constantly hard up—living from hand to mouth.

And yet—to-day I am a successful business man. Last month I made \$876 during my spare time. I own our nine-room house. I have an automobile. I have money for books, the theater, or any other pleasure that I may want. I have the cash to-day to educate my son and send him through college.

## This Is How It Happened

One day in glancing through a magazine I read an advertisement. The advertisement said that any man could make from a hundred to three hundred dollars a month during his spare time.

I didn't believe it. I knew that I worked hard eight hours a day for \$50.00 a week, and I figured that no man could make that much during a couple of hours a day spare time.

But as I read that ad I found that it pointed to men who had made that much and more. In the last paragraph the advertiser offered to send a book without cost. I still doubted. But I thought it was worth a two-cent stamp, so I tore out the coupon and put it in my pocket, and the next day on my way home from work I mailed it.

When I look back to that day and realize how close I came to passing up that ad, it sends cold chills down my spine. If the book had cost me a thousand dollars instead of a two-cent stamp, it would still have been cheap. All that I have to-day—an automobile, my home, an established business, a contented family—all these are due to the things I learned by reading that little eight-page booklet.

All the work I have done has been pleasant and easy, and without, amazingly simple. I am the representative in this territory for a raincoat manufacturer. The booklet I read was one issued by that company. It tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me. It will give to anyone the same success that it has brought to me.

The Comer Manufacturing Company are one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats in America, but they do not sell through stores. They sell their coats through local representatives. The local representative does not have to buy a stock. All he does is take orders from Comer customers and he gets his profit the same day the order is taken. Fully half of my customers come to my house to give me their orders.

My business is growing bigger every month. I don't know how great it will grow, but there are very few business men in this city whose net profit is greater than mine, and I can see only unlimited opportunity in the future.

## You Can Do As Well

If you are interested in increasing your income from \$100 to \$1,000 a month and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write at once to The Comer Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio. This is their special offer: They will send you, without preliminary correspondence or red tape, a complete selling outfit with full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started. Sign and mail the coupon now and in less than a week you can be making more money than you ever believed possible.

## Mail This Coupon At Once

THE COMER MFG. CO.,  
Dept. 81-510, Dayton, Ohio.

I am ready to start as a Comer representative if you can show me how I can make from \$50.00 to \$200 a week. Please send me, without any expense or obligation to me, complete outfit and instructions.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# They Never Grow Up

(Continued from page 49)

at him, while Hicky was doing his best to save the tackle by hanging to the curving pole and howling a fury of juvenile abuse.

Saggy, on feeling the backward haul on his shoulder, turned his head and vaguely saw the hook and line. But almost in the same instant he caught a watery glimpse of his dad and Mr. Graham in a reckless bloodthirsty run not so far away up-stream along the right-hand bank at the water's edge. Wholly mystified and alarmed by the mounting hullabaloo and the commotion in the water, the men had redoubled their speed, and were sending forth stentorian hails, that only stirred and thickened the chaos. With a gurgly yelp of dismay Saggy lunged away and struck out diagonally for the left-hand and nearest bank, and the line snapped apart somewhere between cork and hook.

"You just wait till I get hold yuh," screeched Hicky, in a lathering rage, stooping forward and brandishing his rod at the distant bobbing head. "I'll hammer yuh to mincemeat. Y'just wait till your dad gets yuh. He's right here. I hope you drown, yuh—" And he knocked his sizzling epithets together and hurled them in bunches.

"Is that my boy?" imperatively roared Mr. Borts from the water's edge, abreast Hicky and the others. "What's he swimming for? Did a carp or pike pull him in?"

"Naw-w. He's scared silly, and tryin' to get away from yuh," shouted one of the boys with glittering terseness.

Saggy only swam the harder for shore. In a moment he found himself in shallows with muddy bottom where the water was only up to his waist.

WHEN close to the rather steep bank of clay and sand he was seen to halt with a backward start. The next moment he threw himself forward screaming:

"Here's a turtle, a turtle! Big as a tub!"

What followed to the eyes of the dumfounded men and boys was a furious thrashing and wallowing, with nothing to be seen but Saggy's back and head, now above water, now almost submerged.

"It is one, by Gad, it is!" cried his dad to Graham. "He's got to have help."

The boys in a furor were already rushing for the bank and to his aid. Borts, followed by the enchanted Graham, and both heroically indifferent to wet shoes and trousers, dashed into the riffles and ran across the river and down the bank.

Meantime, the battle was waxing stubborn and long drawn, with the odds against Saggy unless he could hang with both hands to the turtle by the left hind leg till it died. It must have weighed nearly the half of Saggy's avoirdupois.

"Help! Help!" he cried frantically. "I can't hold him much longer." He was sitting on the slippery clay muck and hauling desperately backward, immersed in the muddied river to his chin. The turtle in its struggles came to the surface.

"Holy Smoke, what a whopper!" Saggy heard his dad cry from the bank behind him. "Hang on! I'm coming."

Mr. Borts, while speaking, stripped off his coat and, tossing it to Graham, plowed

into the water, which by now had been roiled into mud purée. He squatted down beside Saggy and began feeling out the submarine situation, nothing but his back and head visible. Several moments of breath-holding by Saggy and the spectators and then Mr. Borts straightened up amid a shower of water and disclosed the armor-plated soup king supported horizontally in front of him, as he might have carried a tray of dishes, its ugly head, to be sure, not the end in contact with his belt. Mud and water from head to toe, he staggered over the treacherous footing to shore, followed by Saggy, and triumphantly deposited the catch on its back, its great flappers clawing, revolving, squirming.

"By George, he's a buster and the granddaddy of 'em all!" exclaimed Mr. Graham, overwhelmed with elation. And all flocked around the capture, marveling at its size.

WHEN in his terrible panic Saggy had seen the turtle paddling at the surface, a heaven-sent burst of inspiration had precipitated him joyously upon it. Its capture would blot out the past and buy him immunity. But now, when the excitement was over, and he saw with horror at what price in ruined clothing the capture had been made, his panic returned. Besides, no one had acted as if he had had anything to do with the capture. If his dad had hoisted him to his shoulder and all had cheered him he could have felt the crown of success. But no one had even looked at him.

The boy next to Graham backed from the circle and brought his concerned visage close to Saggy's. "Say," he whispered, "is yer dad goin' to lick yuh?"

"I don't know," murmured Saggy, assisted by the lump in his throat. His face set off by his mud-dressing was very white and pinched and solemn.

"Phew!" now sounded in a whistle of ruefulness from his dad. "I'm some mess. What kind of a fit my wife'll have when she sees me is the next question."

"Oh," grinned Graham, "the turtle will console her."

"Well," groaned Borts skeptically, eying his shirt sleeves and trousers, "it may—after she's had her—"

From down the river came a quick splutter and splash. Down where the river was deep and still, and dark with the reflected densest portion of the woods, gleaming rings were expanding from a core of bubbles.

"Bass!" ejaculated Mr. Graham in rapture.

"Have they been doing that before, this morning?" demanded Mr. Borts of the circle of boys.

"Oh, Giminykrauts, yes!" gushed Hicky. "They've been jumpin' down there all morning. And y'oughter seen the rock bass that were beginnin' to bite just as you come. And silver perch—we saw slathers of um, only we hadn't small enough minnies. I got this extra steel rod. Don't you want to try for bass? I got some minnies."





*Tighten a string around your finger and very soon your whole hand will throb with pain. The blood is fighting to get through. Circulation is retarded. Unless the string is loosened mortification will soon set in and your hand will be crippled.*

## Are You Doing This to Your Pores?

NATURE is kind to you so long as you are kind to Nature. Stop or retard a single bodily function and immediately a penalty is imposed. Close the pores of your skin and they cease to breathe. Then your body suffers and your health falls below par.

Nature demands that your millions of pores be kept open. That calls for *real* cleanliness—not *near* cleanliness. Twenty-five ounces of perspiration should be thrown off by the skin daily. Nature will take care of that if you will only keep the way clear. And that is

easy—it means simply using a soap that will thoroughly cleanse and gently stimulate the pores instead of retarding their action with clogging, irritating pigments and cheap scents so often used to disguise soaps of inferior quality.

Fairy Soap will give you the skin freedom so essential to perfect health. It is *soap in its purest form* with no camouflage added. It is the *whitest soap in the world*—a live, sparkling whiteness which evidences purity and endures to the last thin wafer. Fairy Soap has set the fashion of *American white cleanliness*—the joy of people

who are *really* clean instead of *nearly* clean.

Fairy Soap helps your body breathe. Try it in the bath and toilet for a week and see how your body responds to its healthful, invigorating action. Bear in mind as you use it that it is the *one soap* used in the foremost men's clubs, baths and other places where cleanliness is a *business*. Use it for that *deep-down* cleanliness which makes for everyday wholesomeness and well-being.

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY

Factories in United States and Canada

*It Is Winning New Thousands to American White Cleanliness*

THE HUNTINGDON VALLEY  
COUNTRY CLUB  
ABINGTON, PA.

The N. K. Fairbank Company,  
65 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

*Fairy Soap is the crowning touch in a game of golf or tennis. It cleanses thoroughly and aids the pores to function normally. As you say, it does help the body breathe. Because of this, Fairy Soap is used throughout this Club.*

Yours very truly,  
*Thomas H. Kewill*  
Manager.

TH/OL



# FAIRY SOAP

## HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



# They accused him of cleaning his pipe

**But he pleaded not guilty;  
he had merely filled it  
with Edgeworth**

There is an old story about the youngster who washed his face and hands before going to school and none of his boy friends recognized him.

There is another about—but as this one comes in the form of a letter, we're going to give it to you that way.

1551 Portsmouth Ave.  
Portland, Oregon

LARUS & BROTHER CO.,  
Richmond, Va.  
Gentlemen:

A short while ago you were kind enough to send me generous samples of both kinds of Edgeworth, and I enjoyed every grain of them.

When I lit the old pipe, several remarked on the fragrance of the tobacco and actually accused me of giving my pipe a scouring. But I had to disillusion them and tell them it was the tobacco and not the pipe.

So if I continue to woo Lady Nicotine, my best bet (and her best) will be Edgeworth.

Thanking you, I remain,

Very gratefully yours,

(Signed) Aptan A. Brown.

This letter gave us a genuine surprise. Although we have often been assured by smokers that Edgeworth has a fragrance that can't be beaten, this is the first intimation that smoking Edgeworth does away with cleaning your pipe.



And of course we don't admit that it does.

Edgeworth smokers may not find it necessary to scour their pipes often, but any pipe should

be cleaned now and then—for sentiment if for nothing else.

If you haven't tried Edgeworth, write your name and address down on a postal and send it off to us. We will send you immediately generous samples both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also add the name of the dealer to whom you will go if you should like Edgeworth, we would appreciate that courtesy on your part.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Mr. Borts's face flamed with illumination, became transfigured with the temptations of piscatorial paradise. He lavished his heart on the steel rod for a moment and looked away to the beautiful water, where his eye took fire. "What time is it, Graham?" he asked.

Graham drew forth his timepiece and thumbed its face. He grinned down at the tale it told. "Fifteen to one," he announced.

Mr. Borts's eyes dilated and his jaw dropped.

"Fifteen to— Holy Smoke!" he exclaimed. "That luncheon was due fifteen minutes ago. How long did it take us to come up here, anyway?"

"Well, you said it would take about five minutes, but it took nearly twenty; and it was near twelve when we left town."

"Well, no use crying. I'm in for it!" Mr. Borts was a philosopher, and he spoke with a determination to be happy at all cost. His eye gave the turtle a thoughtful overhauling. "We've got no time to waste and it'll take too long to lug this fellow home now. We'll just leave him by the camp fire and come back for him later. Soon as I square myself at home, Graham, we'll come back and fish till dark."

He forthwith lifted the turtle to position against his belt and started upstream for the camp fire, Graham and Saggy trailing behind, the boys flocking around him. Up there on the shingle, where the boys when out in the riffles could see it, they stowed the reptile on its back and hedged it about with large stones.

Saggy's part in this act was mostly that of a gloomy bystander. The increasing weight of uncertainty was telling heavily upon him. It seemed to him that he could endure it no longer, and that he must get relief by asking his father what was in store for him. But his father's face did not invite such heroism. It was steadily lengthening with a worried and drawn, a nervous, preoccupied, and haunted look.

And, so, carrying his shoes and stockings, he splashed across the riffles behind the two men, and dumbly, meekly, followed them to the car. He found no chance to talk to his father. In fact, no one had breath for speech. His father in the lead, the two men traveled Indian file at their fastest walk, and kept Saggy's tender bare feet at a painful flinching trot. And, riding home, Saggy sat alone with his conscience and his doom on the back seat.

WHEN the car at reckless speed dove into the drive, the company were in full array on the veranda—five women. As the car sped back to the garage, Saggy saw his mother bounce up and flash into the house. And when the car came to a stand they heard the screen door to the kitchen slam and saw her stationed on the brow of the porch steps.

At this sight of devouring judgment, the flame of life in Saggy died low and left him for dead, all but his eyes. And then, just as the dying will gasp for air, he jumped from the car.

"Ho, Maw," he cried, "y'oughta see the turtle we caught—big as a tub. It's up the river on its back. We're goin' back after it. Dad got there just as I grabbed it, and he jumped in and helped me get it out. That's what got us all wet. Didn't we, Dad?"

"That's what!" echoed Mr. Borts.

Mrs. Borts's countenance was terrifically calm. Her deadly eye saw but one object, and that was the bedraggled, mud-stained delinquent who was sliding with as little display as possible out from behind the wheel.

"Well," called Mr. Borts, "did you think we were lost?"

Mrs. Borts did not answer him. She remained absolutely motionless. Her eyes were set, and they were implacably watching him approach and awaiting with coldly measuring intensity the right distance for one swift stroke of extermination.

"By George, Beckie," he faltered, "I never dreamed it was so late!"

"It seems to me I have heard excuses like that before in the last day or two."

HER tones were distant and awful, and their sarcasm left him without one hope or recourse. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. His eye shifted as if looking for help, and when his lagging steps reached Saggy he halted beside him. Somehow, he felt easier near Saggy. Somehow, there was consolation and strength beside his companion in crime. Saggy, thunderstruck, was gazing up at him. He had never known his dad's face to look like that. It looked just the way he himself was feeling. His dad! It made his heart ache—made it hot and big.

"Aw, Maw," he cried, forgetting himself, "what y'want to get mad at him for? He couldn't help it, so he couldn't. He came home just as soon as he could. And he went into the river because he didn't know but I was drownin', mebbe."

She was unprepared for this. She straightened slightly and gave her son a stare of astonishment, and then viewed the two of them as a group picture. Wet and wretched, they certainly were, two of a kind. The boy in his partisanship had taken a bristling step forward, and the dad was gazing down at the old cap in front of him, not so much as a father surprised at his son, but rather as one boy safe under the wing of another.

He looked up at his wife, something of gladness, of triumph, in his gaze; and their eyes connected and held in silent communication until the same smile crept into each face. The boy had saved him.

"I suppose you know luncheon is over?" she asked in a thawing voice.

"Yes, and we're as sorry as can be," he avowed eagerly. "I never dreamed it would take so long and the time went before we knew it. But as it is a hen party, anyway, I wasn't missed so much, was I? Say"—he put his hands on Saggy's shoulders and gave a pressure that made the boy grin—"will you give us kids a bite to eat, Graham out there and us, and let us go back fishing?"

She smiled down at them quizzically and weighed both them and the proposition.

"Oh, I suppose I'll have to, seeing it's you," she laughed. "But you'll have to eat in the kitchen. I can't have you in the dining-room with those horribly wet, dirty clothes."

"Go on, kid," he cried gayly, giving Saggy a push, "jump in and dig bait while she's setting the eats. Come on, Graham!"

And somewhere, up along the riffles, the feathered spirit who sees all things, relaxed and lowered his arms, winked to himself and smiled, got out his peace pipe and sat down and took a smoke.



*It "Kills pain!"*



*For a minute*

**You think it has simply made you forget**

*Then you realize that the pain is really gone!*

**T**HAT is what will astonish you most the first time you use Sloan's Liniment—the rapidity with which it brings relief.

You apply Sloan's to the sore spot or the aching muscle. Immediately you feel a comforting glow—a sensation of tingling, penetrating warmth.

For a minute you wonder if this warmth has made you forget the pain. Then suddenly you realize that the pain itself has gone. Not just for the moment, but gone completely.

#### *How Sloan's works*

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Most muscular or nerve pains are due to congestion. When blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely congestion is the result. This condition may be due to infection or to a simple bruise or strain.

Sloan's Liniment brings relief by breaking up this congestion. It draws the blood away from the congested spot and allows it to circulate freely and normally again.

But Sloan's does this so quickly, so easily and so effectively that the result comes time after time as a distinct surprise to you.

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Apply Sloan's lightly with the palm of the hand. Don't rub it in. Don't bandage. Just let this potent, soothing liniment do the work by itself. It will not stain the skin or the clothing.

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# **Sloan's Liniment**

*Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's*



# USE



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## I Know 8,750 People—How Many Do You Know?

(Continued from page 7)

sent from Chicago to Canton to stay with Major McKinley during the St. Louis Convention, which was to nominate him. A kid reporter on such an important assignment, I was naturally nervous, and it was painfully hard to approach the McKinley residence. Mr. Hanna was sitting on the porch with Major Heistand. He sprang to his feet, shook hands cordially, led me past older and more important correspondents, and presented me to McKinley, saying: "Here is a boy we need. He wants to do something for the party, and doesn't want anything for doing it."

He had not forgotten the country kid's bashfulness, nor did he ever forget. Later, when an important political matter was brewing, he telegraphed to the head of my paper requesting that I be sent on the story. I had great assistance from him in carrying out that mission. My whole career has been influenced by him. Even to-day I frequently feel the effect of his advice.

**W**HEN I went from Cincinnati to Chicago I knew just two persons in the latter city. It was a friendly city then, more so than it is now, and it was easy to get acquainted. George Ade sponsored me and that, of course, helped. But after a time I discovered that something was wrong: I remembered nearly all the persons with whom work threw me in contact, but only a few remembered me. Some forgot me in spite of a dozen meetings. It was embarrassing and, being sensitive, I was hurt.

One day I was sent to get a story from John Farson, the banker, one of the best-beloved men in the city. He explained that he always wore a red necktie so people would remember him and, while working up the story, I met James Hamilton Lewis, who said that his flowing pink whiskers had the same effect. Both advised me to have some trade mark to aid others in remembering me. I wanted a trade mark and accidentally found one. Working nights and sleeping days caused me to say "Good morning" at the wrong time. It became a habit. The other day I met a man from Omaha who said, "I remember you well; you always say 'Good morning' and ask for a sulphur match." Those small items had caused him to remember me all those years. The majority of people do not remember *you* at all. They remember something *about* you by which they identify you.

Theodore Roosevelt had this very system of recalling people by remembering something about them. I first met him when he was police commissioner in New York. I was then with the Chicago baseball club. Later I met him at Tampa with the Rough Riders, and afterward a score of times. He probably never remembered or tried to remember my name, but each time he would say, "How is baseball? Is Captain Anson still playing?"

There are few finer thrills in life than meeting someone who has shared part of your life; a fine thrill that carries through

the handclasp and makes the world seem a better place. When a man accumulates as many acquaintances as his mind can hold he gets a lot of these thrills; and the strangeness of the meeting places is an added experience. I remember one night a theatrical company was sailing from San Francisco to Australia and the farewell party lasted until three in the morning, when we all went to escort the players to their launch. Way down Market Street we passed a party coming up and, suddenly, one cackling laugh arose in the dark. The last time I had heard it was in a Cuban jungle, and before that on a college campus. There was but one such in the world. I stopped and yelled:

"Oh you Tommy Williams."

And out of the other crowd came the boy who had hungered and feasted with me—just in from seal poaching off Sakhalin. We hugged each other and danced in the middle of Market Street in the dark.

Of course everyone has strange meetings with old acquaintances. One of the queerest in my career was first at a spot outside Ogden, Utah. I was in a berth, unable to sleep. At daybreak when the train stopped I looked out to see where we were. An engine came puffing up the other track and stopped so that from the window I looked into the cab of the locomotive—and leaning out the window was good old Dutch, with whom I had played ball years before. I raised the window and yelled:

"Hello, Dutch, how are you hitting them?"

He almost jumped out of the cab, and we talked for several minutes before his train moved eastward. Nearly ten years later, on a new railroad in Nova Scotia, I was sitting on a trestle when a train pulled slowly over it. As the engine passed, Dutch looked down and yelled his greetings.

**T**HE fellow who gets acquainted with a great many persons needs control, because friends and even casual acquaintances may become more of a handicap than an asset. The thoughtless ones often become pests in the way they use up a man's time and interfere with his work. No matter how much you may like to have them around, it is necessary to dodge them at times. In the last dozen years more than half my time allotted to work has been given up to meeting people. The result is that a fellow must neglect either work, play, or friends. I used to fret about it, but solved the problem by giving up, from play and sleep, time enough to be with friends.

Recently I kept a record during one day in the office, and registered twenty-eight fellows who dropped in, not more than six of whom had any business to transact. Their average call was more than fifteen minutes, but luckily some came in bunches. Most of them came during the rush of work, and as a result the work suffered and I had to sit up half the night to catch up.





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# UNDERWOOD PORTABLE



Do not imagine I kick on this. Rather, I invite it and would be miserable if the fellows did not come; but very few appear to realize that they are wasting time. The worst pest of the lot, a fine fellow and my great chum, comes after luncheon, stays nearly an hour, and says that, as it is his slack time, he just runs in to chat. His slack hour happens to be my busiest one—and after weeks of that thing I determined upon revenge. Discovering his busiest hour, I went to his office and remained until he told me to get out and let him work. I grinned and went; the next day he came in and said: "Old man, I learned a lesson. I never thought before of how I wasted your time and interfered."

A fellow you can chase out on occasion is a real friend. We meet after work now.

**F**OR a newspaper person, the time spent with friends has its rewards in the information accumulated from men and women of all sorts. All your acquaintances know things that you do not. It is marvelous how much information you can accumulate by sitting for a long evening around a camp fire in the woods, or before a blazing log. Wood fires seem to extract stories from men and refresh their memories.

One of the most wonderfully informative nights in my existence was in Chicago. The family was away and in the evening a man who was known to the police as a desperado and a gunman came to call. We drew the curtains, and he was telling a wonder story of his experiences when the bell rang and the priest in whose parish we live dropped in to talk of a matter in which both of us were interested. Half an hour later an old ball player, then on the police force, came. We sat there until three in the morning, talking and listening, the priest telling of his missionary life in the Philippines and other places, the desperado relating yarns of his experiences, the policeman of his new life; each interested in the other, and we had four widely separated phases of life. We parted the best of friends. The gunman insisted upon escorting the priest to his parish house, for fear something might happen to him. I have often thought that if all men could meet in that way, just man to man, lay aside class and calling for a few hours, and give each other the benefit of their own views and experiences, the world would get better rapidly.

I have known more than two hundred and fifty boxers, and people engaged in fighting, and more than that number of race-track people, from owners to touts. Horse people are one of the most interesting of all classes, living in a world all their own and with a language and a romance found nowhere else. I know more than two hundred men in the army service, from privates to generals, and almost as many men in the navy. At a joint session of the House and Senate in Washington I pointed out to a visitor more than one hundred members I knew personally and had talked with.

Policemen always have been one of my weaknesses. Twenty years ago in Chicago I knew almost every Central detail detective and scores of uniformed men in all

the stations. Both they and their work interest me, and in picking up information about crime and criminals I met many of the opponents of the police. When a fellow has been around police stations and knows the crooks, the "romance" of crime fades quickly.

In theatrical circles I know about two hundred persons, yet not a dozen actors are in the list, excluding vaudeville people. The majority of them are in the producing or business end of the business. The mechanical part of the theatrical business, the making and building of plays is vitally interesting; but I never go to a theatre to see a performance if it can be avoided, because I can watch just ordinary human beings at work or play, and see more drama and comedy than the stage ever knew.

I find that I know the presidents of about twenty colleges, the athletic heads of more than that number, and scores of athletes of all kinds.

A list of title holders reveals that I have met almost every champion in the last two decades.

There is another group that is worth while: the circus folk. The lure of the circus has lasted through all these years. I can start with Hutch and Mister John, Webby and Ed Norwood, Johnny Agee, and go right through the big top to the Joie row and find acquaintances in every ring and every cage.

There is another class—the Y. M. C. A. crowd, so much cussed, and so much criticized undeservedly. I used to have an idea that the Y consisted of sissies and pimply faces; until once I got dragged into some work with them and found the gang about as red-blooded and rough-and-tumble as they come—with exceptions of course. I worked on four big campaigns with them in four sections and never met a better bunch of fellows.

**C**OUNTING acquaintances by races is interesting, and if a fellow simply buries his own preconceived ideas he will find that human beings grade up about the same, regardless of race, creed, or social standing. It is certain that, no matter what his race or social standing, a man receives just about the same treatment as he extends. I have known a great many negroes, and some I count as among my most valued friends—Art and Windy, Put and Jim Sol and Buck, old Mon and Baldy. One of the earliest friends I had was Paul Dunbar, who came from a neighboring town, a great soul who, although a poet, always reminded me of little George Dixon; one a poet with the soul of a fighter, the other a fighter with the soul of a poet—yet both seemed sad under the surface, with the woe of centuries of oppression overcasting their souls; always a sad minor note under the laugh.

It is a homesick work, this canvassing back over the half-forgotten pages of memory, recalling old friends and acquaintances, and wondering where they are and how the world goes with them. The one who has traveled much is apt to be homesick for many places, and for many old pals and chums.

One takes a map and, glancing over it, recalls the dancing heat imps of the desert, the uplifted cone of Cooks, the purple shadows of the Black Mountains, and wonders what has become of Big Perkins, and Danny Taylor, or plump, laughing little Black, and the gang that rode down the Mibres. One remembers the rushing white water, the soggy depth of the moose woods of New Brunswick, and longs to camp again with George and Harry, Uncle Dan and the gang.

One remembers the old crowd of homesick fellows gathered in the hotel lobby in bachelor days, and wonders where Bill and Jake, Old Man Hunter, Jack and Louis, and all that crowd are now. Memories come of the happy-go-lucky bunch of American lads, gathered from all the world, who went down into the heart of Mexico with us; memories of burning days and chills of night, of the whining of spent bullets, the sudden crash of arms, the restless, half-moaning noise of the sleeping army. One remembers the rude shacks beside the muddy torrent of the Colorado; the little Japanese engineer from Tokio, the famous German expert, the big, quiet, efficient Fauntleroy leading his men as they rippapped the great Laguna dam onto the shifting sands of the mighty river, and then scattered to build dams and bridges all over the world.

**O**NE wonders what became of Pete and Harris and Grif, down at Bluefields, Nicaragua. What has become of the gang that used to gather in Benny's garret before the fire in San Francisco? How does the world go with Cornes and his fishermen on the St. John? Did the boys around the Officers' Club at Winnipeg all come back after the war? Are Olson and his boys taking as many whitefish in the nets off Point Betsie in Lake Michigan, as they used to?

It would be fine on a Sunday morning like this, to walk up Paint Street in Chillcorthe and to know all the people you meet coming from church; or to ride up to the ranch in the hills near Bayard, where the old fort was, and yell until the crowd came out; or to go back-stage in the Palace in New York and find Babe and George, Bill Clark and Billy Borden; or to stop in Columbus, and just start up High Street, stopping to shake hands with Patton, Mont, the Goodman boys, Maddox and Mr. Glenn, good old Bill Ireland and John Pontius over at the Y.

To-night, writing this, I'm really homesick, homesick for the ones I knew first and best—the home folks. I'd like to walk up to the post office to-night, see all the folks coming and going, stroll down High Street, gathering up the old gang until we came to the big oak. When we'd get Reddy and Monk, Sharphead and Smock, Whiteye and Spider, and lie there flat on our backs, staring up through the leaves to the moonlit sky and the stars, talking in low tones and telling each other how the dreams that we dreamed in the old days have come true. Then, maybe, one of the fellows would start a song, and if we sang now it probably would be the half sob of the Kerry Dancing.

**"DOES Anything Come After Death?"**—the oldest and most significant of all questions—is discussed next month with telling effect by Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D., one of the greatest living clergymen in America. No person can afford to miss Doctor Fosdick's views and conclusions, which are ably and sympathetically reported by Bruce Barton.





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# You Can't Live on Your Reputation

(Continued from page 43)

"No. Just remembered you hadn't been in. Go ahead and renew for this year."

Now this man might have taken the hint; but reputation is deaf to subtle advice. The next year he telephoned again.

"How about those renewals?" he asked.

"I'm sorry," was the reply, "but this year I am giving half of our insurance to another company."

My friend was in the manufacturer's office as soon as his motor car could take him. Something had happened to his fences. An enemy had slipped in, and he couldn't understand it.

The manufacturer was friendly as usual.

"Did I understand that you had taken half your business away from me?" asked the insurance agent.

"Yes," was the reply. "When you first began I was glad to help you. You seemed ambitious and keen and willing to give service. For a year or two you were on the job. Then you began to show signs of thinking that you had a perpetual right to our insurance. You dropped us from your calling list; last year you didn't even take the trouble to come in person to make the renewals. I let you get away with it that time, but when you tried it again this year I handed you a jolt. Nothing is a cinch in business. What is worth having is worth going after, and what is worth keeping is worth taking care of. You lost by not keeping on the job."

"THAT was the best lesson I ever had," said my friend. "It happened to me over twenty years ago. I got back all that business the following year and I have looked after it ever since. I take nothing for granted any more."

"The bigger they are, the harder they fall," is real philosophy. I have had my share of flattery, and it is nice to hear, but I am more fearful of it than of poison. The few poisons in our house are all plainly marked and put away in a safe place; but the poison of flattery is insidious and undermining, and he who lets it into his system may enjoy the thrill of it to-day, but regret its sad effects to-morrow.

"That bit you had yesterday was your best," said a kindly soul to me, referring to a verse of mine in the paper. I was glad it had pleased him and glad that he had expressed his pleasure to me; but he was wrong and I knew it. If he had been right and that verse which had chanced to have pleased him so was really my best, I was in a bad way. There was nothing left for me to hope for or to work for. I should be obliged to live in the past, on my reputation.

It was not my best. At least I hoped it wasn't. I hope I have not done my best yet. As a matter of fact I feel that I never shall do it. There are some things which may stand out as the best among all that I have done, but I am of the opinion that I shall never really achieve the best that I am capable of doing. No man ever does.

To-morrow is my one big stimulant. What does it hold in store for me to face?

I know one thing surely—there will be a certain amount of space in my paper for me to fill with something. I cannot fill it with my reputation or the nice things that are said to me.

"What are you going to do with this job?" says each morning. "You made good last night, but what if you fall down now? And remember nothing succeeds but merit, let poor work strut how'er it will."

Thousands of young people have done their first work well, never again to be heard of. The list of one-story writers is a long one. It is so in every trade and every profession. Skill is blasted in the bud by the hot sun of success. Either they couldn't keep it up, or they wouldn't try.

THE game of life isn't played that way. My own experience is that I have never done poor work but that the editors spotted it. I had it happen to me recently. I had promised an editor a bit of work, but I put it off, until finally a telegraphic appeal from him determined me to rush it through. I was tired but I went at it, not with a desire to do my best but with an eagerness to get it finished and be done with it.

"I'll take anything you'll write," he had said to me in a letter. I took him at his word and learned another lesson. An editor who would do that would not remain an editor for long. He may say it, but he doesn't mean it.

I rushed off that manuscript to him. It was poor stuff and I knew it and was ashamed of it. But he had said he would take anything I would write. I had a chance to get by on my reputation. It didn't work.

In less than a week the manuscript was back on my desk with a personal note from the editor:

"Dear Eddie," he wrote, "I am disappointed in this. It isn't in your best vein. It isn't like you, or worthy of you. It reads just as though you had slapped it out for a space filler. Look it over again and see if I'm not right."

I didn't have to look it over. I knew he was right. I knew it was poor stuff when I sent it out, and I should have been ashamed of myself if it had appeared.

The world is quick to discover a falling off in quality.

"He isn't as good as he used to be," is one of the commonest phrases of human speech.

I have picked up many useful lessons from golf. It has taught me much about myself and the life we live. When I began to play there was a young man in our club at the top of his game. He was the unbeatable member. To-day twenty or more of us can play him even, and a few can give him strokes and defeat him.

He is an ex-champion; but he did not keep it up. The illustration is not altogether pat, because it is to his credit that his golf game has suffered. Strict attention to business required his time; he discontinued practice and his skill was lost. His game could not live upon his reputation—that's the point I wish to make.

For my own boy I hope success will not come too early to him. I would have

him pass through the school of stern experience first. I want him to learn the difficulty of doing good work.

Some years ago I received a letter from a man in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He began by thanking me for something I had written and then he added:

"I have no right to say this to you, I know, but you and your work have grown to mean so much to my wife and me that should anything ever happen in the future to make us ashamed of you we should both be deeply hurt."

He had no right to suggest such a thought to me, and yet I am glad he did, for it opened my eyes to a new phase of life. I had a certain reputation now, and with it had come responsibilities. If I were to stray from the right in one careless hour not only my own family would suffer, but a man and wife living in Grand Rapids would be deeply hurt. One ought not to shirk that sort of responsibility.

He who takes pride in his work can hold no honest conceit for himself. He knows he is no magician and no alchemist. He cannot with a wave of his hand produce roses from an empty bag or gold from ashes. To be at his best he must continue to strive for his best. The finished task must be deserted for the difficulties of the new. Though he have a thousand victories to his credit he may still lose the last battle.

THE man who builds a mouse trap better than anyone else will have the world beating a path to his door, but only so long as his mouse trap continues to be the best. The day he decides that his reputation is made and the quality of his product need no more concern him, the world will desert him.

"This mouse trap isn't what it used to be," the people will say. "He is substituting reputation for merit. I have heard of a young man who is making a better trap; let's go to his door now."

As a boy I worked in a drug store, and stood at the cigar counter many hours a day. I knew little about the business of cigar making, but, young as I was then, I caught one deep impression:

A new cigar would attract the attention of the men in our neighborhood. For two or three months in that drug store we would sell one brand almost to the exclusion of the others. It jumped into popularity. It was well advertised, of course; but it possessed quality. Then with success fairly assured came the falling off.

"No," some man would say, "I'll take something else to-day. That used to be a good cigar, but they've started to cheapen it."

That was always the beginning of the end. The manufacturer had begun to live upon his reputation, and always it was fatal. Nothing but good work endures.

This is the creed I have written for myself:

That I shall come each day to its tasks eager and glad to work, grateful for the accomplishments of the past but mindful always that to-day demands the best that is in me.



# A watch should be accurate as well as beautiful

**K**EEPING accurate time is the primary function of a watch. The Hamilton has performed this difficult task so successfully, for so many years, that it has earned the reputation of being The Railroad Timekeeper of America.

Jewelers like to sell Hamilton Watches because the dependability of the Hamilton is a creditable reflection on their own selection and service. The Hamilton is a watch that is seldom returned for repairs or readjustment.

Besides the feeling of satisfaction and comfort derived from such a watch, there is the added joy that comes from possessing an object of fine workmanship. Accuracy and beauty are on a par in the Hamilton Watch.

It is now possible to get Hamilton accuracy, dependability, and service at a very reasonable cost. Our Number 974, movement only \$25.00, can be fitted by your jeweler in a case to suit your pocketbook.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY, Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.

## Hamilton Watch

*"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"*



**Hamilton No. 920 in  
"Florin" Case \$117**  
Unusual are these inlaid cubist numerals, on a silver dial. 23-jewel, five-position adjusted movement. Green gold permanent case.

**Hamilton No. 920 in  
"Byron" Case \$172**

The demand for cases of green or white gold is met by this beautiful model, 14k engraved, 23-jewel five-position adjusted movement. Dial, sterling silver; numerals, 18k raised gold.



**Hamilton No. 910 in  
"Fulton" Case \$43**  
A Splendid Timepiece. 17-jewel, adjusted movement, engraved case of green gold filled (25 year), with metal dial and radiating numerals.



# Why I Stopped Being Too Hospitable

(Continued from page 61)

invitation to stay with us, which was usually accepted. Although their visits as a rule were short, they were the most tiring of all, for on account of their brevity they were packed full to overflowing.

These guests were rarely familiar with the city, so they needed constant guidance. I would put aside my own occupations to plunge chokingly with them from one errand to the next, creating an atmosphere of such haste that by the time I had rushed their meals into their schedule, dashed the house into a semblance of order to make train connections or to chaperon them on their pilgrimages, to fly home again and have dinner ready for Tom, their visits left me physically and nervously exhausted.

**A**GUEST is never so wearing on a man as on a woman. The man goes to business the same as usual, seeing the visitor only in the evenings, when he is looking about for diversion of some sort. His wife, on the contrary, must give her entire time to her guests. To me, the necessity of being constantly with my visitors, even my most congenial friends, was such a strain upon my nervous system that in time it began to tell on me severely. I became very irritable over trifles. I lived in such a state of tension that I did not digest my food properly, and I lost weight till Tom at length became alarmed about me. Then the crisis came!

It was at the end of a particularly harassing visit from Aunt Lucy, who was not one of my most congenial "in-laws." She had come to town to see the dentist, and he had kept her more than a month. So she had taken advantage of this long sojourn in Baltimore to do all the extra things that she had been saving up. As she did not know the city, I had been obliged to go with her on most of her perambulations—some of them to very remote parts of town that I had never before visited, where she had heard, for instance, of a woman who did a special kind of weaving. Again, she would have a burning desire to hunt up a niece of some poor neighbor at home, who would be hurt if Aunt Lucy failed to call on her relative.

When she had finally departed, leaving me in a state of collapse, Tom took this occasion, of all others, to scold me for becoming negligent about my duties. He said I had become so careless that the house looked like a junk shop instead of a home, while my appearance was so slovenly that he was ashamed of me. I tried to tell him through my tears that I had been obliged to let things go to make time to go out with Aunt Lucy, and that I was too tired to care how I looked. He kissed away my tears and asked my pardon for being ugly—I suspected that too much company was telling on his nerves also—and then I had to stir around and get ready for Kate, who was coming the next day.

When she had been with us two days we received a message that Tom's two brothers with their wives and another friend were coming for the week-end. It was taken for granted that we could ac-

commodate the whole party; in fact, that we would be hurt if they came to town and did not stay with us. We had only one guest-room and Kate was occupying that, so it was a problem in higher mathematics to figure out the permutations and combinations necessary to make sleeping quarters for everyone. At last we did find places for all eight of us to lay our heads. It meant, though, that Tom and one of his brothers had to sleep on the floor, while I occupied a cot, which was so uncomfortable that it exaggerated my sleeplessness, caused in the first place by the confusion into which our home had been thrown.

During the day the presence of so many women, all getting in one another's way, it seemed, made my nerves more on edge than ever. I had got to the place where the very sound of their voices irritated me, and my frame of mind could not have failed to react upon them. Unintentionally, I answered one of my sisters-in-law very shortly, and a misunderstanding resulted. This added to my discomfort. After Kate's departure I heard that she said I was becoming old and cranky, and that I had made her feel unwelcome. Perhaps I had. I was so beside myself with fatigue that I was quite unaccountable for what I said and did.

And now there came to us a shocking realization of the pass to which our exorbitant hospitality had brought us. I was obliged to go to a doctor, and he found me in a bad condition resulting from over-exertion and nervous strain. When he advised an operation Tom and I looked blank. In the three years that we had been married we had not saved one penny. We had less than fifteen dollars to run us till the next pay day!

**W**HEN we married we had made elaborate plans about the amount we would save each month. We had figured a certain allowance for food, clothing, shelter, amusements, and incidentals, and had found that if we adhered rigidly to this budget we could put aside half of Tom's salary each month. But we had not figured that every time we had company these allotments would be increased.

Our grocery bills had been nearly four times the calculated amount, while amusements and incidentals had usurped more than three their allotted portion. Instead of saving half of our earnings we had nothing to show for our first three years, except the small monthly payments that we had made on the house, and it was now in need of several repairs. The thought of an impending operation, with hospital, doctors' and nurses' bills, made us reel. Where was the money to come from?

As I lay in my bed at the hospital, convalescing, Tom and I tried to devise a means for paying the expenses of my illness. My brothers had generously offered to help us, but my pride and independence told me that it was not their place to be assuming our burdens. Moreover, Tom and I alone were responsible for what had happened. This was our time to decide that we would face the world as self-respecting individuals, accepting help from no one.

Right then Tom held in his hand a letter from a cousin who had not heard of my illness, announcing her intention of coming to see us the following week. Tom had already written to say that I was in the hospital. We had taken the first step in drawing in the lines of our hospitality. We agreed that we would send a similar message to all prospective visitors. But I did not expect to be ill indefinitely, and the precedent for making our home a stopping place for one and all had been so firmly established that it was now hard to change the policy without offending someone.

"I have an idea," said Tom. "Let's try and sell the house and get back what we've paid on it. That will bring enough to keep us out of debt and start life again with a clean slate. Let's take a two-room apartment, where we can't possibly have room for a visitor for longer than a day, and stay in it till we've saved enough to buy another house and have a nest egg besides."

"You're a bright boy," I said.

**W**E FOLLOWED Tom's plan, and found a purchaser for the house. The small apartment filled two very timely needs: If I had gone back to the house when I left the hospital I would have been obliged to have a maid for some time; but my two rooms and kitchenette required so little work that from the first I could keep them without help. Thus our expenses were reduced at once. To all our friends I immediately wrote, giving my illness as our reason for having given up the house, but stating in no uncertain terms that our apartment was too small for us to have room for guests. My operation proved to be our salvation.

The effects of my new mode of living soon became evident: I regained my health rapidly, and for almost the first time in our married life Tom and I enjoyed the experience of being alone for an indefinite time.

We have now been living in our little apartment three years. We have missed some things, but we have gained others. Instead of saving half of Tom's salary, we have managed to put aside almost two thirds of it each month. We have invested and reinvested the interest, with the result that we already have enough to buy our home, which we intend to do in a few more months, or after we have acquired the additional "nest egg."

In our new home we shall moderate slightly our present program, but we shall never again entertain so indiscriminately as before. I expect to have no one visit me except by special invitation, in which I shall state the exact length of the stay. I believe that one week is usually long enough. Those who attempt to overstep my bounds by inviting themselves to come, or to prolong a visit already begun, will be told regretfully that other plans make it impossible for us to have them. This liberty, Tom and I believe, is a home owner's inalienable right—and we have resolved firmly that never again shall we depart from it.



## Buick shows the way for 1923

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*Division of General Motors Corporation*

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When better automobiles are built, Buick will build them



## Successful Investment

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**First**—lay by regularly as large a share of your income as you can.

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## THE FAMILY'S MONEY

### How We Kept Going After My Husband's Death

A YEAR and a half ago I faced what seemed at the time a mortal blow—the death of my husband, my good, strong, dependable John. For weeks I thought I could never live through the grief and loneliness. Then came the day when I must face the problems that were confronting me.

I found we had John's life insurance of ten thousand dollars, twelve hundred in "Victories," and our home.

Other assets were my own good health, my business experience, our five children, all of whom had been trained since babyhood to help Daddy and Mother, and a host of good friends.

My problems were: *First*, my leaving home to take a position. Our one little daughter, Patricia, sixteen years old, is partially crippled as a result of an attack of infantile paralysis five years ago. How could I leave her alone all day? And what about the other vital things; good nourishing meals for the four boys and someone there when they came home from school? Who was going to keep the home machinery oiled and running smoothly? What about the house itself? Could I make that an asset, and so keep it? Relatives advised me to sell; but it was in a good neighborhood, had a fine place for a garden and a tennis court, and, most of all, it was home, endeared by a thousand associations.

Since my problem is a common enough one, its solving may interest many other women who are facing similar ones.

BEFORE my marriage I had been a "stenog," and fortunately had kept in practice through helping my husband occasionally in his office work.

I applied for a position, was accepted, and took two months at home to readjust our affairs. The Victories went for our few debts and for the building of a sleeping porch; the insurance was safely invested—at five and a half per cent—not to be touched except for the boys' education, and our housekeeping was simplified. This last took many months, and while it is now seemingly running on "high efficiency," I am always open to suggestions.

A neighbor comes in from ten to one each day. I pay her, of course. She prepares our lunch and starts preparations for the evening dinner which is usually a casserole of meat and vegetables, or a roast with baked potatoes and a vegetable. A simple salad nearly always completes the meal, or in summer the boys and "Pat" like to make a freezer of ice cream.

We have our meals out of doors whenever possible, consume five quarts of milk a day, everyone helps with the table setting and dish-washing morning and night, and we make a game of the work as much as possible. On Saturdays the twelve-year-old twins, David and Bob, run the vacuum and clean the porches. My

little "Sunshine Girl" dusts and sets things to rights mornings after her brothers and mother have left; but each boy has been trained to open his bed to air and to pick up his own belongings.

Once a month I have a "day off." Then a man, a woman, and I go over the whole house—washing windows, sunning mattresses, vacuuming everywhere, and laundering the fine things, although we have few of these. In between I have had to learn to shut my eyes to much disorder: it isn't *real dirt*, the children love to bring their friends home. Sometimes the house is a "sight," but it is a home, and that's the big thing.

I make a real asset of my house by renting the large front bedroom and the smaller one behind it ("released" by the boys using the sleeping porch) to some old-time friends, Nan and Tom Edwards. They pay thirty-five dollars a month for the sunny, prettily furnished suite, and they have proved a wonderful help, Mrs. Edwards being "company" for our little Pat, whom she adores, and her husband helping in so many ways with the boys.

THE garden has been run on shares by an old English gardener, Michael, my eldest, and John, Junior, have assisted in the planting and cultivating (storing up good health the while), prepared all the vegetables ready for cooking, picked fruit on shares, washed the neighbors' cars. The twins have a paper route, run errands for the neighbors, and deliver milk.

The interest on the insurance money has so far clothed us all. The room rent has paid taxes, fire insurance, upkeep, and fuel. The one hundred a month, my earnings, set a good table and allow us to keep even with all other expenses.

Best of all, my little Pat has developed a fine business sense. One of my friends suggested that she take a magazine agency. This has grown into quite a flourishing affair, and the feeling that she, too, is earning money keeps her happy and contented.

The boys' paper routes, the car washing, and so on, furnish their spending money; they all buy their own school-books and supplies, and besides learning valuable lessons in the earning and use of money they are *busy*. Busy boys aren't near as apt to get into mischief these strenuous days of raising children.

The outstanding features of reducing our living from over five thousand a year to less than twenty-five hundred, counting Patricia's "business," have been:

1. Entirely eliminating the question of each child's spending money.
2. Making the home-keeping a partnership, with each child a working member.
3. Budgeting the income.
4. Doing away with *all* nonessentials.
5. The help of the garden.

H. G.





## New— *A Standard-Built, Two-Passenger Coupe*

A feature that immediately impresses you is the exceptional width of the doors. The door opening is 31 inches wide and 47 inches high—assurance of easy entrance and exit.

Under the rear deck is a storage space so roomy it is bound to win favor with the man who has much luggage, or bulky sample cases, and with the tourist.

Door windows raised and lowered by standard regulators. Dome light. Ventilating windshield. Sun visor. Windshield cleaner.



Perhaps the first thing that will impress you in this new Coupe, is the very evident superiority of the body construction.

It is perfectly apparent that body and chassis are designed as a complete car, each for the other.

Finer work has never issued from our great body plant at Racine—and never did chassis and body fit into

a more beautiful and practical harmony of design.

The new Hupmobile Coupe is especially intended for those whose use of a motor car is continuous and exacting—but thanks to the exceptional character of the body work, it is also endowed with a high value, in point of comfort and lasting satisfaction, rare and unusual in cars of this type.

# Hupmobile





# Search for spices helped lead Columbus to America

*Meats were spiced—not iced*

Everybody knows, of course, that Christopher Columbus discovered America on a search for a short cut to India and the East.

The reason Europe wanted a short route to India was to provide a better way to bring in treasures, merchandise, and spices from the Orient.

Everybody does not know, however, what Europe wanted these spices for—and here enters refrigeration.

The people of Europe needed spices because they had no way of handling meat to keep it fresh and sweet. They did not know anything about refrigeration.

Much of the meat was put into pickle or heavily salted and spiced to keep it.

By the time fresh meat came to be eaten, it was often so strongly flavored that the cooks also used spices liberally in its preparation.

How they did this is shown in the quaint recipe printed on this page, taken from a 15th century cook-book. (Bodleian Library—Laud MS.)

## A Fifteenth Century Recipe

*"Boke Metis: Take fresh porke and hew it and grind it on a mortar and take it uppe into a fair vessell; and take the white and the yolks of eggs and strain into a vessell thru a strainer and temper the porke therewith. Then take Pynes, Raisons of Corouner, and fry them in fresh grease and cast thereto powder pepper and ginger, cannelle, sugar, saffron and salt, and cast thereto and do it on a Cofynne (crust of pie) and plante this Cofynne about with Pynes and cut dates and great raisons and small birds or else hard yolks of eggs or if you like birds, frye them on a little grease or put them on this Cofynne and enclose (cover) with yolks of eggs and saffron and let bake til it be enough and serve forth."*

It is interesting to know that the land which owed its discovery in large measure to Europe's lack of refrigeration, should have become the originator of this vital science.

Today meat is dressed at centers of production, hauled hundreds of miles in perfect condition and placed in the hands of the consumer fresh and sweet.

The bountiful food supply of seasons of plenty can be carried over into periods of scant production, to the benefit of all.

Swift & Company, among the first to make use of and develop this great servant of the human race, is still among the first in putting it to helpful uses.

Refrigeration does more than make a world supply of meat available. By increasing the volume that can be handled it brings down the cost of meat to all. Swift & Company's profit from all sources is distributed over so many pounds of meat that it averages only a fraction of a cent per pound.

# Swift & Company, U. S. A.

Founded 1868

A nation-wide organization owned by more than 45,000 shareholders



Years of experience have perfected the special mild cure, the process of smoking over slow hardwood fires that gives "Premium" Ham its characteristic flavor and tenderness.





People express themselves in their possessions. Not by the cost but by the merit of those possessions.



Victrola No. 110  
\$150

Victrola No. 110, electric, \$100  
Mahogany or oak

Other styles \$25 to \$1500



# Victrola

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Important: Look for these trade-marks. Under the lid. On the label.

**Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, New Jersey**



# Westclox



## In the dead of night

"SCARCELY breathing, he watched the slight movement of the curtain. The cold stare of an automatic held his eye. In a flash—"

The clock on the stair booms the hour. Bedtime. But who is going to leave the hero in a fix like that?

On and on you and the hero pursue adventures, and round and round creep the hands of the clock.

When you do turn in, hours

past your bedtime, put your confidence in the Westclox by your bedside.

Evening hours may pass unheeded by you and the hero. There's a morning hour that must not slip by unnoticed. So ask your trusty Westclox to call you on the dot.

Westclox are made to run on time, to ring on time, to stay on time. You can choose them by the trade mark Westclox on the dial and orange-bordered tag.

**WESTERN CLOCK CO., LA SALLE, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.**

*Factory: Peru, Illinois. In Canada: Western Clock Co., Limited, Peterborough, Ont.*

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*Big Ben*  
7 inches tall. 4 1/2-inch dial. Runs 32 hours. Steady and intermittent alarm. \$3.50. In Canada, \$4.50.

**Westclox**  
*Baby Ben*  
3 1/2 inches tall. 2 1/2-inch dial. Runs 32 hours. Steady and intermittent alarm. \$1.50. In Canada, \$4.50.

**Westclox**  
*America*  
6 1/2 inches tall. 4-inch dial. Nickel case. Runs 32 hours. Top bell alarm. \$1.50. In Canada, \$2.00.

**Westclox**  
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5 inches tall. Luminous dial and hands. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours. \$3.00. In Canada, \$4.00.

**Westclox**  
*Sleep-Meter*  
5 inches tall. Nickel-plated case. 4-inch dial. Back bell alarm. Runs 32 hours. \$2.00. In Canada, \$3.00.

**Westclox**  
*Pocket Ben*  
A nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Neat hands and dial. Dependable. \$1.50. In Canada, \$2.00.

**Westclox**  
*Glo-Ben*  
Nickel plated watch. Stem wind and set. Black face, luminous dial and hands. \$2.50. In Canada, \$3.50.



# The American Magazine

March, 1923

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. xcv

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

J. E. Miller, *Vice President*  
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EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 581 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$2.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$3.00 per Year.

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., and Harrisburg, Pa., Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.  
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# Wash Embroidered Silks?

## Think twice! Consider this safety-test

PERHAPS you believe that the soap you are now using for the more hardy type of fine garments would be safe for the very finest and most delicate things you own. But are you really sure?

Perhaps we can help you to be sure before you imperil a delicate fabric.

*Here is the Test:*

Ask yourself:

*"Would I be willing to use the soap for my face?"*

Women who have never before felt absolute confidence in a

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For Ivory Flakes is Ivory Soap!

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delicate-hued silks. Yet it is economical enough to use for cottons, linens, and fibre-silks which *deserve*, but seldom receive, such prudent care.

Wouldn't you like to have a free sample of Ivory Flakes and the attractively illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments?" A note or a post-card addressed as suggested in the lower left-hand corner will bring them.

*The full-size package of Ivory Flakes may be had at grocery and department stores.*

PROCTER & GAMBLE



*4-color embroidery on rose crêpe de chine—green, yellow, red, blue.*

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*(This garment and its owner's letter are on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)*



**FREE**—This package and booklet

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# IVORY SOAP FLAKES

*Makes dainty clothes last longer*







# Does Anything Come After Death?

An interview with Harry Emerson Fosdick, D. D.

By Bruce Barton

**W**HEN I worked in a construction camp in Montana I saw a loaded wagon turn over, burying the teamster underneath. We expected to find him dead; but a projecting rock had intervened in his behalf, holding the wagon suspended hardly an inch above his face. After a period in the hospital he recovered, and a few weeks later I rode with him on his wagon past the scene of the accident.

"Pretty close call you had there, Sam," I said to him.

"Yes, *sir*," he answered rather proudly. "Closest call anyone's had on this job, I guess."

"Tell me, Sam," I said; "when you lay there under the wagon, expecting any minute to see that rock give way and let the load down onto you, what did you think about? Did you realize that you were going to die? Were you afraid? Did you have any feeling that in another minute you might be standing in front of Almighty God and explaining your sins? Does a man get any glimpse of another world when he's right on the edge like that?"

"Well no, sir, I can't say I had any such feelings," he answered. "I ain't never thought much about those kind of things. I just lay there lookin' up at that rock, and I seen it weren't a very strong rock. And I says, 'When you slip, old fellow, Sam Hawkins is a dead dog.' And I sort of shut my eyes and I says, 'All right, darn you, slip!'" . . .

In a hospital a cultivated middle-aged man lay dying of pneumonia. It was the

hour of the crisis: the nurse sat at one side holding his hand, as if by the very force of her own will she would keep him from slipping away. The doctor stood at the foot of the bed. The critical instant came; for a minute neither of those tense

over the threshold," I told him afterward. "What did you see on the other side? What did you think or feel?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I had no interest, no desire. I was just terribly tired, and I thought, 'Now I can sleep.'"

"And you didn't care whether you lived again either in this world or another?"

"Not then," he replied. "I care *now*, you can bet. But *then* I was tired of fighting; I was glad it was the end."

## How John Quincy Adams Looked at Death

**"H**ERE'S a story I like to tell," said Doctor Fosdick. "In his eightieth year John Quincy Adams, ex-President of the United States, was walking one day on the streets of Boston, when he met a friend.

"'Good morning,' said the friend; 'and how is John Quincy Adams to-day?'"

"'Thank you,' was the reply. 'John Quincy Adams is well; quite well, I thank you. But the house in which he lives is becoming dilapidated; the tenement is almost uninhabitable! I think John Quincy Adams will have to move out before long; but he *himself* is well, quite well.'"

"That's great, isn't it? You feel like lifting your hat to that doughty old patriot, facing calmly the fact that his body was about to be leveled to the dust, yet going his way undaunted—knowing positively that he was not his body but an immortal Something which had used his body and now was done with it."

watchers could be sure whether he lived or had died. It seemed almost as if his spirit had left the body and, hovering a moment, was hesitating whether to return or to go away. Then the moment passed; the man lived.

"The doctor says you were almost

At the memory of some of those old-fashioned sermons, Doctor Fosdick smiled.

"I don't think it is true by any means that men are most interested in immortality at the moment of death," he said. "Very often men and women meet death like travelers tired out by their journey."

**S**ITTING in Doctor Fosdick's study I told him these two incidents.

"Stories like that don't check up very well with some of the sermons I have heard on immortality," I said to him. "The sermons were based on the assumption that every man has a deep interest in the possibility of eternal life—unexpressed perhaps, but none the less real; and that his interest grows more intense with advancing years, until at the end it becomes a consuming desire. Yet here are two men: one simple and untutored, one a college graduate. They stood on the edge of eternity, and neither of them cared what might be beyond. Either these two men were exceptions to the rule, or there was something wrong with the sermons."



You have seen such travelers arrive in the evening at a place which they have very much desired to visit. The place may be celebrated for the glory of its sunsets, or the beauty of its cathedral, or the splendor of its music. Yesterday the thought of being here thrilled them. But now they are exhausted; they want only to sleep.

"If you ask me to show you a man to whom immortality is a vital thing I would not select the weak, the defeated, or the dying. I would take you to a strong man in the midst of a great work. It is when we are at our best that we feel immortal and want most to be immortal; not when we are tired out and depressed.

"**TYNDALL**, the great scientist, testified to it in a singularly revealing sentence: 'I have noticed through years of self-observation that it is not in hours of clearness and vigor that this doctrine [of materialism] commends itself to my mind,' he wrote; 'for in the presence of stronger and healthier thought it ever dissolves and disappears as offering no solution of the mystery in which we dwell and of which we form a part.'

"No, the deathbed is not the testing ground of immortality. The real testing ground is in the office, the factory, the home—wherever men are giving their very lifeblood to objects that seem to them of lasting value. It is such men, in the midst of their battles, who stop and ask, 'Is this, after all, a real fight or only a sham battle? Will it make any real difference ten years or a hundred years from now whether I win or throw up my hands?'

"I will give you two examples right out of this city," Doctor Fosdick continued: "A young man sat in the chair where you are sitting now. He was going through one of the hardest struggles that any man of his age could possibly face. By a compromise he could win a very large material reward; the cost was merely a little violence to his conscience. He gripped the arms of the chair; the look in his eyes was almost terrible in its earnestness.

"If I could be *sure* of immortality, absolutely *sure*, this thing would be simple!" he exclaimed.

"What did he mean? Simply this: that if his character was really a thing of eternal significance then it was worth the fight, no matter what the cost. But once let him have the suspicion that his life is merely a piece of tissue paper, destined to be crumpled up and tossed away—well, why sew diamonds of virtue onto tissue paper?

"Or, take the other case: The man is one of the business leaders of this city. He had stood that day at the grave of his daughter, and he came here in the evening haggard and worn.

"I don't want any dope," he cried, 'I've had formulæ enough. But, Fosdick, if you have anything real to say about death, in God's name tell it to me, for He knows I need it to-night!'

"These are the types of men to whom immortality is a vital thing," Doctor Fosdick concluded; "the young men, sweaty and bloody with their battles, the middle-aged men who have buried part of their hearts. The craving for

immortality is the craving of our finest and best moments. And when you seek for the best arguments for faith you find them coming, not from the weak who have failed, but from the greatest whom our race has produced—from Jesus and Socrates, from John Fiske and William James and Doctor Osler, from Cromwell and Stonewall Jackson, from Gladstone and Lincoln—strong men."

Whenever I see a preacher depicted on the stage or in the movies I think of Harry Emerson Fosdick, and other preachers of my acquaintance, and become exceedingly wroth. I wish the theatrical magnates would visit Doctor Fosdick, take a good look at him, feel the muscles in his forearms, and then rule off the stage forever the milk-and-water, lap-dog type of preacher in whom they have delighted so long.

Doctor Fosdick is forty-four years old and looks as if he spent every morning in a gymnasium. His church seats fifteen hundred people, but unless you are on hand fifteen minutes before the hour there will be no standing room for you. People, chiefly young people, come from all over the city and form a line which runs up Fifth Avenue and turns into Twelfth Street, waiting to hear—what? Nothing sensational; nothing that will be reported in the papers of the following day; just old-fashioned, straight, helpful thinking from the lips of an "honest to God" real man.

**AFTER** I left his home it struck me as significant that in our two-hour talk about immortality he never once had relied on verbal authority, not even the Bible. He does not ask you to accept anything because it was spoken by a prophet; he takes no shelter behind a verse. You need not soften the expression of your doubts out of deference to his cloth; you can hit out at Harry Emerson Fosdick as hard as you want, and be sure of getting as good as you give. The business leader who visited Doctor Fosdick in his trouble was typical of the kind of men he attracts. I wondered what he had said to him.

"When he came to you from his daughter's grave and told you that he wanted facts, not formulæ or dope, what did you tell him?" I asked. "What are the facts?"

He hesitated for a moment as if not quite sure where to begin, and then called an unexpected witness.

"You remember the discussion on philosophy which Napoleon carried on with a group of scientists," he said. "He listened silently to their arguments and at length, interrupting them crisply, he pointed to the heavens, and exclaimed, 'All that you say may be very true, gentlemen; but tell me who made all that?'

"Now all our thinking about immortality must commence with some such question, it seems to me. Some Power made this world. Creative energy is here. Is it more reasonable to think that this Power is purposeful Intelligence, or to think that it is dynamic dirt going it blind?

"Everywhere that science turns its microscopes or its telescopes it finds the unmistakable evidence of order. Even Huxley, agnostic as he was, admitted

that, and adopted it as the corner stone of all scientific progress.

"As for the strong conviction that the cosmic order is rational," he says, 'and the faith that throughout all duration unbroken order has reigned in the universe, I not only accept it but I am disposed to think it the most important of all truths.'

"That's the starting point, I take it.

"The universe is a real *universe*, not a conglomeration of planets made of different stuff and acting according to diverse laws. The chemical elements of the farthest star whose light passes through our spectrum are the same as the elements which compose our earth and sun. Men discovered the laws of the ellipse and found out afterward that the planets in their courses observe them perfectly. They deduced, from their calculations, that there must be another planet circling our sun, as yet undiscovered; they found the planet, and called it Neptune.

"In other words, the universe is everywhere amenable to thought; it can be understood; it is trustworthy, not capricious. Now what does this assertion mean, if not that the world acts as it might be expected to act if it had been thought through by Mind? When Charles Darwin exclaimed, 'If we consider the whole universe, the mind refuses to look at it as the outcome of chance,' he is saying that the cosmic process is rational and that nothing rational comes by accident.

"Reasonableness is the work of mind. Can a man read sense into a printed page that bears the impress of type which, haphazard, has pied itself? Type must express previous thought before any man can discover thought there. And when Science, searching the universe, finds no exceptions, no mistakes, but everywhere rationality, *thought*, how shall we explain that thought without a Thinker? No atheist scientist has ever answered that question. Great believing scientists have answered it in the words of Kepler who, sweeping the heavens with his telescope, cried, 'O God, I think Thy thoughts after Thee.'

**SO**, OF the two hypotheses, the theory that the universe merely happened seems to me the less reasonable, the harder to believe; and every forward step of Science increases the difficulty of believing it. Being at variance with all our experience it requires the larger measure of credulity. If there be no intelligence behind the universe, then matter has created something greater than itself—for we ourselves are intelligent. How much easier, more rational it is to believe that our personalities are not a product of something *less* than themselves, but parts of a *greater* Personality whom some have called the First Cause, some Mind, and some God.

"That is the first step," Doctor Fosdick continued. "And the second logically follows. If there be a personality behind the universe, what sort of personality is it? Let us think His thoughts after Him for a moment:

"We see this creation moving up from low to higher forms, from a chaos of star dust to an ordered universe of stars and planets; on the earth, from



inorganic to organic, from crystal to vegetable, from vegetable to animal, from animal to human, until at last there comes the consummation of it all—*personality*.

"If this evolving universe has been headed toward anything, it has been headed toward personality. Can we suppose that, having finished this agonizing task, having completed at last His purpose—personality—God would toss it on the scrap heap, as though He did not care for it at all, as though what He had wrought by the agony of a million years was but the caprice of a careless, passing whim?

"Darwin, who gave us our great vision of evolution, revolted from that idea. 'It is an intolerable thought that man and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation, after such long-continued slow progress!' he exclaimed. Who of us would not echo his exclamation?

"IN INDIA, they tell us, there are fakirs who sit beside pools of water, with piles of colored dust beside them, and with skillful ingenuity drop the dust upon the quiet surface and make for the observer portraits of distinguished characters. Then the breeze ruffles the pool and the picture disappears.

"Is that God's business? He takes the colored dust, drops it on the quiet surface of Life's water, and lo! a Lincoln. Then the breeze blows and all the dust is gone. Or He takes the colored dust and on the surface He makes Christ, with a spirit so exalted that He could surrender this life gladly, with unwavering faith in another. Then, on Golgotha, the breeze; and again all the dust is gone.

"Is God only such an Indian fakir? Does a reasonable person build a violin, with infinite labor gathering the materials and shaping the body, until upon it he can play the compositions of the masters, only to smash it into bits?

"Professor Palmer, writing of the death of his wife, said: 'Though no regrets are proper for the manner of her death, who can contemplate the fact of it and not call the world irrational, if out of deference to a few particles of disordered matter, it excludes so fair a spirit?'

"That, beautifully expressed, is the thought of every man and woman of fine intelligence beside the grave of one whom they love. Is the Personality that has given us the possibility of such thoughts less good, less kind, less reasonable than ourselves?

"The stronger and wiser our reasoning

powers, the more powerfully they revolt against such a thought. Admit, as Science does, that the universe is rational, and how can you escape from God? Assume God, and how shall you escape the assurance of the survival of His choicest creation, human personality?"

"But human personality *seems* to perish," I said. "We seem to *see* it perish. The great Emerson grew dim before he flickered out. He could not remember his own name. He laughed and stammered like a child—like an idiot, worse than a child. Everyone has seen the eyes

man to a harp, and thought his intellectual and moral life the harmony that comes from the vibrating strings. Since, therefore, he essentially is the instrument which gives being to the music, the music cannot outlast the destruction of the harp. But Socrates insisted that man is neither the harp nor the harmony; that he is a harper who plays upon the physical strings, dependent upon them for the quality of the music he produces, but independent of them for his own existence, since the player may leave one instrument and find another.

"What we see in old age is the decay of the *harp*—not the decay of the *harper*. A man riding in a limousine is dependent upon the windows for his impression of the outside world. If the glass is covered by curtains, or besmeared with mud, he cannot see. All that happens to the windows affects his power to receive impressions from outside or to signal his friends. Yet the *man* is not thereby proved to be the *glass*. Nor is it clear that he may not some day leave his limousine, and see all the better because the old mediums are discarded.

"JUST as it requires infinite credulity to believe that the universe was created by chance, so it requires infinite credulity to believe that we are the creations of our brains. The lobes of the brain are made up of physical cells, connected by innumerable avenues of nerve communication. How can these cells be pictured as conspiring to write Hamlet or to compose the sonatas of Beethoven? Has each cell a mental aspect? If each cell has, how can it communicate its mental power, and arrange with its neighbors to contribute theirs, so that together they shall produce an Emancipation Proclamation, or a determination to die on Calvary rather than be untrue?

"The thing is inconceivable. Our brains are not ourselves. Our bodies are not ourselves. They

are merely the instruments which we use. They are the scaffolding erected for the building of the greatest thing in the world—personality. The scaffolding is necessary; without it the building cannot be carried on. But the time comes when the scaffolding is no longer necessary, when it can be torn down, leaving the building, the personality, to stand alone.

Men say to me, 'But I can't imagine a human being existing without a body.' And I answer them; 'If you are going to rule out as impossible all the things that strain your imagination, you are going to fall far (Continued on page 120)



DR. HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Doctor Fosdick, of the First Presbyterian Church, New York City, has the greatest "pulling power" of any clergyman in America to-day. Every Sunday his church is crowded with the largest audience in the metropolitan district—people coming from all parts of the city, and from out of town, to listen to his brilliant and human sermons. In addition, publishers have sold nearly one million copies of his books—the most popular of which is "The Meaning of Prayer." Doctor Fosdick was born in Buffalo, New York, forty-four years ago. He is a graduate of Colgate University and of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City, where he is now professor of practical theology

of age grow dim, like the windows of an old house where the tenant has passed away. It would be easier to believe in immortality if men passed on at the height of their powers; but we see their minds die before their bodies are dead."

"We see both minds and bodies decay, yes," Doctor Fosdick answered. "But is the body or the brain the *man*? Or is it merely an instrument which the man has used and has at last worn out? That is one of the oldest questions in the world. It was discussed long ago in an Athenian prison cell where Socrates awaited the poisoned hemlock. Some there compared



# This Man Strongheart, the

"Larry" Trimble, who is one directors, both with human tells about his experiences other four-footed creatures, friends exactly as he wins they fear and

*By Keene*



**A**BOUT a year ago, I was sitting in the projection-room of the Associated First National Pictures, in New York, where a certain film play was being shown to a group of invited guests. As a particularly striking close-up of the hero appeared on the screen there was a murmur of admiration from the spectators.

Then the man sitting next to me whispered: "And, just think! We are looking at a moving-picture star who is guaranteed to be scandal-proof, past, present, and future!"

That was a sweeping statement, but a perfectly safe one. For the picture play was "The Silent Call;" and the star, of unimpeachable character, was Strongheart, the wonderful dog actor. Since then he has taken the leading part in another picture, called "Brawn of the North."

I admit that Strongheart is wonderful. But, like a successful man, he owes a lot to the "other fellow;" and the other fellow in this case is the man behind the dog, his director, Lawrence Trimble.

If you want to learn about *men*, get "Larry" Trimble started talking about dogs; or, in fact, about other animals—wolves, tigers, lions, hedgehogs, skunks! Mr. Trimble knows them all. In animal circles, he probably is referred to as "a good mixer."

Strongheart was a German police dog, who also saw Red Cross service toward the end of the war. Three years ago he was brought to this country, and was purchased by Jane Murfin, the playwright, who wrote "Lilac Time" in collaboration with Jane Cowl, the actress.

Miss Murfin and Mr. Trimble are the producers and owners of the picture



In "The Silent Call," the first motion picture play in which Strongheart was the star actor, the dog and the villain apparently have one of the most thrilling fights ever shown on the screen. Yet the dog was really very fond of the man whom he seemed eager to tear to pieces

plays in which Strongheart is the star.

Just as a dog, he is worth close to fifteen thousand dollars. But as a dog actor, he is almost beyond price. He is not a trick dog. Mr. Trimble does not want him to do mere mechanical tricks, but to *act*—and to act as a dog would. It is a task that demands not only a wonderful dog, but also an extraordinary man.

**T**HIRTY years ago, "Larry" Trimble was a red-headed boy down in Maine, where he was born in the village of Robbinston. In spite of his red hair—and it

was curly red hair, at that—there was one thing he was mortally afraid of. When he was little more than a baby, a neighbor's dog jumped on him. Perhaps it was only in play; but the child was so frightened that as he grew older he would go a mile out of his way to avoid passing any kind of dog.

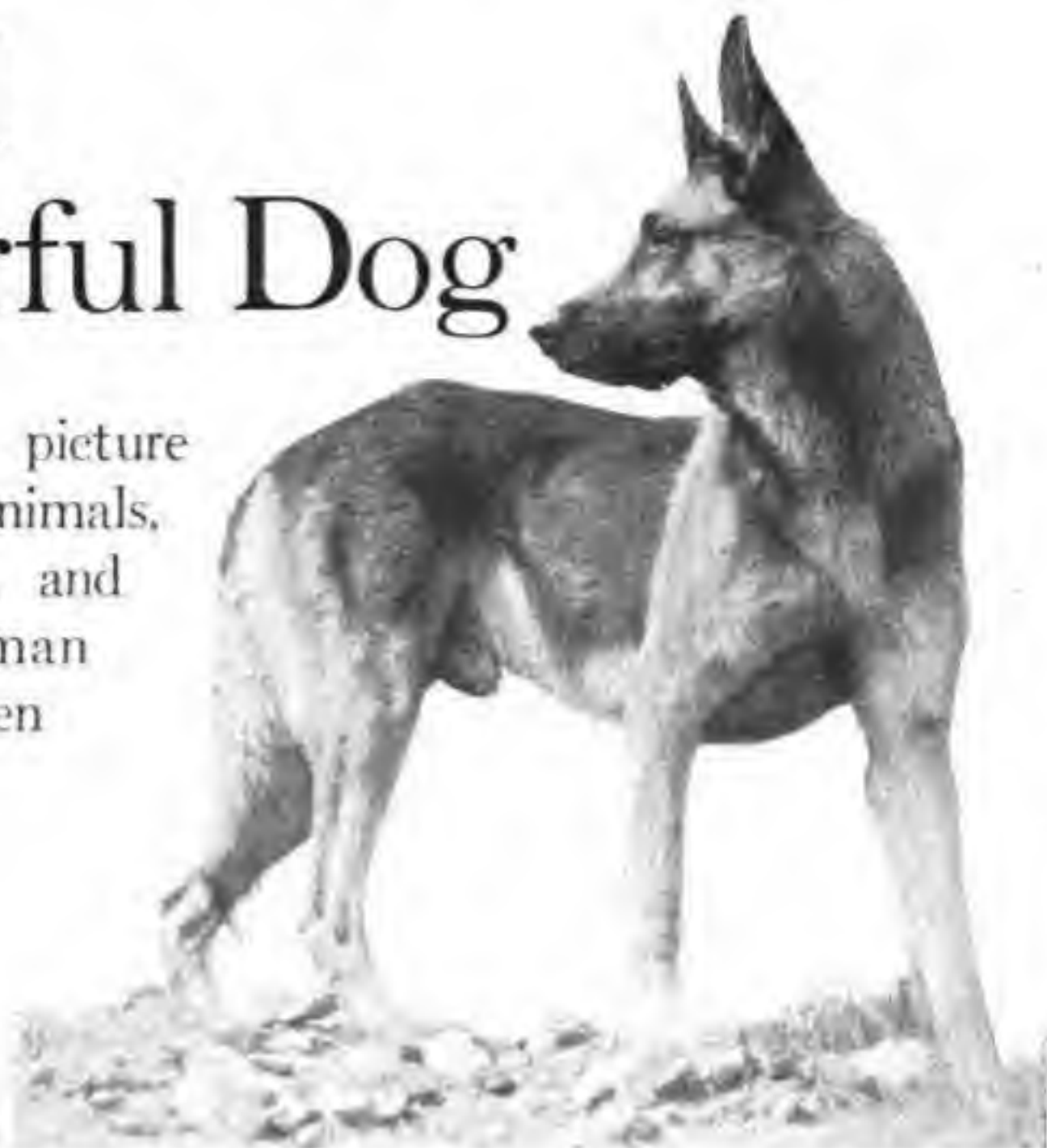
A fixed terror of that sort in childhood sometimes gives a person a lifelong obsession of fear. But when this red-headed boy found that other children did not run away from dogs, he wondered whether he had the "wrong dope" about these supposed enemies.



# Trained Wonderful Dog

of the best motion picture  
actors and with animals,  
with wolves, tigers, and  
You can win human  
animal ones, even when  
hate other men

*Sumner*



Read how Mr. Trimble gained the effects he wanted in these terrifying scenes, yet without endangering the man or undermining the dog's code of behavior. We can apply Larry Trimble's wisdom about animals to our own relations with the human beings whose respect and affection we want to win

He began to study dogs, hoping to figure out *why* they did *what* they did. He tried to put himself in their place and to get their point of view. When he was only ten years old he wrote down an account of his observations and what he had deduced from them. It was really a treatise on animal psychology, although the boy probably never had heard the word. In this way, he cured himself of his fear of dogs; and he also laid the foundation of his understanding of all animals—including those of the human variety.

"You can get along with human be-

ings," he said to me, "just as you get along with animals. If you apply the same methods, you will get the same results.

"IN THE case of an animal, the first thing to be done is to make him realize that there is nothing for him to be afraid of. His strongest instinct is fear. And that is also the strongest instinct of human beings.

"Suppose, for example, that a salesman goes to a business man to get an order. The immediate reaction in the business

man's mind is fear. Oh, yes, it is! If he isn't afraid that the salesman will try to put something over on him, he is afraid he can't afford to give an order, or that the goods are not exactly what he needs, or that he won't get them on the best possible terms, or that he can drive a better bargain with someone else. You can be absolutely certain that there is fear of some sort in his mind.

"THE first thing the salesman should do is precisely what I do with animals. I show them that there is nothing for them to be afraid of. People talk about the 'blood-lust' of wild animals. That is a myth. A normal animal does not attack a human being out of pure maliciousness. If he does attack a man, it is almost always because he is afraid the man will attack *him*. He thinks it is his life against the man's; and if he thinks that, you can't blame him for trying to beat the man to it.

"A few years ago, when I was directing a Shakespearean production in Hollywood, another picture was being made on another part of the 'lot.' I strolled over there one day and found that they were trying to get a scene of the heroine with a tiger lying at her feet. Both the lady and the tiger were on the premises; but these two interested parties had looked each other over, with an evident lack of sympathy which was most discouraging.

"The lady made no bones of admitting that she was afraid of the tiger. And there was no doubt in my mind that the tiger returned the compliment—if it was a compliment. He was afraid of the whole blamed shooting match. He prob-





ably thought it was a shooting match, for they had a lot of men around his enclosure firing blank cartridges, till it sounded like the Battle of the Marne all over again.

"They wanted to paralyze the animal with fright. But the trouble was that fright *doesn't* paralyze an animal, not often. It makes him think he's got to do something to save himself, and to do it darned quick! So he blindly attacks the first thing that comes his way.

"The lady was perfectly right when she flatly refused to do an at-home scene with that tiger. They'd have had to put her on the ribbon counter when he had finished with her. He would have spared nothing but her reputation. Everything else about her would have been torn to shreds. Not because he was blood thirsty; but because he was scared!

"The director turned to me during a lull in the artillery rumpus and remarked that, as I claimed to know something about animals, maybe I thought I could show that tiger where he got off. I said I'd be willing to try, provided he would let me work it out my own way. He agreed with alacrity.

"THE first thing I did was to banish the blank-cartridge brigade absolutely. The tiger's cage was alongside the 'set' of the room where the scene with the lady was to take place; and the door of his cage could be opened, allowing him to go out into this room, which of course was enclosed with strong wire netting. I had them leave his cage door open most of the time, so that he could go in and out as he pleased.

"In this way he had a chance to examine the enclosure and to find that it contained no hidden dangers. He made up his mind that it was a pretty nice place to stroll around in. The people outside seemed to go about their business and to let him go about his, which was all he asked.



Mr. Trimble has fourteen "wolf actors" in his latest picture, "Brawn of the North." He gained their confidence and friendliness so completely that the baby in the upper picture was as safe as if the wolf had been a kitten. His account of how he won the devotion of a supposedly vicious wolf called Lady Silver is a wonderful little story. Above is a splendid "portrait" of Strongheart, who is once more the star actor in "Brawn of the North." He is a German police dog, who also did Red Cross service in the war.

One has only to look at this picture of Mr. Trimble and Strongheart to realize the affection that exists between the man and the dog. Strongheart really belongs to Jane Murfin, who is associated with Mr. Trimble in making the motion pictures featuring this wonderful dog.

"Next, I put a chair just outside the gate, sat down there, and read my paper. But I paid no attention to the tiger, so he decided I had no designs on his peace or safety. The next day, when he came out of his cage, he found me sitting *inside* the enclosure, reading my paper. That was a little different arrangement and he evidently gave it careful consideration, walking back and forth at a little distance from me and waiting to find out what my intentions were. Apparently I had none at all. I was still attending to my own affairs and showed no rude desire to butt into his.

"FINALLY, I got up and started to walk across the room myself. But I made no fuss about it. I did it as if I had the same idea *he* had about walking back and forth. He was doing it for exercise. It seemed to him perfectly natural that this two-legged animal should feel the same desire.

"We met; and we did as animals do! We showed the courtesy of the road by stepping aside and giving each other room as we passed. This is common etiquette in the animal world. It is followed far

more universally than most people know. The tiger and I practiced this mutual courtesy as we continued to promenade back and forth.

"I knew he was saying to himself, in his own way, 'Why, this chap is a quiet, sensible fellow! It's really rather nice to have him around.'

"After a day or two of this companionship, he began to try to tell me that he was willing to be friends if I felt the same way about it. He rubbed up against the table to show his pleasure. Then he came and rubbed against me! I had to brace myself against the wall to keep from being knocked over; but he meant (Continued on page 95)





# Ten Things That Keep Us Apart

*By Dr. Frank Crane*

**W**HETHER you will discover the things that keep us apart and show us how to avoid them will be our greatest benefactor. I do not hope to do this perfectly for you, but I would open up the subject and give a few hints which may enable you to work out the problem for yourself, and, after all, that is the only way it can be worked out.

And I know of no more important subject. For the tragedy of life is drifting apart, just as the triumph of life is coming together.

It is the fashion among superior people to sneer at happy endings, for it is always the favorite pose of intellectual vanity to affect to despise whatever the great mass of people like. But people like happy endings, for the simple reason that it implies that Jack has found his Jill and they have come together. The deepest craving of life is for unity. The whole drive of love is toward union. The imagination finds its satisfaction only in the contemplation of this union. And not all the supercilious reasonings in the world can budge this fundamental instinct.

All the words that connote joy are words that imply the coming together of soul to soul. Love—its high point, its halo and glory, is where the two fond creatures at last are locked in each other's arms. Friendship—the essence of it is living, thinking, feeling together.

There is a great sentence in Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*:

This world is so waste and empty when we figure but towns and hills and rivers in it; but to know that someone is living on with us even in silence—this makes our earthly ball a peopled garden.

Each club, lodge, church, or other group of people is an effort to trap the blue bird of happiness in the net of unity. The underlying force in the dream of Socialism is the hope that somehow the separating elements in the struggle for bread and butter shall be eliminated, and men shall work together, instead of in competition.

One of the highest reaches of ecstasy is that attained in religious mysticism, and as we read the lives of the Saints, we discover that even that is a form of union—the union of the soul with God.

Up the whole ladder of human relations, therefore, from two children playing in the nursery, to the scheme of Karl Marx or the visions of St. Theresa, the happiness of human beings is but another

name for unity; and their misery is but another name for separation.

It is a very real, present, and insistent problem. Many a wife who reads these lines is puzzling her head and breaking her heart over the fact that she is losing her hold upon her husband. Many a husband is baffled because he sees the gulf widening between him and the wife with whom he once enjoyed perfect oneness. Many parents are dismayed because they find a wall rising fatefully between them and their children.

And the matter has larger proportions. For more than one business concern is on the verge of bankruptcy because of dissension and misunderstanding; churches are being ruined; nations are decaying, and the world itself faces the continual prospect of war, simply because it is so hard for people to work together and the

So in marriage. Our laws provide for divorce only on the ground of great offenses. Yet more marriages are spoiled by petty things than by thumping crimes. Many are the wives who have loyally stood by their husbands even though they knew them to be drunkards, embezzlers, or murderers. They have visited them in prisons and stood weeping at the gallows. But there are a great many more wives who cannot endure their husbands, and yet can give no reason at all; they have simply drifted apart, live in a state of armed hostility, and continue the marriage relation simply because they don't know what else to do. You can stand one big shattering crime and adjust yourself to it, but a constant recurrence of offensive actions continued three hundred and sixty-five days in the year is too much for mortal endurance.

Let us consider some of the things that make for separation.

**I. Egotism:** First, prime and blue-ribboned among the separators is egotism.

Do not imagine that egotism always takes the form of self-complacency, boasting, and self-praise. A much more common form of egotism is self-depreciation.

Egotism has many disguises. It loves masks. One of its commonest and most detestable rôles is that of self-pity. You may be sorry for yourself and have good cause; but rest assured that when you reveal this to another person you have given a blow to his affection. Only mother love is strong enough to endure a whiner.

Another form of egotism is sensitiveness. It is extremely difficult to live

with a person when you are in constant fear of treading on his toes. It is too much to ask of anybody to enjoy constant association with one so thin-skinned that he cannot be touched without causing pain. Sensitiveness is merely a diseased condition of the ego, and results from loving ourselves or thinking of ourselves so much that we turn the most innocent acts into offense.

The egotist is abnormally personal. Everything that happens is conceived by him in terms of himself. The egotistic husband thinks that everything his wife does, whether she sits down or gets up, goes out or comes in, wears a blue dress or a white one, laughs or cries, reads the Bible or the sporting news—whatever she does, is directly aimed at him. If you have that sort of disposition you must expect constantly to (Continued on page 90)

## Are You Guilty—or Not Guilty?

**FAMILIES**, friendships, and even nations, are torn asunder by things (often small) that keep human beings apart.

Dr. Frank Crane names ten of these things.

Go through his list and see if any of them apply to you.

THE EDITOR.

microbes of separation are so vigorous and virulent.

But let us not trouble about the world and its governments. Let us get down to study our own immediate little problems, and perhaps if we can find what the trouble is there it may help us to deal with larger issues.

**THE** things that keep us apart seem to be the little things, not the big ones. Few quarrels can be traced to causes that really are of importance. Historians have shown that the occasion of even great wars is often trivial. And in the schoolyard, when you find Johnny and Willie rolling over in the mud and pounding each other's faces, separate them, and ask them what it is all about. They cannot for the life of them, either one of them, tell you.





Between the lovers in those two short days sprang up a passion as high and extraordinary as their physical beauty



# The Girl Who Was a Mystery To Her Town

A seacoast romance

By Lincoln Colcord

ILLUSTRATIONS BY LESLIE L. BENSON

PEOPLE used to wonder where Rebecca Gilmore's boy got that striking Spanish look. His father was a type of the close-knit New England stock; his mother, who had been Rebecca Grant before her marriage, was a magnificent Saxon beauty with violet eyes and yellow-gold hair. But young Sanford Gilmore seemed like a child of another race, swarthy and slender, a dusky, handsome Iberian.

The beginning of this tale goes back to the time of Rebecca Grant's girlhood, before Captain Daniel Gilmore had appeared on the scene. When the romance at length transpired, years enough had intervened to soften all its aspects. Captain Gilmore had kept his secret well.

Rebecca Grant in those days was something of a mystery to the town. A big, healthy girl, she had drifted through adolescence with a sort of sleepy natural growth. A strange passivity seemed to mark her development; yet no one thought of calling her a stupid girl. On the contrary, her character suggested a calm and deliberate isolation.

Her extreme beauty at an early age had begun to emphasize this quality of somnolent mysteriousness. Never an animated beauty, it invariably excited wonder and admiration; its sheer calm perfection was overwhelming. Her features were purely classical in their mold and immobility. In appearance, she seemed like an embodiment of ancient legend.

During her teens, all the eligible boys in town paid court to her in turn; one after the other, she calmly sent them away. In each case, she received the attention readily and graciously; but when the stage of ardor was reached, and the name of love invoked, she would always draw back as if in alarm.

Rebecca Grant was ripening into womanhood when her father died suddenly in Java on board his vessel. She had grown up hardly knowing the stern and taciturn sailor who came occasionally to visit them; she and her mother had always lived ashore in the Grant homestead, an old-fashioned house on the outskirts of the town. The relation between these two was intimate and precious. Mrs. Grant suffered from a heart trouble that made her a great invalid.

Her mother's health was Rebecca's chief concern when the tragic news of Captain Grant's death arrived from abroad. In the long three months' wait before his effects could be brought home—the period that prolongs the sorrow of a sailor's death—Mrs. Grant had many a serious talk with Rebecca about the future.

"I wish that I could see you happily married, dear, before I have to go," she often said.

"Don't, Mother! You are going to live many years. I suppose I'll marry when I fall in love."

"Yes—if you ever do, Rebecca. You don't seem to fall in love easily."

DANIEL GILMORE had been mate with Captain Grant for ten years, and had taken command of the vessel when the other died. On the homeward passage he had left Rebecca's picture in the desk, where he could see it every day. In view of his years, he had permitted himself a feeling of genuine sentiment toward this fatherless girl, blooming in an exalted beauty that clutched the heart. Professionally, he had stepped into her father's shoes; he must supply the lack in other directions, as far as he was able. A man nearing forty, who never had married, who had no children of his own. . . .

But when he had been in town a few days, bringing Captain Grant's effects to the widow and daughter, he discovered that he had fallen head over heels in love with Rebecca. He was too honest a man not to face the fact. Yet there remained a trace of fatherliness even in his love. He longed to protect her from the world he knew. His devotion was paternally blind and faithful. But when he thought of asking her to marry him, a cold fear stopped his heart.

Captain Gilmore's attentions were a source of deep satisfaction to Rebecca at this time. For her father's sake, she was anxious to be kind to him; he brought her nearer to the man who had gone forever. She urged him to talk of the sea, to tell about her father's life on shipboard; her manner toward him was warm and animated. Little did she dream that this new charm was searing the heart of the middle-aged sailor who drove her about the country, gave her such pleasant days, and was so uniformly dignified and courteous. Little did she realize that her mother, watching the progress of the affair, was lending him all the assistance in her power.

WHEN Captain Gilmore entered the Grant parlor on his last evening in town, Rebecca greeted him warmly, but with a touch of sadness in her voice. Soon afterward Mrs. Grant slipped away upstairs.

"It is such a violent break when a seafaring man leaves for his next voyage," Rebecca was saying as her mother went out. "You have been awfully good to me,

Captain Gilmore." She glanced up with a smile.

Captain Gilmore crossed the room and stood looking down at her. The moment terrified him by its imminence. He took his courage in both hands.

"There need be no break, Rebecca," he said, in a tone that still managed to be fatherly and dignified. "That is, if you feel about it as I feel."

"Oh, I do." She glanced up again brightly; then, as she gazed at him, a look of puzzled anxiety crossed her eyes. "You mean—?" she asked in confusion.

"I mean that I love you, Rebecca. Haven't you guessed it, haven't you seen it every day? I love you with my whole being, and want you for my wife. I am older than you are, Rebecca; but not too old for you. I can offer you a clean heart, at any rate, and a devotion that will never change."

"Oh!" Rebecca leaped to her feet, pressing both hands across her mouth, trying to cut off the cry that had escaped her. Her wide, deep eyes were full of startled pain. She faced him in sudden horror. It had come so unaccountably, out of such a clear sky.

"MY DEAR girl," he said, quick to sense the trouble. "I didn't mean to alarm you. Please sit down. I hoped that you had seen—Don't despise me; it is the highest compliment that I can pay."

"No, no—it isn't that." She sank back in the chair and covered her face. So he had been making love to her all the time! Was there no simple companionship in life? No free and unadulterated intercourse? Was love always lying in wait, like a fever, to spoil natural happiness?

"Forgive me, Rebecca," he went on tenderly. "I see that the thought is new to you. But I'm glad now that I have spoken. Promise me that while I am away, you will give the matter your deepest consideration. I can't ask for more."

"Oh, Captain Gilmore," Rebecca cried brokenly, "you must try to understand. I can't bear to make you unhappy. I admire and respect you so much—I do love you, in another way. But—but I can't marry you."

He smiled unsteadily. "Perhaps your feeling will change with time. I pray to God it may. I sha'n't say good-by to hope until another voyage. Give me a year of grace, my dear."

The year of grace was a year of torment for Rebecca. As soon as Captain Gilmore had gone, she felt the need of her mother's advice; but when she had opened her heart to her, she discovered that she had set new





She turned away, leaning on the branch of a low apple tree. All her strength suddenly seemed to leave her; for an

and strong influences in motion. Not that Mrs. Grant urged her to accept the captain; it was the passive force of a strong hope, unexpressed yet plainly revealed to the daughter's devoted sympathy, which now came into play.

"You mustn't marry him, dear, unless you are sure of yourself. You must do as you have always done."

"That is just it, Mother. I'm wondering about myself. How can I know that I am doing right?"

"There is no rule, Rebecca. Tell me how you really feel toward Captain Gilmore."

"I care for him immensely—but not to marry him. Why, he seems like another father."

"Well, dear, you will have to make your own decision. I wouldn't dare advise, except to warn you against a loveless marriage. Captain Gilmore is as noble a man as you could find. But that isn't everything—and it is nothing without love."

These talks showed Rebecca more plainly than reproach or argument the strength of the hope that had been planted in her mother's heart. Was it possible wisdom and experience were right, and instinct was wrong? Captain

Gilmore was a man among the thousands. With him she would at least be safe; might she not learn to be happy? As the year drew to its close, Rebecca gradually made up her mind to accept him.

**H**E CAME in a flurry of excitement; the ship's business called him back to the city on the next train. He had stolen the day for the sake of an hour with Rebecca. They walked a little way into the orchard.

"I had to see you, dear," he said earnestly. "Is there any hope for me? Have you thought it over?"

"Yes." The answer came involuntarily. She had anticipated a quiet meeting; she had planned exactly what she would say. This hurried, impetuous call had thrown her again into confusion.

"Then tell me—don't be cruel, dear. Tell me if I am to come back to you a little later, and be happy—or never see you again."

She turned away, leaning on the branch of a low apple tree. All her strength suddenly seemed to leave her; for an instant she felt as if she would sink to the ground.

"You must come back . . . and be happy," she breathed at last.

"Thank God!" he cried exultingly. "Now I can go on. And when I do come back, dear, I'll show you a different man."

A moment later he was leaving; Mrs. Grant and Rebecca came to the gate. His kindly face glowed with happiness and devotion.

"Oh, I nearly forgot to mention it," he exclaimed, turning a few steps off. "I have sent for young Rodrigo to go mate with me. He'll probably stop here overnight, and I will write him to call on you. The boy in college that I told you about, Mrs. Grant," he called, as a passing carriage interrupted the conversation.

Rebecca waved her handkerchief. "Who does he mean, Mother?" she asked idly, as they watched him out of sight.

"Some Spanish boy from South America; Captain Gilmore has been educating him. Has he never told you the story?"

"No. He must be more than a boy."

"I have an impression that he is nineteen or twenty."

A week later, as Rebecca came into the house one afternoon, Mrs. Grant met her in the kitchen.

"He is inside," she said gravely, nodding toward the parlor.





instant she felt as if she would sink to the ground. "You must come back . . . and be happy," she breathed at last

"Who—Captain Gilmore?"

"No, the Spaniard."

"Oh!" There was a note of relief in Rebecca's voice; she had been dreading Captain Gilmore's return.

Wrapped in her own thoughts, Mrs. Grant went on into the parlor. For the past week she had been intensely happy over Rebecca's choice. A brief talk with their visitor that afternoon had strangely upset her.

"My daughter has come, Mr. Rodrigo," she announced.

He had leaped to his feet as Mrs. Grant entered the room, and now stood looking past her, where Rebecca paused in the doorway. The light from the south windows lay on the girl as an artist might have arranged it. The vision fairly stifled him; he caught his breath, his dark eyes widened in a gaze of veneration and awe.

As Rebecca came forward, she looked full into this glance of open admiration. The figure that stood before her was another plaything of destiny. Tall and straight, black-haired and olive-skinned, he was a picture of the young Spanish aristocrat, a flower of the ancient high-bred race of Castile. He was fated from

that moment to stand in her heart, bringing to life its magic and meaning, explaining with great simplicity her own years of waiting, her strangeness, her instinctive hesitation, her fine consistency, and fulfilling in all its truth and dignity her innocent dream of love.

"Rebecca!" said Mrs. Grant sharply. "This is Mr. Manuel Rodrigo."

THEY advanced slowly, with eyes still fixed on each other, as if mutually drinking in the revelation that had appeared before them. The air of the room was tense with a new force suddenly loosed, a force that dominated human conduct, that could not be turned or stayed. Rebecca took Rodrigo's hand.

"I am glad you have come," she said frankly, speaking the thought that lay in her heart and seemed to possess her whole being. The touch of his hand in hers swept through her veins in a warm tide that slowly mounted to her cheeks.

"Thank you." His voice trembled slightly. She had been waiting to hear it; it seemed like a voice she had always known. "Your mother has kindly asked me to stay to supper," he went on. "Cap-

tain Gilmore assured me that I would find a welcome."

They sat stiffly about the parlor, talking of ordinary matters. Soon supper was ready. Mrs. Grant had to sustain the conversation. Hard as they tried, the young couple could not be natural after the shock that they had received.

The dishes done, Rebecca followed her mother to the parlor. She could not understand herself. She was being carried away by a great unknown current. She wanted to be alone with Rodrigo, to escape the oppression of artificial behavior, to hear him speak freely, to reach the bottom of this wonderful experience.

Then a moment came when she suddenly felt unable to restrain the fierce desire for freedom that was driving her mad.

"I must do an errand, Mother," she said, rising abruptly. "Mr. Rodrigo, would you like to go with me?"

"With pleasure." He sprang to his feet. Mrs. Grant followed them to the hall. "Why, Rebecca, it is nearly nine o'clock. What errand?"

"I'll only be gone a short while, dear. Mr. Rodrigo will see that I am safe."

She did not (Continued on page 68)



# You Can Always Cash In On Your Experience

"What you have learned in one business can be applied in almost any other business," says the subject of this article, who has operated successfully in twenty different lines, from coal mining to New York real estate

An Interview with August Heckscher

*Reported by George Mortimer*

**F**IFTY-ODD years of active business have taught me, above all, this:

*"One kind of business does not differ much from any other kind.*

*Any man who has ambition, who is willing to work, and who will bear in mind that two plus two always equals four, can learn to manage any sort of a business that does not involve technical knowledge. He can pass from one kind of business to a very different kind. The knowledge he acquired in the first business will probably be seventy per cent of all that he needs in the second.*

"A very considerable number of failures are due to thinking that nothing can be learned from another business unless it be in exactly the same field as your own. A great number of personal failures are due to getting in the rut of imagining that because you have, say, sold woollens for ten or twenty years, woollens are the only thing you know anything about, and that if no one wants you to sell woollens then there is nothing for you to do. The truth is otherwise. The experience gained in one sort of business will answer in practically every other sort. The additional knowledge that is necessary can be picked up in a very little while. I know this absolutely from my own experience.

"I came to this country with three years of training in an exporting house. My first job was helping the owner of a coal mine. Before I had drawn my first pay the owner fell ill, and for a long time I had to manage that mine on my own responsibility. It was the first coal mine I had ever seen. After fourteen years of coal mining I went into the zinc business. Since then I have been in all kinds of mining, in steel making, and altogether probably in twenty different lines, including New York real estate. The principles I learned in the exporting house so many years ago made it comparatively easy to grasp coal mining. The cumulative

experience of these various enterprises took the difficulty out of learning to find my way about in New York real estate.

"Do not think for a moment that I am minimizing the amount of work required. One cannot simply walk into a new establishment and start to give orders. That is not managing—that is making a fool of one's self. Neither do I advocate dropping a successful business to take up a new one, unless the first business is in such a condition that it may be sold profitably or can be put into capable hands. I do not happen to be one of those men who can direct an enterprise without

days against taking on a new variety of business when an exceptional opportunity offers itself. There is nothing more fascinating to me than plunging into a new enterprise, finding out what has made other men in the same field successful or what has made them fail, and then going ahead."

August Heckscher has to be reckoned among the first fifty of the country's successful business men. When he talks about common principles running through every phase of commercial enterprise he is speaking on a subject that he knows. He landed in this country fifty-four years ago—not as a penniless immigrant, but to all intents and purposes he might as well have been a penniless immigrant, for he had with him only enough money to pay his board until he could learn the language and get a job. He had told his mother that this money was the only money he was ever going to ask from the family, that he would make or break on it. To-day he is a very wealthy man, but he is one of our least known millionaires.

Not long ago there was opened on upper Fifth Avenue a splendid building, which is finer and more complete in equipment than any private school in the world. No college has a building that can match it. It was put there by the Heckscher Foundation and it cost three million dollars.

The whole roof is a playground. The swimming pool is the largest in the country. It has a theatre decorated by Willie Pogany and directed by David Belasco. It is an institution, but it is fitted out as a club. The club members are mostly elected by the courts.

Children are the first interest of August Heckscher and his wife. They thought that homeless children, children committed by the courts for one reason or another—the most unpromising children, the kind that no one wants to adopt—ought (Continued on page 206)

## Around Forty A Man's Reputation Begins to Count Solidly

**"AROUND forty,"** says Mr. Heckscher, "is the time when reputation begins to count most solidly. Between thirty and forty a man builds his reputation for integrity, but it is seldom until he is past forty that he begins, so to speak, to cash in on his reputation."

knowing its every detail. I very much doubt if any enterprise can be managed successfully by anyone who does not keep in close touch with detail. The man who has the title of manager may not be in close touch. If so, he has a title, but someone else is doing the managing.

"The point I want to make is that business experience, no matter what its kind, never goes for nothing unless one wills it that way. Experience can always be made to count. Any limitations are self-imposed. So strongly do I feel this that I really have to guard myself in these





© Paul Thompson, New York

### *August Heckscher*

ARRIVING in this country fifty-four years ago, an immigrant, Mr. Heckscher has become one of the big business men of America. His first job was helping the owner of a coal mine—who became ill and left the management of the mine to his young assistant for two years. Since that time Mr. Heckscher has been connected with at least twenty successful business enterprises. To-day he is president of the Empire

Trust Company, the Lawyers' Title and Trust Company, of New York, is guiding genius of several other enterprises, and one of the important real-estate operators of the city. He spent ten years as manager of the New Jersey Zinc Company. Recently he made a three-million-dollar gift of the Heckscher Foundation Building, in Fifth Avenue; it receives homeless children committed to it by the courts.





P. & A. Photo

### *Sidney Smith*

**MR. SMITH** is one of the most conspicuously successful cartoonists in America. Recently he signed a contract with the Chicago "Tribune" that yields him more than \$100,000 a year. His life has been full of hard knocks and rough-and-ready human associations. Mr. Smith was born in Bloomington, Illinois. As a boy he sold a few cartoons to the Bloomington "Sunday Eye." Failing to land a regular job on any newspaper

he decided to go on a lecture tour, in the course of which he would do chalk portraits for his audiences. His haphazard jaunts around the country brought in very little money.

Mr. Smith's first regular job was in the art department of an Indianapolis newspaper. After working on a number of other dailies, he became connected with the Pittsburgh "Press," where he made his first big hit.



# Sidney Smith and His "Gumps"

The romantic story of a cartoonist who pursued his hobby through dozens of reverses and to-day is the entertainer of millions of newspaper readers—His ideas of popular humor—  
How the "Gumps" developed

By Neil M. Clark

**A**BOUT the year 1890 a teacher in the public schools of Bloomington, Illinois, caught one of her boys drawing pictures when he was supposed to be studying his lessons. It was not the first offense. She took him by the coat collar, and marched him to the door.

"Young man," she said, "you go home. You're not fit for anything but a cartoonist!"

He went, bawling at the top of his voice. He did not know what a cartoonist was, but he believed he had been mortally insulted!

The other day the Board of Trade in Minneapolis suspended operations for several minutes during the busiest part of the day in order to give the brokers a chance to read the early edition of an afternoon paper. The newsboys were excitedly shouting:

"Uncle Bim—no marriage!"

The brokers turned unanimously to the page on which appeared the comic serial pictures depicting the adventures of the Gump family, including the fabulously rich uncle from Australia who had been so unfortunate as to get himself promised to marry the unscrupulous Widow Zander. Sales on the Exchange could wait, the brokers evidently decided, but to a man they wanted to know without delay what had happened to Uncle Bim on the day scheduled for his wedding!

The lad who was sent home from school for drawing pictures and the artist who created the Gumps, whose family adventures are followed daily by millions of people all over the country, were one and the same—Sidney Smith.

Almost everybody knows the Gumps. But who and what is their creator, Smith? That was what I went to learn the other day. I found him on an upper floor in the offices of the Chicago "Tribune." Bit by bit, with a fresh series of unfinished adventures of the Gumps on the drawing table in front of him, he told

me about himself. "I always wanted to draw," he said. "I never wanted to do anything else."

"My father wanted me to be a dentist. But to be a dentist I had to study, and school and I never agreed; they didn't teach drawing where I went. I was about seventeen, I think, when I saw the inside of a schoolroom for the last time. I was

how to stretch a piece of muslin and glaze it for a canvas. I set to work on a picture as big as a door. I called it 'The Mother and Child.'

"I used house paint and house brushes, and some of the paint I slapped on with stones and a knife. That was all I had to work with. When the picture was done, I thought it was pretty good. I got a

storekeeper, a friend of mine, to display it in his show window. He put lights all around to illuminate it, and to me it looked great. I put a sign on it:

FOR SALE—\$500.

"That was more money than anybody had, but I didn't mind. I would have been glad to take ten dollars. However, there were a lot of ladies in town who set themselves up to know the best things. They immediately regarded it as their duty to constitute themselves critics of my picture. I soon discovered, according to them, that it was all wrong. There wasn't a thing about it that was right or commendable.

"I didn't want them to get ahead of me, so the following day I put another sign in front of the picture:

SOLD!

"The canvas stayed on display for a few days longer. Then the storekeeper put it away in his back room. So far as I know, it's still there.

"From the start, I was crazy to draw pictures and see how they would look reproduced in the papers. I made my first sales to the Sunday 'Eye,' a Bloomington paper, since defunct. Whenever the paper had any of my drawings in it I used to sit on the doorstep

waiting for it to arrive, Sunday mornings. After I had feasted my eyes on my pictures in print for a while, I would dress up—I had a new suit at the time—and go down to the Public Square to strut all day and talk about 'the paper!'

"I tried to get a regular job, but nobody would have me. So I decided, for lack of anything better, to go on a lecture tour! My only equipment was chalk, a

## We Are the Gumps

**S**IDNEY SMITH gets a laugh out of the millions because he shows us folks as they are. We can see ourselves and our relatives and friends in his comic pictures. He walks right into our homes and caricatures us. In other words, we *are* the Gumps.

When it comes to selling a product on a large scale your success will depend on how well you understand the millions. Henry Ford won out because he made a product that matched with the desires of the ordinary man. He didn't make a chariot that nobody wanted to ride in.

The moral is: *Know folks*, if you want to sell something to them. Study them honestly. Don't try to convince yourself that they are different from what they are. Don't try to regulate them or change them. Don't argue with them. Don't quarrel with them. First find out what they are. That is the first step—to *know*—even if your final aim is to turn into a reformer and try to make folks better.

THE EDITOR.

at Wesleyan, in Bloomington, at the time, but I hadn't been there long. A bunch of us wanted to start something. We all agreed to go to class in our football suits. I was the only one that showed up! They sent me home, and I never went back.

"I had an idea that I could paint. I had nothing to paint with or on, but a fellow named Matthewson showed me





Here is the famous Gump family, whose adventures are followed every day by millions of Americans. One hundred and six daily newspapers and sixty Sunday editions feature these cartoons by Sidney Smith. Sometimes when a Gump family crisis is imminent, the cartoons are carried on the front page with streamer headlines. At the left is Mrs. Minerva Gump, looking over the shoulder of her husband, Andy Gump, around whom the action usually revolves. Next is Uncle Bim Gump, the fabulously rich uncle from Australia. Just now he is engaged in earnest conversation with Chester, the Gump's young and mischievous son and heir. The pictures on the wall represent other characters in the Gump family cartoons: the Widow Zander, the Old-Timer, Carlos, Short-End, and the mother-in-law.

blackboard, and nerve—chiefly nerve, no money. However, I traveled from one end of the country to the other that way and got by, but I'll have to admit I rode on freight trains oftener than any other kind.

"I remember once coming into a little town called Hillsboro, where I was scheduled to give a chalk talk. I arrived on a hand car. I was dirty, and my clothes were torn. What was more, there was no prospect of getting cleaned or mended before my appearance. It happened to be winter and the talk was to be in a church.

"I climbed on a fence where I could see through the church windows. Men and women were filing in, one by one, all dressed up. It struck me so funny that they were paying a quarter apiece to see me that I fell off the fence into a snow bank *three times*, I laughed so hard!

"I went all over Texas, among other states, and I never supposed towns could be so far apart as they were there. One night I was on a freight train which stopped at a little place for water. I got off to stretch my legs. There was nobody around but a brakeman and myself. He saw me, and of course he knew I had no business there.

"However, I thought I'd be pleasant, so I spoke to him as cheerfully as I could.

"Can you tell me," I said, "how far it is to the next town?"

"It's ten miles," he replied, "by train. It's twenty miles if you walk. *You walk!*"

"I did. And it seemed *ninety miles!*

"Indeed, the walking was so hard that whenever I rode I dug deep and stayed

down. One night I was buried in a coal car. A couple of brakemen came along and sat down on the end of the car for a chat. One of them had a lantern, and he was mighty careless with it. He kept setting it down in different places near me, and finally he set it on my head. I tried to stay hid and yet get out from under the lantern, but the brakeman saw me.

"What are *you* doing here?" he demanded.

I was black from coal dust and half choked, but I managed to say in a weak voice:

"I'm giving lectures."

"Hey, Bill," roared the brakeman to his pal, "look what's givin' lectures!"

"AS a lecturer I often felt about myself just as that brakeman did! Once, I remember, I got into a town where I had arranged to rent the opera house for the evening. I had distributed handbills, but I didn't have any money. I did not know how much the opera house would cost, but I depended on the receipts of the evening to cover that and leave something over for me.

"However, shortly before the time set for the entertainment, it started to rain. It poured. I knew the rain would probably keep a good many people away. I wanted to have some idea in advance how I was likely to come out, so I went across the street and stood under an awning where I could view the entrance. A grand total of six people went into the opera house!

"I knew those six would never pay my expenses, so I found the nearest dark alley and left town the quickest way.

"At another town, I remember, I had just twenty-five cents in my pocket. I was scheduled to make a talk at the next village down the railroad. I knew that twenty-five cents would not begin to pay my fare on the train, so I decided to take a chance on a freight. I spent my quarter for a telegram, telling the folks who were expecting me that I would be there; then I climbed on a freight.

"But that train did not figure on my convenience. It put on steam and sailed past my village at fifty miles an hour! I caught a glimpse of a lot of boys and girls all starched and clean, marching to the schoolhouse for the lecture with my dimes wrapped in their handkerchiefs. I've often wondered what they thought of the fellow who was going to make a chalk talk and never showed up!

"A lot of queer things happened to me in the year and more that I went about the country that way. Also a lot of worth-while things. I wouldn't go through the experience again for a good deal of money; but at the same time I wouldn't take a mint of money for it. It taught me a lot. I had to keep on practicing something new all the time. I saw life in a thousand aspects that have been of help to me since. And I had to get used to drawing under all sorts of conditions. That was worth something later on the newspapers where, as a chap who wanted to be a cartoonist once said:

"You don't *draw* cartoons; you *write* 'em!"

"While I was traveling around I was doing a weekly page for a Boston paper. They sent me my (Continued on page 72)



# The New Baby In Our House

By Edgar A. Guest

**W**E HAVE a new baby in the home. She is just nine weeks old as I write this paragraph. It has been ten years since there has been a baby in the house, and ten years, I find, make many changes. What they will be doing for the good of the little ones when I become a grandfather I don't know; but I do know I shall not be able to stand it. Our baby's grandmothers are horrified at the way we are raising our daughter. They shake their heads at us, and make queer sounds through their teeth to indicate displeasure, and they tell each other behind our backs they suppose we know what we are doing, but they never did that to us when we were little.

We never did it to Bud, either. Ten years ago this evening I was walking the floor with him and jolting him up and down to shake the colic out of him and sleep into him. As a pedestrian I was a success, but as a nurse I was not so much.

The baby is crying now. She has been crying for ten minutes. I come from old-fashioned stock, and my whole nature cries out that something ought to be done about it. I want to do something, too. It is my idea that I should go right up there now and take her in my arms and pat her back, and lift her onto my shoulder, with her little head dangling in my neck, and shake her up and down in the manner a bartender once mixed drinks, and sing (in a sympathetic if not tuneful voice) something soft and soothing to her. I have suggested doing that, too, on several occasions, but the whole outfit, exclusive of the grandmothers, is against me.

Her mother stands on guard at the foot of the stairs.

"You shall not pass," she says decisively. "She is not to be picked up."

"But don't you hear her crying?" I exclaim.

"Yes, but that is not a cry of pain. She is perfectly all right. She will settle down in a few minutes."

"But," I insist again, "she may injure herself."

"She will not injure herself. Babies never hurt themselves by crying. That is a mistaken notion. She is merely

strengthening her lungs. She is getting her exercise."

"I wish she would exercise when I am at the office," I reply somewhat sullenly. "It sounds to me now as though she were crying for me to go up there and comfort her. . . . There now, don't you hear her—she has hiccoughs?"

"That is nothing to worry about. They will subside."

It is no use. The mother, the doctor, the nurse, the neighbors on our right and left, the articles in all the magazines on

too. This period of training and discipline has now been going on for several weeks, and I will say that the baby is taking to it more kindly and more readily than I.

Ten years is too long a stretch between babies. One forgets too much in that period, and science discovers too much. Mother and I agree on that point. All that I recall that is identical in the two cases took place the night of their arrival. Little Janet came on July 12th and Bud was born on July 7th. Thus they both came in the summer time and were received into this world by the same loving hands. I suffered precisely the same pangs of fright; paced the floor in the same nervous way; listened as eagerly for news of the proceedings up-stairs; endeavored to catch consoling conversation from the lips of the doctor and the nurse, and waited anxiously to hear that first cry of greeting from the little newcomer—the sweetest sound, by the way, that ever falls on mortal ears.

The same good people were in attendance. Aunt Irene Wilson, who was with Mother when Buddy was born, happened in that evening by chance and remained to assist. It is too bad that there isn't an Aunt Irene in every family. Quiet and gentle and brave and devoted, she radiates confidence and comfort and faith that everything will be all right. The doctor afterward paid her this tribute:

"I wish I had someone just like her to assist in every case."

But Irene stayed upstairs with Mother, and I had to be looked after. My reputation among the family is that I get sicker than the patient. I can stand

things myself, but I can't stand to see others suffer. The minute anything goes wrong with Mother or Bud, or with the baby now, my nose gets icy cold, and my cheeks lose their color, and my appetite deserts me, and I run up a temperature and altogether I get into a bad way.

So when the word was passed that events were happening at our house, Mrs. Guest's sister, Florence, hurried over to look after me. She would use her charming influence to keep my mind occupied. I was her patient. I have a vague recollection (Continued on page 78)

## What "Bud" First Thought Of His New Sister

**"WE KEPT** our secret from Bud almost to the last," says Mr. Guest. "Then one evening I told him."

"Did you order a boy?" he exclaimed gleefully.

"Well, Bud," I said, "of course another little boy would be nice, but you can't always have what you order. Suppose they should send us a little girl?"

"I hope they don't," he replied. "What I want is a brother."

"They brought Bud back to the house about ten o'clock that night. I met him at the automobile."

"Bud," said I, "you have a wonderful baby sister up-stairs."

"A sister!" he exclaimed. "Aw, Heck! Why didn't they send a brother?"

"Five minutes later he had kissed his mother and seen his new sister, and he wouldn't have exchanged her for a dozen boys."

motherhood and all the advances of modern science are against me. What I learned as a father ten years ago must now be unlearned. I am being taught new tricks.

What I once thought perfectly good "fathering" has been thrown out as poor business. The promptings of a tender heart are not scientific. I may be that baby's father, but I am not to have anything to say regarding her infancy. She is to be trained in the right way, and while that is being done if her father gets into the picture he will be trained,





# The Kidnapping Of Prunes Alaska

The story of a stolen bear

By R. de S. Hart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY SARG

THE "Alaska" had finally beaten the "Samoa" at football. Sister ships they were, huge iron-lunged monsters of death and destruction, and now, after two long years of defeat and humiliation, the "Alaska" had won.

"Will we celebrate?" said Turret-captain Brooks of the victors. "Will we? We'll put on a parade the likes of which this burg never seen!"

They did. The moment the head of that parade struck the first corner of the down-town district Norfolk realized that here was a parade that was a parade.

At the head of the rioting, raving throng that swept down the street was a blue-clad clamor. Once it had been the "Alaska's" band, proud model of the Fleet. Now it was anything but a model! Collars agape, instruments festooned with paper streamers, hats on backward, sideways, aslant—anyway but the one way uniform regulations prescribe. The bandsmen's one thought was to produce the maximum amount of din in a minimum amount of time. Behind them yelped, yowled, and yodeled eight hundred of the wildest sailormen that ever scrubbed a deck.

The Norfolk chief of police, drawn to the spot by the uproar, gave one look and breathed a fervent prayer. "I hope to heaven the 'Samoa' bunch stays good and plenty away from here till this is finished!

If they run against each other down here—Good night!"

But not all of Norfolk was in accord with the chief's anxiety. Jewelry-shop keepers and near-beer venders smiled joyously, and prepared for a rushing business, and others, visitors mostly, viewed the parade with amazed, delighted eyes.

"Hi, Frenchy!" ejaculated one huge red-faced man who stood among the spectators on the sidewalk. "Just look at the sailors!"

His companion, a dark, dapper-looking little man, sniffed disdainfully, however, and endeavored to press ahead. "We haven't got any time to be looking at sailors. If we're going to arrange for that straw and stuff, we got to hustle. Come on!"

But the big man lingered. "Hold on, let's watch 'em a minute. The traffic's jammed at the corner anyway and we can't get through till they pass." His eyes were sweeping the line of parade interestedly. Suddenly he grabbed the little man by the arm. "Now I guess you'll be willing to wait. Look, Frenchy. It's a bear!"

He had caught sight of Prunes Alaska, loafing and ambling along in the place of honor just behind the band.

Not only did Prunes have the place of honor but he was the only occupant of that place, outside of his keeper, Bugler

Kearny. Any ordinary mascot can bring victory to the better of two teams. But Prunes Alaska had just conjured his ship victorious through a contest where the betting odds had been five and six to one against her. Now he and his diminutive keeper occupied to themselves the whole of a platoon-sized space between the band and the cheering sailors behind. Uncurbed by chain or rope, he rolled comically on, to the great delight of all the children along the route. The little dapper spectator, however, was unimpressed.

"Humph! There ain't any more real bears—not since Josephine died. These is just imitations!"

"You always did think too much of that Josephine bear," grunted the big man. "You might 'a' known the minute you get to thinking too much of an animal it's gonter die. Just the same, I think this one is mighty cunning. Look at him!"

OBSTRUCTED by the traffic jam ahead the band had halted. Taking advantage of the pause between selections the bandsmen began to drain the moisture from their wind instruments. The fat bass drummer eased his drum to the pavement. Bugler Kearny seized the opportunity to exhibit his pet. He turned around and assumed a commanding attitude.



"Halt!"

Prunes Alaska came to a lazy lolling halt. Red tongue hanging out, he squatted and began to inspect the bystanders good-naturedly.

"Attention!"

The bear sat obediently up on his haunches. His shaggy fore arms came up to the horizontal. But his tongue still hung out, his eyes still roved, and his head still retained its funny cock to the side.

The bugler eyed him disapprovingly. "Trim ship!" he ordered.

Prunes brought his shaggy head to a trim horizontal. His tongue still protruded from his lips.

"Close yer hatch!" commanded the bugler.

In came the red tongue, very reluctantly.

"And now feather yer ears!"

At this outlandish order the cub moved his stumpy ears back with an absurd little wiggle that sent the surrounding sailors and seafaring spectators off into howls of laughter. The little bugler, however, did not even smile.

"You look better now," he decided after a grave inspection. "Now we're going to have landing-force drill. You're a buck private in the rear rank, Prunes. Here's your gun—grab!"

THE bright bugle beneath the bugler's arm passed into the brown fore arms of the erect Prunes.

"Per-r-r-r ar-rumps! . . . Shoulder-r-r ar-rumps! . . . Slo-o-o-pe ar-rumps!—Order-r-r ar-rumps!"

With each command the cub went through some weird imitation of the manual of arms, rocking gravely on his haunches, while the crowd shrieked with laughter.



"Per-r-r-r ar-rumps! . . .  
Shoulder-r-r ar-rumps! . . .  
Slo-o-o-pe ar-rumps!—  
Order-r-r ar-rumps!"

The red-faced man on the sidewalk likewise laughed his appreciation. "Some bear, even if you didn't have nothing to do with training him, hey, Frenchy? Huh! What's he gonter do now?"

The bugler had retrieved his instrument from the brown paws. "Now, Prunes," he announced, "you ain't no gob no longer. You're a ship! A ship in formation and the admiral's on the bridge! So you got to make it snappy! Now for the maneuvers. . . Full speed ahead, both engines!"

At the word "ship," the cub had descended to all-fours. At the command, "Full speed ahead!" he dug his toes into the paving and surged forward. So quickly did he lunge and so near to the bass drum was he that he was almost into it before the bugler could shout again.

"Ship's right!"

So precipitately that he almost threw his chubby brown body off balance,

observed the red-faced man approvingly. "If he ain't as good as Josephine he comes pretty close to it."

A huge figure broke out from the crowding sailors in the rear. By the red band at his shoulder he was a member of the "Alaska's" "black-gang."

"Lemme try him," he begged. "Lemme try him!" He placed his huge hands on the cub's neck. "Full speed ahead, Prunes! Full speed ahead! Come on, guy, let's make that fruit stand across the way there!" As the animal gave no signs of moving, the fireman shifted his hold. He grabbed the bear's hind quarters and endeavored to force him ahead. "Hi up, Prunes! Full speed ahead!"

Prunes responded by stiffening his fore legs and squatting closer to the pavement. His head turned inquiringly around at the fireman, and then forward to the bugler again.

Bugler Kearny laughed. "Don't you mind him, Prunes; he's only a coal passer! And what do coal passers know about navigation? Full-speed astern, Prunes, before he gets you on the rocks!"

THIS time Prunes stirred. Digging his paws into the pavement he endeavored to move backward. The fireman was endeavoring equally hard to shove him ahead. Suddenly the man's shoe soles skidded on the paving; he slipped flat onto his face. Prunes promptly backed over and across him, while the crowd roared and ridiculed.

"Say—that bear is smart!" chuckled the red-faced man on the sidewalk. "Huh, Frenchy?" He turned to his smaller companion. Then a startled note sprang into his voice. "What's the matter with you, guy?"

Gone was the dapper man's lethargy. His eyes gleamed, his lips mumbled low fervent phrases. "Did you see him—did you see him—! A real bear—a real bear again! With a little training I could—By Gosh, I will!"

Before the big man could prevent, he had lunged forward through the thin edge of the crowd. He ran wildly across the open space toward Bugler Kearny.

"Sailor! How much will you take for that bear—hey?"

Bugler Kearny (Continued on page 138)



"Wouldn't make no difference if you was the President hisself! Nobody can't take Prunes off the 'Alaska'!"

Prunes swerved to the right. He grunted at the effort to retain his equilibrium. The spectators cheered and roared.

"Ship's left about! . . . Stop both engines!"

With a likeness to a rolling, pitching boat Prunes puffed to a standstill. His mouth sagged open and his irrepressible tongue popped out again as he surveyed the audience jauntily.

"That bear ain't any fool, I'll say that!"



# What I Owe My Father

**T**O OTHER people, my father must seem a very simple and unpretentious figure. He is neither rich nor famous. He never made much money. He never did anything spectacular. So far as I can recall, he never held any public office, except when he was elected alderman for one term! I can't imagine how that happened, for he hasn't a grain of the politician in his whole make up.

Yet if my father had made a hundred million dollars, had been elected President of the United States, and had become the most celebrated man of his time, he might have been worth less to me than he is, just as himself.

Not long ago I went back home to celebrate his ninety-first birthday. And there was something *real* to celebrate, something more than the mere fact that he has reached a ripe old age.

Part of my debt to him is this inheritance of health and a sound body; an inheritance which, if I use it wisely, promises me a long life in my turn. But that is not all. My father hasn't simply grown old! He has shown me, by his example, how to keep on growing in *other* ways while growing old.

My debt to him began further back than I can remember, before I could even walk or talk. I don't mean the obvious debt of food and clothing and a roof over my head. Those are things which practically all of us have owed to our fathers for a more or less protracted period. And small thanks most fathers get for them! Moreover, if the time comes when this debt can be repaid in kind—food, clothing, and a roof over *their* heads—how many of us feel that it really is a debt?

However, another kind of debt to my father had its origin also back there in my earliest childhood; for it was then that he began to teach me a very rare and wonderful thing—the delight and satisfaction of *using my mind*. When I was only a baby he taught me the rudiments of thinking.

I suppose there are other fathers who do this with their children, but I never have happened to see one doing it as my father did. He used to take me in his arms and carry me around, talking to me quietly, softly, sometimes even in whispers, which, for some reason, always seems to fascinate a child. And his talk was not mere rambling chatter! He pointed out things, *explained* them, and *asked me questions* about them.

He did this long before I could understand his explanations or could even try to answer his questions. But the effect was to stimulate me to think about things. As far back as I can remember he was always trying to rouse my interest in the *reason* for everything we came across, always trying to make me find out the *how* and the *why* of whatever I saw.

I cannot possibly overestimate the value of this part of my debt to him. Sometimes, when I watch other fathers with their children, I have an overwhelming sense of gratitude to my own father. If I went to him with a question, I never got the perfunctory, or even impatient reply so many men give to children. He not only gave me some fact, or facts, that added to my store of knowledge but he helped me to think things out for myself. And he did it with infinite patience, with unvarying gentleness.

If I ran to him with a pebble, or a flower, or an insect that I had picked up, he never dismissed me with a careless, "Oh yes! isn't that nice!" An absolutely stupid thing to say, but the one which most parents do say under similar circumstances. He always told me *something interesting* about it. He would ask me questions and try to get me to figure out the answers.

In this way, he taught me two wonderful habits: the habit of looking with my mind, as well as with my eyes, at the world about me; and the habit of *using* my mind to understand what I saw.

As I said before, if he had given me millions of dollars it would have been dust and ashes compared with his gift to me of an *intelligent curiosity about life*, an appreciation of the marvels among which so many human beings walk as if they were blind and deaf. If I owed him nothing more than that he still would be my Great Benefactor.

**H**E TAUGHT me also to look for what is good and beautiful. Almost the first word I learned to speak was, "Pretty." He had a way of saying it that always appealed to me. I can hear it plainly in my memory even now: "That's *pretty*, isn't it?" He says it to this day. That is one of the reasons why we "celebrate" the fact that he is ninety-one years old; he is still looking for, and finding, the beauty of life.

I owe a great deal to him because he always treated me with respect. That simple sentence means more than I can express. I know of no surer way to breed *self-respect* in a person than to treat him *with respect*. When my father did that the inevitable reaction in me was the desire to *deserve* respect.

You must not think that I realized all these things when I was a child. Of course I did not! I neither understood nor appreciated that I had a wonderful father. That came later. One of the things I am most thankful for is that it came before it was too late for me to let him know. So many of us find out our debt only when it is no longer possible to acknowledge it—not to the one to whom the acknowledgment would mean so much.

Another thing I owe to my father is an absolutely untarnished name. There are men who achieve fame which itself is in-

famous. Or a man may gain distinction for some worth-while achievement, and yet there may be dark corners in his life that cannot stand the searchlight.

I would rather be conscious of my father's absolute integrity, in every relation of life, than to see his statue in The Hall of Fame, if I knew that his honor was not unimpeachable.

He taught me to be ashamed of owing money to anybody. A few years ago I thought it would be a matter of convenience to have a charge account with certain business firms. I arranged the matter—but I never have charged a single purchase to those accounts! Don't misunderstand me. I think a charge account is a matter of convenience and a perfectly legitimate thing. I am simply telling you that the habit of paying at once for anything I buy is so ingrained in me, because of my early teaching, that I can't seem to do anything else.

**M**Y FATHER'S integrity was more than a mere matter of paying money. One reason why he never made much money himself was that he did not charge enough for his own services. He was a professional man and a very able one. But he did not think it was "right" to charge large fees.

Here again I don't want to be misunderstood. I think he was mistaken. He did not charge a fair price, considering the quality of his service. But I would rather go back and have only the meager comforts of my early home life, yet know that my father erred on the side of what he felt was just and right, than to have him err on the other side.

The point is not what he did, but his motive in what he did. We hadn't as much money as we really ought to have had. But that doesn't count now, compared with my pride in my father's inviolable sense of justice and fairness. I would rather have that than to have a bank full of money.

This, too, I owe to my father; this very ability to understand that there are things which are worth more than money. I don't recall that he ever told me this in so many words. He just *lived* it. I didn't know then what I was learning. I wanted money, or, at least, the things that money would buy. But I don't believe there is, or ever was, a child on whom a *living example* does not set an indelible mark! All the preaching that parents do, day after day, is as nothing compared with the *living* they do, day after day. You might just as well be dumb; never speak a word. Your children would probably grow up to be exactly the same as if you could talk. It is your acts, not your words, that count.

I want to say that in everything I write here, except the next few paragraphs, I could just as well change the word "father" to "mother." But it is because



there seems to me to be something wrong with the father business in general that I am talking about my father.

I learned from him my ideal of what that much abused phrase, "a gentleman," should mean. He was born on a farm. His people were poor. He did not have what are called social advantages. Yet his character has the texture—that is the best word for it—that makes a man a gentleman. True courtesy is nothing but kindness in action.

I like to watch my father with other people. Children almost always feel at ease with him. I have seen a child come up beside him as he was walking along the street, look at him with that curious appraising look which children have, and then slip its hand into his and walk with him, talking as freely as if he were its own father. "Who was your little friend?" I would ask him when he came into the house.

Half the time it was some child he did not even know. Children follow their intuitions; and they knew instinctively that he was kind. To women he has always shown a gentle courtesy; not the mere trimmings of artificial courtesy but the reality.

I never in my life heard him discuss a scandal! I never heard him gossip about anybody! I have very rarely heard him say anything that could be construed as a criticism of a person.

That is another item in my debt to my father. I am not as irreproachable as he is in this respect, I confess. But mere gossip, especially unkind gossip, simply doesn't interest me. People whose talk is nothing but gossip bore me. And I think it is because I never acquired a taste for it at home.

ANOTHER thing I learned from my father was the self-discipline which comes through *respecting authority*. I read an article some months ago in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, in which a man told how grateful he was to his mother for teaching him obedience when he was a boy. That got a hearty "Amen" from me. I am glad that my father taught me to obey.

From him I learned another thing: the satisfaction to be found in work well done. Please notice that I say "work *well done*." It did not make a particle of difference whether anybody but himself would know how a piece of work was performed. He

did it as perfectly as he possibly could; first, because it would not have been *honest* to do less; but also because of the inner satisfaction to himself.

He worked very hard, sometimes far into the night. But he would not slight anything he undertook. You may wonder how I know. Well, I know because he used to show me things he had done and explain to me how he had tried to make even the details perfect.

That sort of thing stamps itself on a child's mind. When he talked to me about how he did his work, it was not because he was trying to influence my character, or my own attitude toward work. At least, I don't think it was. He was simply showing me something he was proud of. But the effect was gained, just the same. My work is entirely different from his; but I am unhappy and uncomfortable when I am conscious of defects in it. I hate to let it go when it isn't up to the mark. I wonder if I should have felt that way if my father had been slipshod and indifferent about the quality of his work.

I could go on itemizing the debt I owe to my father. But (Continued on page 168)

## Sid Says: *Obey—or Pay*

A FRIEND from the old home town where I was born came to see me the other day. Among other things, he said, "I remember your mother with great distinctness—and I remember that she made you obey."

I am interested to hear that other people noticed it, for the Lord knows I noticed it at the time. And I still remember it, although my mother has been dead and gone for many long years. She was one-half Scotch—and a born disciplinarian. What she said—"went." Ours not to reason why—ours was to do, or take the consequences. I was fully six inches taller than she, out of college, and well able to grow a mustache, before I began to say what was what without first casting a questioning glance in the general direction of the Commander-in-Chief. After I got out into the cold, hard world and used to visit her, she would say in her blunt, matter-of-fact way, "Well, when you were here I did the best with you I could. Now you will have to settle these things for yourself. I hope that you know enough. Remember one thing—you can't dodge them. You will have to face them."

Then it was that I discovered there were other cops on the beat besides Mother. I don't refer so much to the various bosses I met as to the natural laws I encountered. Those are the boys with the brass buttons and the billy-clubs! They grab you and put you through your paces. And they don't care whether you have had experience in obeying or not—they *make* you obey. At the top of this editorial I have written the words "obey—or pay." And that is just what these natural laws make you do. You can whine and yelp and squawk, but you can't get past them without

either obeying or paying. Take your choice—but you've got to take one or the other. If it's the laws of health—obey, or pay. If it's a hot temper—sit on it, or pay the piper. If it's extravagance—save, or go broke. If it's laziness—shake loose from it, or let others have the bacon.

And these real bosses of the earth—natural laws—are, not sentimental about it either. They don't pet you or give in to you or humor you. In their presence you are the rankest kind of a stepchild, a complete outsider. Yet if you obey them they are good to you, without favoritism of any kind. They are the great democratic forces of the world—rewarding those who obey, punishing those who disobey, without preference, without regard to where you emerged from, without caring whether your ancestors came over in the "Mayflower" or in the steerage of the "Aquitania."

So the boy or girl who early learns to obey has been saved a lot of trouble. What he really has acquired is the ability to make himself do what he may not want to do. He learns to put his will in control of his desires. The child who never has to obey grows up a slave! A slave to the worst tyrant he could find anywhere—himself! He is the slave of his whims, his caprices, his follies, his weaknesses. He cannot stand up against desires from within, or blows from without.

Don't run away with the idea that I think myself the model little obeyer. I am not telling you that I have obeyed all these laws—or many of them. I would have been better off if I had. But I am glad that my mother had sense enough to put on her helmet and start in early at the job of trying to enforce order and put down the rebellion.



# Why I Am Forty-Five

By Montague Glass

**I**F I were again seventeen I can imagine myself interviewing the forty-five-year-old me in this style:

"How do you account for your ability at so advanced an age to turn out an occasional play, short story, or article, Mr. Glass?"

"Ah!" I reply, my voice still quite firm. "You may well ask that. . . . Do you mind handing me that box of throat lozenges? . . . Thank you. . . . I can remember very well in the early nineteen hundreds; or was it the early nineteen-tens?—pardon the failing memory of an old man—that I read somewhere how Mr. Irvin Cobb, then at the very zenith of his powers, said that what kept an old man young was the possession of a good hobby."

"And you *have* a hobby?"

"I have."

"May I ask what it is?"

"Eating."

"Eating?"

"Yes, eating," I say, my voice growing stronger as I proceed. "At forty-five I find that one cannot ride a hobby with the same seat as at thirty. A forty-five-year-old man's hobby must be warranted kind and gentle to ride, to pursue the equestrian metaphor. Book collecting, for instance, implies going from one book store to another, and I have just enough stiffness in my joints to appreciate a hobby which keeps one seated—now that the vogue of free lunch is past."

I am not beginning this way just to fill up space. I am trying to put it to you that the youth of seventeen thinks forty-five is the age of the old codger. I can remember, when I was seventeen, that we had a forty-five-year-old neighbor up in Harlem who was a veteran of the Civil War. It is true that he had been only a drummer boy in 1864, but to me he was nevertheless Old Mr. Bach, or, colloquially, Old Man Bach. Is it possible that some youth is calling me Old Mr. Glass or Old Man Glass? If he is, let me tell him that he is quite mistaken. I am precisely as young as any other man my age; and let me say also, to the young man of seventeen to twenty-five, that the only time a man of forty-five years feels that he is not so young as he used to be is when he finds himself in their youthful company. An oldster who tells you that the way for an aging man to keep young is to associate with young folks is capable of asserting that the only place a bolshevik really and truly feels at home is in the Metropolitan

Club talking to a bunch of big bankers.

I see that a Polish gentleman, whose name I will not attempt, died last week at the age of one hundred and thirty-four. His last illness, which was a short one, he attributed to smoking, a vice he had acquired at the age of one hundred and thirty. Without really knowing anything about the circumstances, I deny this absolutely. I hold no brief for tobacco. I use it moderately myself in the form of cigars—only one box a day. But smoking of itself couldn't crumple up a man so strongly addicted to the habit of longevity.

What he did was to pay a visit to his son, a kid of ninety, and no doubt he

a dandy or a lady-killer. He cannot then wear college-cut clothes and hope to create the impression that he is the original of the young man in the colored advertisement. The face may deceive, but not the figure. Or, conversely, the figure may, but not the face; for the preservation of a youthful figure at forty-five is only going to add a few lines of self-denial to a face which probably possesses other lines in abundance. As far as I'm concerned, I would rather have people say of me as Beau Brummell did about the Regent: "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?" than have them remark, as did the French courtier about Richelieu when that old

prelate tried to hide his age by cosmetics, "How much that gentleman looks like the late Cardinal Richelieu!"

"Well," says a lady who is reading this before publication, "you get your wish."

She ought to know. She has been sitting opposite me at meals for sixteen years, not only in the capacity of wife but also that of consulting dietitian.

"Why do you eat cheese?" she has said to me only as recently as yesterday. "You know it always disagrees with you."

Quite so, but forty-five is no age at which to begin dieting. In fact, at any age one should never humor one's stomach. There is only one way to train a weak stomach and that is by putting it to work on the horizontal bars and making it chin itself with baked beans, hard-boiled eggs, Welsh rabbits, and fried cakes. And if your digestion fails to respond to exercise of this sort, what, I ask you, are pills for?

Somebody said—and I'm not going to trouble myself to find out who did say it—that at forty-five a man was either a fool or a physician. Aside from his intention of crowding as many alliterative f's into a short sentence, what he meant by this was

that at forty-five the wise man knows the value of the standard remedies for headache which may be procured at any drug store. There are, of course, persons who will say that what he meant was something entirely different. They will falsely and even maliciously interpret this plain aphorism as advising the man of forty-five to pay strict attention to diet and all that sort of thing. What nonsense!

At forty-five it is of course highly necessary that a man should take stock of his remaining years; but what for? So that he may fill them with self-denial,

## My Hobby—and Why I Recommend It

### Prize Contest Announcement

**I**N THE accompanying article Mr. Glass tells about his hobby. It is eating. That's one most of us could not ride hard without veering toward the hospital; but Mr. Glass has his hobby thoroughly domesticated and completely in control.

Now then—what is your hobby? Tell us about it. How did you come by it? What do you get out of it? Can you recommend it as safe for others? What does your family think of it? You may have hit upon a hobby that would be as good company for others as it is for you. Tell them about it by writing us a letter of not more than four hundred words. We offer these prizes: \$20, first prize; \$10, second prize; \$5, third prize. Competition closes March 20th. Winning letters will appear in the June issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest cannot be returned, so make a copy of your contest letter if you want to preserve it. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

could not help feeling that his boy regarded him as lingering too long upon the scene, precisely as I regarded Old Mr. Bach when he was forty-five and I seventeen. Had the Polish gentleman associated only with men of his own age or a trifle older, he might have been an endless-chain smoker and still have lived to die with his boots on underneath an imitation yellow taxicab while attempting to cross the street on his way to a palais de danse.

There are of course characteristic drawbacks to being any particular age. Forty-five, for instance, is not a grateful age for





PHOTO BY LOW GOODALE HIGGINS, CORONADO

## MONTAGUE GLASS

Mr. Glass holds a unique record of simultaneous success in the three diverse fields of fiction, drama, and special articles. For the past nine years his plays, most of which have been built around the inimitable characters of Potash and Perlmutter, have convulsed theatre audiences. They have included "Potash and Perlmutter," "Abe and Mawruss," "Object: Matrimony," "Business Before Pleasure," "His Honor Abe Potash" and "Partners Again," the last named being his current success. Several of his books bear the same titles as his plays. Among the others are "Elkan Lubliner—American," "Competitive Nephew," "Worrying Won't Win," and "Potash and Perlmutter Settle Things." Mr. Glass was born in Manchester, England, forty-five years ago. He came to New York when he was thirteen years old. After finishing preparatory school he attended the College of the City of New York and New York University. In 1907 he married Miss Caroline Patterson. His wife and daughter, Mr. Glass says, are the real reasons why he hopes to remain forty-five indefinitely. Without them he would have been at least eighty more than five years ago.

regular exercise, blood-pressure tests, and ten hours' sleep a night? Not at all! Forty-five is as good an age as another to begin to reckon one's expectancy of life in terms of hearty dinners, travel, and the doing of things that one has missed in early life through lack of funds or opportunity.

But what, you ask, is the normal expectancy of life for a man of forty-five? Answer: It is an indefinite period, reckoned roughly for the purpose of happiness as forever. If you are forty-five, there is no particular hurry about crowding into your remaining years as many good dinners, good books, and good shows as possible. But there ought to be no undue delay about it, either. Remember, there are a great many versions of the saying that a man is only as old as he feels. It is now variously quoted as: "A man is only as old as his arteries," "A man is only as old as his digestive apparatus,"

"A man is only as old as this, that, and the other." But the true, only, original low-down on the proverb is: "A man is only as old as his appetite for enjoyment."

NOW, one's appetite for enjoyment is the same as the whatever-it-was of which Shakespeare said, "It grows by what it feeds on." If Shakespeare didn't say this, or if he didn't say it in just those words, it is nevertheless true. Thus, if you retain your appetite for enjoyment, there is really no reason why you should ever be any older than you are at present. I expect, therefore, to be forty-five indefinitely. On the other hand, as Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch said, there are people walking around the streets right now, who are just as dead as they ever will be. Men of thirty-five who cut out all starchy and fat-producing foods and staying up late nights have completely passed away as far as good dinners and

good card games are concerned. As for me, I want to be all alive or all dead.

Here I will make the confession that once in a while after a too-hearty meal, I suffer a twinge in the region of the gall duct. But what of it? It is only Nature ringing up the price of a good dinner on one's cash register. A warning, you will say. Not at all! It's a receipt.

In their anxiety to retain their health, a great many people I know worry continually about their digestion—yes and about a number of other purely personal impedimenta, such as their ductless glands and their lymphatic system. Some of them have formed quite definite mental portraits of their internal organs. I am sure that one of them, for instance, has visualized his stomach as a little, shriveled up, bad-tempered old janitor in his alimentary tract, and in consequence has been self-intimidated into foregoing nine tenths of the (Continued on page 136)



# The Marvels of Artificial Legs and Arms

Stories of the extraordinary doings of people who wear them—How they are operated—Also queer facts about artificial eyes—  
(Some people have two kinds, one for day and one for night)

*By H. J. Murphy*

SOME time ago a man came to my office to inquire if his nephew, who had lost his leg above the knee as the result of an automobile accident, could be fitted with an artificial limb that would enable him to walk naturally.

I told the uncle that this was easily possible, and I showed him a modern type of artificial leg made of yellow willow with joints at knee and ankle and with a flexible rubber foot. The limb is attached by lacing a leather "corset" around the person's stump leg and by a belt around the waist. The knee joint is operated by a suspender which goes up over the shoulder.

Whether a man is walking or sitting, if he wants to straighten his leg he gives an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulder, and the leg straightens out just as though the wearer had control of it with muscles from his hip to his toes.

"It looks promising," said the uncle; "but I can't imagine a man walking with it so I couldn't tell from a mile off that he had a wooden leg!"

I got up from my desk and went to the window. Presently, I crossed the room again and took the leg from the man's hand to show him how easily it was straightened by a slight pull on the cords.

"Oh, I see that," he said; "but is there anyone around here who wears one of them?"

I told him that there was a man in the place who wore two of them and that I would see if I could find him. I left the office, but in a few moments came back alone, much to the disappointment of my customer.

"Well," I said, "let me show you. It works just like this." And I sat down, held my leg out straight in front of me, then bent my knee and straightened it several times.

"Yes," the man said, "my leg works that way, too! What I want to see is how an artificial leg works!"

Then I rolled up my right trouser leg.



PHOTOS BY SPARK BROS.

If the man in the upper picture had had his coat on you would scarcely have suspected that he was using the telephone and jotting down memoranda with the aid of two artificial arms. In the lower picture you see the same man, Mr. T. C. Gates, a traveling salesman, carrying a suit case whose contents weighed over forty pounds. The ease with which artificial legs and arms imitate practically all the complicated motions you make naturally is really marvelous. The accompanying article tells what can be done with artificial limbs and how they work

"Great heavens!" he cried. "You haven't a wooden leg?"

To his amazement, I rolled up the other trouser leg, showing him that I had two artificial legs, one for an amputation below the knee and the other above the knee.

Of course a man who walks with an artificial leg of this kind does not go along shrugging his shoulder at every step. When walking at a fair rate, he seldom finds it necessary to move his shoulder at all. Instead, he simply lets the toe drag ever so lightly on the floor or the sidewalk. This causes the knee to bend; then, as the leg is swung forward from the hip, the knee straightens

and the foot comes into the natural position for another step.

During a recent mayoralty campaign in New York City, I spent a good many evenings with a group of young men, going about to open-air mass meetings in an automobile from which we delivered speeches in support of our candidate. A few weeks after election we had a party to renew acquaintance. When dinner was over, some of my friends, who had been athletes in college, began talking about how they kept up their physical fitness. Jestingly, they began to test each other's biceps and calves.

FOR a while I looked on, taking no part in the competition. Then I thought I would take the conceit out of them and said, "Bet I've got harder calves than any of you. Feel my right leg!"

One of my friends did so; then, straightening up with an exclamation, he looked at me to see what kind of a joke I was playing on him.

"Feel of the other one," I said, and he felt of it.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "What have you got in there anyhow—coconuts?"

Then I showed him. Not a man in our party of six had suspected the truth, although I had been climbing in and out of automobiles with them for two weeks.



I know a good many men with two artificial legs who can *run*. They have acquired the ability by hard practice, of course, in balancing, swinging their legs properly from the hip, and in using the suspender control occasionally as need requires. I know one man who used to be a vaudeville performer. Many of his tricks were performed on a slack wire. After he lost his legs he said he would never be happy again until he had learned to walk a slack wire with his artificial limbs. He had the tenacity and skill to accomplish it; but he did not do any of his complicated old tricks, as his attention was taken up with the main business of keeping himself on the wire.

**A** MAN with two wooden legs can dance very well, almost any kind of a dance except the liveliest of the modern jazz and the old hippity-hop Boston. A man with one wooden leg can do even these. No matter whether a man has one or two wooden legs, there is nothing striking or awkward in his dance movements. Unless his partner *knows* in advance that he has wooden legs, she doesn't suspect it from dancing with him.

Many men with wooden legs drive automobiles. I do it myself almost every day. It is a simple matter to operate the pedals that control the clutch and brake, but a little more difficult to operate the foot accelerator cleverly. This is because a man with wooden legs has no *feeling* in his foot. When he steps on the accelerator he does so by a movement, not of his ankle but of the muscles of his hip and thigh. Thus he has to exercise care when he wants to advance the accelerator merely a trifle, or he will shoot his car forward under full power.

It is seldom nowadays that a man who loses a leg is unable to return to his trade or regular occupation, or to a similar one. More artificial limbs are worn by railroad men than by the members of any other one occupation. Next come miners; then truckmen. A surprising number of professional men, including lawyers, doctors,



PHOTO BY EDWIN BRON.

Put your hand over this legend and ask a friend which man in the picture at the left has two wooden legs. If he guesses the one on the right, he's wrong. It's the other one. The tall man on the left is Hugh J. Murphy, a representative of J. E. Hanger, maker of artificial legs. Mr. Murphy both uses and sells wooden legs, and in the accompanying article he writes about them as well. The upper picture shows him making a friend with two natural legs hustle to keep up in a walking match



druggists, dentists, and mining engineers, wear artificial legs.

Ten thousand American soldiers lost one or both legs in the war. In all, there are at least a million persons in this country wearing artificial legs. The most common accident causing the loss of a leg is due to the motor-cycle; the next most common is due to the automobile.

There are over four hundred miners in the Pittsburgh coal district who wear wooden legs, and they work on regular shifts along with the other miners. In New York City, there are two hundred and fifty truckmen with wooden legs; in Chicago a hundred and fifty. In other large cities hundreds of men are similarly employed, as truckmen, delivery men, or porters.

The truckman with a wooden leg will readily undertake to carry a trunk up two or three flights of stairs, but he has to take the stairs a little more slowly. If he has lost his *left* leg, say, above the knee, then he takes the first step up with his *right* foot. (Continued on page 124)



At the left is a scene in the "eye fitting" parlor of a manufacturer of artificial eyes. The customer is purchasing an eye from the maker's ready-made stock and it is being selected with care to match the good eye. Very often people who want their eyes to match exactly have their glass eyes made to order. The picture at the right shows how natural an artificial eye can look. This man makes glass eyes and has slipped a "shell eye," a kind worn by many people, over his normal left eye. The difference between the good eye and the glass eye is scarcely discernible.

PHOTO BY EDWIN BRON.





# Outwitting the Flapper

The story of a smart mother

*By Dorothy Sanburn Phillips*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILL FOSTER

**B**UDDY CARPENTER grabbed his cap from the hat rack in the hall and stealthily made for the front door, but he was neither so quiet nor so quick that he escaped the notice of Aunt Mamie. She was sitting in the living-room, and as he passed the door she caught a glimpse of his tall, slim, young shadow and looked up.

"Going down-town, Buddy?" she asked. "No," came the rather sullen answer; "I'm . . . just going out."

The front door banged behind him.

Aunt Mamie looked over at his mother, her lips drawn together in a thin, disapproving line.

"He's going to see that girl."

Mrs. Carpenter did not glance up from her sewing. She was a little, slim woman, very young-looking to be the mother of a twenty-year-old boy.

"Yes, I imagine he is," she answered calmly, almost indifferently.

Aunt Mamie turned upon her. "Why, Elizabeth! You talk as if you didn't mind it at all, as if you approved of her!"

"You know, Mamie, I don't like her any more than you do."

"Then why don't you do something?"

"What is there to do?"

"You could set your foot down, that's what you could do. You and Edgar are too easy-going with that boy. I don't see why you let him go around with a girl like that. There are plenty of nice girls in town. There's Nina Roberts just down the street and—" She stopped suddenly and hurried to the window as she heard the noise of an automobile turning out of the driveway. "He's taking the car! Did he ask you if he could have the car? Did he tell you that he was going to take it?"

"No, he didn't."

"There! See the influence that girl has on him! He always used to ask you, didn't he?"

Mrs. Carpenter nodded. She could recognize as well as anyone the change that had come over her son. In the past he had never sneaked out of the house, in the past he had always told her where he was going, always talked freely about the boys and girls he knew. Now he never told her anything; at the supper table he never talked about the tennis he had played that afternoon or the dance he was going to that evening. For, if he did talk about them, he would inevitably mention the girl, and then would follow cold disapproving silence on the part of Aunt Mamie, or open disapproving words.

Mrs. Carpenter sighed softly to herself: "It's just because she's so fond of him, that's all; she's so proud of him. But she doesn't realize that he isn't just a little boy any more; since he's been away at college and had that job last summer, he's grown up."

Aunt Mamie was still standing at the window.

"There he goes!" she cried triumphantly. "And that girl with him, and she's sitting all on top of him in the front seat. It's disgraceful! Elizabeth, how can you countenance this sort of thing? You ought to make Edgar talk to that boy—"

"Please, Mamie, let's not discuss it any more. I don't want to trouble Edgar; and I don't want him to talk to Buddy, anyway. Everything will come out all right if we can only keep quiet and let things alone." As she said this, she rose, and taking her sewing went out of the room.

The situation was getting worse by the



Across the table his aunt Mamie's eyes were fixed on him, cold



day. As she had said, she did not like Ruthie Baxter any more than Aunt Mamie. Ruthie was one of the "fast" girls in town. She was pretty, bob-haired, rouged, and short-skirted. She smoked cigarettes continually, and Mrs. Carpenter felt was probably not above taking a cocktail.

**B**UDDY had never had a girl before. He had always been quite impartial in his attentions; he had gone to dances and parties and played tennis and skated with most of the girls in town, and, being tall, good-looking, and happy-go-lucky, had been very popular; but it was not until he had come home in the spring from two years of college, taller and better-looking and more debonair than ever, that he had been sought out and accepted by the "fast crowd." Besides Ruthie, there were a few

other girls and boys, children of wealthy parents, with automobiles and a good deal of money and spare time on their hands, and a young, attractive, rather flirtatious widow, who had a big house on the outskirts of town. There the crowd gathered and played tennis and bridge, and smoked and danced, and it was there, Mrs. Carpenter was convinced, that Buddy was going.

Buddy was late for supper that night. He came in, flushed and smiling, and threw himself into his chair.

"Hullo, Dad! Hullo, Mom! Say, I'm hungry! Got steak to-night—" He broke off quickly and his smile faded, for across the table his aunt Mamie's eyes were fixed on him, cold and disapproving, and the corners of her mouth were turning down.

"Buddy, you didn't tell your mother that you were going to take the car this

afternoon, and I wanted to do some errands down-town."

For a moment he was silent, then he spoke very quickly:

"Oh, did you? Why didn't you tell me, then? If I'd only known it, I'd have taken you down-town. I'd have—"

"Son," interrupted his father, calm and judicial, "I thought the arrangement was that you were always to tell your mother when you wanted the car. It's your mother's car, you know, and she might want to use it."

"Well, Aunt Mamie didn't say a word this afternoon when I went out. I can't tell by intuition that anyone wants the car; I can't—"

"Buddy!" His mother's tone was entreating.

He lapsed into silence, but his mother caught the quick glance he threw at his aunt. It was angry and antagonistic. He knew, and his mother knew, that Aunt Mamie had had no important errands down-town, that thus, by holding up his little fault to his father and getting him in wrong, she was voicing her disapproval of the girl who had sat beside him in the front seat.

A silence fell over the supper table.

**BY** WAY of making pleasant conversation, Mr. Carpenter remarked, "Saw your friend, Mrs. Rupert, this afternoon, Buddy. She came into the office. Attractive woman!"

Mrs. Rupert was the name of the young widow.

"Attractive!" Aunt Mamie echoed.

Mrs. Carpenter's heart jumped. Why had her husband stumbled on that subject, of all subjects?

"I don't call her attractive," went on Aunt Mamie; "she has the most smirking smile, and—"

"She is always very pleasant," put in Mrs. Carpenter, "much more agreeable than a great many women in town. She always stops and talks when you meet her, not at all like Mrs. Fotheringhame. Now, Mrs. Fotheringhame..." Her voice trailed on to another subject. She did not care for Mrs. Rupert, but she was not going to have her son's friends abused before him at the supper table.

Buddy threw her a quick glance, half suspicious, half grateful, but her face and her voice were so unruffled that he did not know whether she had stood up for him and changed the subject by accident or intent.

Right after supper, as usual, he skipped off.

"Humph! he's gone again," said Aunt Mamie. "He never stays home now."

Mrs. Carpenter gave a little sigh. That was true. He never did stay home.

That night she spoke to her husband.

"Edgar," she said, "please don't mention Mrs. Rupert again before Aunt Mamie. She's awfully down on her, and she's always criticizing her and Ruthie Baxter and all of Buddy's friends. I don't know what I'm going to do. She's driving him to them. I don't like them, either. I wish, I wish he'd stop going around with them! They aren't his kind, they—"

He put his arms around her. "Now see here, sweetheart, there's no use worrying. Buddy's all right. He can look after himself. Just give him enough rope.



and disapproving, and the corners of her mouth were turning down





"I've got a flask out in the car . . . Do you mind if I go out and get it? Just a few drops in the punch. That's what you need to put pep into a party." Her eyes challenged Mrs. Carpenter's

That's what you have to do with a boy who's growing up."

She sighed. It sounded easy enough, if it weren't for Aunt Mamie.

The next afternoon, she and Aunt Mamie went out to make some calls. She had intended to be gone all afternoon, but she was so preoccupied and so worried about Buddy that she deserted Aunt Mamie and, under plea of a headache, went home.

As she went into the house the sound of

the phonograph greeted her, pounding out the jazziest of jazz music. She stopped, startled, in the front hall. Somebody was dancing in the big living-room. She could hear the glide of feet across the hard-wood floor. It was Buddy, of course, Buddy and some of his friends. She caught her breath quickly and her hand went suddenly to her throat as she remembered that at the lunch table Buddy had questioned her about the afternoon.

"I'll have to have the car," she had

said; "Aunt Mamie and I are going calling, and we won't be back until late."

He had thought that they were to be away all afternoon, and in her absence he had brought his friends to his home.

The music stopped, and a girl's voice rang out, gay, laughing, and loud.

"That was a good one, Bud. You certainly can dance!"

Then Buddy: "Shall I put on the other side?"

"No, wait a (Continued on page 104)



# Can You Make Yourself Do A Difficult Thing?

Do you tackle it with the idea that you will probably fail; or do you begin with the definite conviction that you can put it through?

*By George Peak*

**I**T IS strange how few persons know anything about a certain practical fact which can be worked into the life of any man or woman. The frenzied financier of Wall Street can use it. So, too, can the social leader as she weaves her exasperating web of exclusiveness. But, better still, we millions of work-a-day people can use it.

To every person this idea is either an ally or an enemy. True, many use it unconsciously; just as did some boy whom we grown men still remember with a trace of the old envious resentment. You recall how, at the game of marbles called "keeps," he got us down to empty pockets. We used to marvel over his "luck."

He was in fact an ordinary boy who somehow had grasped the trait of keeping his mind pinned upon what he was doing. This trait is called positive suggestion. When he knelt at the ring's edge to pluck out his prey with skilled shot, his entire world had dwindled down to a certain one of those whitish spheres, and his whole thought was to plug it center. With mind intent on the thing he wanted to do, and with not a mental flicker as to what he did *not* want to do, he was "positive" through and through. And the result was that *he* hit, while we discouraged ones who were negative, our minds set on missing, did miss—just as we expected.

A poor shot with a rifle can make use of this idea with astonishing results. It is a sleight of the mind rather than of the hand. On one occasion within my own knowledge a timid, nervous amateur, after repeated trials, could not even touch the target. Goaded by the gibes of his companions, and aroused by that peculiar humiliation felt over this kind of failure, he threw his entire attention on the bull's eye, and the instant the bead was on the spot he pulled the trigger and achieved his mark.

He had changed from a man who was afraid that he would miss into a man who knew that he must hit; and from then on he was able to make a favorable score in competition with one of his friends who had been a crack-shot for years. Within a few months he won a tournament in which the entire group competed.

An athletic coach told the writer that he—having a band of youngsters lined up for practice in throwing basket-ball goals—would often select for intensive training what seemed to be the least promising material among his boys, just because he had a curiosity to see how much

improvement could be made. He would stand at the lad's elbow, and almost compel the boy to keep his mind glued to the vacant spot at the top of the basket through which the ball must pass.

By questioning his pupils he found that invariably the success of the shot depended upon how accurately the boy could hold his mind to his task. A boy with his thought on the *rim* of the basket always failed; while a boy with his attention solely on the empty *center* succeeded.

This same man had a youthful baseball pitcher whose curves rivaled those of a professional, but who was so wild at times that he would miss the plate by an arm's length. When a period of this wildness seized the boy during practice, the man stood behind him, urged him to think only of the spot above the center of the plate through which he wanted to put the ball—and when this was done, the ball went true.

**I**F a skeptical reader would be convinced of the truth or falsity of this idea of positive suggestion, let him borrow a bicycle—it being understood that he has never broken himself to ride one. Let him mount it in his back yard and try to ride between two posts set a fair distance apart. He will almost certainly make a miserable failure. Like a magnet, one post or the other will draw him toward it.

Anyone that has ever put himself at the mercy of a bicycle in order to learn how to ride will corroborate this statement. He will say that the more he determined to miss running into some obstacle, the more certainly he gravitated straight for it. A friend of mine once ran into a telephone pole at the side of the street, although he had the whole width of a sixty-foot roadway in which to pass the thing.

"I knew I was going to hit that pole!" he declared whimsically. "I had my eye on it for two blocks, and I felt it in my bones that I was bound to run into it!"

And, of course, he did. So completely was his brain occupied with the pole he wished to avoid, that the mechanism of his body, delicately adjusted to the most subtle suggestion of that brain—as is every human body,—had no choice but to obey the tyrant's command.

If you want to convince yourself of the truth of this, let the experimenter mount the wheel a second time and fix his thought on a spot midway between the posts. With his mind thus set unwaveringly upon his desired course, there is nothing left

to assure success but to pedal. A trial will convince the most doubtful.

Recently, in the town from which this is written, a woman driving a car was unfortunate enough to have an accident which maimed a pedestrian for life. The woman was distracted with remorse; for she had seen the victim all the time, and yet she had run him down. The occurrence is a parallel to that of the bicycle. In a way the woman was blameless, for it was her frantic desire to save the man, as she bore down upon him, that was the very cause of her striking him. Had she been less concerned over his welfare, the chances are that the accident would not have occurred. It certainly would have been avoided if, instead of keeping her eyes and her mind on the *man*, she had fixed them on the course she wanted to take.

It is well known that the most deadly gunmen shoot from the hip. Parenthetically, it might be stated that this position is assumed for the steadiness it lends to the firearm and the time it deducts from the covering; but the point to be made here is the accurate subordination of the gun hand of the man to his brain. He fixes his eye and his mind intently on the spot he wishes to hit, and his hand lines the bead true to the mark, without the aid of sighting along the gun. The result is but another proof of the power of positive suggestion.

**T**O SAVE a child from the flames that were eating toward it, a Chicago fireman walked along an ice-covered ledge, not much wider than his hand, that ran across the face of a building eight stories above the nerve-racked crowd which watched him. When questioned as to how he could do such a daring feat, he, taciturn and evasive as such heroes are, blushed and declared that he had not done much; but, pressed further, he added: "I forgot everything else—a-listening to that baby's cries, and a-making myself think it was my own little Nell I was going to save."

This man was not a physical giant, but a mental one, as can plainly be shown by the following proposition: Any person can walk a six-inch board without falling off, provided the board is lying on the ground. Place that same board a thousand feet up in the air, and how many can safely walk it? There is just as much room on the board as ever. Its distance from the ground has not caused it to become smaller. The only (Continued on page 171)



# What Happens to a Play Before You See It

A thousand plays a year are sent to the Sam Harris office alone—Who writes them and what most of them are about—How much the author is paid—The cost of producing plays and how many of them succeed—How they are rehearsed; and other interesting facts which few outsiders know

*By Mary B. Mullett*

**I**T ALWAYS surprises me to find how many people, and how many *kinds* of people, are intensely curious about the theatre. They are always wishing that they could go behind the scenes, that they could watch a rehearsal, or that they could see the actors off the stage. People have asked me scores of questions, such as: Who writes the plays? Who reads them? How much does the author get? How much does a successful play earn? How are the rehearsals conducted? And so on and so on.

Now I am going to give you an experience which mighty few persons have had. I am going to let you hear the inside story about all these matters from a man who knows as much about them as *anyone* knows. When you have heard what Sam Forrest says, you can flatter yourself that you are pretty well informed on the subject.

For years Mr. Forrest was with the firm of Cohan and Harris. When Mr. Harris opened a separate office, Forrest went with him. As a director of successful plays, his record is so far above the average that few men are in the same class with him.

I asked him first how many plays the Harris office receives in the course of a year.

"About one thousand," he said. "They come in a steady stream, and they come from all sections of the country. About half of them are written by men, and half by women. Among the amateurs—the people who evidently know nothing of play-writing—there are a good many lawyers and doctors.

"A lawyer has an interesting case in court and tries to write a play about it. A doctor learns the hidden life story of some patient of his, and thinks it would make a great drama. But I never have received, from either of these sources,

a play that was really worth producing.

"The commonest theme, of the people who do submit plays, is *sex*. You can't get away from the fact that 'the love interest' has a more universal appeal than anything else in the world. Practically all plays written by women have this as their theme; most of them deal with a

business in his plot. That's natural, too. For he divides his own interest between femininity and finance.

"Then there are what might be called the 'epidemic' plays. If a play of a certain kind has made a big hit, we know we will get a perfect flood of plays of the same kind. For instance, there have been several very successful mystery plays during the past few years. The consequence is that our mail is choked with mystery plays.

"A really good mystery play is about the safest gamble there is in the theatre. But to be good it must have originality. And when people deliberately start out to imitate something, it is pretty certain to be an imitation. If I were going to write a play, I wouldn't go to the theatre to get my ideas. I would go to *life* for them.

"Out of one thousand plays, as they come into theatrical offices, only about one hundred are worth reading. About ten of these are worth taking a chance on producing. And perhaps one of these ten will make a genuine success. In other words, of the plays submitted to managers, about one tenth of one per cent are produced successfully.

"I think that is a fair statement of the general average. It does not apply to the plays produced by Mr. Harris, for we have been exceptionally lucky. I think our ratio of successes has been about three out of five productions. But we choose our plays very carefully.

"It is a curious fact that our worst failures were made by our best plays! At least, they seemed particularly good to the *experts*. Some years ago, we put on a play called 'The Big Idea.' It was a beautiful thing. The critics raved about it. They haven't stopped talking about it yet. But we just couldn't get the *public* to come! It lacked *something* (Continued on page 179)

## A Play That Lasted Two Hours Without a Single Break

**"W**E WERE playing 'Seven Keys to Baldpate' on the road some years ago," says Mr. Forrest, "and at Buffalo on a Saturday night we had to take an eleven-o'clock train out of town. I told the local manager that we would either be obliged to cut out the performance that night, or else begin it at seven o'clock. We were doing big business and he didn't want to lose that performance; so tickets were sold for it with the understanding that it would begin at seven.

"But I had not told him the rest of my plan. The action of the play, as you may remember, is continuous. It goes right on from one act to the next. We played it that night without dropping the curtain once! The house was packed. And I never saw an audience so spellbound. For two solid hours they sat there, gripped by the swift passage of events, without a single interruption of the interest. I don't think they knew, until it was all over, that they were having a different experience from their customary one. They didn't have a chance to think about it. When they were leaving the theatre, I saw them looking at their watches in amazement. It was only nine o'clock! That experiment proved to me that, with a play in which the action is continuous, it can be *shown* continuously with powerful effect."

matrimonial tangle of some sort. I suppose that is natural enough; for marriage is the biggest factor in the life of almost every woman.

"The sex interest—or the love interest, whichever you want to call it—is the trump card with the men also. But a man is pretty likely to combine love and

made by our best plays! At least, they seemed particularly good to the *experts*. Some years ago, we put on a play called 'The Big Idea.' It was a beautiful thing. The critics raved about it. They haven't stopped talking about it yet. But we just couldn't get the *public* to come! It lacked *something* (Continued on page 179)





*Sam Forrest Directing a Rehearsal*

**MR. FORREST** is one of the best and most successful stage directors in this country. For years he was with George Cohan and Sam Harris while they were partners. Since Mr. Harris became an independent producer, Forrest has directed for him. Judging from the number of "big hits" to his credit, he must be a

wizard at stage management. Among the most recent of these are "Rain," "It's a Boy," and "Six Cylinder Love." In the picture above he is showing an actress how to express a feeling of tense emotion, so that the audience will get a responsive thrill. Mr. Forrest is married to Mary Ryan, the well-known actress.





Photo by Waling Studio, Chicago

*Joseph B. Strauss*

**MR. STRAUSS** has built some of the most notable bridges in North America—particularly of the movable, or bascule, variety. He originated two types in this latter class. He designed and built the giant aëroscope, a feature of the Panama-Pacific Exposition; he turned out the portable searchlight outfits used by the United States during the world war; and he is the designer and builder of the first reinforced concrete

freight car. His "Yielding Barrier," a photograph and description of which appear in the article beginning on the opposite page, helps to solve the grade-crossing problem. Mr. Strauss was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1870, and was graduated from the University of Cincinnati in 1892. In 1905 he organized the Strauss Bascule Bridge Company, of which he is president, chief engineer, and principal owner.



# Ideas Are Worthless Unless You Put Them Over

This story of the remarkable career of a great engineer proves this truth—He made people see that his schemes would work—He is now planning a colossal bridge far surpassing any now in the world

*By John Kidder Rhodes*

A CURIOUS crowd had collected at the top of one of Cincinnati's high hills. They were a mixed lot of boys and men, white and colored, loafers and firemen. One busy black-haired boy appeared to have charge of affairs. He gave directions and answered questions, and tried hard, in spite of his youth, to contain his private excitement.

The occasion was an experiment; the black-haired boy devoutly hoped it would also prove a demonstration. He had invented a new contrivance to be used on a fire hose. It was having its first try-out under the conditions of actual use.

The youthful inventor was Joseph B. Strauss. For years he had spent all his spare time in machine and railroad shops. His boyish head was full of inventions and his fingers itched to "make things." He had amused himself with the development of electric devices of one sort or another—electricity was then in the early stages of development—and he had spent a good deal of time on a contrivance to do away with the movable head on car couplers.

His first completed effort, however, was the fire hose scheme. His idea was to afford a means of communication between the nozzle man and the fire engine through the hose and couplings.

The device had been very carefully worked out. The inventor considered it as a test of his ability to reduce his ideas to practice. It showed him, before he was through, that there is more to an invention than the inventing.

Everything, including the necessary permission from the city to use the high-pressure hydrant at the top of the hill, had apparently been arranged to give the apparatus a thorough test. At the last moment the segments of hose were coupled up and the nozzle adjusted. Ordinarily the pieces would have been attached to the sections of hose by machinery to make

them perfectly secure. However, young Strauss had provided no means for doing that. He and his helpers did the best they could with their hands. A colored boy took hold of the nozzle, he gave the signal, which instantly traveled back to the fireman. He opened the high-pressure hydrant.

No chain is stronger than its weakest link. No fire hose is stronger than its weakest coupling. The weak coupling in this case was that at the nozzle!

The water rushed through the hose in a

science and technique of his field. He is past fifty now and he has spent his life doing new things—things that other people did not think of—things that many people were certain "couldn't be done." He is an engineer, and inevitably an inventor. Primarily, he is a bridge designer, and some of his bridges are the greatest of their kind in the world. He has won a distinguished place for himself, partly because he has so many good ideas and knows how to perfect them; but even more, perhaps, because he knows how to put his good ideas across after they are perfected.

"You might say without being far wrong," he remarked to me, "that that first venture into the practical was a complete failure. However, I learned something that day on the hill-top. I learned that the value of an idea depends not only on the sweat you put into thinking it up, but also on the sweat you put into getting people to recognize and accept it. I proved that the principle was sound. But my demonstration of it lacked one element: I hadn't quite measured all the possibilities of failure and protected myself in advance against them.

"When I began to design bridges," Mr. Strauss continued, "I supposed that bridge engineering was a settled profession in which about everything was already known. I imagined that the art had been developed to its maximum.

Not until I was called upon to pass on some bascule bridge plans did I begin to dream how much remained to be discovered.

"Bascule bridges at that time were rare and limited in length and strength. They were very costly, because cast-iron counterweights were employed almost exclusively. No cheaper material had been thought of. A bascule bridge, I ought to explain, is one that simultaneously lifts and rotates in a vertical plane. If a bridge is built close to the water over a navigable stream it has to be moved out of the way

## How to Test Your Idea

**"THERE** is only one real test of an idea," says Mr. Strauss. "Submit it to the conditions of use. Examine all the objections that can be brought against it. Weigh these against the advantages, and thus estimate its probable value in the field in which it is to be used.

"Modify the idea, if the test shows that is necessary. Give it up if it fails and cannot be modified. Don't hang on to a worthless idea simply because you happen to like it, or because it is your own."

powerful stream, blew the nozzle right off, and turned with fury on the colored boy, who was unprepared for calamity. He went rolling over and over down the steep side of the hill after the nozzle!

Young Strauss never undertook to repeat the demonstration; and he never heard of the colored boy afterward!

At the time of this fiasco he was only eighteen years old. He went through college after that, graduating with high honors as a civil engineer. Then he spent several years in drafting- and designing-rooms, in shop and in field, mastering the



somehow when a tall vessel passes. Swinging bridges pivoted in the center, although a familiar type, had many disadvantages.

"A bad example had been set for bascule bridge builders by the erections of the great Tower Bridge of London. That was a wonderful structure in itself, a bold venture in its day, and after thirty years few bridges of its kind have been built to excel it in size.

"However, its engineers were not limited in the matter of cost. Consequently, they equipped the Tower Bridge with lead counterweights, hydraulic operating machinery, roller bearings for the trunnions, and other exceedingly expensive refinements. It required some time and a good deal of patience to dissipate the general idea that these high-cost items were essential.

"I CONCEIVED the idea of substituting concrete for the cast iron in the counterweights. Concrete at that time cost only about one-sixth as much as iron, weight for weight. This eliminated one heavy element of expense, bringing the cost within reason; but it presented a new problem: iron, weight for weight, was far less bulky than concrete; where could so huge a mass of concrete be placed so that it would not interfere and infringe on the roadway or the supporting structure?

"This was a perplexing difficulty, but I finally evolved what was called the pin-connected or parallel link system, which permitted the use of a large-bulk counterweight, placed either above or below the roadway, without 'fouling' other parts of the bridge. I showed my plans to a number of engineer friends. All of them, without a single exception, said the plans were impractical.

"Now, first and last, I have had a good deal of experience with the introduction of new ideas and new ways of doing things, and I find that there is almost always a time when nearly everybody is against your proposal. They are against you chiefly because they are not for you. Most people hesitate to accept a new thing when the old will do, unless the new thing is put up to them in a peculiarly forceful way. Every idea until it has been proved, in other words, is considered *bad*. It has to be demonstrated beyond doubt, and I have found that what usually happens is this:

"(1) You evolve an idea.

"(2) You make dead sure it is a bona fide idea—that is, you demonstrate it thoroughly to yourself; then

"(3) You put it over—*put it over!*

"Not many people fail on number one. Some fail on number two. But dozens fail on number three.

"Why?

"I suppose the answer is simply that it takes hard work and an absolute unwillingness to be discouraged by what others say.

"There is only one real test of an idea. Submit it to the conditions of use. Examine all the objections that can be

brought against it. Weigh these against the advantages, and thus estimate its probable value in the field in which it is to be used.

"Modify the idea if the test shows that is necessary. Give it up if it fails and cannot be modified. Don't hang onto a worthless idea simply because you happen to like it, or because it is your own.

"As an engineer, I knew that my design for a bascule bridge with a concrete counterweight, though

novel, was scientifically sound. So I refused to let the objections of my engineer friends stop me. I succeeded finally in obtaining an initial order for a railroad bridge in Cleveland. But before the railroad people would give it to me they insisted on having an independent report from other engineers to the effect that the design was at least practical.

"For fully two years after that first bridge was in operation efforts were made to prove that it was impractical. It is not altogether mental inertia that has to be overcome in presenting a new

idea. Money is often invested in equipment which the new idea will render obsolete; and no new idea ought to succeed unless it is so much better than the old way that it is profitable, if necessary, to junk the old equipment. That first bascule bridge, however, in spite of the efforts against it, is in active service at the present time and has been efficient and economical. It saved the railroad something like twenty-five thousand dollars in first cost.

"THIS whole matter of cost is an important item to keep in mind in checking up the worth of an idea. Many things can be done—that is, they are practicable. But sometimes it doesn't pay to do them. Business men, executives, the people who count, the people who have the money to help you or the authority to tell you to go ahead, demand facts. They ask: 'Granted that your idea is sound, is it profitable? Does it cost less? Does it earn more?'

"You may be sure on these points and still have to overcome severe opposition. A striking instance was furnished on one bridge where I devised a new scheme for supporting the trolley wires. The old way was to support them on cross struts: a heavy iron framework placed on the leaf of the bridge and lifted with it. The cross struts weighed several tons, and the counterweights had to be correspondingly heavier in order to lift the bridge easily.



Here are two photographs of one of the most extraordinary amusement devices on record—designed by Mr. Strauss for special use at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, in San Francisco. A two-story car, accommodating 150 persons, was lifted by an automatic arm to a height of 260 feet above ground. The car was so constructed that it was automatically balanced by every passenger stepping on and off. Surmounted by a powerful searchlight, visible far out at sea, it was a striking picture at night



"My device was simple, did away with the cross struts, saved the extra weight and considerable money. The engineers of the trolley company were skeptical from the first, but they let me go ahead. Unfortunately, during the early days of operation the device, due to imperfect adjustment, caused some trouble. The engineers, five of them, descended on me in a body and demanded the removal of my device.

"I refused. I was alone in favoring the device, except for the chairman of the board, who stood by me. He and I fought it through together. We readjusted the device so that it worked perfectly. After that the trolley company's engineers withdrew their objections and the device has continued in uninterrupted service to this day.

"THIS first bascule bridge design was followed by other types, all of which represented such radical departures from customary practice that they met serious opposition even in my own office. It was necessary for me to fight them through. The result, however, has been a great reduction in cost and a corresponding increase in the range of application of the bascule, and in the size and weight of spans.

"There were formerly no single-leaf spans over one hundred and sixty feet. The St. Charles Air Line Bridge at Sixteenth Street in Chicago, however, which I designed, is two hundred and sixty feet and is the longest single-leaf bascule in the world. When they lift it to let a vessel pass, it is much



The St. Charles Air Line Bridge is the world's greatest structure of its kind. Raised and lowered by the action of counterweights, it spans the Chicago River in Chicago. This picture illustrates how it would look, when open, if stacked up beside a modern twenty-story office building. Incidentally, Mr. Strauss so designed it that it can be entirely raised in ninety seconds

the same as up-ending, in one minute's time, the equivalent of the completed steel frame of a twenty-story office building!

"The length of double-leaf bridges has correspondingly increased. The interna-

tional bridge at Sault Ste. Marie, which is the longest double-leaf bascule bridge in the world, and therefore the longest bascule of any kind, is three hundred and thirty-six feet long.

"There are now more than two hundred and twenty-five of my bridges in service or under construction. They are scattered all over the world, from Tientsin in China to Petrograd in Russia, and from Egypt to Denmark; but most of them are in the United States and Canada.

"DURING my early years of bridgework I became interested in concrete construction. Concrete bridges were then in their infancy in this country. The only type employed here was known as the 'barrel concrete arch,' which is a solid arch across the full width of the roadway. In entering this field I began trying to eliminate the centering, and also to erect the bridges without the temporary wooden scaffolding commonly built underneath to support the concrete while hardening.

"I evolved a design in which the arch proper was made up of a series of U-shaped *voussoirs*, which were cast and set in position end to end like bricks in an arch, and anchored until the keystone was placed. Thereupon, the arch of *voussoirs* became self-supporting. The concrete and reinforcement were then placed in the trough thus formed, and the arch was completed without the need for underneath supports.

"This design had several advantages: It could be used to (Continued on page 151)



STRAUSS ENGINEERING CORPORATION, CHICAGO

Mr. Strauss's famous "Yielding Barrier"—designed for the protection of railroad grade crossings and open bridge spans. The cable network which forms its feature has sufficient elasticity to bring to a dead stop, within twenty feet, a two-ton vehicle traveling at thirty miles an hour. No harm is done to the barrier, the vehicle, or its occupants

Here is another of Mr. Strauss's remarkable bridges. Located at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, it spans the great U. S. Ship Canal connecting Lake Superior with the lower Great Lakes. It was built for the Canadian Pacific Railroad and is the longest bascule (lifting) bridge in the world





# "Children Given Away"

A story

By Will C. Beale

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE BREHM

**S**PEEDING busily along over New England country roads, Mary Cartwright was as young and delightful as the spring all about her. But, at that, Mary was challenging the prerogative of her Creator, for—she was giving away a little child.

The object of Mary's vaulting generosity sat on the seat beside her, demurely erect, her little brown hands folded circumspectly in her lap. A mere four or five years old, she already manifested the solemn gravity of a little life decreed to find its way alone.

Her staid little body bespoke repression, discipline. But in the depths of the big dark eyes she was a poignant little comrade to the merry, joyous spring, a wistful, yearning little comrade, albeit submissive, uncomplaining, as would be the way with a little being whose nursery had been an institution, and whose sole parent was—the State.

The little car ran into an enchanting green world of tender young birch and beech, a still, woodland world of startling, almost eerie beauty. Mary felt the swift start of wonder in the child's body touching hers. She pulled out and stopped: for, long since, Mary had known that *beauty* was the instinct of this child's soul. She sat for a moment watching the child's face. And now she yielded to the dull little pain which had been in her heart all morning, a pain which, as agent of the State Board of Charities and Corrections, she had no business to have.

She laid an impulsive hand over the soft little ones. "Oh, dear honey," she said, almost reverently, "the State had a hand-ful left it in you!

To state charity boards you all look alike, dearie, but"—she shook her head ruefully—"the State is no more fitted to be disposing of the daughter of Dave Ritter, socialist, and Margaret Canavan, singer, than—" Mary lost herself. "It isn't fair; but I suppose it's—God."

The child looked up into Mary's face on a sudden big inspiration of childhood, her eyes the deep eyes of the eternal seeker.

"Who was *God's* mama?" Mary started. "Did they give *Him* away to someone?"

**M**ARY stooped for the brake. She didn't reply. She couldn't. A moment later, when she was recovering, "I do hope your new mama will just love all beautiful

things, Ardath," she murmured fervently; "just as you do yourself."

They scampered by a signboard: "Dunfield, four miles." That was their destination; and Mary's heart quickened with anticipation. This was her first commission for the board, and for every reason she hoped that Dunfield would turn out well. Mary wanted to *impress* the board. She wanted to dazzle it with her efficiency. There were skeptics on it. And there was someone else, too, who had always said—

This brought her back in two seconds to a scene of that very morning; to the state-house, where she had driven for her papers; to an angle of a corridor; to a young insurance commissioner who had held her ten-



"Wait, boy!" It was firm enough to distract, gentle enough to



derly, and begged her for the twentieth time to reconsider—by which he meant give up the thing of career and marry him.

Reminiscent tenderness was mounting strong in Mary, when a little hand crept out to her arm and a quiet little voice said, "Will there be a daddy?"

"Will there be a daddy?" The question brought Mary to, and the tenderness died down—several degrees.

"I don't know, honey-lamb."

On the application papers Mary had noticed the applicant's score of three husbands, but she was in ignorance as to a fourth.

"Anyhow, with a nice mama you can do without a daddy." A pause, then, "There are times when men *do* figure as a necessary evil, dearie, but it's very little of the first and a good deal of the last. "Anyhow,"—in independence supreme—"we don't need 'em!"

Now came Dunfield. And suddenly the day became grimly matter of fact.

Dunfield lay along a wale in the earth. By no amount of beneficence could one say it "nestled in the valley." There was a sluggish stream. The mud road, deep rutted and rough, crawled along one side

of the stream. Then over a bridge to the other. Two sawmills slammed and screamed at each other by the bank. A scattered settlement held aimlessly along one side. The outlook was dirty, bare, depressing. The lumber must have come a long way.

Mary stopped and studied her papers. "Marcelia Mae Henwood, Dunfield." Somehow, Mary shivered a trifle now as she associated the name with little Ardath. It struck her as ominously saccharine. It made her think of a fly striving in a pot of honey.

AT THE grocery post office Mary inquired for the abode of Mrs. Marcelia Henwood. At the name, the kindly old man smiled quietly, led her to the door and pointed. His smile awoke no response in Mary's heart. Somehow it clanged against it, ominously.

Mary drove along the muddy street and off into an open space built up to a level with half-rotted waste from the mills, than which there is no counterfeit of solid earth more depressingly unreal. At the back of it was Mrs. Henwood's house, naively kept within bounds by a pink picket fence. The house itself drooped

from premature old age, albeit rakishly, like an aging dandy. It must have been the pride and joy of some lumberman's heart—once. It was scalloped and jigsawed to its very shingles. It had been painted instead of repaired. The last time was long ago.

A youngish woman in a greenish plaid house dress answered Mary's knock, and Mary knew her instantly. Evidently, she took things in at once. "Oh, how do you *do*," she tilted effusively. "For goodness' sake, don't look at me. I'm a sight!" She caught off a reasonably clean apron and clutched instinctively at her hair. "I wasn't expecting you so soon. Come right in."

It was only after she had shut the door that Mrs. Henwood with a perfunctory hand turned up the child's face, cursorily. But even then she spoke to Mary: "You run right in and sit down. I'll get off these rags."

Mary went in and sat down. Out in the hall she had received an impression of rather amiable disarray; but here in the parlor was a ferocious cleanliness. Three men in crayon occupied the room; and immediately to Mary the little place became a stage—eternally set.

She looked around, and something tightened within her. There were pictures, beside the crayon males: mother-of-pearl mill streams; framed plaques of feather flowers; a photo-print of a blasé cupid. There were zoölogical rugs. There was an erstwhile molasses jug laid up in putty, adorned with bits of colored crockery, and gilded. And—Mary started—hanging down from one corner of the mantelpiece were three oblong black plates of metal, engraved like coffin plates, and strung on yellow baby ribbon.

MRS. HENWOOD entered. She had on a blue figured silk dress. She wore a chatelaine watch. And now she took up the matter of the child. "Come here, dearie. Come and see your new mama."

Ardath went obediently. She stood on inspection, gazing somberly at the other from out her deep dark eyes. Mrs. Henwood turned her round, then began taking off her hat. In that instant something poignant passed from the child's eyes into Mary Cartwright's. Suddenly, Mary found herself wanting to cry.

Mrs. Henwood's smiling face was showing a pronounced tinge of disappointment. She was looking at the child's heavy brown hair. "Oh, isn't it a pity! I had set my heart on her having yellow hair. I wouldn't have minded if it *had* been straight. Let me see," she began musing, speculatively. "I think I'll dress her in pale blue. And I feel sure I can make her hair curl if I keep at it enough. Pale blue is sort of chick, don't you think?"

Mary straightened.

"Sit down, dearie, while the lady and me talks," Mrs. Henwood was saying. "Not in *that* chair, Hennie doesn't like her tidies mussed. *Here*, in this one. *That's* the girlie!"

"Here" was a hard little kitchen chair, painted white with gold bands. There was something haunting in the child's face as she sat upon it, her little body institutionally erect, her hands folded neatly on the durable wool dress. Mrs. Henwood nodded approvingly. She settled back.

"Now I suppose you want to know



bewilder. "I'm not going to hurt you"





Mrs. Henwood's smiling face was showing a pronounced tinge of disappointment. She was looking at the child's heavy brown hair. "Oh, isn't it a pity! I had set my heart on her having yellow hair. I wouldn't have minded it if it had been straight"

about me. First," cooly, "how old do you think I am—really now?"

"Forty," Mary lied, nastily. What did the woman's age matter!

"Mer-r-r-cyl!" Mrs. Henwood had shrieked in dismay. "My dear! I'm only thirty-three. People always seem surprised when I say I'm thrice widowed. It *does* seem terrible, doesn't it?" She glanced at the yellow-strung coffin plates.

"Have you never had any children of your own?" asked Mary. The things she felt assembling deep within were beginning to drum a scaring tocsin on her heart.

Mrs. Henwood had reddened, foolishly, Mary thought.

"Never," she admitted. "Children take so much care. I mean, of course, children of your own. But after my last husband died and left me this house, I thought that soon I'd be getting old, and it would be nice to have someone you'd trained yourself handy to keep it for you."

Mary stiffened. "What plans would you have for teaching her?"

"Why—she wouldn't need to know much." She turned to stare speculatively at the child. "If I get time, I guess I can teach her all that's necessary. And now tell me about her. For goodness' sake *who* were her parents? Were they... respect-

able? Is she healthy? You know, I always have a perfect horror of catching something."

Mary could not look at the little face. Why *couldn't* the woman grasp the flawless intelligence of the child, intelligence that bespoke perfect comprehension!

"Her father was Dave Ritter, the socialist. He threw away his life a couple of months ago saving a drunk from a train."

"Goodness!" lofty eye-browed. "And how about her mother?"

"She was a singer. She died when Ardath was born."

"Is... that... so-o! Was she much of a singer? I hope she wasn't on the stage."

MARY scarcely heard. Her eyes were fixed straight ahead like a sleep-walker's. Her body was thrilling to something. The little child had slipped down from her seat and crossed to her chair, her wide, solemn eyes fixed on the woman opposite. The little brown hand stole out pleadingly to Mary's arm. It was then that Mary's body had thrilled. The little hand was trembling.

Mary answered, "She sang Handel's 'Messiah' at the State Festival five years ago, as it was never sung there before."

Mary's throat was aching, horribly. The little trembling hand was tightening on her arm. Without looking down, she knew the dumb misery in the child's eyes. And now the strange things focused within her were gaining recognition. An eternal thrill from out the ages had reached forth and touched Mary's heart.

She began putting papers *back* into her portfolio. Then she rose, and said, "I have decided not to leave her, Mrs. Henwood."

"Why—what do you mean?" Mrs. Henwood rose too.

"I don't think she would suit you. She is not an ordinary child... we decided long ago that she must find a very particular home."

"But I'm going to need someone!" Then, spitefully, "I don't believe you have any right to take her away. And, believe me, I shall find out."

Mary hadn't; not according to the State. But according to other, bigger laws...

"Another application came only yesterday from a woman over in Franklin County. I have a right to see her, also." Mary was putting the hat on the child. "Children are true products of their parents. It is (Continued on page 144)



# Human Nature in a Hat Store

Curious facts and stories about hats and heads, men's tastes and the shapes and colors of headgear that suit them, as told by Gordon A. O'Neill, hat buyer for "The Man's Shop," Lord and Taylor's Department Store, New York City

*As Reported by Merle Crowell*

**L**ONG ago I came to the conclusion that you can tell more about a man's habits and tastes by the hat he wears than by any other article of clothing. Many of the so-called business suits, for example, sold in the course of a season are along the same general lines of cut and style—with a variation only in color and texture. When a man buys a pair of shoes he is interested mainly in the fit and wearing qualities. His ties are likely to be bought by his wife or given to him as Christmas and birthday presents. But his hat is his own choice. He picks it out himself; and he has a wide range of colors, shapes, widths of brim, and heights of crown to choose from, not to mention the even wider gamut of colors in hat bands. Moreover, in the soft felt, straw, derby, and beaver hats there are infinitely more variation than in any other kind of masculine wearing apparel.

In addition, the average man does not seem to be particularly constrained in his selection by the fear that a hat may not be "in style"—an all-important consideration with women. He wants a hat that suits his fancy and that he thinks will look well on his head. Usually he tries on half a dozen, and sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty—so you can't say that his final decision has been unduly hurried by lack of evidence.

The thing uppermost in his mind is usually the question of looks. "Do you think this hat is becoming to me?" he asks. Right there he shows his good sense; for a man's whole appearance may be made or marred by the color and shape of his hat.

The man with a sallow complexion, for instance, should not wear a green felt hat. It tends to give him a ghastly look. He will find the light tan or brown infinitely better. Nor should the pallid man wear a black derby; it only accentuates his pallor.

Tan and brown are good colors for the individual with a ruddy face. An olive

complexion and dark hair are best matched by an olive or dark brown hat. The pearl-gray felt with a black band almost invariably gives a distinguished appearance to the well-built man with iron-gray hair.

A red-haired man usually looks best in a black derby, provided he is trim and erect. If he slouches, a brown felt is the hat for him. He should never wear gray,

rules as hard and fast. No observation about human beings can be rigid. I've seen a customer buy a hat that suited him almost to perfection, and the next day a man who looked enough like him to be his twin brother would try on the same kind of hat and it wouldn't suit him at all. There's where the baffling thing called *personality* enters in. The suggestions I have made, however, are true in the vast majority of cases.

I am always interested in the angle at which a customer wears his hat and the tilt he gives to the brim. From his old hat—the one he has owned long enough to give "character" to—you can tell a lot about his moods and habits of thought. If the brim droops down over the owner's eyes it is usually the barometer of an indifferent or sleepy mind. If the hat is pushed far back on the wearer's head it indicates a breezy nonchalance, a catch-as-catch-can attitude toward the world at large. A hat pulled down sideways until it touches the ear usually gives a man a rakish appearance. Sometimes, however, it suggests a strong and individual personality. Also I have seen men who, on hearing some unexpected good news, would yank their hats down over one ear and strut off whistling.

There's an interesting study in the psychology of hats at a baseball game. Watch it the next time you go. If the home team gets four or five runs behind and some fielder makes a glaring error, you will see the fans pulling their hats down on their foreheads until they can just squint out from under the brims. But the

minute the home team comes to life and ties the score, these same hats will be pushed far back on their owners' heads.

Almost every man wears his hat tilted slightly to one side or the other. Not one in twenty keeps it habitually at exact right angles to his body. The exceptions to the rule are almost always mature and sober-minded citizens. Englishmen have an individual and (Continued on page 186)

## A Fly on a Pumpkin

"**B**IG men must avoid small hats," says Mr. O'Neill. "It calls attention to their bulk. And a small, slender person should forswear the hat with a wide brim and high crown; it only accentuates his lack of size. The man with a large head or chubby face does well to select a hat with generous brim and crown. Fairly high crowns are usually best for men whose heights range from medium to very tall. One should remember, also, that a beard adds to the size of the face, and calls for a wider brim and higher crown."

"You can get a few suggestive hints along these lines if you study the comedians in vaudeville. The small hat perched on the fat man's head makes him look a lot fatter. The slim comedian will wear a wide, floppy-brim that gives him a ludicrous appearance; or else he will come strolling from the wings with tight trousers and a tall hat with a narrow brim, which adds inches to his height."

Most of us have had experiences that corroborate Mr. O'Neill's sensible advice. I have noticed that a man's friends (including the women-folks of his own family) like to tease him if he buys a hat that does not look well on him. Here is the worst roast I ever knew a man to get. He was a large man with a fat, round face. He bought a small hat and went home with it on. His wife laughed at him and said, "You have no idea how funny that hat looks on you. It looks like a fly on a pumpkin."

THE EDITOR.

because it emphasizes the color of his hair.

Any man who is trim, alert, and erect stands a much better chance of looking well in a derby than the man who slouches or is round-shouldered or conspicuously fat. These types should stick to the soft felt and panama—or else start in to patronize a gymnasium.

Of course I don't intend to give these



# "Do It Better—and Do It In Your Own Way"

That is the recipe for turning a little business into a big one, according to George M. Verity, who took a small bankrupt tin-roofing concern twenty years ago and built it into the great and powerful American Rolling Mill Company

*By Samuel Crowther*

**S**OMEONE ought to start a "Society of Preachers' Sons Who Have Made Good." It would have an astonishing list of members, including a startling number of big business men!

There's George M. Verity, for example, president of the American Rolling Mill Company, which he built up in twenty years out of a little tin-roofing business that was in the hands of a receiver when he took charge of it.

It can't be mere chance that so many of these sons of parsons make a name for themselves. George Verity, for instance, had no business training. Even his schooling was a thing of shreds and patches. He had no money. The largest salary his father ever received was nine hundred dollars a year—and the average was nearer five hundred!

The biggest thing the preacher-father was able to give his son was an example of clean living, honest thinking, and conscientious work. That is the only capital most of these successful sons of preachers had to start with; but it seems to have been worth more to them than a legacy of a million dollars has been worth to many another boy.

"My father was the most remarkable man I have ever known," Mr. Verity said to me. "A man had to be remarkable, if he was going to hold down the job of a Methodist preacher in southern Ohio just after the Civil War, as my father did.

"He had to be sincere; he had to be rugged enough to carry through with his sincerity; and he had to be sure that the Lord would provide—because most of the time nobody else did. My father had all these qualities.

"He was one of the most imposing figures I ever saw; a great shaggy sort of man, standing well over six feet and weighing more than two hundred and

fifty pounds. He had a splendid voice, a natural eloquence, and a marvelous capacity for getting along with people. He always wanted to be where the work was hardest. For years he was a circuit-riding preacher. That was before I was born. But even during my childhood and youth we rarely lived in one place more than a year. The Conference assigned the pas-

money to pay my way, and I decided that instead of working my way through college I would begin to work my way in business.

"I did go to a commercial school for a year. Then I became bookkeeper and general manager of a feeble grocery business, owned by one of my relatives who couldn't find anybody else to tackle it. I

slept on a cot in the back of the store, opened the shop at five in the morning, and closed at nine in the evening. My salary was next to nothing, but I did get some practical contact with business.

"At the end of three years, I persuaded my relative to sell the grocery. I never did like it and I wanted to get into something else. The first thing—in fact, the only opening that presented itself—was not a very brilliant one. A friend of mine, a lawyer, had a client whose company was in the hands of a receiver. It was practically defunct. I doubt if they thought I could resuscitate it. Probably all they expected of me was that I would take charge of the funeral.

"The name of the concern was imposing enough, The Sagendorph Iron Roofing and Corrugating Company. But that was the only imposing thing about it. As for me, the only idea I had about roofs was that I liked to have one over my head! However, I took the offer.

"There was a pay roll of twenty-five men. I was bookkeeper, manager—in fact, the entire office end of the concern. But by the end of the first year the business had picked up so that I could hire a bookkeeper. He was the first man I ever hired, and he is still with me.

"At the start, the company simply handled tin roofing and corrugated iron pipe. The business was that of any ordinary roofing concern. But I didn't like

## The Right Way To Go Into Debt

**S**OME men are fond of boasting: "I never borrowed a penny in my life. I pay cash as I go. It's a principle with me." If you're that sort of man you have a good deal to learn. Unless you know how to borrow money you're going to have a hard time making much headway in business. A wide-awake young man frequently sees a most promising opportunity. Provided he has a reputation for level-headedness, he is able many times to borrow the money to take advantage of it. If he tried to save that money out of his wages it would take him ten years—and by that time the chance would be gone. Nearly every man has to borrow *some* money when he starts in business for himself; seldom has a man of twenty-five been able to save enough to initiate any really important enterprise.

But you must be sure of your own honesty of purpose and clearness of vision. Be sure that you intend to put *into your business* every cent you borrow, and not to use it for your own living expenses. Your first step is to find out just how much money you need for your purposed business venture. If you cannot get the full amount, then change your plans or give up that particular scheme. For if you try to go ahead with too little money, the chances are that you will fail.

You can borrow the money if you have established your character. You can't borrow it if you haven't. The man will lend to *you*, not to your business, because he has confidence that *you* will pay him back even if your business venture falls short of your hopes for it.

tors to the churches; and they kept us always on the move.

"The result was that I attended fourteen different schools. It is not a method I would recommend for getting an education. When I finally graduated from the high school in Georgetown, Ohio, in 1884, I was nineteen years old. Father wanted me to go to college. But we had no



the idea of doing just the same sort of thing that any similar company could do. I thought we ought to have a specialty of some kind; so that the product itself, the people who made it, and the people who sold it, should all be special and *our own*.

"This was long before the word 'specialty' had become a trade term. We did not use the word then; we just wanted 'something different.' I learned a good deal about roofing and more about men; and at the end of two years the lawyer suggested that I organize a new company and buy the business from the receiver."

Verity did this; and with five hundred dollars of borrowed money he bought himself a substantial interest in the business. That shows how small it was. Then he went to work to carry out his idea about "something different." He brought out a special, twisted rain conductor that was stronger than the ordinary pipe; he borrowed some more money and put in special machinery for making it, and within three years he had a corporation with assets of thirty thousand dollars. He was the vice president and manager.

**T**HE business grew with fair rapidity, but the field of its operations was only Cincinnati, and Verity wanted to get into something larger.

"In 1899, after we had been going for eight years," he said, "a promoter suggested that he form a company to take over our little roofing business and build a rolling mill, so that we could produce our own roofing material. He convinced us that it was a good move. Indeed, he convinced us so thoroughly that when we found out he had no particular facilities for raising money and was generally useless, we went right on with the project ourselves and gained the support of enough individuals in and around Cincinnati to raise half a million dollars. We started building in the spring of 1900 in Middletown, Ohio, and in March of the following year we were under way with three hundred and fifty men, a little bar mill—that is, a mill for rolling out bars—an open-hearth furnace, a sheet mill, and the necessary apparatus for galvanizing.

"Half a million dollars is a good deal of money ordinarily; but a plant investment of half a million dollars in the steel trade is nothing at all, and we entered business just as the great United States Steel Corporation was getting under way. If our resources had been a hundred million dollars instead of half a million we might have become active competitors of the big corporation, and so possibly have failed. Our small size was a great advantage to us. We could manufacture only on a small scale, could not hope to compete in quantity products, and had to go in for quality.

"There is an idea that the big fellow always has a great advantage over the little fellow. Undoubtedly he has if the little fellow chooses to give it to him, but not otherwise. If the man of small resources chooses to put himself on a level with the man of large resources and to compete on a quantity and price basis, he will most surely be wiped out. But if the smaller man, instead of going into the quantity market, devises for himself a specialty he has a field all to himself."

After a few years a report of the Department of Agriculture came to the at-



KNOW BY STAMPA

GEORGE M. VERITY

Since 1899, the time of its organization, George M. Verity has been president of The American Rolling Mill Company, of Middletown, Ohio. Mr. Verity was born in East Liberty, Ohio, in 1865. He attended the common schools and took a course in a commercial college. Before entering the iron and steel manufacturing business he was manager of a wholesale grocery firm located in Cincinnati. He is a member of the board of trustees of Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

tention of the officers. It pointed out that the old hand-made iron did not rust as easily as modern iron. Verity and his associates started to investigate in a small way. Everybody had been making steel. The whole trend of the industry was toward steel, and the day of iron was supposed to be past. But steel quickly rusted. The Department of Agriculture had been drawn into the question by the complaints of farmers about the short life of steel fences.

**T**HERE seemed to be a good deal to say for the old-fashioned iron. For instance, a soldier was buried in 1792 in Fort St. Clair, Ohio. The coffin was dug up in 1892. The nails in that coffin had scarcely rusted. The old tin roofs often lasted sixty or seventy years or more. Nails driven in before the Civil War were found, in tearing down houses, to be in better condition than steel nails put in thirty years afterward. The secret of it was that the old iron was made by hand and the impurities laboriously worked out. Modern iron and steel were made by quantity-production methods. The coffin nails on analysis showed that they were 99.83 per cent pure iron.

Without being technical, pure iron means iron with the smallest possible amount of carbon, manganese, silicon, sulphur, phosphorus, or copper in it. Verity saw a new special field open if the company could make pure iron. Of course it could be made by hand in the old-fashioned way; but that would have been far too expensive a product to be salable. They had to find a commercial way. The experts said that it was impossible to produce pure iron commercially; but Verity's men, working for years on the problem, did find a way. And then, instead of a little specialty that could easily be imitated, they had a big specialty that could not easily be imitated.

"One idea has controlled all our business," declares Verity: "The *specialty* idea extends equally to men. We could no more make a specialty product with odds and ends of men than we could with odds and ends of material. I am emphasizing this specialty phase because I have observed that the only way men accomplish things is by separating from the crowd and doing something better and different from what the crowd is doing.

"It is not possible to buy interest and coöperation. I (Continued on page 154)





It was the most exciting event in the recent history of the county. A bandit! Coldriver was proud, while it shivered at the thought. It was a distinction



# Scattergood Becomes A Private Detective

*By Clarence Budington Kelland*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

**C**OLDRIVER had been reveling in a street carnival, the first in its experience. For a week it had been taking its best girl to ride on the carrousel and to see the trained seals and the living statuary and the Mammoth Menagerie of Strange Beasts. Twice each day it had gaped while Speedy the High Diver poised seventy feet above their heads and, to the accompaniment of a roll on the drum, soared downward through the air to plunge into a shallow tank containing hardly enough water to give fin-room to a goldfish.

Now the carnival was gone—all of it except Speedy the High Diver, who, on the very last night, had turned in the air so that one of his legs struck the edge of the tank and was fractured just above the ankle. Therefore, Speedy remained.

In those days high-diving was not a highly lucrative profession. For risking life and limb twice a day Speedy received the sum of eighteen dollars a week, and found himself. He was not, therefore, independent. Indeed, he was in nowise prepared for a rainy day. However, the carnival took up a collection amounting to something like a hundred dollars, which it presented to him with its blessing, telegraphed for a new diver, and went on its way.

The Widow Watts, aunt to Sheriff Ulysses Watts, came to see Scattergood Baines about it, her interest being both social and financial. Speedy, whose real name was James Goodrich, had roomed in the widow's home during the carnival. There he was after his accident.

"What d'ye calc'late I better do?" she asked Scattergood, who was seated as usual on the piazza of his hardware store.

"Hopin' fer the best is a fine occupation," said Mr. Baines. "What was ye aimin' to do?"

"Charge him five dollars a week fer room and board—if I kin git it. . . . But the's the p'int of havin' him layin' there in the house for a month, and mebbe two. I dunno nothin' about him."

"How come ye to take him in?"

"The's a difference betwixt boardin' a man for a week, and takin' him in reg'lar. I could keep Mattie out of his way fer six days. But if he's flat on his back, Mattie'll have to help me wait on him."

"Um. . . . Mattie showed any leanin' toward divers?" asked Scattergood.

"They hain't scassly spoke."

"Then, if I was in your shoes, I don't figger I'd get all het up till the fire's built. Mebbe I might's well run up and kind of look the young feller over, though."

"Wish ye could find time," said the widow.

"Gus Naddicks and Walt Toomey been heard from?"

"Guess 'tain't none of them boys' business who I take into my house."

"Wal, betwixt this here divin' feller and them two, I dunno but I'd choose the diver unsight-unseen," said Scattergood. "G'-by, Widder. G'-by."

So Scattergood called upon James Goodrich, as he would have done without the Widow's intervention. He found him to be a red-haired young man of some twenty-one years with a chronic inability to be depressed. He grinned amiably.

"Mrs. Watts says you're a committee to inquire into my character," he said.

"Um. . . . Widder does some more talkin' than the usual run," said Scattergood. "How be ye?"

"Pretty spry for a man with one leg."

"Um. How ye fixed financial?"

"I can pay my board at the going rate for twenty weeks—if I'm laid up that long. But somebody else'll have to tell you how I'll ever pay the doctor's bill."

"Doc's used to that. When anybody pays him up he has to go to bed to git over it. How'd ye come to take up divin'?"

"A man told me once that life was full of ups and downs," said Goodrich; "so I thought I'd get in as many as I could."

"Wal, guess I'll be gittin' along. . . . Kind of lonesome?"

"I wouldn't be," said Goodrich with a grin, "if you could convince the young lady of the house that a busted leg isn't catching."

Scattergood grunted. "If I got any knowledge of womankind," he said, "she'll prob'ly find it out for herself. G'-by."

"Committee ready to report so soon?"

"The committee," said Scattergood, "is prepared to report progress. G'-by."

**I**N THE succeeding month Mattie Watts did find out for herself that young Goodrich was not poisonous. It began by her carrying his meals in to him; it took its next step when she felt it her duty to read to him when his leg was especially troublesome; and by the time he was able to hobble out on the porch with the aid of crutches, she discovered that he needed much nursing. And Coldriver talked.

Mattie sat by him on the porch every minute she could spare from her housework. In the evening they sat together behind the shelter of the vine which overspread the front of the house; and Gus Naddicks and young Toomey passed and repassed, mentioning under their breath what they would do to the "circus performer" the minute he was able to step foot in the street.

In another four weeks Goodrich seemed to be as good as ever, if one excepts a slight favoring of the injured leg. He was well enough to thrash soundly Gus Naddicks, on the town bridge, in the middle of

the day. Two days later, with somewhat more trouble, he thrashed Naddicks and Toomey jointly, and earned for himself the unenviable reputation of a bully and a tough. Coldriver overlooked the fact that both fights had been forced upon him.

He was well and able to go away, but he did not go. Neither did he make any effort to find work and that, though Coldriver boasted as many loafers as any place of its size in the land, was a telling defect in a stranger.

**E**VEN Scattergood Baines mentioned the matter to the ex-diver.

"Hain't it about time you was lookin' fer a job?" Scattergood asked.

"I'm looking," said Goodrich; "but just now, Mr. Baines, I've got something a lot more important to do."

"Such as?"

"It's private," said Goodrich with a grin.

"Nothin's private in Coldriver. Is this here business of your'n named Mattie Watts?"

"It is."

"Um. In this here town we don't go courtin' a gal till we kin show how we're able to support her."

"I'll take that up later. Anybody can support a wife. Look at the folks who are doing it. But it takes a good man to get the wife he wants."

"Sure ye want Mattie?"

"Dead certain."

"Um. . . . Folks don't take kindly to ye, somehow. I've heard talk of tar and feathers."

"Tar and feathers, eh?" Goodrich's eyes glistened.

"And folks is askin' how you live without workin'."

"I'm paying my board."

"With money that come from charity," said Scattergood. "No, young feller, I dunno's I hold with your course of action. Seems like you're lackin' in ambition. Your clothes is shabby. You hain't got money to hire a livery rig to go buggy-ridin' with your girl. You hain't got nothin'. You don't want nothin'."

"Except Mattie," said Goodrich. "Money? . . . Well, I suppose I'll have to get me some. It's easy come by."

Scattergood was to remember that saying at no distant date.

The courtship assumed the proportions of a village scandal. Deacon Pettybone and Elder Hooper took the matter up in their energetic way.

"Can't make me believe he means right by the gal," said the deacon.

"More'n likely he's got him two-three wives scattered around already. What's Mattie's ma thinkin' of?"

"Suthin' ought to be done. 'Tain't alone the gal. If she makes her bed she's





He turned to Scattergood and said, with awe and wonder in his voice,

got to lie in it. But we hain't wantin' no young tough a-hangin' around our town thrashin' folks and a-leadin' others into temptation."

Talk bred talk. Goodrich was endowed with all the characteristics of a desperado. It was authoritatively reported that he had deserted a wife in Hampton, and somebody started a rumor he was an escaped convict.

The village could have looked on with equanimity while either young Naddicks or Toomey courted one of its girls. They were lads who frequented the pool-room, and in Coldriver pool is a diversion of Satan. Coldriver was used to them. . . . But characteristics which could be glossed

over in a native became heinous in a stranger.

It was on the second of August that Marvin Towne, driving home with the proceeds of the sale of two heifers in his pocket, was stopped a mile from town by a man with a shotgun and a red handkerchief over his face, and robbed of seventy dollars. It was the most exciting event in the recent history of the county. A bandit! Coldriver was proud, while it shivered at the thought. It was a distinction.

THE crowd in the post office next morning was as large as one would have expected on town-meeting day. Marvin was catechized fifty times. . . . Had he no

suspensions? Could he describe his assailant?

"Fur's I'm concerned," said Deacon Pettybone, "he don't need to do no describin'. I kin describe him."

"Me too," said Elder Hooper. "And I hain't afeard to speak right out. It's that circus feller. Where was he all day yestiddy? Nobody seen him. Where was he last night? Tell me that."

It was inevitable that suspicion should rest upon Goodrich. When, questioned by Scattergood, he declined to account for his whereabouts and when, the following day, he went into Wade Lumley's store and bought a suit, shoes, and a straw hat, suspicion became certainty.





"She . . . cares for me . . . and she would stick to me even through this"

Three days later Sam Kettleman was held up by a man with a shotgun and a red handkerchief and robbed of fifty dollars. Again this happened on a day when Goodrich was unaccountably absent. Kettleman had kept his head better than Marvin Towne had done. He was able to describe the robber with some pretense of accuracy. Indeed, he even saw and related that the bandit wore about his left wrist a leather strap, such as men who are accustomed to putting a strain upon their wrists sometimes affect. . . . And James Goodrich was accustomed to wear such a strap.

On the top of this Goodrich disappeared. None knew where he had gone nor why. . . . Three days later he returned

coolly to the village and walked down Main Street with a certain bravado.

Scattergood Baines hailed him. "Hey, young feller," he called.

Goodrich stopped and grinned in his friendly way.

"Where ye been?" Scattergood asked sternly.

"There was a rainbow," said Goodrich. "I needed gold, so I was looking for the end of it."

"It hain't no time fer jokin'. The's been a second robbery. Suspicion p'int's to you. The robber wore one of them leather dinguses on his wrist."

Goodrich held out his wrist and regarded the leather curiously.

"What ye got to say?" Scattergood demanded.

"Nothing."

"Where were ye?"

"Walking," said Goodrich. "What time was this robbery?"

"Close to nine o'clock."

Goodrich shrugged his shoulders. "I can't prove I was anywhere else," he said. "But they can't prove I was *there*."

"Maybe," said Scattergood, "they won't wait fer proof. Folks has got a way of bein' satisfied with believin' what they want to believe."

It was then that Coldriver was scandalized. Mattie Watts was seen to cross the bridge. She saw (Continued on page 173)



# He Makes Homes Grow In Waste Places

The story of a Kansas City man, just over forty, who has made a fortune and who has done a great service in the real estate business

An Interview with Jesse Clyde Nichols

By James H. McCullough

**A** DOZEN years ago, a gentleman who had once been governor of a certain state, desired to buy a home in Kansas City. A young real estate man named Nichols urged the ex-governor to select a site in a subdivision which at that time was a new development.

One of the principal arguments urged by Nichols was the character of the restrictions placed on the property. Every lot, he pointed out, was safeguarded by elaborate provisions in the contract of sale, to prevent the encroachment of undesirable neighbors, and of factory, store, or apartment buildings.

"Young man," said the ex-governor, "your restrictions sound very fine. But they are all on paper. I am going to buy a house where I can see what is around me."

The ex-governor accordingly chose a fine house located in the heart of the older aristocratic section. On one side of him was a handsome red-stone residence which had cost its original owner more than a hundred thousand dollars. The ex-governor could see this handsome home next to his, and he thought he was safe. But what he did not see was that the business part of the city was rapidly growing in that direction.

Within a year after he bought his house, the restriction period on an adjoining property ran out; and as there had been no provision for the renewal of the restrictions, an enterprising undertaker bought the property and built his shop there!

The ex-governor protested vigorously. He carried his case to court, and testified on the witness stand that his daughter had become a nervous invalid from seeing corpses carried in and out of the undertaker's place of business. But he could not

drive out the undertaker nor collect damages. Within a couple of years he sold the house that had originally pleased him so much for almost ten thousand dollars less than he had paid for it.

Jesse Clyde Nichols, the young man who tried to persuade the ex-governor to buy in another section of the town, showed me this house the other day. It

tirely transformed by the swift inrush of business.

Nichols has devoted fifteen years to fighting just this sort of thing. His story is remarkable. It is the story of a man creating his opportunity and holding to an ideal in spite of the most discouraging obstacles. He tackled the job of making the owning of a home a sound financial investment; and in a short space

of years he has succeeded in transforming a desolate tract of land, that formerly lay outside the city limits, into what is universally regarded as one of the finest residential districts in the entire country. The homes in this district are protected for years to come—permanently, if the property owners wish—against such encroachments as that which depreciated the investment of the ex-governor.

Mr. Nichols is still young, just a little past forty. But he has had time to make a fortune for himself, and to engage in an extraordinary variety of activities outside of his real-estate business. Many of these activities are concerned primarily with the interests of the city, and have nothing to do with promoting his private fortune.

I rode for mile after mile with him the other day through the district of beautiful homes he has created. He told me the story of its development—and incidentally he told me many things about himself which helped to explain why he has been able to achieve so much in so short a time.

He was born in the little town of Olathe, Kansas, about thirty miles from Kansas City. His father was well-to-do, but that made no difference to the boy Clyde.

"I got my first job," he told me, "at the age of eight, in a local store. When I came home one day very proud of the fact that I was earning money, my mother objected.

Think of This—If  
You Want to Buy a Home

**H**OW would you like to have an undertaker's establishment put up next to your house?

Read in this article about the big man in Kansas City who had this happen to him.

Are you thinking of buying a home?

Have you got one picked out?

Do you know anything about the restrictions governing the property?

If not—you had better find out.

is now used for a restaurant. The hundred thousand-dollar house next door is a conservatory of music. Down the street a block and a half is a huge bakery. Next door to the undertaker's shop is a row of stores of every description; and just beyond is a busy corner where two street car lines intersect. What was once a quiet, fashionable street of homes, has been en-



"You don't need to work, Clyde," she told me. "Your father can give you money."

But the boy wanted the independence that came with earning his own money. So he kept that first job and, in the years that followed, he got a variety of others. He clerked, at various times, in the village hardware store, in the grocery, the drug and dry-goods stores, and he carried papers.

When he got into high school, he went into business for himself. With money that he himself had earned and saved, he bought a horse and wagon and became a huckster. During the summer vacations he drove into the country, buying butter, eggs, and other provisions from the farmers. It took him two or three days, as a rule, to get a load, and during this time he slept in or under his wagon, and cooked his meals along the road, or by the side of a stream.

WHEN his load was completed he would drive to Kansas City, where, in competition with men many years older, he disposed of his produce to whoever would buy it, but mostly to retail merchants, because they gave him better prices than the commission men would pay.

"I regard this experience," Mr. Nichols said to me while we sat at lunch in a handsome country club which he was responsible for building, "as the finest training I could possibly have received; for I learned from it the value of courage. Initiative is necessary; vision is fine; but without the courage to carry on in spite of every obstacle a man will not go far.

"Sometimes the fruit in my wagon would rot before I sold it. Sometimes the market would drop and for two or three trips running I would lose money. It took courage to dig into my pocket time after time to pay for produce or fruit, and to go ahead in spite of losses."

With the same sturdy independence, Nichols made his way through the University of Kansas. His father wanted to pay his expenses, but the lad insisted on paying them himself. Between high school and college, in order to accumulate some money, he worked for a year in the wholesale meat business; and when he went to Lawrence, Kansas, where the university is located, he kept the agency there for the wholesale meat house. He went to retail stores every Saturday and took the merchants' orders.

In this way he earned about forty per cent of his expenses. The balance came from a variety of jobs—working for a laundry, selling things to other students, corresponding for the Kansas City "Star" at five dollars a column, and doing other kinds of work in the summer vacations.

Between his junior and senior years Nichols decided that he would go to Europe for pleasure. He had saved one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and he started with that sum, working his passage on a cattle boat. In Europe he bought a bicycle and rode over a good share of the continent. But his money gave out when he reached Switzerland, so he sold the bicycle and walked the rest of the way. He came back in the steerage, arriving at Montreal with just enough in his pocket to pay his fare to Kansas City and to leave a balance of thirty cents!

ing up the collar of his coat, he arrived in Olathe, ragged and penniless, but triumphant.

Nichols not only supported himself at the university, but he also tied with another man of his class for first place in scholarship. Besides this, he was active socially, and in fraternity life, took a part in athletics, became a class officer, and was a chief organizer of the various counties of the state in a campaign to get from the legislature a larger appropriation for the university.

The acting chancellor, speaking at a small gathering where Nichols was not present, said that no man, either on the student body or on the faculty, had ever, within his recollection, done more for the general good of the university than Nichols.

After finishing college, Nichols spent a year at Harvard, intending to become a lawyer. But while there he took a course in economic history and became enthusiastic about reclaiming undeveloped lands. It occurred to him that a fortune could be made by taking profits accruing through the increase in value that time and work and the growth of a new country would bring. He therefore gave up law and spent a year in Mexico, New Mexico, and other parts of the Southwest. It proved a slow, tedious process, and did not come up to his first expectations; but it did turn his mind to real estate.

RETURNING to Kansas City, he determined to go into the real-estate business. He began by building some small houses to sell to workmen, having enlisted for that purpose the financial aid of a number of farmers and of two friends. Nichols directed everything himself. He lived in a little shack on the property, and paid five dollars monthly for desk space in the rear of a drug store. That was his office.

Starting thus, with no practical knowledge of contracting or building, but with a vast amount of energy, Nichols cleared eight thousand dollars the first year, and ten thousand the second.

"My next project," Mr. Nichols told me, "was to subdivide a ten-acre tract. I invested most of my cash in it, buying it with my two friends at nine hundred dollars an acre, on time. My friends were lawyers, busy with their practice, and they left me to take charge of all the work on the property.

"This ten-acre tract was outside the city limits. There was no city water, gas, electric lights, sewers, graded streets, or sidewalks. The only handy way to get into the city, except by carriage, was by a slow "dummy" train that traveled back and forth every (Continued on page 157)



PHOTOGRAPH BY MISS REINKE, K. C.

JESSE CLYDE NICHOLS

Mr. Nichols is president of the J. C. Nichols Investment Company which has developed the Country Club District, in Kansas City, from mere waste land into one of the most beautiful residential districts in the country. He is a director in twenty-one business enterprises, including banks, insurance companies, a title and trust company, and a telephone company. He is president of the Art Institute, treasurer of the Conservatory of Music, member of the Board of Education, and an officer or director of other civic enterprises in Kansas City. He was born forty-two years ago in Olathe, Kansas, graduated from the University of Kansas, and received a degree at Harvard

He reached Kansas City with two cents in his pocket, and the fare to Olathe, his home town, was sixty-five cents. He did not know how he was going to make up the difference, but he happened to meet a friend who admired the sweater that Nichols was wearing and offered to buy it.

"You can have it," said Nichols promptly, "for sixty-three cents!"

The deal was closed at once. That sweater had taken the place of a shirt, for the last shirt Nichols owned had worn to shreds and been discarded. So, fastening a handkerchief across his chest, and turn-



# "Income-Taxidermy"

The great indoor sport until March 14½, when the season closes

*By Nina Wilcox Putnam*

**W**HEN the Editor of this AMERICAN MAGAZINE told me I was going to write a piece for him about why I pay my income tax—well, I had to laugh.

I will at once admit that it is unusual to do so in connection with said subject, but I had to laugh just the same. Why, I says, that is even less possible than the well-known finding of a needle in a haystack or making a prohibition officer go through the eye of it, when found. And he says why so and I remarked, well because the only reason I pay it is because I have to, see Section Twelve of Instructions for Individual Return. That, I went on with a bitter smile, is where they tack on a nasty little P. S., as if to say Oh I almost forgot, but the Penalties for stalling, doctoring the dope-sheet, or purposely omitting odd sums, such as that two-ninety-eight which the Emporium returned on account the baby's new rompers did not fit after all, is not over ten thousand berries, a free trip to jail, a lot of sour publicity, and the electric chair, or something. So, I says, it is reading this Section Twelve deters me from acting on a perfectly natural impulse and leaving for Alaska the same day the new return blanks come in. I pay this tax, see, because I have not as yet heard of how not to with any reasonable assurance of safety, and the fact is sufficient in itself, but not sufficient to make a whole entire article out of, even if paid for by the word.

Well, the Editor thought this over rapidly and then he says well, why not express yourself on the subject anyways? And I says because if I was to do that I would probably land in the above mentioned penalties just the same, on account of what I think about the income-tax being pretty violent. I am sure you can imagine what I mean, and he says you're darn tootin', I can.

Well, then, we kind of left it at that, as you might say, and only for me eating supper at an alleged friend's house that night, where I was helpless against an amateur but nevertheless most successfully cast iron Welch rarebit or Welsh rabbit, spell it your own way, well, only for me incautiously accepting this Sunday night invitation, see, without realizing that I was stumbling in upon one of those hostesses who take it personal if you don't let them crowd you with a second helping of something you don't want, well, anyways, as I was saying, only for me being let in for one of these informal little pick-up meals, this article would never of been written.

Well, pick-up meal was certainly right as far as I personally was concerned, because after that second helping of rarebit—and believe you me it would of made lovely golf shoes—why George, that's my

husband, had to pick me up and get me home, someways or another. And after the doctor was gone and I lay there thinking, why naturally my thoughts was on melancholy subjects and equally of course the income-tax come first to mind.

But also along with thoughts about this tax come a realization of all the people which was suffering under it—millions of 'em, ranging from the stenographer @ \$2,200 per fifty-two or, if she is lucky, fifty weeks per year, up to the poor abused capitalist who gets nicked for more than half his wages and has to struggle along on around \$50,000 or more dollars after the revenue officers have had theirs, and what with the cost of liquor and white pants, why I realized the suffering at Palm Beach must be something fierce these winters.

**I** ALSO realized that in between these two well-advertised classes was quite a few other folks, who, while they are not often given as much publicity by the world, nevertheless, as the poet says, do most of the world's work. What I mean by that is for inst. clerks, fellers drawing down anywheres from \$20 per to \$70 in some cases, and it don't look a bit like any income tax was going to be required from them, not while these sums is still setting pretty in the old pay-envelope, but oh Boy! Even said amounts can run to a lot of bother when added up at the end of the year and has, ever since the fifteenth of March come to mean something beside two days before St. Patrick's Day!

I felt this went for a lot of just average M. D.'s, or as they say in common parlance, doctors, averaging, in dribblets, \$2,000 to maybe \$7,000 berries yearly income on account they are only average smart and have only average luck collecting their bills. And I knew there is also many lawyers who are personally very good scouts yet seem to run to no better money, although \$10,000 yearly is not as infrequent among them as a person might suppose, and they should ought to have less trouble collecting same than men in other lines. Also I thought of business-managers, bank cashiers in small towns, and believe me, even bank-pres. that has been known to suffer from our great National mid-winter epidemic, not to mention school-teachers, with \$2,500 per to spend in their own reckless fashion; college profs. with all of, say, \$3,000 to squander, railroad men and fellers in the telephone and allied corps, which they don't naturally pay the boys any more then they have got to, meaning anywheres from the general managers at about \$15,000, down—mostly quite a long ways down.

Well, while I lay there thinking about this income tax and the way it had citizens by the back of their neck and also by the

slack of their pocketbook, why I got to feeling as sorry for them all as if they wasn't perfectly capable of feeling sorry enough for themselves. And so I decided well, I would take a chance on jail and the electric-chair and ect., and write the article after all, and maybe it would get printed, and if it did, why maybe all the terrible things I would say in it would get across and somebody would do something about it. Just who would do what, I wasn't sure, and of course cannot be before publication, but I was, honestly, thinking of Congress.

It's a funny thing, but do you know, whenever there is something ails the country and the happiness of our great Nation and so forth, I can't help but believe it is the fault of Congress. This brilliant original idea is not my own, I will at once confess, but I got it off of George, my husband, and from listening to him talk over the top of his newspaper in the evenings, which he sometimes does without rancor, if he has had a good day. Well anyways, since I have got my vote I have got also to realize that it is now important I should understand all about the political situation, and how things in the Govt. are run, see? And consequently I will listen to George with attention and a whole lot more tolerantly than I used to, and can often by doing so pick up some enlightening piece of information such as wool suits will be higher on account them Republicans has passed the tariff. Or else something to the effect of I see by the paper to-night that the Democrats have dug up Bryan again in spite of his reluctance. You know—precious scraps of information which broaden my outlook and I can spring them very nicely on the other women at my Thursday Bridge Club, besides.

**O**F COURSE one of the masculine secrets I have learned from George on the subject of our Govt. is that Congress is to blame, and that every once in a while it is good for the human system to write to the papers about it. So knowing this great truth, why, I thought, I will write that article for THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and Congress will rise up in arms. Well, maybe as high as the arms of their chairs, anyways.

Now, of course, I realize that in order to make the above-mentioned miracle take place I have got to specifically mention the evils which the present form of the income tax gives rise to, and the nature of the rise. And the first evidence I will lay before the hard-hearted Govt. is the form of the form itself.

Up to the year 1917 I had thought that the most awful piece of paper in the whole entire world was a blank pad upon which I was supposed to write something for



which I hoped to get paid. But since that date, why I know better. The most awful sheet of paper is not entirely empty, it is printed in parts and all you have to do is to fill in the gaps. But the part which is already printed, why the one who wrote that had a cinch, the same as the guy which wrote the arithmetic book. The both of these birds knew the answers before they started. At least the author of the arithmetic book did. As for the author of the income-tax-return sheets, I am sometimes strongly tempted to believe he merely made it up as he went along, see, and that there never was no answers—not as far as he knows, anyways!

Take Form 1040 A, for instance—you will have to take it eventually so why not, ect.? There is a lot of meaningful sentences laid out on that sheet, and probably it has on it every question concerning incomes below \$5,000 that the author could think up; but only one phrase of the lot seems to have any sense to it, and that is the occasionally reoccurring words "if any." You may of noticed they are tacked on to the end of several lines concerning losses, if any; bonds, if any; profit, if any; dependent mothers-in-law, if any, ect. Showing that in his madness, the feller which wrote this scenario had one gleam of intelligence, because he dimly realized that a few of us have no losses either in bonds or mothers-in-law; we are not that lucky, if you get me.

I KNOW a friend of mine who had a item put down under Deductions, 12, Losses by Fire and Storm, and it was for dishes hurled by said mother-in-law, and while there was no doubt that the storm had actually existed, the claim got thrown out and the Govt. spent \$62.75 collecting the 72c extra tax, yet the boy was really innocent of intending to cheat, as you can see by reading the line your own self.

Another mean snag is laid on the inside sheet under schedule B, Business or Profession, where it says "if profit is less than usual, explain." Well, now friends, and in this case far from gentle readers, if profit being less than usual in business for the past two years is to be explained, believe you me, the Govt. should be the one to do the explaining and not the poor saps who have to fill in the income-tax returns. Also the same remarks apply equally well to the next item, which says "explanation of business expenses." Well, all I will add to that is a few words to this effect: Any amateur who tries to give a real explanation of the

high cost of business expenses will be taken for a Bolshevik.

Well, anyways, it's the truth a great deal of home-wrecking, personal indigestion, and premature baldness is directly traceable to the form of these income-tax forms, and I move that Congress gets them amended to some such simple line as "please indicate in space below how much income tax you feel able to pay this season, attach check, sign on the dotted line, and then return at your earliest convenience."

## Watch for This in Your Office To-day

"FROM February 1st to March 14½," says Mrs. Putnam, "pretty near every normal office will be running on half-time. Half the time the whole bunch, from the steno. with her \$1,200.00 to fling about every year, up to the general mgr., who is probably that because he is pretty near worth the \$20,000 he is getting, no matter what the rest of the office thinks, is doing the work they are paid for. The other half the time they are sneaking in a lick of work that *they* are going to have to pay for—in other words, cribbing a look at the old income-tax blank which nestles among the stock reports, files, minutes, the boss's private correspondence, or what have you?"

"A friend of mine which he has got a job as gen. mgr. in a concern where there is a office all on one floor, and open, too, so that the big majority of people working on it, why they could not even change their mind without everybody else seeing them do it, well, this man I am telling you about said to me, he says, every time I turn around somebody is whisking a income-tax return blank back into their desk—I do not actually see it in most cases, for they are that quick and sly, but I am morally certain on account I have done the same thing myself; but I ought to stop them in business hours and can't unless I catch them at it—how do they get so clever with the disappearing-act?"

"Well, I thought this over with a appearance of thoughtfulness, if you get the idea. And then I gave him the dope. How many of your employees is survivors of a public-school education? says I. And he says why practically all and I says ah that explains it and he says nonsense, how come? And I says why you don't suppose they each kept a copy of Dick Deadeye or Her Trusting Heart or some such great English Classic in their desk all their school days in the same way, and then can't handle a little reading matter like the income-tax in the same manner, do you, and he had to admit it was my deal."

Now that would be about my idea of a sane, sensible income-tax return sheet, which everybody could understand it without no trouble, the same as Please Help Starving China, or Merry Xmas For Guinea Pigs, Make cheques payable to the treasurer, see, or those sort of appeals with which the Am. Public is already familiar. What is more, us citizens could handle such a form in the same way as we handle said familiar appeals. And I got a hunch

the Govt. would get pretty near as much money out of the average run of folks that way as it does using all that old-style, double-crochet-stitch legal lingo.

Of course with most of the folks which have to fight their way through the big sheet, why that is something different. Where there is real money to squeeze, why the Govt. can undoubtedly get it and does, unless the millionaire is a exceptionally good liar, or has a exceptionally good lawyer, or some other modern convenience of the sort which average people can't afford, see? Yes, the big eggs which has to cut down on yachts and drive a harder bargain with their regular diamond-merchants on account of the tax, why I got no tears to waste on them. Nor words, either, so we will leave them go with these few sarcastic remarks.

BUT this holler I am putting up in hopes Congress will do something about it, why it is in behalf of a lot of people on the big sheet as well as on the small one, but not very far up on it. I mean the ones who has all the trouble of filling it out and writing neat figures in the blank spaces and then when it's all done in ink seeing a sign at the top, do not write in this space. And all that kind of trouble like the rest of us, but when he has got it finished why he has not got the fun of having only forty thousand dollars left, the way the guys with \$60,000 up, has. No, the feller I mean has merely the pain of paying out a \$900.00 tax for inst. in four instalments and wondering where and the deuce he is going to get them. What I want Congress should realize about this class of tax-payers is that if the nervous worry they use up on first of all making the blank out as near correct as is humanly possible, and then on how to get the money for the payments, well, if this worry was placed end to end it would reach all the ways from New York to San Francisco. And that ain't right.

Under this same general headline come the part-time workers who get big money when they do. By which I do not refer to coal miners. My impression of coal miners, well, it is the pop. one about they are in the class of millionaires already dismissed from these pages. The part-time workers I am talking about are Actors which get \$200.00 a week. Some weeks. But naturally they don't get it the week the payment on the tax is due. Also many commission salesmen of the kind which pulled down a \$5,000 comm. on that last deal in January, not so (Continued on page 177)



Do you know how to talk to deaf people?  
There are some valuable tips in this article

# The Experiences of A Deaf Person

By Carolyn Wells

**W**HEN a young girl, I met one day in the street an elderly spinster of my acquaintance, who exclaimed, "Oh, my dear, I am so distressed! I can't go to funerals any more!"

Convinced by her manner that this was to her a real calamity, I sympathetically asked, "Why not?"

"Oh," she said, "my eyes have given out! And at funerals they have the rooms so dark. Why, just now I was at old Mrs. Bingham's funeral, and I went in, and I couldn't see, and I sat right down on Elder Simpson's lap! No, I can't go any more."

Soon after that, the poor lady went blind—but her surprise at the first realization of her infirmity was not unlike my own.

I was an enthusiastic "Christian Endeavorer," and one night at the meeting I all unwittingly said my verse of scripture at the same time another Endeavorer was saying his. I didn't know this until I was told later by my brother; but thereafter I was barred from active participation in the Endeavors.

Now, deafness was rampant among my family connections and I had no desire to become like some aged aunts and uncles on my mother's side.

Wherefore I sat diligently to work to try every remedy, every cure, I could learn of, from rubbings and sniffings and faith cures and mental healing to the most fiendish and fearful operations. But nothing helped the condition, so I've been forced to grin and bear it. I think the grinning helps more than anything else.

One of my earliest treatments was at a certain Institute of Healing which flourished many years ago. To it I blithely tripped, fully believing that, as its florid circulars promised, a speedy cure would result.

The treatment pleasantly consisted of running red-hot wires up my nose, and—I think—into my brain. This seared my brain, and I think it seared my conscience, which has never been quite the same since.

Next came a series of balloon-like machines that when inflated were supposed

to blow the deafness out through my ear drums. These exercises were to be done three times *per diem*, and to skip one meant the disastrous failure of all. I must have skipped one, for no cure resulted.

Other interesting experiences followed. The (then) greatest aurist in England, to whom I gained access by influence from high places, informed me that my deafness was caused by eating rare roast beef, and ordered it stopped. I paid his exorbitant fee and left. But a lamb-like obedience to

light than in the dark, though this is probably more a reading of the speaker's facial expression.

I have an old aunt who is a sincere Christian Scientist. She tells me that she is working on my case, and that some fine morning I shall wake up with my hearing perfectly restored. That is, at present, the only hope I have of improved hearing.

But I am, by nature, of the Stoic School of Philosophy. My attitude in the matter is simply—what can't be cured must be endured; and so I accept my deafness as a handicap, and try to win the game in spite of it.

Thomas Edison once told a member of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE staff that deafness was one of his greatest blessings. Up to that time he had never worn any mechanical device to aid hearing and said he never would, because folks who had anything to say worth saying would make it brief and to the point if they had to shout. If they rambled, he said, he could turn his attention to anything he wanted to, and save time, while they talked on. Also, he said, his deafness was a blessing in shutting out noises and enabling him to concentrate on his work.

Now, that is all very well for an Edison, and I can quite understand how he meant it sincerely. Mr. Edison is a good friend of mine, and I know his nature is not widely social or gregarious. Moreover, he has resources within himself such as few can boast of. His life work demands solitude and silence for its accomplishment. But for

most of us conditions are different.

Personally, I have many resources within myself, and it is these that help me bear my deafness with equanimity, though I do not call it a blessing.

One day Mr. Edison said to me, "Never regret that you are deaf. You miss very little—people's gray matter gives out long before their voices do. Deafness is a blessing, and saves you from being bored by senseless chatter."

And, sometimes, when in a cynical mood, I agree to this. But it is not true. Deafness is far too great a price to pay for immunity from senseless chatter. I can

## When Roosevelt Gave Carolyn Wells a Present

"ONE day I was visiting at Sagamore Hill, during the time of the Presidency of Theodore Roosevelt," says Carolyn Wells.

"Mr. Roosevelt showed me a wonderful gold ring, that had been given to him by a Chinese prince whom he had entertained at the White House. He explained to me the interesting inscription on it, and showed me the meaning of the engraved Chinese characters, which formed a rebus or pun on the name of Theodore Roosevelt. I examined the precious relic, and then handed it back to my host. He looked surprised, and I said, 'Thank you for showing me the ring.'

"'Why,' said Mrs. Roosevelt, who stood by, 'he's giving it to you! Didn't you hear him ask you to accept it?'

"I hadn't, but I joyfully made good my acceptance and so came into possession of a delightful souvenir of T. R., and incidentally of the Chinese prince."

his dictum—and, incidentally, a lamb-like diet—brought about no auditory improvement.

A fearful operation was the removal of my turbinates. This, I think I can say, helped a little; but it is an excruciating agony I would not wish on my worst enemy—if I had one.

Then, of course, there's lip reading. I looked into that, and I'm sure it's a good thing for lots of people. But when I found it meant, for me, several hours in front of a mirror each day, I gave up the idea.

Yet I suppose I do read the lips unconsciously, for I hear much better in the



think of no possible good resulting to anybody in the world from deafness in any degree.

And to those who have not wide resources in themselves, who have not adaptability, patience, and philosophy, it is one of the greatest ills that flesh is heir to.

Among my own acquaintances I have seen one give up all society because of her deafness. Another changed from a bright, sunny disposition to a cross, grumpy, and irascible man. Another became almost a mute, refusing to talk since he couldn't hear. Another is enacting the rôle of a helpless martyr, who makes herself and everyone around her miserable.

Deafness, like all other enemies, is a foe to be met, wrestled with, and thrown.

I have done this entirely by philosophy and common sense. To be sure, I am not very deaf. I can hear ordinary conversation if within fairly close proximity to the speaker, but if six feet or more away they must make an effort if I am to hear.

And this they will not do.

Kind friends, willing and gracious in most ways, will not raise their voices for my benefit. This is not deliberate cruelty, but due to various reasons.

ONE of the most common is doubtless a natural modesty or timidity. It attracts attention to speak loudly, and so the average human being avoids it. It is an evidence of the inferiority complex — this aversion to make one's self conspicuous—but it is well-nigh universal. Your superior, bumptious man will yell across a room without any undue self-consciousness, but not so the average member of society. And to ask anyone to repeat his or her remark is to stir up trouble. Either they do not do it, or they do it with such a bad grace that you wish they hadn't. Your request is ignored, and the stream of conversation flows on, or it is stopped while your curiosity is satisfied, and you are made to seem a troublesome nuisance, while the people with normal hearing wait impatiently for the narration to be resumed.

Deafness a blessing, indeed!

Say, I am invited out to dinner. In the drawing-room I am introduced to several strangers—not one name do I catch. I go out to the table striving to catch sight of the names on the cards either side of my own place. I chat with my neighbor on one side, then on the other, praying heaven that the one on my right (my deafer ear), may have a clear voice.

I get along fairly well with those sitting

next to me—unless one has the habit of talking with his hand over his mouth. It is surprising how many do this. I've been told it's owing to bad teeth; but I'd far rather gaze on dental deficiencies than to listen to conversation through impeding fingers, or even, and not infrequently, through a clasped handkerchief.

However, the next neighbors can usually be managed. It is when the talk becomes general that the trouble begins. A guest across the table will say to me suddenly, beamingly, "You know all about such things, tell us your opinion."

Bitter experience has taught me the futility of asking what is the subject under

mantel, they eternally adjust their cigars or worry their mustaches, in what seems to be a diabolical endeavor to speak as indistinctly as possible.

Conversation is then carried on in low tones, and I am constantly appealed to from outlying districts to express an opinion or corroborate a statement that I cannot possibly hear. If interested, I get up and go over there; but you can't keep tramping 'round a drawing-room, and, anyway, most of the subjects under discussion are of slight interest.

There is a lot of senseless chatter, and it is sometimes boring; but it is a thousand times worse not to know what it is boring about.

A small dinner, a few people, a close, cozy gathering 'round a table or a hearth, these are oases in my desert of deafness, and are welcomed.

I may as well confess right here that what is, to me, the bitterness of my affliction is my hurt vanity.

IT IS my pride that suffers when I know the conversation is quick and bright and witty, when I know the repartee is brilliant, and that I should greatly enjoy the quips and jests that I cannot hear. And, that, could I hear them, I could cap the quotations, could add jests as good as are being made, could flash back repartee that would win applause.

And instead of this, I am dumb, silent, perforce — because I cannot catch the drift of the speech. I am acclaimed a stupid, uninteresting person, with nothing to say of interest or amusement.

That is when the iron enters my soul. Nothing hurts like wounded vanity, nothing galls like fallen pride.

Not that I am over-vain of my conversational powers. But I have perception and receptivity, and I enjoy brilliant and clever conversation, and, given hearing of it, I can at least hold up my end satisfactorily to all concerned. Instead of which, in the quick battledore and shuttlecock of the laughing, chaffing voices, I get only a confused smattering of what it's all about, and can only gnash my teeth instead of using my tongue.

Deafness a blessing? No!

In an effort to conceal my stabbed vanity, I, of course, try to hide my true sensations. Wherefore I try to look as if I were absorbing and enjoying the chat, though I stupidly take no part in it. I smile cannily, as one who deeply appreciates, I nod gayly, as if in rare delight.

One friend, who knows these tricks, says that when I look the most intelligent she knows I am hearing the least. Another says that (Continued on page 160)



CAROLYN WELLS

Carolyn Wells is a widely read and popular writer of mystery stories, general fiction, humorous verse, and articles. Some of her latest books are "Ptomaine Street," "The Mystery Girl," and "The Vanishing of Betty Varian." Her published works number well over two score. In private life she is Mrs. Hadwin Houghton. Rahway, New Jersey, is her birthplace and New York City her present home. In the May issue of "The American Magazine" she will begin a new mystery serial, "Wheels within Wheels"

discussion. Not their choice to recapitulate their recent just finished discussion. Modern talk gallops from one subject to another as fast as a Bandersnatch, and as hard, for me, to catch.

Then, farther down the table, a good story is told. I miss it, or, maybe, I hear all but the point. However, it reminds me of a good story I know. This I tell, and wonder why the laughter is forced and perfunctory. Later I learn that my story was told a few minutes before by someone else and received with great applause.

So the request, often made to me, "Now you tell us a funny story," is too dangerous to comply with, unless it be one entirely original with myself.

After dinner we go to the drawing-room. Here, the guests seem to make desperate efforts to seat themselves as far apart as possible. They camp out on distant sofas and chairs, men stand by the fireplace, where, with an elbow on the





Life had never seemed so good and beautiful to her as now. She sighed, then suddenly lifted her paddle, plunged it into the dark water at her side, and slipped out of the little cave-spot into the sunshine again



"Poor girl. It's like having a ball and chain around her ankle to be obliged to drag a woman like that after her wherever she goes"

# Stella Dallas

The story of a great love

By Olive Higgins Prouty

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SIMONT

## Synopsis of Previous Instalments

THIS is the story of Stella and Stephen Dallas, a mismatched pair, and their lovely daughter, Laurel. Stephen, of fine old family, was torn from his post-graduate work by the suicide of his father, who had used trust funds in his charge. Stephen cut himself off from all former associations and got a job in the factory at Milhampton. In his new character he gradually came into affectionate relations with the pretty and vulgar daughter of a workman, and married her. He soon found out his mistake. Later a daughter was born. Stephen threw himself into his work, advanced, studied law nights and got into the legal department. He was taken up by his superiors, and for a time the pair kept up social relations with the best people in town. Finally, when the daughter, Laurel, was about six years old, Stephen had a chance to enter a law firm in New York. After returning a few times he wrote Stella that he had made up his mind that their marriage was a mistake, and that he would come no more. He said he would provide her an ample income.

As Laurel grew up, she visited her father yearly. They were devoted comrades, similar in tastes and in temperament. On one of these visits Laurel is left for a week with Mrs. Morrison, a charming widow, whom Stephen had loved in early life. To her and her three boys he now gave a true and helpful friendship.

It was at this time that Mrs. Dallas met at a cheap seaside resort, a former riding master at Milhampton, with whom she had had a vulgar flirtation. They were seen together by some Milhampton people under circumstances that were innocent enough but suggested a scandalous intimacy. The spread of this story cut off the last social connections of Stella Dallas and her daughter, that were already much weakened. Laurel, who was the apple of her mother's eye, was snubbed by her girl friends.

After Laurel returned from the visit referred to, Stella went into Boston to see a New York lawyer, who had asked her to call at a certain office about a possible divorce. The lawyer suggested that she could secure a divorce quietly on grounds of desertion. She refused. Then he hinted that Stephen could readily get one because of her conduct. Gradually the meaning of this dawned on Stella. She rose to fiery indignation, called the lawyer a nasty-minded man, and rushed away, leaving him confounded but realizing her innocence.

The next chapter tells the story of Stephen Dallas and Helen Morrison: Their early love affair; separation when Stephen dropped all old friends because of his father's disgrace; Helen's marriage to Judge Morrison, an older man; their contented life together without supreme love; her horseback meeting in the park with Stephen; his friendship with the judge, after whose death he is made by will trustee of the estate; the revival of his old but unexpressed love for Helen; his attempt to persuade Stella into a divorce; and his return to Helen after his failure.

In four years Laurel is turned into a beautiful young woman, who keeps her finished charm in spite of her mother's vulgarity and the frequent visits of Alfred Munn.

At the seashore she fell under the notice of Richard Grosvenor, a rich, aristocratic, but naturally fine youth. They frankly fall in love at once. His mother accepts Laurel, in part because she knew of her visits to the accomplished Mrs. Morrison; she had never seen Stella, the mother, who keeps out of sight.

A charming romance begins between Laurel and Richard.

IT WAS about an hour's paddle to Stag Island, as the bird flies, but Richard guided the canoe along the irregular coast line, gliding through the dappled shadows of beech and birch, of dogwood, sassafras, and wild hydrangea, and occasional denser stretches of close-growing spruce and hemlock.

For the first ten or fifteen minutes Laurel didn't say a word. Not a single word! She sat in her perch in the bow and steadily, rhythmically dipped her paddle into the water, drew it back, raised it, reached forward, dipped it into the water again. Richard, a few feet behind her, followed her slow revolutions. The effect upon him was almost hypnotic. It was awkward to be silent with most girls. He seldom was. Most girls avoided any such lapses as this. But Laurel Dallas would drift into silence,

as naturally, as unconsciously, as a canary whose song is interrupted by some simple cause, and out of it in the same unexpected spontaneous fashion.

The "crowd" had been left far behind—when Laurel and Richard slipped into a little sequestered cove, almost a cave, with a leaf-covered roof, a lovely spot. Instinctively both the paddles dug deep into the water and held the canoe stationary. Laurel lifted her paddle very gently and laid it noiselessly across her knees. The only sound in the sylvan sanctuary was the drip-drip-drip of a few drops of water from her paddle's broad end.

Finally Richard said softly from his seat behind Laurel, "Are you there?"

She broke into a low pleased laugh at that. "Every bit of me is here!" she exclaimed. She leaned her head back and

gazed up at the blue sky through the low-hanging branches. She drew in her breath deeply. "Oh, isn't it too beautiful to be true?"

Richard, gazing only at her, thought it was! He didn't say so, simply smiled and remarked: "You like the woods, don't you?"

"I love them!" Laurel exclaimed. But it wasn't the woods she was loving just then. It was life. Life had never seemed so kind and generous, so good and beautiful to her as now! She sighed, then suddenly lifted her paddle, plunged it into the dark water at her side, and slipped out of the little cave-spot into the sunshine again. Slipped out into silence again, too.

"You aren't talking to me very much this morning," later Richard informed her. She made no reply. "You're a funny girl. I never knew a girl in my life who had silence for a line."

"Do you want me to talk?"

"No."

"When I'm in a canoe, near the shore, like this," she explained, "I love sneaking around the corners on the birds and animals when they're not expecting you, and see what they're up to."

SOME five, ten, fifteen minutes later, the canoe, pushing its nose around a bit of wooded peninsula, came abruptly upon a deer standing upon the shore. Laurel made no exclamation at sight of him, nor did she stop paddling or vary her stroke. She simply gazed in silent admiration for a second or two, then abruptly turned and looked back over her shoulder, to find out if her companion saw the beautiful creature. Richard thought he had never seen anything so lovely, so blinding as Laurel's eyes as they met his! He smiled, nodded. She turned back, satisfied. Not a word was spoken, but sharing the deer that way was—well—"Come, won't you please sit down here on the cushions and talk?" Richard asked.

She did finally.

"You're awfully different from any girl I ever knew." Most girls liked being told they were different. It seemed to distress Laurel.

"I try very hard not to be."

"Don't try."

Laurel had never been talked to by any boy like this before. She was at a loss to know how to banter back.

"Are you already booked for the game in November?" asked Richard.

"The game?"

"The big game, I mean. It's in Cambridge this year."

"Oh, no; no, I'm not." Laurel's heart



fluttered. He meant the big Harvard-Yale game! Oh, how happy her mother would be!

"I want you to go with me."

"Why—but I—Do you think your mother? . . . I mean—we—"

"I know," he interrupted, "that we've known each other only a week, and all the rest of that silly conventional stuff. But I'm not a perfect stranger to you. You can tell your mother that my kid brother knows Con Morrison. He visited him once. Anyhow, when your mother is able to come down-stairs, she'll know us herself. It will be all right *then*. I simply had to get my word in now for fear you might get booked up with somebody else. I want you to go to the game with me, if you go with anybody. Will you?"

"Yes, I will," said Laurel, looking off toward the shore, her eyes again suddenly dark and luminous.

Richard looked toward the shore, too. Had she seen another deer?

**WHEN** they landed at Stag Island half an hour later, "Don't forget you're going to paddle back with me, too," Richard whispered softly.

All day long one happy moment followed another as uninterruptedly as one telegraph pole another, flashing by the window on a railroad train. It had been like that ever since the morning Mrs. Adams had fallen into conversation with Laurel on the hotel veranda. That was ten days ago, yet Laurel was only just beginning to become so sufficiently used to the steady succession of kindnesses as to take them for granted.

Mrs. Adams had noticed Laurel the first morning she had appeared alone in the hotel dining-room. So, too, had others noticed her. The head waiter had shown Laurel to a table by a far window. After she had sat there alone during breakfast, lunch, and dinner, Mrs. Adams made inquiries of the clerk. It seemed the new girl's mother was ill up-stairs. Tonsillitis. Mrs. Adams spoke to Laurel that morning, asked her if there was anything she could do to help, and introduced her to



Stella was the first to look away. She coughed, cleared her throat to

two girls standing near by with tennis racquets.

"Do you play?" asked one of the girls.

"Will you play?" asked the other.

It was as easy as that. That very morning Laurel played tennis with three girls of "the crowd;" that very afternoon played golf with three others; that very evening met the boys and danced until the music stopped, running up between numbers to see if her mother was comfortable, and to let her share what she knew would make her happier than anything else in the world.

"Well, I guess we've struck the right place at last, Lollie!" Stella exclaimed from her pillows, with a glint of triumph in her eyes. "Don't think of me. Don't come up again, dearie. I'm all right. I'm bound to be. I just knew we'd happen onto gold some day."

It had all been pure luck. Stella had chosen this particular hotel from a circu-

lar, on the strength of the fact of its high rates. The start had been anything but propitious. Either she or Laurel had been ill from the first moment of their arrival. Laurel was confined to the bedroom the first twenty-four hours, and Stella had been obliged to wander about the unexplored regions down-stairs companionless. Then the moment the fever left Laurel, didn't it go and settle itself upon Stella—settle and stay, too! At the end of two weeks Stella was only just beginning to sit up in a chair by her bed.

**AFTER** lunch under the tall pines on Stag Island the boys went off to explore the coast; and the girls grouped themselves in colorful bunches on the soft brown background and talked lazily, meanderingly, breaking into shrill peals of laughter, now and then, or fragments of popular songs.

Laurel lay back, flat on the ground, idle,





she decided to speak again. Might as well take the bull by the horns, she decided

her hands folded under her head, and gazed up at the murmuring tops of the trees. She wished her mother might be hiding up there among the balsam needles, gazing down at her through the gaps, seeing, hearing.

Deborah, seated beside Laurel, was tickling her nose with a spear of field grass, Laurel attempting to catch it in her mouth by occasional puppylike snaps. Frances, on the other side, was amusing herself by weaving pine needles through the meshes of Laurel's sweater. "I'll pay you back, somehow," purred Laurel contentedly.

Now they were telling her about the theatricals they gave every year in August, discussing what sort of a rôle would be best suited to her; now discussing the delights of the night she would spend on the top of Spear Mountain before the season was over; now commanding her to make herself useful, and sit up and help wind

some yarn. Oh, was it all true? Did they like her a little? Were they her friends? It seemed to Laurel that afternoon, as the shadows grew longer on the western margin of the lake and the hour approached for the homeward paddle with Richard Grosvenor through those shadows, that her cup of happiness was full to the brim.

**AT THE** end of the homeward paddle it seemed to her that that cup was overflowing. Richard had asked her to be his partner in the tennis tournament on Saturday; he had asked her to go to lunch at a neighboring hotel with his mother and himself to-morrow noon; he had asked her to come out alone with him, in the canoe, to-night after dinner; he had asked if he might write to her after he returned to town. He was going back in four days. He had taken a job in his father's office for the rest of the summer.

As they had drawn near to the pier in

front of the hotel he had said to Laurel, interrupting his paddling as he did so, leaning forward, "It doesn't seem possible that I met you only a week ago" (oh, it was the beginning of the old story); "you seem to me like somebody I've known a long while" (told in the same old way). Laurel closed her eyes a moment—he didn't see her—then opened them wide. She had a feeling she might wake any moment and find it all a dream. As she jumped out of the canoe onto the pier beside him, a look passed between them that was like the look when they had shared the deer silently together. For the third or fourth time that day Laurel's heart fluttered and seemed almost to turn over.

**SEVERAL** of "the crowd" were on the pier when Laurel and Richard arrived. Deborah called out brightly to them, "Come along, walk up with us."

She linked a free arm familiarly through Laurel's as she approached, and Richard fell into step on Laurel's other side. Frances and two boys were also with the group. They all moved up the pier together. The girls began singing a popular song.

Then suddenly, in the midst of the chorus, Deborah stopped singing, stopped walking, too. So did the others.

"Oh, girls! Look!" Deborah exclaimed. "There's that awful woman!"

Laurel glanced up. Coming down across the lawn in front of the hotel, approaching the pier, she saw her mother.

Stella was several hundred yards away, but Laurel was familiar with the black-and-white striped foulard which she now wore. Stella had remodeled her foulard this spring. She had given it a lot of fresh pep, with generous dashes of Kelly green. Deborah seemed familiar with the foulard, too.

"What woman?" Louise inquired.

"Why, my dear, look, look for yourself and see. Don't you remember that dreadful dress? Of course you do! You were with us. You saw her about two weeks ago. She was around the hotel all one day."

(Continued on page 196)



# "You Told Me to Do It Like That!"

This is the most destructive alibi in business—The company with which I have been associated for over forty years has been built from a small, imperfect enterprise into an organization of 250,000 employees—Its success is based on telling men what to do—but leaving the manner of doing it to them

*By Angus S. Hibbard*

**M**R. BOWERS, of Boston, claimed that his long-distance telephone would not work. He said he could not hear over it, and he honestly believed he could not. He insisted that we take "the confounded thing" out of his office and cancel the lease. The telephone in question was a private wire connecting the Boston and New York offices of his firm. "We want to keep the line," his younger partners told me. "But Mr. Bowers has ordered us to throw it out. There doesn't seem to be anything else for us to do."

"I'll come over and see you," I replied.

Failure to hear well was a common complaint in the early days of the telephone. Very often people did not believe they could hear, therefore they did not try very hard. I suspected that was the trouble with Mr. Bowers. I thought if I could once rouse his attention I could convince him. And I certainly wanted to convince him, for his line was the first private wire ever leased for so long a distance. This all happened in the eighties.

Sitting down at the New York end of his wire, I was soon connected with one of the younger men in the Boston office. I could hear him as plainly as if he were talking from across the street.

"Let me speak to Mr. Bowers," I said.

"I'm afraid he won't talk," the young man replied. "He won't even come near this contraption any more!"

"Call him, anyway," I said. "Tell him who I am and why I want to talk to him."

I persuaded the young man, and while he went off to get the old gentleman I held the wire. Every few seconds I kept saying, as a person does, when not sure of the connection, "Hello! hello!"

Presently I heard a growl. It was the senior partner at the other end.

"I can't hear what you're saying," he shouted; "I can't understand a word of it!"

The situation was critical. I replied emphatically:

"You're a liar!"

"What's that!" he roared. "Nobody ever called me a liar before!"

You may be sure I had the old gentleman's attention in the twinkling of an eye! He certainly tried hard to hear what more I might have to say to him, and he heard everything as distinctly as anybody else who concentrated.

First I apologized. Then I explained

my motive. Finally, I told him that he could hear perfectly well over the telephone. And he agreed with me.

"Of course I can hear," he said. "This is marvelous, wonderful!"

Nothing was too good for him to say. I never heard any more about canceling the lease!

I tell this little story because it shows rather vividly one sort of obstacle met in introducing the telephone—a state of mind, indifference, a "you'll-have-to-show-me" attitude. If

the general public, however, did not believe very seriously in the telephone at the start, it was not altogether the public's fault. The early telephone, Professor Bell's marvelous invention, was a very imperfect instrument, and consisted barely of the principle on which the telephone could work. Very few lines had been installed. But even when the instruments were set up in adjoining rooms it was almost impossible to hear over them. There was no separate transmitter; a person conversing first put his mouth and then his ear to the telephone. There

were no switchboards at the start, and when they did come into existence it was a long time before they were perfected. There was no copper wire; for a number of years the iron wires that served in telegraphy were used. It was several years before the metallic circuit was invented. A satisfactory insulating material was discovered only after hundreds of heart-breaking experiments. Cables had to be perfected to avoid the congestion of overhead wires; and before they were perfected, the wires became so numerous and bothersome in New York City that the mayor sent out men with axes to chop down the company's poles!

So at the start people had some reason to think of the telephone as an impractical toy. How that sentiment was changed, how the telephone was developed commercially, how a little company with a



Mr. Hibbard was one of the leading pioneers in the development of the telephone industry. Born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on February 7th, 1860, he became superintendent of the Wisconsin Telephone Company at the age of twenty-one. Five years later he was chosen as the first general superintendent of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, a position in which he inaugurated the long-distance lines. Later he served as general manager and vice president of the Chicago Telephone Company, and in 1911 he returned to the main offices of the A. T. and T. as adviser to its executive department. In this capacity he did valuable work in reorganizing the Western Union, and when the Government decided on the division of the two companies he was given the job of "unscrambling" them. He has invented and patented many improved devices for use with the telephone, and is still prominent as a consulting expert



handful of employees was transformed into a concern with two hundred and fifty thousand employees, how the product, by constant supplementary inventions, was turned into a nation-wide system of service—all that is as great a romance as the invention of the telephone itself.

And it is, primarily, a romance of organization.

I was fortunate enough to have a part in it almost from the start. I began studying telephony when I was scarcely out of my teens. The second job I had after I left school was secretary to the general superintendent of the Northwestern Telegraph, in Milwaukee. In 1881 he was made president of the Wisconsin Telephone Company, and I went with him as superintendent. That was just five years after Mr. Bell took out his patents on the telephone.

We had to do a good deal of experimenting ourselves, as did everybody connected with the telephone in the early days. In particular, we tried to establish long-distance service. We made some progress in that direction, and in 1885 I went to Boston to attend a conference of telephone men from various parts of the country. There I read a paper on long-distance problems.

Mr. Theodore N. Vail was the head of the company. He heard my paper, and seemed to conclude that I knew something about my subject, for he changed my headquarters to New York and I became the first general superintendent of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. I had charge of the long-distance department, and in its development helped to work out another lot of new problems.

**WE** WENT ahead as fast as we could, and by the early nineties we had completed a line from New York to Chicago. I discovered, however, that the Chicago telephone system was defective. Nearly all the lines consisted of one wire, and that of iron. The circuit was completed by grounding the wires at either end. The metallic circuit had been proved far superior, but it had not yet been introduced into Chicago.

The telephone service was therefore very bad. Trolley lines, high tension power wires, and other disturbing factors interfered with the telephone wires. Very often the trouble was what was called "cross-talk." In such cases a conversation on one wire would get mixed up with another, and you would hear two people talking at once. It did no good to tell the other fellow to get off the line, for he wasn't on the line. He was on another one, but his conversation, by induction, jumped across to the other wire! If there was no cross-talk still it was often impos-

sible to hear distinctly, because other noises interfered.

We wanted to make our long-distance service perfect and, believing that the Chicago connection would impair it, I refused to connect with the Chicago system.

"We'll make you hitch up!" I was told. They did it by appointing me general manager of the Chicago company! That job with others that followed in the same company lasted for eighteen years.

In 1911, when the telephone company bought control of the Western Union, I returned to New York in order to help rejuvenate that property and also to carry out Mr. Vail's ideas in regard to it.

Mr. Vail was a wonderful executive. What made him so, more than any other one thing, I believe, was his ability to look at his objective and leave the details to others. He always knew where he wanted to go. He firmly believed it was possible to get there. And he allowed nothing to stop him.

But he was not a nagging boss. He did not try to get every detail into his own head, or every plan out of it. He limited himself to telling his associates *what* he wanted done. He picked men in whom he felt confidence, and as long as they got the desired results he left them alone.

Here is a case. Mr. Vail, desiring to establish the best and most comprehensive service of inter-communication possible, brought about the purchase of the Western Union control by the Bell telephone system. Up to that time the Western Union had been a football of Wall Street. It had been kicked here and there by Jay Gould and other financiers, whose interest was limited to the money they could get out of it by stock manipulation.

**M**ANY of the telegraph offices were dirty places, and sometimes located in a basement down a flight of dark stairs. There were, naturally, no adequate standards of courtesy or service.

Mr. Vail wanted to change all that. He had a great object in view, namely, to make every telephone in the country the terminus of a telegraph line. He stated his service ideals to those of us whom he selected to reorganize the Western Union, then he said:

"Now, go and do it."

We understood his thought. If we did not do it, he would find others who could. Of course we put everything we had into the work.

Directing people *what* to do, but leaving *the manner* of doing it to them! that is a fundamental rule in good

management. A great many little business men never get good results out of an organization, simply because they violate this principle.

I learned this rule early in my career, not only from Mr. Vail but also from another man, Edward J. Hall, who was general manager of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company in New York, and my boss in the early days of the development of long-distance telephones. He told me once:

"When you can assure me that you have built up so good an organization that it works smoothly without you, and you have *nothing to do*, I'll go before the executive committee and recommend a raise in your salary."

I took the lesson to heart and recall very well the first time I had a chance to prove it to Mr. Hall. (Continued on page 165)

## Have You More Than One Boss in Your Business?

**"NO MAN** can have two bosses for the same job and do good work," says Mr. Hibbard. "Whenever lines of authority cross, a clash is almost sure to result. Here is what happens: A clerk is given a task by his department head. After a while the general manager comes along. He tells that employee to do something else. Of course the employee undertakes the new assignment. Presently the department head hears about it—from the employee. That is bad.

"The general manager told me to do it," the employee says, and his excuse is perfect. "I thought he was boss; so I had to drop what I was doing for you."

"That department head is not a real boss. The employee knows that his orders are likely to be set aside at any time, therefore he gives him a limited allegiance. One of the principles of good management is that, if you give a man responsibility, you must also give him authority equal to the responsibility."

So my experience was varied. I was mechanically inclined and had my share in the supplementary inventions that made the telephone commercially serviceable. I also had my share in the commercial development. One well-remembered feature of this was the blue bell, long-distance telephone sign, which is now used pretty generally throughout the world, and which I designed at that time. Thus I was enabled to see the tremendous part played in both departments by effective organization.

Just what is a good organization?

It is one, I take it, where a group of people work together effectively and harmoniously. It did not just happen that we worked harmoniously in the telephone company. There were reasons bound up in sound management, and back of that lay the personality of Theodore N. Vail.



# A Taxicab Driver Hasn't Eyes

But he knows more about you than you would ever suspect.  
more than 60,000 passengers a week

*By Nat D.*

President, the Black and White

**A**N OLD lady carrying a reticule and looking anxiously over the tops of her gold spectacles came from the Pennsylvania Station the other day and approached the waiting line of taxicabs. After scanning the faces of several drivers, she approached one of them.

"I was expecting my daughter to meet me," she said, "but I don't find her. I guess she didn't get my telegram. I've lost my pocketbook and haven't any money, but if you'll take me to my daughter's address on Riverside Drive I'm sure that she will pay you."

"All right, lady," said the driver. "I'll do it."

**U**PON arriving at the address, however, they found that the old lady's daughter was not at home. So the driver took the old lady to another address which she gave him, that of a friend of her daughter's. Upon leaving her, he said:

"Lady, I don't believe you're the kind that will let your daughter forget to send the fare. It's five dollars and ninety cents, and if she doesn't pay it I'll have to. That's the rule. There aren't many folks I'd like to trust like this, but I guess you're all right."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed the old lady, "that anybody would stoop so low as to try to cheat you out of a fare, do you?"

"I certainly do," returned the driver, laughing. "There are lots of sharp people just waiting for a chance."

"Well, don't you worry about me," said the lady. "I'm not sharp that way."

And of course she wasn't. Two days later the driver received from her daughter a check for the amount of the fare, a tip for himself, and a courteous note of thanks.

A surprisingly large number of people seem to think that anything they do to get out of paying taxi fares is legitimate. Perhaps they believe that if they dodge the small indebtedness a corporation has to stand the loss, but the fact is the taxi driver himself is responsible for collecting the amount due from every passenger. If he fails to do so, he has to make it good.

One type of man rides a long distance in a taxicab and then tells the driver to wait for him in front of some hotel or office building with several entrances and exits. Usually, unless he knows his passenger, the driver refuses to permit him to go away from the cab until the fare has been paid, for he suspects his passenger may be looking for a chance to slip through the building and out one of the

lounging in a hotel corridor to make it seem that he owns the place, or, at any rate, lives there.

Sometimes, three or four people of the "dead beat" type take a ride together. A woman hires the cab, drives a short distance, and then picks up two more women and later a man. After riding until the fare is a matter of ten dollars or more, the man leaves the cab. After a few blocks the woman who hired the cab gets out with one of the other women. The last member of the party drives to some address near by and, when the driver demands the fare, she says, "Why, I thought the gentleman paid you. I didn't hire the cab."

## The Shortest and the Longest Taxicab Journeys on Record

**"T**HE shortest taxicab journey I ever knew any one to take," says Mr. Jacoby, "amounted to something less than a hundred yards. A man who had obviously been in New York before, but probably not in recent years, came to the subterranean taxicab exit of the Grand Central Station, entered a cab, and told the driver to take him to the Biltmore Hotel.

"Quit your kidding!" said the driver.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded the passenger indignantly.

"There's the entrance to the Biltmore," returned the driver, "just across the way."

"All right! Drive on!" returned the passenger, laughing. "This is one on me."

"And when he had been delivered across the way he paid a fare of twenty cents, tipped the driver liberally, and seemed to enjoy the experience hugely.

"The longest trip ever made by a New York taxicab so far as I know happened a few weeks ago. A man missed a night train to New Haven, Connecticut, and was so anxious to begin his journey at once that he wouldn't wait for another train. The meter on the cab that took him to New Haven showed 152 miles for the round trip, and the passenger paid a fare of \$63."

**A**BOUT the meanest trick of the dead-beat variety that I know of happened recently. A man drove from the Grand Central Terminal to an up-town hotel. He waved aside the hotel attendants who came to take his bag and suit case and requested the driver to carry them to his room.

Having deposited the man's luggage, the driver said, "The fare's one dollar and eighty cents. You haven't paid yet."

"Why, certainly I did!" said the passenger. "I paid you down-stairs!"

An argument followed, and the man finally said, "I say I paid you down-stairs. Now what are you going to do about it?"

"I'll show you!" said the driver, and he seized the man's bag, and started for the elevator.

"What are you doing with that bag?" demanded the passenger.

"I'm going to turn it in at the hotel desk and advise them to hang onto it, or you'll be trying to beat your hotel bill next."

The passenger called him back and paid the sum due.

It sometimes happens that passengers on getting out of taxicabs find they have left their money at home. A few people see in this a chance to get out of paying the fare. They take the driver's name and then "forget" to send the money. Well-meaning people usually exchange addresses with the driver, so that he can call on them for the money if they forget to

other entrances without returning to the cab at all.

However, if the passenger who asked to be let out in front of such a place was obviously unaccustomed to riding in taxicabs, that is, if he was awkward in getting in or out, or if he showed that he was from the country or some small town, by the questions he asked the driver, then the driver would have little fear about his coming back. The man who tries to beat his fare in this way is usually the "slick" type, the well-dressed fellow who knows just what impressive pose to take when

at the hotel desk and advise them to hang onto it, or you'll be trying to beat your hotel bill next."

The passenger called him back and paid the sum due.

It sometimes happens that passengers on getting out of taxicabs find they have left their money at home. A few people see in this a chance to get out of paying the fare. They take the driver's name and then "forget" to send the money. Well-meaning people usually exchange addresses with the driver, so that he can call on them for the money if they forget to



# In the Back of His Head—

## Extraordinary experiences of our drivers while carrying through the streets of New York

*Jacoby*

Taxicab Company, New York City

send it. Occasionally a man offers the driver something by way of "security."

About a year ago, a man in a dinner coat came hastily out of an apartment house and drove in one of our taxicabs three miles to a hotel. On arriving there he searched through all his pockets and found he had with him just a dime, though he owed two dollars and sixty cents. He took the driver's name, promised to send the money, and added:

"Here's the dime, and here"—he took a gold stud from his shirt front—"is something you can cash in on if you don't hear from me."

Subsequently, not hearing from the passenger, the driver paid the fare; but he was then so skeptical of the value of the stud that he didn't try to find out what it was worth. One day, seven months later, when he happened to be hard up he discovered the forgotten stud in his vest pocket and, upon offering it to a dealer in old gold, was surprised to receive seventeen dollars for it.

**EVERY** week, our five hundred taxicabs transport between 60,000 and 70,000 passengers a distance of 160,000 miles through the streets of New York. Thus the mileage for each day is almost equal to the circumference of the globe. The average trip is about two miles; the average fare eighty cents. Our most regular patrons are the people going to and from railroad and steamship terminals. Every day there are about 6,000 taxicab trips to and from the Pennsylvania Station and about 4,000 to and from the Grand Central.

When taxicabs first came into use passengers were most frequently found in the fashionable quarters along Fifth and Park avenues. To-day, taxicabs along Second

and Third avenues on the East Side are among the busiest we have. Partly owing to the congestion and inadequacy of other means of transportation in New York, mechanics and shop girls are now among our regular customers. Sometimes, when late, they even drive to work in taxicabs. They often go on pleasure rides through the parks. On the East Side especially, it is a common practice for three or four

Actresses, on the other hand, have a keen aversion to riding alone in a taxicab. You almost never see an actress in a taxicab unless she is escorted by a man or accompanied by a woman friend. She seems to feel that if she rides unaccompanied the gossips will report she is lacking in popularity and hence in attendants.

From men customers who ride regularly we seldom have requests for any particular type of driver,

but women sometimes specify the kind of man they want, whether tall and blond or short and dark. Most women prefer the tall, blond man, feeling somehow that he is more reliable and will take better care of their shopping bundles and lapdogs. Women of French or Italian extraction often express a preference for short, dark men.

**RECENTLY**, one of our regular customers who pays her bills by the month telephoned me that she would be unable to do her shopping that afternoon because we had sent her a short, dark man in spite of her standing order for a tall, blond driver. We recalled the short, dark man, a very reliable driver, and sent her the tallest and blondest one available. So her afternoon wasn't spoiled after all. Some time later, when this woman was in my office, I asked her why she had such a pronounced preference for a driver of a particular type. She said:

"My husband was a naval officer, and he was killed in an automobile accident in Paris. His chauffeur was a short, dark man, and since then I never ride in an automobile driven by a man of that type."

People from small towns who hire taxicabs for sight-seeing trips in New York usually prefer to arrange the matter by telephoning direct (Continued on page 131)



PHOTO BY EDWARD ARON

Times Square in New York is called by taxicab men "the best taxicab riding section in the world." More taxicabs pass there in a day than any other point on earth. At all hours of the day taxi drivers crowd their vehicles into this neighborhood, because "fares" are more quickly gathered there than elsewhere. Likewise, taxicab riders find it easier to locate a cab in this neighborhood than anywhere else. In the picture above, which shows Times Square looking north up Broadway and Seventh Avenue from Forty-third Street, forty-two taxicabs can be counted in the space of three blocks. And this picture was taken in mid-afternoon, at a non-rush hour, so that the vehicles, instead of being massed together indistinguishably, would show distinctly! There are 50,000 taxicabs in the United States, and of these 13,000 are in New York. Every day 43,000 people in New York ride in taxicabs, paying on the average a fare of eighty cents. Thus the amount spent in one day in the metropolis for taxicab fares is approximately \$35,000. The average distance traveled by a New York taxicab in one day is sixty-five miles, making the daily total for all cabs in the city 84,500 miles—more than three times the distance around the globe.

girls to plan their shopping trips together. They divide the taxi fare, which is the same for four as for one, so that the cost to each is pretty low.

Manicurists and cloak and suit models are frequent taxicab patrons. Usually they ride two together and divide the fare; but when the occasion requires they do not hesitate to ride alone and they seem not to mind if the neighbors see that they have driven home alone in a taxicab.



# INTERESTING PEOPLE

## What One Man Learned from a Terrible Experience



(Left) Herbert Graham and his sister, Stella, taken last summer; the boy was seven and a half years old; the girl less than six. (Below) Ready for a combination dive. (Right) Herbert diving from height of 28 feet when he was about five years old. He now dives from 35 feet



**O**N THE morning of June 15th, 1904, a young man who was visiting in New York boarded a steamer which had been chartered for a Sunday-school excursion. The young man was H. L. Graham; and the steamer was the "General Slocum," a name which will always recall one of the most frightful disasters in the history of this country.

Shortly after leaving the dock, fire broke out on the vessel, which soon became a roaring furnace. Of the fifteen hundred passengers aboard, about twelve hundred were drowned, more than half of them being children. Young Graham managed to save himself—that was all. Even if he had retained enough presence of mind to try to rescue someone else, he wouldn't have known how to do it.

But he vowed then that he would profit by that terrible experience. He promised himself that he would become an expert swimmer; that, if he ever had a family, every member of it should learn to swim, and that he would do all in his power to prevent other tragedies like the one he had witnessed. These promises have been kept.

Graham has four children now. The youngest, not yet two years old, is the



(Left) Herbert doing a swan dive. (Right) Stella diving from 26 feet before she was five years old. (Below) Herbert, Stella, and George (2½ years old) ready to dive together. The other picture shows Herbert, tied in a sack. When thrown into deep water he releases himself and comes to the surface



only one that cannot swim; but she will know how before she is a year older. The eldest child, Herbert, was seven and a half years old last summer; the second one, Stella, was less than six years old, and the third, George, was two and a half years old. Each of them can float, swim, and dive. Herbert can swim half a mile, dive from a height of thirty-five feet, and jump from a height of forty feet. Stella, almost two years younger, does very nearly as well. George, who is little more than a baby, can swim

more than fifty feet and dive from a height of six feet.

The three children do a combination dive, standing on each other's shoulders. The two older ones have learned how to rescue another person from drowning. And Herbert, when tied in a sack and thrown into deep water, will release himself, come to the surface, and swim to shore.

"Every child can and should be taught to do what my children have learned to do," declares Mr. Graham. "If other parents had witnessed the pitiful scenes which I witnessed when the 'General Slocum' burned, they would not rest until their own little ones were able to take care of themselves in the water. I began to teach Herbert and Stella when they were





about two and one-half years old. George began practicing in the bathtub when he was only two. A few months later he was swimming and diving in open water. A girl can be taught just as easily as a boy. In fact, Stella learned more quickly than Herbert did and she can do most things as well as he can.

"The first thing I do is to put the child in a float, a ring, like an old-fashioned life-preserver, going around the body under the child's arms. For a few days I let it paddle around in this float, so that it will get over its natural fear and become accustomed to the feeling of suffocation which everyone has when first getting into cold water that is shoulder deep. This feeling is due to the pressure of the water

on the chest, making breathing slightly more difficult.

"The next step is to teach the child to hold its breath under water. I tell him not to breathe; then I quickly duck his head under. The first few times the child will sputter and strangle a little, but he soon finds that he *must* hold his breath. After a few lessons, his fear is gone, and he quickly learns to keep himself afloat. Almost as soon as he is able to swim, I begin teaching him to dive, beginning with a height of two feet and gradually increasing the distance, a few feet at a time.

"Since the two older children have been able to swim well I have taken them out in a canoe and, when they least expected it, have upset the boat, throwing them

into the water with all their clothes on. I wanted them to acquire presence of mind; to have the confidence they would need in an emergency. I also wanted them to learn by actual experience that they could swim almost as well with their clothes on as off.

"Before I take my children on a steamboat I call them to me and explain that if the vessel should have an accident and start to sink, they are to jump overboard and swim to shore. While we are on the boat, I ask them what they would do if the boat should sink. I know what they will say: 'Jump overboard and swim to shore.' But I try in this way to make the thought become a fixed one in their minds, so that they will instinctively act on it in an emergency." ALLAN HARDING

## A Successful Teacher of Unusual Boys

**F**IVE years ago the Oklahoma Board of Education discovered that Miss Mamie Franks was born to teach boys. And not ordinary boys either, but the square pegs—the truants, the misunderstood and often miscalled "bad" boys. She was given one room in a ward building, the services of an instructor in manual training, and the job of salvaging the boys who would not or could not go to school anywhere else. Thus was created the Opportunity School, and in her five years of work Miss Franks has not met with a single failure.

The reason is very simple: She loves boys and understands them. To sum her up in the boys' own vernacular—"she's a good scout." In the Opportunity School no effort is made to fit the boy to the work, the work is fitted to the boy. If a boy prefers to stand and write—he stands.

"Children are made into machines too much," says Miss Franks. "Of course, my boys are self-centered and sensitive, but so have been half the geniuses of the world.

"When a boy fails in his grades for three or more terms he comes to the Opportunity School for still another chance. It doesn't necessarily mean that he is stupid; it merely signifies that there is a wrinkle that the grade teacher with forty or more pupils has not the time to smooth out. For instance, I had a twelve-year-old boy sent to me who, apparently, could not learn to read. It developed that he could not distinguish between the loop letters.

"A drill in phonics eradicated that difficulty and he became normal.

"On the other hand, I have bright boys who easily make a grade and a half in one year, but who will never be normal students for the reason that they are square pegs, or their personality is too strongly developed, or whatever you please to call it, and they do not adjust themselves to the routine of the usual school. In a number of instances I have found boys of sixteen and eighteen who

could work anything in higher mathematics, who could take a car to pieces and reassemble it, and to whom grammar was a sealed book. They were not normal—but neither are some of the great scientists of to-day. I encouraged them along the lines for which they showed the greatest aptitude, gave them the practical side of grammar, such as letter writing and sentence structure, and cut out

preliminaries before departing this one. So sophisticated a gentleman smoked, naturally, and his speech, enriched by certain high explosives, together with the twirling of a blue-bladed knife, brought on complications. The knife was forcibly removed and the knowledge imparted that fists and not knives were the weapons most in vogue.

"Come out," Miss Franks invited.

"Any boy who comes over here looking for trouble can find it." A ring was formed.

"You've got my knife, but there are plenty of brickbats," he blustered.

"No brickbats—fists," said Miss Franks laconically, as a boy of the same size stepped out to do the honors of the school.

"If I had my gang here I'd fix you," boasted Boots.

A car was offered to transport the gang, and then the young bully broke down and refused to fight.

"It was my only chance to get that boy," explained Miss Franks, "I had to call his bluff."

The "bad man" pose died hard that day, but with it died that particular underlying cause, and the lad who emerged developed into one of the brightest boys of Opportunity School.

"I recall the worst truant I ever had," Miss Franks confided. "The thing that cured him was responsibility. I gave him an important job in the kitchen of the cafeteria, one that required his daily attention; and he never failed me." And then she said to me: "It's in them to rise to meet the thing that's coming, and the thing to do is to keep plenty of things coming."

Miss Franks is very quick to seize her opportunity. This year a mother came bringing her son, who had been a flat failure in two schools. "I can't do a thing with him," she said. "He doesn't want to do a thing but dig, dig, dig. The whole yard is a network of trenches."

"Fine!" commented Miss Franks, "I like a cave man."

From that cave she spun every recitation this boy had for two days. For his



WAYNE STUDIO, OKLAHOMA CITY

Miss Mamie Franks, who conducts the Opportunity School of Oklahoma City, is a born teacher of boys. Many of her pupils have "kinks" and "wrinkles" in their disposition, and she has found the secret of ironing these out by unique methods of teaching and play

Browning, which did not interest them."

When a new boy comes in the old boys do what they can to help. If a certain atmosphere is needed to lick him into shape they furnish the atmosphere.

Swaggering in one day with embroidered boots, wearing his belt low, and with the general air of being the original bold, bad bandit, came a boy. Having been ejected from two schools, he was rather bored to have to go through the



drawing lesson he sketched on the board a diagram of the caves and connecting trenches, and as a language lesson described them to the class. His arithmetic consisted of the measurements and dimensions, and geography came in for the formation and topography. After the resources of the cave had been exhausted, it was suggested that, since the whole class had been so interested in

his cave, he, of course, would be equally interested in anything they were. It was a challenge to be a good sport.

One morning Miss Franks announced that she was going to read poetry. "We don't like poetry," the boys chorused. "You'll like this," she promised. And began with the "Raggedy Man," and read from Riley the lyrics all boys like.

"We'll write him a letter and tell him

we don't like poetry, but we like his," they decided. So each boy wrote a letter, and from each letter one sentence was incorporated into the one letter that went to Mr. Riley. It was the year before the poet's death, and though paralyzed he dictated a most delightful letter of appreciation to the boys who did not like poetry but liked his.

LILLIAN FRYER RAINEY

## A Designer of Women's Hats

**G**OOD GROUND is an old-fashioned Long Island hamlet with a couple of streets and a half dozen stores. It is the sort of place where a motorist might stop for gas, or crackers and cheese, and then speed on toward the aristocratic colonies at Southampton and Easthampton. Yet almost any day in the millinery buying seasons you will find the limousines of five or six of the richest and most fashionable women in the country lined up in front of an unpretentious little building set close to the main road that runs through Good Ground.

This square, snug little building, with its front of small-paned windows and its shingled roof, is a studio. But it is neither pictures nor sculpture that the owners of the limousines have come to take away. It is hats.

Here is the workshop—"the studio," he prefers to call it—of Walter King, one of the most distinguished designers and makers of women's millinery. Next door is the little Revolutionary-period house where he was born, and where as a boy he displayed the knack of making hats which were later to carry his name and label from this tiny American village, eighty-four miles out of New York, to all parts of the world.

Italian princesses, English countesses, French women of fashion, wives and daughters and sisters of the captains of American industry, make frequent pilgrimages to Good Ground for their hats. Hetty Green once brought an old hat for him to remodel. It was a concoction of black malines and lace, and she was very pleasant and made no fuss about the bill. Mrs. Carter Curtis Beggs, sister of the late Andrew Carnegie, Mrs. Henry Ford, the Princess Miguel of Braganza, whose husband belongs to the royal family of Portugal, Mary Boland, the actress, Mrs. Fred C. Perkins, of Pittsburgh, wife of the steel magnate, are only a few who have been customers of the roadside shop. And

John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and his wife stop in each summer, just for a visit and to see the beautiful things on display, on their way to visit friends.

While still a youngster, Walter King knew that he wanted to do nothing so much as make hats. At times when he should have been attending to customers in his father's store or studying his lessons, he was thinking up hats that should combine all the lovely colors he saw in the sky, or the water, or woods. Or he was

man. His father's general store offered no great financial opportunities. So he went to New York to study window trimming and interior decoration. His natural ability to create a picture, and his unerring feeling for color and harmonious line aided him greatly, and in two years' time, he found himself in a Southern department store as a window dresser. And his days as a creator of hats seemed to be done.

Walter King's days as a hat designer might have been finished then, if word had

not come to him suddenly one day that his mother, whose gentleness and sympathy and own love and feeling for beautiful things had been an inspiration to him, had been taken with an illness that meant certain and lingering death. The general store was not doing any too well. He was needed at home. So he packed up hurriedly and went back to the little white house by the Merrick Road, and decided to remain there as long as his mother should live.

What should he do? How could he make the necessary money for dainties and luxuries, how could he find a way to help and not add a burden to the already overtaxed

family purse? . . . In the past ten years the fame of the little studio has gone to the far corners of the earth—nevertheless, the butcher's wife, and the baker's wife, and the postmaster's wife, and the school-teachers of his own and neighboring towns—all the people who gave him their patronage when he needed it—buy their hats from him still.

And the women of fashion who have once worn his hats very seldom go to another milliner. They may be at the Riviera or in Paris, in Tibet or Alaska, or London or Omaha or Duluth. All they have to do is to write and order as many hats as they want, and describe the purposes to which they are to be put. Often he sends fifty or sixty hats a week to women who will not know what their next season's headwear is to look like till it arrives.

BETTY SHANNON



Photo by Lewis Hine

Walter King is an extraordinarily gifted maker of women's hats. In childhood, when the other boys went clam-digging, he stayed home and made doll hats for little girls out of waste materials around his father's general store. Today, he makes millinery for wealthy, fashionable, titled, and talented women, who come from all parts of the world to his studio at Good Ground, Long Island

making hat frames from the wire off the bales of hay that stood in the grain room, or covering these frames with calico, snipped from the bright colored bolts on the bottom shelf, or with tea matting from the great tea boxes that stood in the corner, near the kerosene and the molasses barrel.

There never was such a maker of hats for the small girls of any neighborhood. While the other boys fished and dug for clams, this boy stayed at home and designed grand creations for the French dolls, and the rag dolls, and the china dolls from miles around.

Then Walter King finished high school, and it was necessary for him to decide what he should do to earn his living in this matter-of-fact world that is used to looking on hat-making as a woman's profession—certainly no profession for a virile





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# The Girl Who Was a Mystery to Her Town

(Continued from page 15)

dare to look at her mother. All her energies were centered on escape.

Outside, the night was growing dark, though a late summer twilight still lingered in the west. The air was heavy with the scent of June growth. They went up the main street in silence. The second house beyond the Grant homestead marked the end of the village in that direction; the road went on toward the neighboring town. They were alone now. As Rebecca realized the fact, her old timidity returned, but with an entirely different value this time, a feeling of peaceful helplessness, a faith in life that had grown immeasurably deeper and more real in the last few hours.

"Why did you come?" asked Rodrigo in a low voice.

"I had to walk," she answered. "It was close inside. These June nights are too fine to miss."

**H**E UNDERSTOOD her fully, in a great surge of joy. When he spoke again, his voice in the dusk was close to her ear.

"Ah, my love, how beautiful you are!" he whispered. "You cannot know how beautiful I have always dreamed of beauty, but you are more beautiful than any dream. You are reality. I love you so terribly that I am afraid. I have only met you, but I know my heart. I know that this is true. Will you forgive me? Can you believe me?" He touched her arm.

She looked away into the night without speaking. The words were sweeter to hear than she had imagined.

She felt his arms about her, his body close to hers. Slowly she turned to him.

"Say that you love me, too," he whispered. "Say that you understand. We were born to love each other. All these years we have been waiting. Now we have met, and nothing else matters, and nothing can come between us till we die!"

She looked up happily, and gave him her lips in a kiss that sealed her awakening.

Like Captain Gilmore the year before, Manuel Rodrigo prolonged his stay in town. Two days were all that the mate could allow himself. They passed like a dream. He and Rebecca walked in the woods or on the shore; the evenings were spent in the orchard below the house, where the hammock hung among the apple trees. Mrs. Grant saw her plans for a happy match for Rebecca vanishing in the flame of a dangerous romance.

Between the lovers, in those two short days, sprang up a passion as high and extraordinary as their physical beauty. Rebecca was transformed; like some rare lily, she had bloomed suddenly in a night. Love possessed her wholly. She lived through a period of years.

Almost before they knew it, came the hard parting. Rodrigo said good-by to Rebecca at midnight in the orchard. He was leaving town early the next morning. At the last moment, a fear so unreasoning mastered Rebecca that she could hardly put it into words.

"Oh, don't go, don't leave me!" she moaned. "I am terribly afraid."

"I must, dear," he answered brokenly.

"Don't make it harder than it is. There is nothing to be afraid of, Rebecca. My career lies on the sea. I must work hard, and gain command of a vessel. Then you can go with me."

She lay in the hammock for hours after he had gone. No tears relieved her; the fierce pain of parting had stunned her into silence and immobility.

Toward dawn she crept to her room, and soon fell asleep. She was awakened late in the forenoon by voices downstairs. She opened the door to listen—and her heart stood still. Captain Gilmore had arrived unexpectedly.

Until she heard his voice, she had not thought of him during the last two days. She had completely forgotten his love, his proposal of marriage, and the answer that she must make. She drew back hastily and shut the door. There could be but one answer now—but he expected the contrary. How could she explain?

Her confusion persisted during the long drive that Captain Gilmore had arranged for the afternoon. The fresh pain of Rodrigo's absence lay like lead on her heart; most of the time she was thinking of him alone. She listened in silence while the older man talked earnestly and humbly, throwing the force of a mature and noble sentiment into his plea. He had realized early in the drive that the prize was not yet won. Never, she thought, had he seemed so much like a father. She had made up her mind to tell him the simple truth, but now she could not bring herself to do it. The situation was more complicated than she had foreseen. It was complicated by the new impulses that swayed her, impulses so strong that she could not deny them. The secret must be protected; their love would not be understood.

When he had gone—for business had again recalled him hurriedly to Boston—she realized that all she had accomplished was a postponement of the answer for another voyage.

**T**HAT night, Mrs. Grant's frail health broke down; the impending heart attack had struck. Throughout the night her condition was acute. As Rebecca sat by her mother's bedside, she reviewed the events of the past few days in a new mood. She had been selfish and thoughtless; she had forgotten duty and the strong permanent affection that underlies life like a foundation.

From long experience, Rebecca had learned to estimate the severity of these heart attacks; her mother would recover now. Then she must make amends for the trouble she had caused. But how? The net of circumstances seemed closing in.

Two days later came her first and only letter from Rodrigo. It was a letter that overpowered her and swept her back again into the free world of joy and love. It ended in a proposal so wild and alluring that she could think of nothing else after it came.

Dear heart, I thought that I could wait [he wrote]. But I find that I am not strong enough. I want you to come to me. We can be married

here, and you can go home when we sail. I can't begin to tell you how I feel about it. First you were afraid, and now I am afraid. Why should we wait? There is no reason. Then come to me, dear. If you wish it, we can keep the marriage secret for a while. Make some excuse to your mother—and come now.

She carried the problem to the orchard, sitting there all the afternoon with his letter in her lap, reading it over and over, feeling his presence close about her, a spirit of love and desire. More and more clearly with every moment she realized that she must go. She could leave her mother now; these heart attacks passed swiftly. Reasons were futile against life's aching importunity. All her volition answered the call of his love.

**A**T SUPPER TIME she came back to the house. She had settled nothing, made no plans. She had only discovered the strength of her determination. Beyond that, she did not see the way.

"What have you been doing so long in the orchard?" asked her mother, as she went through the kitchen.

"I've been thinking," Rebecca turned to the window. "Mother, I am going away to-morrow afternoon."

"Why, Rebecca! What has happened? Where are you going, dear?"

"I must take the boat for Boston. I may be gone a few days, perhaps a week. Please don't ask me any more."

"But, Rebecca dear, I must know."

True—she must know. Rebecca had vaguely hoped to escape the inevitable; now she saw that it was useless. She saw much more than this. She saw that if she were to tell her mother the whole wild story, it might kill her; that, at best, it would be likely to lay her low again.

She stood for a moment in cruel indecision, watching the evening shadows in the orchard. At length she raised her head wearily.

"Mother, I had a letter this noon, from—from Captain Gilmore." The name rose to her tongue as if by inspiration; until she had spoken it, she had not thought of the subterfuge. She went on hurriedly. "I didn't tell you, dear,—because I wanted to decide alone. He asked me to come to Boston at once, so that we could . . . could be married before he sailed."

"Why, Rebecca! What an unusual request. It doesn't seem like him!"

Rebecca turned away sharply, overcome by the enormity of her sin. She wanted to fling her arms around her mother's neck, and cry, "No, no, it is Manuel Rodrigo, not Captain Gilmore, who has asked me to marry him! It is Manuel Rodrigo, not Captain Gilmore, whom I love!" But something held her silent. It seemed too late now; and this was the easier way.

"I haven't told you all that has passed between us, Mother," she said calmly. "But I understand it—and I have decided to go."

Mrs. Grant put her arms around her daughter's shoulders. "My dear child," she said, with tears in her eyes, "this is so sudden that I can't entirely approve of it.



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15 cents straight  
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All Robt. Burns cigars are filled with the choicest Havana tobaccos, aged, cured and blended to a wonderfully pleasing mildness of flavor.



But if you have decided, it is not for me to stand in your way."

Bending above her, Rebecca noted that her mother's breath came regularly, that the news apparently had given the weak heart no disturbance. Her own heart sang with the precarious freedom she had won.

It was not until Rebecca came back from Boston to take up the old life in town that she fully realized the extent of her error. She had managed to exact a promise from her mother to keep the marriage a secret for a voyage. She had begged her not to write to Captain Gilmore, bringing an ostensible message from him that all would be explained on his return. But these were simple dangers, compared to what would accumulate in a brief time. Every waking moment her predicament stood before her. She saw no way to extricate herself, to face the reckoning that was to come.

SOMETIMES she was appalled at the ravages of her indecision—at her feverish imaginings, and the waves of recklessness and irresponsibility which now and then swept over her, seeming to destroy every vestige of her old character. Perhaps her condition was partially responsible; she had heard it said that women at such a time partook of a different nature. It was terrible to be torn in a conflict of error, when she needed all her strength. But the condition itself, she felt, must be kept secret as long as possible. She could not bear to fix that lie, too, on the other man.

There were moments when she hardly dared to think of the lover and husband who had appeared so marvelously out of the heart of life, who had vanished so abruptly at the call of his career, leaving her with heavier burdens than he knew. Yet as the time drew near for them to expect the first letters from Anjer, she was the prey of a devastating anxiety. Then, at length there arrived one noon a single letter for Rebecca, addressed in Captain Gilmore's hand.

She took it to her room in terror—closed and locked the door. For some time she sat at the window, afraid to go on. Why had Captain Gilmore written, and not Rodrigo? At last she summoned her courage and tore the envelope.

My dear Rebecca [the captain began]. I have little heart to write, but must not let Anjer go by without sending you a line. Our voyage has been saddened by an event that touches me deeply. My mate, Mr. Rodrigo, the splendid young fellow who called at your house on his way to Boston last summer, was washed overboard one morning in the West-  
Indies . . .

She got no further; unconsciously, she stood up facing the window, and the letter fell from her hand to the floor. Washed overboard . . . It meant—that he was drowned. Her lips opened wide, without breath or sound. The window looked out on the orchard; through the branches of the apple trees, now bare in winter, she could see the spot where the hammock had hung, and the worn place beneath it in the grass. His feet had rested there. She put her hands to her throat, as if to hold back the cry of a broken heart, but her strength went suddenly. . . .

Mrs. Grant, in the kitchen, heard the scream, and the sound of the fall. When she reached the room, Rebecca was lying on the floor unconscious. She called for

help, and soon the doctor came. At first, she could not believe it when she learned of her daughter's condition, but alarm quickly followed surprise. Rebecca revived, to pass at once into delirium. Toward night, the child was born prematurely. It was a healthy boy; after a few hours of uncertainty, the doctor said it would live. When mother and child had both been pronounced out of danger, Mrs. Grant took to her bed.

It was the sheer strength of her magnificent vitality that slowly brought Rebecca back to the world of life and health, of sorrow and despair. She had no wish to live; but youth willed it. In agonizing dread, she found herself forced to take up a mad existence, an existence in which every act was a deceit and every factor a lie.

After the birth of the child, it had been necessary to make explanations; before Rebecca knew of it, her mother had told of her marriage to Captain Gilmore. Her friends called her Mrs. Gilmore now; they spoke of the child as his, and teased her over the romantic episode. Her aching love for the boy, the picture of Rodrigo, was overshadowed by sorrow and apprehension. Her grief for Rodrigo, her utter desolation, she had to bear in silence, to conceal with an anguished constancy.

Her mother had quickly recovered from the shock of the experience; she seemed entirely happy with the baby. Captain Gilmore was now on his homeward passage. As the days flew by, Rebecca felt herself again borne forward by a terrible swift current—a dark and gloomy tide this time, that seemed to be rushing toward a hopeless end.

Often she thought of death, but turned from it resolutely. Death, she saw, would solve nothing, would only kill her mother, shame the fine man who had honored her with his devotion, and cast a shadow on her child. She must live, somehow, to atone to Captain Gilmore for the wrong she had done him. In the depths of her soul, she did not want to die.

CAPTAIN GILMORE paused irresolute at the door of Rebecca's room. Mrs. Grant had ushered him up-stairs almost without ceremony. "Your wife isn't seriously ill," she had reassured him. "She wants to see you immediately. And your wonderful son, Captain, is perfectly well."

What could it mean, this talk of wife and child? He had received two letters on his arrival in New York, one from Rebecca, the other from her mother. Fragments of these letters passed through his mind as he paused at the bedroom door:

"I beg you to say nothing, not even to my mother. Come to me at once, and I will explain." . . . "Your wife—your child—wonderful baby—a time of great anxiety, but all is well now." What in the name of heaven could it mean?

A child's cry came to him through the door. With stern lines deepening about his mouth, he rapped sharply, then turned the knob at the faint invitation from within.

The sight that met his eyes was one of beauty and pathos. Rebecca was weeping silently over the child. Without looking up—she dared not meet his eyes—she held out her hand to him. He took it, in spite of himself. In spite of himself, his heart was touched, and all the strength of his love revived at seeing her again. She had

never seemed so beautiful, so infinitely desirable.

"Whose child is that?" he asked huskily. "Rodrigo's," she murmured.

"My God!" He dropped her hand and went to the window. Now that he knew it, it seemed beyond belief. Behind him he heard her steady sobbing. He tried to think, but found himself adrift among numberless fragments and ramifications of ideas.

Suddenly she laid the child on the bed and ran to him. "I cannot let you think what you must be thinking!" she cried breathlessly. "We loved each other as truly and purely as man and woman can love. I went to Boston and married him before you sailed. See—" She tore open a bureau drawer and took out a roll of parchment. "This is our marriage certificate. I want you to see it; I want you to read it. I loved him; I was his wife—and now he is gone."

"My poor girl!" said Captain Gilmore. "But why not tell?"

"Oh, don't ask me!" she interrupted. "I was mad! He wanted me to come. Mother had been sick, and I was afraid to tell her. I did it as an excuse, to quiet her mind. I didn't think, I didn't know. . . ."

"Wait," he said calmly. "You mustn't excite yourself. Sit down and tell me all about it. I think I begin to understand."

HIS mature influence quieted her; she opened her heart as she had never expected to do again. It was the first time that her overwhelming grief had found a natural vent. Captain Gilmore listened with bowed head. After a while, he took her hand once more.

"Oh, it is such a relief to speak the truth!" she cried. "Now I can do what seems to be necessary—whatever you say. I have compromised your name almost beyond repair. But I will tell it all now, and take the blame. Oh, if it weren't for Mother! She will never hold up her head again. Or I could go away—as if I were your wife—and drop out of the world somewhere. You could make up a story to explain it. Mother could go with me—she wouldn't mind that so much as the other."

She looked up bravely, to find him smiling at her.

"There is another way, that you apparently haven't thought of," he said.

"What?" she asked. "I am ready to do anything."

"Marry me now, and let it never be known that we weren't married last voyage," he answered. "Then not even your mother need be disturbed."

She gazed at him in wonder. "Do you mean that you would take me—after this?" she breathed.

"I would take you always, Rebecca. It is for you to decide whether you care to be my wife."

She slipped from the chair, and buried her face on his knees. Kneeling beside him, an unaccountable peace stole over her, a relief so poignant that she could not face its significance.

"How can you be so generous and kind?" she sobbed.

"Don't!" he cried. "But I promise that I will try to make you happy." He smiled again in joy and confidence. Perhaps he realized that now she was truly his, as she could not have been before.





## IT STARTS PROMPTLY IN THE COLDEST WEATHER

The behavior of Dodge Brothers Motor Car on zero days is a fair example of its fitness the year round.

You turn the switch, step on the button, and the motor starts—without undue noise or delay.

The reasons are readily understood:

The coordination of the power plant is well nigh flawless. The slightest impulse sets it in motion.

The battery—6-cells, 12-volts—is unusually large.

A high-vacuum carburetor so thoroughly vaporizes the gasoline that it ignites instantly under the spark.

The electrical system is remarkably efficient and cuts to a minimum the usual voltage loss between battery and starter.

Finally, the starter, itself—an admirable example of its kind—is directly united with the engine by a chain drive which is always in mesh—a fact having much to do with the promptness and quietness of its action.

DODGE BROTHERS

*The price of the Type-A Sedan is \$1440 f. o. b. Detroit*





# Sidney Smith and His "Gumps"

(Continued from page 20)

check wherever I happened to be. It wasn't much, but it enabled me once in a while to ride on regular trains.

"I got my first real job on an Indianapolis paper. The art manager wouldn't hire me; he said they didn't need anybody. But somebody slipped me a word to strike the managing editor. I did, and he asked to see some samples of my drawings.

"I don't need any samples!" I replied.

"But he insisted, and I promised to come back next day with some. I had nothing with me, but I went to my room and began to draw. I drew everything I could think of. I spent the whole night at it, without getting a wink of sleep. The next day I took these samples to the managing editor, and he liked me well enough to hire me.

"How much do you want?" he asked.

"Thirty-five dollars!" I replied. I thought that was all the money anybody could possibly earn in one week. But he gave it to me.

**T**HE art manager who had turned me down was a fellow with a big front. Naturally, he didn't like it because I had got a job over his head. He put me in a dark corner of the room where there was hardly any light, and he wouldn't even give me a pen to draw with. The managing editor told me not to mind that, though, but to come to him for anything I needed. Within two weeks they let out the old art manager, and the managing editor made me head of the department.

"Imagine it! I was hardly twenty! It was a fine office, though. I pushed one button and one fellow would come, and I pushed another button and another would come!

"In some ways I was not altogether fitted to be so important an executive. One day, I remember, I pushed a button and when the fellow answered, I said:

"Stewart, have you got a rag there?"

"Yes," he answered, "what do you want it for?"

"I put my shoes on the table and inspected them critically. 'Never mind,' I said, 'I'll brush them myself!'

"The first or second day I made myself a crown out of yellow paper, and printed on it: 'Who's boss around here, anyhow!' My régime was too much of a reaction from what had gone before, to last. I think it did last about three days.

"Since that time I have worked on a lot of papers. Hardly a day has passed, however, when one or more of my pictures did not appear in a paper somewhere. Whenever I went on vacations, I always got my stuff up ahead.

"One time I was hunting a job, I remember, and the editor said they wanted somebody who could make wash drawings. He asked me if I knew anything about it. I told him I did wash drawings better than anything else. Up to that minute I had never made one in my life!

"However, I got a fellow to tell me one or two of the tricks and I sat up all night practicing. Next morning I showed

up ready for work, and made good on the job.

"That was typical. I always made a point of finding out what kind of an artist they needed, and that was the kind of an artist I was! I had to be; sometimes I couldn't get a job any other way.

"I suspect that there is a turning point in every fellow's life, a point to which he can look back and say: 'If I hadn't done so and so then, I wouldn't be where I am now.'

"Sometimes it seems like a lucky chance that a fellow happened to do the right thing. It's like a fly trying to get through a screen. He lights on a place where a hole is, and buzzes in. But he might not be able to find that same hole again in a thousand years!

"That's how it was with me one time in Pittsburgh. I had tried to get a job at all the papers except the 'Press.' I said to myself, 'I won't tackle the 'Press.' It's not a good sheet, anyhow.'

"But for some reason that I can't explain, I kept going back past the 'Press' plant. Two times I passed by. The third time I said to myself:

"Oh, I may as well go in. It won't do any harm to see what this fellow has to say."

"I asked for the managing editor. A boy pointed him out to me.

"What's his name?" I asked.

"The boy told me, and I walked across the floor.

"Do you want a cartoonist?" I said.

"How in thunder," he said, "do I know you're a cartoonist?"

"How in thunder," I replied, "do I know you're a managing editor?"

"He didn't answer that, but he did ask me how much money I wanted.

"Thirty-five dollars," I replied.

"I'll give you twenty-five!"

**I** TOOK the job at that figure and was mighty glad to get it. And it turned out to be the turning point. From that time on I was in something worth-while, and constantly growing. It was while I had that job that I found my wife and my career too. If I hadn't gone back the third time, I suppose I might be driving a grocery wagon to-day instead of drawing the Gumps.

"In the early days I had drawn all sorts of things in front of audiences over the country; but when I sat down in a newspaper office with a pen and a piece of white paper and was told to do a cartoon, I didn't suppose there could be so few ideas in one head! It was marvelous to me when a kindly disposed chap on the paper sat down and ran over the items of news with me, and picked out an idea for a picture. It was great to know a chap like that. The drawing was not difficult after I got the idea. Gradually I got so I could get a few faint ideas of my own.

"One of the first permanent characters I had in my pictures was a goat. It was common to put a bird or some other small animal into a cartoon and have him make some comical side remark every

day. I selected a goat. People got in the habit of watching what he said. About the time of the Thaw trial the goat kept wondering day after day if he was crazy. And finally the goat himself began to go crazy. One afternoon they kept the presses running four hours on extras because of that fool goat!

"It occurred to me to make the goat the main character, and in time he grew to be Old Doc Yak. I carried Doc with me for fifteen or sixteen years. It seemed a shame, five or six years ago, to have to part with him, after we had been pals for so long. But by that time the Gumps had come along. I couldn't carry both. The Gumps, I saw, had elements of a wider popular appeal. We had a tearful farewell. Old Doc Yak shook hands all round with Andy, Min, and Chester Gump, and he handed over to Andy his fast racing car, number 148.

**I** AM often asked how the Gumps originated. That's hard to answer. It's hard to say how any idea originates.

"The Gumps were the first of their kind. There had been plenty of comic strips before, but usually the main interest centered around a good deal of slapstick action. One character would beat another over the head and knock him out one day, but the next day he would be up and around as usual, and nobody took any exception.

"I wanted something different, and something that would last. I had nothing but a sheet of white paper and what was up here in my head to go on. Everybody has that much of a chance!

"It was a pretty tough job, all in all, to decide what kind of characters to have. I decided I wanted just an ordinary family, and I wanted everyday things to happen to them. I was not so much concerned about making them terribly funny, but I did want them to be *true*. I thought I'd get what I wanted if I could draw something which a wife would read and hand to her husband with the remark:

"There, that's you!"

"But in order to do that, I had to get the right sort of characters. After I had hit on Andy, with his long neck and absent chin, I had to decide whether he was to be a rake or something of a philosopher; whether the boy Chester should be a roustabout and neighborhood terror; and whether Min should be just a sharp-tongued hag, or what.

"As the pictures got going, I introduced new characters. From first to last there have been a lot of them, but they all center somehow around Andy. He is the main hero.

"I got the idea of introducing a rich uncle from Australia. He was brought on: a bearded brute, who let everybody wait on him, and was rather stolid and uninteresting. After I had him a while, I began to realize that he was not the right sort for a real uncle. Then the question rose, how get rid of him?

"We played along for a while on the bearded chap, but presently it came out





# Hurried Men

Can now soften a beard in  
one minute

## GENTLEMEN:

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

*No more three-minute rubbing, no more hot towels, no more finger-rubbing at all.*

A new-type shaving cream avoids that. It softens the beard in one minute. And it saves the average user a good many hours per year.

### Four other delights

We have done other things you'll like.

Palmolive Shaving Cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

It maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

It supports the hair for cutting, because the bubbles are so strong.

And the soap forms a soothing lotion, due to palm and olive oils.



*Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.*

### We are winning men by millions

We spent 55 years in soap making before we made a Shaving Cream.

We knew it was folly until we found ways to conspicuously excel.

Then, one by one, we evolved these advantages. We studied the subject for years. We made up and tested 130 formulas before we got what we were after.

Then Palmolive Shaving Cream fairly leaped into fame. The demand for this new Cream has become a sensation.

### Please find out

Find out the reason for this amazing success. It is due to yourself and us. If we have best solved shaving problems, you'll be glad to know it. If not, we are the only losers. Cut out this free test coupon—now, before you forget.

10 Shaves  
**FREE**



# PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

1741

Simply insert your name and address  
and mail to  
**THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY**  
Dept. B-396, Milwaukee, U. S. A.





that he was an impostor. Then we began to prepare for the advent of the real man, the Santa Claus uncle with the long nose, the long purse, and the unmistakable Gump chin, who introduced a lot of events and finally fell into the snare of the fortune-hunting Widow Zander.

"From this you can see that the characters pretty much make their own story from week to week. One day I came down to the office with the bright idea of having a mysterious face appear at Andy's window. It was a woman's face.

"Andy saw her, of course. He didn't know who she was, but he conceived from her actions that she had fallen in love with him. He was all puffed up about it. He used to stick a flower in his button-hole in the evening, and sit in front of the window so she could have a good chance to see him. Sometimes Min caught him at it!

"The stunt was interesting enough, all right, but I had started something that I had to finish; and I did not know how to finish it, for I had no idea myself who the woman at the window was! We solved it in the end by discovering that she was harmless, but suffered from hallucinations. She had always had a fondness for anything with a long neck—giraffes and such—which explained her admiration for Andy!

"ONE thing I have discovered about Andy Gump is this: In order to be interesting to the great majority of people, the pictures must be clean. Many resent it almost as something personal if Andy or one of the other well-liked characters does something which they consider is not right.

"One day I showed Andy in a restaurant. He discovered a mistake in his check and started to kick about it. Very soon, however, he saw that the mistake was in his favor. He quit talking and let the check stand. I suppose lots of folks thought that was funny, but a lot of others objected to it.

"We didn't think Andy was the kind of chap who'd do that," they wrote.

"Again, if Andy hides a bottle in the basement and takes a quiet snifter now and then, it pleases a lot of people, but others don't like it. They have grown to have a certain feeling about Andy. They want him to live up to their ideas.

"But he is a kind of everyday philosopher. He tries to voice the sentiments of everyday people. My idea is to make him the sort of chap so that people can hold a mirror in front of themselves and say truthfully:

"There's Andy Gump!"

"He's not always right, by any means. He gets into trouble once in a while by being too cocksure. But you like one of your friends all the better, don't you, if you can laugh at him once in a while?"

"People hold us to strict account on details, too. In the very first strip of the series, introducing the family, I announced that Andy and Min had one son in the navy and a daughter away at school at the academy. I have never used those two characters, and now and then, even after five or six years, people still write in occasionally and want to know when I'm going to produce the other son and the daughter.

"An amusing incident happened not

## When dripping hands meet Thirsty Fibre

—they are instantly, thoroughly and *safely* dried. Millions of thirsty fibres, in every ScotTissue Towel, leap to their task of draining dry every drop of moisture, leaving the skin luxuriously clean and safely dry.

ScotTissue Towels are preferred in modern offices for their efficiency, economy and safety. They provide a clean, fresh, never-before-used towel to each person every time.

Buy ScotTissue Towels from your stationer, druggist or department store—40c for carton of 150—(50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Or, we will send (prepaid) the towels or \$5 outfit, upon receipt of price.

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### Own your own Towel-Outfit

Consisting of  
Plate-glass mirror  
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All for \$5  
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See it at your dealer's.

Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.





## Jewett Special—*Stylish as It Is Sturdy*

**T**HE Jewett Special gives you the sturdiness which has made Jewett one of the largest selling cars in the thousand-dollar class. And it gives you also color, beauty, quality appointments, and all the equipment heart could wish.

Observe the extra tire which, with its tube, rim and cover, is standard equipment on the Jewett Special. Note the trunk rack and trunk—both included. Also the bumpers, front and rear. You can see those in the picture.

Other features of the Jewett Special are: hand-crushed Spanish leather upholstery in colors to match body—nickel-plated radiator—nickel-plated, barrel type head lamps—bullet type side lamps—motometer—automatic windshield wiper—automatic stop light.

But special equipment does not make a car; color and beauty won't climb hills. It's the performance you get in the Jewett which makes it so delightful. Passing much bigger cars on hills without changing gears. Dashing ahead of others in the

traffic. Turning corners as slow as need be with never a thought of gear shifting. That's the way the Jewett behaves because it is the most powerful car of its weight. And it is decidedly sturdy.

The powerful Jewett motor will hold its power and smoothness for years. It is the best oiled motor ever put into a car of this class. Its high-pressure oiling system sends 3 gallons of oil a minute at 20 to 40 pounds pressure to all main and connecting rod bearings. Metal never touches metal in the Jewett motor. Always a thin film of oil between. Long life is certain because wear is absent.

The Jewett handles as sweetly as it looks. Paige-Timken axles with ball-bearing steering spindles give touch guidance. No car quite like it. The Jewett clutch engages smoothly and by its light-weight driven member aids gear shifting. No skill required to avoid the grinding noise—just move the lever as you please. Wouldn't you like to try the Jewett?

Touring \$995  
Roadster \$995  
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**JEWETT**  
*A Thrifty Six Built by Paige*

Special Touring \$1150  
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(227)





Once in awhile it needs, for nearly fourteen years, Mrs. Maertz has been swept and vacuum-cleaned her rugs with The Hoover. She has twenty-four rugs; the newest are twelve years old, while the oldest are eighteen. And she keeps runners.

## Even her 18-year-old rugs are still in good condition

"My rugs are frequently admired for their bright and clean appearance, yet I never have to pay to send them out for cleaning—I use The Hoover. People can scarcely believe it when I tell them the age of my rugs, for nothing is harder on your rugs than roomers."

And Mrs. Wm. F. Maertz, whose house at 880 First St., Milwaukee, is pictured above, adds: "I have been told by people who knew nothing about The Hoover that it was injurious to rugs. My own experience causes me to believe that rugs not Hoover-cleaned wear out twice as fast. I know that The Hoover has paid for itself over and over by making my rugs last many years longer—and it makes sweeping a pleasure."

Surely she is qualified to speak with authority!

"Some of my friends," continues Mrs. Maertz, "liked my Hoover so well that they sold their cleaners and bought Hoovers. Others are sorry they didn't know about The Hoover before buying. Many people are satisfied with their cleaners until they see The Hoover work. Personally I have tried other cleaners and am convinced I would have no other."

Write us for names of Authorized Dealers who will gladly demonstrate The Hoover on your rugs—no obligation. On the divided payment plan, 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover.

THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO  
The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners  
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

# The HOOVER

It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans



long ago. Mrs. Zander's first name—she is the widow who led Uncle Bim into an engagement for the sake of his money, and sued him for breach of promise after he left her at the church—her first name was used in an early strip when she was introduced. But I forgot what name I used for her, and we couldn't locate the original strip in time. So I took a chance and renamed her Henrietta.

"I was called for it at once. It wasn't two days before I knew that Mrs. Zander's given name had originally been Lois.

"The details drawn into the pictures have to be correct, too. One picture not long ago showed Mrs. Zander in Uncle Bim's arms. Her hands were hidden and somebody thought they should have been visible. I was called on that. There's hardly any detail, in fact, from the size of Uncle Bim's nose to the number of bottles that Andy has left in the basement, that I can go wrong on without having the error called to my attention by a lot of people.

"Curious, as indicating the interest in the family, I have in my office a knot of a tree which somebody found and sent on because it looked like Uncle Bim. And somebody else out West sent me a stone picked up in an ancient gravel bed, which bears a remarkable resemblance to Andy!

"THE family adventures of the Gumps now appear in one hundred and six daily papers, and sixty Sunday editions. A peak of interest was reached not long ago during Uncle Bim's engagement and approaching wedding to the Widow Zander. Some few people wanted to see the wedding go through. But the great majority thought it wasn't a proper match; they were violently opposed to it, and they apparently got more and more excited as the day of the wedding approached and it looked as if nothing could prevent the ceremony. I got letters from everywhere about it. One chap wrote me:

"I have read the Chicago 'Tribune' for about twenty long years. If you let that Zander female marry poor old Uncle Bim, I am off your blooming sheet for life. Final notice.

"That was a fair sample. I got another letter with eighteen signatures which said:

"If this engagement isn't broken very soon, the undersigners won't buy the 'Tribune' any more!

"But there was at least one happy soul as the wedding seemed assured, for I got the following telegram:

"Aloysius Zander, owner of only one-horse hearse in North Tonawanda and manager of Presto Undertaking and Embalming Company, states that he is Mrs. Zander's ex-better-nine-tenths, and is tickled pink. Offers to come to Chicago and celebrate if they will forward his fare and he can get someone to hold his horse.

"It was made a front-page feature in a good many papers when Uncle Bim, on his way to the church, discovered in his automobile the widow's diary, in which he read various uncomplimentary things she had written about him: for example, that she did not love him, but would be willing to marry a chimpanzee with that much money!

"It was a hard blow for Uncle Bim.





## The Secret of the Sampler

is in the background of eighty years—three generations of fine ideals in candymaking.

The success of the *Sampler* is due not only to the quality of the chocolates and confections inside, but to the happy choice of the ten kinds in the seventeen ounce package, called by courtesy a "pound."

It is the continent-covering candy, sold in all those selected stores (usually the best drug stores in every community), that are agents for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.

The *Sampler* is a liberal education in quality-sweets. It points the way to equally individual and meritorious assortments, made, packed, sealed and guaranteed by Whitman's.



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## Food—good Food!

Your strength and vitality depend on it

**N**O one ever did real justice to himself or his work, if undernourished. You may get plenty of food, and still be underfed, if your food doesn't contain the elements for proper nutrition.

If you eat "de-mineralized" food—food robbed of mineral elements—you are bound to lack the energy and endurance you should have. This is one of the reasons why Grape-Nuts should play an important part in your regular diet.

Grape-Nuts is a highly nutritious food made from wheat and malted barley. It contains the vital mineral elements that are needed to build up strength and vitality.

Grape-Nuts is ready to serve—no cooking necessary. A package contains many servings, costing about one cent each. Your grocer sells Grape-Nuts, and it is on the menus of hotels, restaurants and lunchrooms.

Where you don't find Grape-Nuts you won't find people.

# Grape-Nuts

FOR HEALTH

*"There's a Reason"*

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.,  
Battle Creek, Michigan



He drove out into the country instead of going to the church, and later he sent the widow a note explaining his absence and returning the diary.

"The widow, meantime, had bought an elaborate trousseau, promising to pay for everything the day after the wedding. When the news spread that the wedding was off, the creditors pounced down on her at once. She brought suit against Uncle Bim for breach of promise.

"In Denver, first, and in other places later, the Widow Zander's case against Uncle Bim was made the basis of a mock trial in the local law school, and in that way the case got a lot of additional publicity.

"I think the biggest things I've learned about people, through the Gumps, are, first, that what they want is a clean and wholesome character in their fun; and, second, that they like best of all those pictures in which they see themselves or their friends pictured through the daily happenings in the lives of the Gumps.

"There's one other thing I ought to mention. I get letters every once in a while from people who want to know what Andy Gump's business is. But that is one detail, I've found, it doesn't pay to be too particular about. If Andy were an insurance man or a real estate agent or a bookkeeper, he might not be nearly so interesting to a lot of folks who are grocers or brokers or garage keepers.

"So, for the present at least, Andy's means of livelihood remains a state secret."

## The New Baby in Our House

*(Continued from page 21)*

now that she asked my opinion on the proper lead to make if no trumps were bid and you held five from the queen for your long suit; in a way I recall that she gave me a most interesting account of a recent dinner she had attended and I think now she mentioned the names of two or three books which had recently caught her fancy.

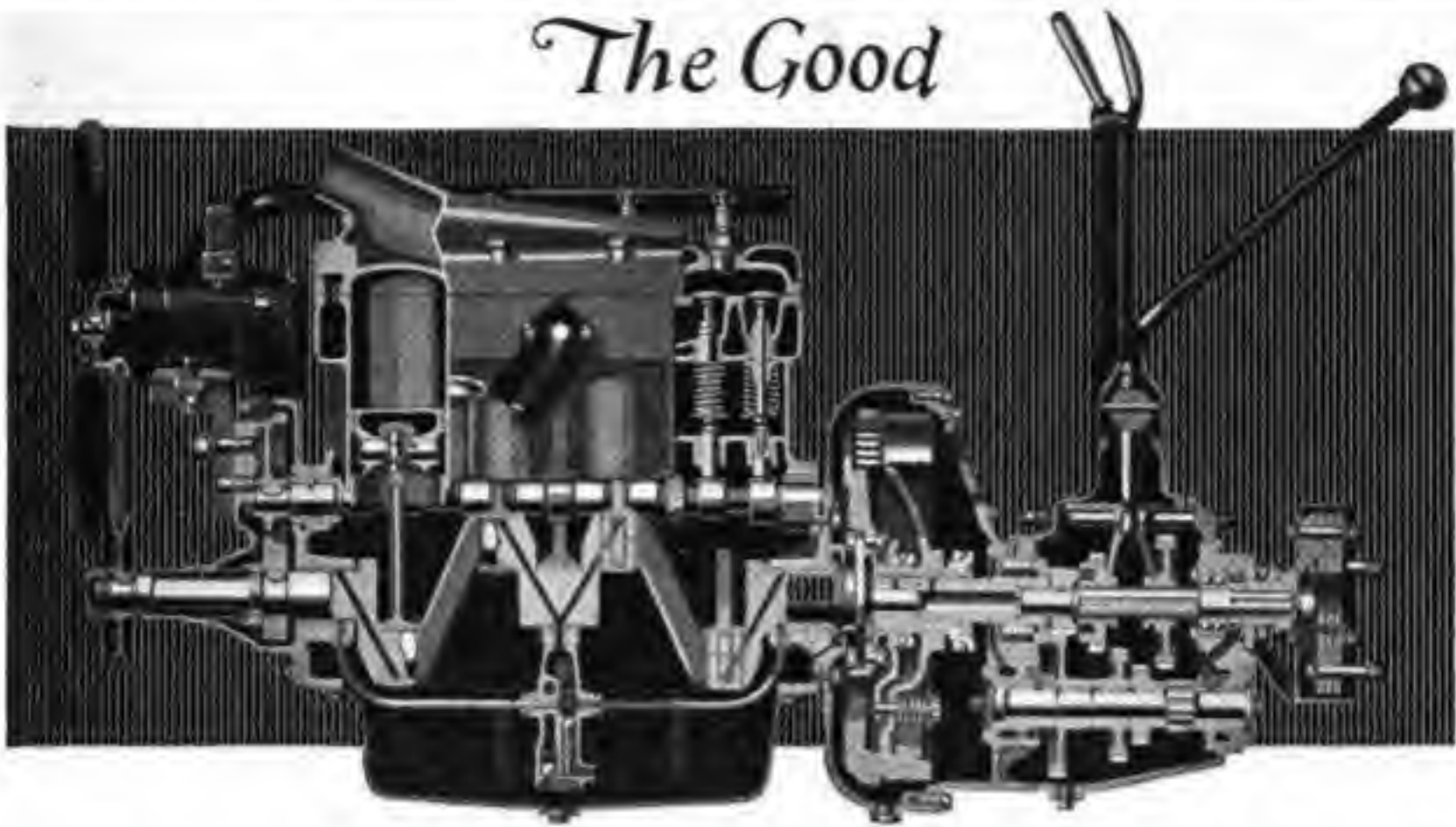
In between times I paced the floor and lit a fresh cigar or sneaked up-stairs for a bulletin of hope and cheer, returning always to light another cigar and listen to Florence and her cheerful chatter. She was brave, there is no doubt of that. As frightened as I, she smothered her fear in a babble of conversation. Knowing my weakness she tried golf. I think she tried to tell me of a wonderful shot her husband had made that day; but whether or not it won the match for him I don't know. I asked her about it a few days later, and she admitted that she herself couldn't say. She didn't recall that she had ever mentioned a golf game. She was merely talking against time; and my mind and ears were up-stairs.

"Take a little walk," she said at last to me.

"I think I will," I replied, and started toward the house of some friendly neighbors. I never reached that front porch. Florence let out a shout, and I hurried back. I crossed my own threshold on the run, just in time to hear that first glad "Wye-ah!" the first utterance of a



*The Good*



# MAXWELL

## ENGINE

An engine which incorporates high-priced quality and practice throughout, with features not found even in much costlier cars—

Three extra large crankshaft bearings; full pressure lubrication to main and connecting-rod bearings, through channels bored in the crankshaft; all rotating and reciprocating parts—even the flywheel—minutely balanced; pistons light-weight alloy, of the split-skirt type originated by Maxwell—an engine of great power and flexibility, notably smooth, vibrationless and quiet.

The car steadily winning a larger and larger proportion of its market, for the very excellent reason that it is a *better car*, and is *proving itself* better under closest comparison.

Showing the fine results in performance, in actual savings, in long-distance reliability that

can only come from the goodness which the new organization is consistently building into the good Maxwell.

Beneath the greater beauty of the good Maxwell—under the hood and the body—lie the reasons why it is outselling in constantly increasing volume.



Prices F. O. B. Detroit. Revenue tax to be added: Touring, \$885; Roadster, \$885; Club Coupe, \$985; Sedan, \$1335; Four Passenger Coupe, \$1235







## Granddad's WALTHAM ticked off the stirring minutes of "Sixty-two"

THERE is a degree of assurance that accompanies the purchase of a Waltham Watch that outweighs any claim concerning its mechanical fitness or its ability to keep faith with you and TIME. It is that the organization *behind* your modern Waltham was at the forefront in American watch-making seventy years ago—that there is nearly a century of accumulated knowledge, experience and REPUTATION between the first Waltham and yours.

Any reputable jeweler will be able to show you a Waltham Watch that will meet your requirements.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY  
WALTHAM, MASS.



21 Jewel  
542B—Colonial "A". Raised  
gold figure dial, plain case.  
Maximus movement. \$225

# WALTHAM

THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH

pure and lovely little soul coming into the world.

Talk about music! If you've never heard that cry you've missed the loveliest sound known to mortal man. I think I could write pages on what it says. I have heard it three times now, and always with the same delight. There is nothing else like it in all the experiences of life. The agony is ended! The doubt and fear and dread have vanished. The heavy heart is light once more.

"Wee-ah," it comes again. The new baby has life and strength and is giving satisfactory evidence of them both.

Florence and I stood in that hall together and for just a minute cried and laughed and danced a jig of joy. Then we listened for more news. They were evidently busy up-stairs. We could hear muttered voices and rapid footsteps. The baby was still crying, which was satisfactory; but the mother now was quiet. Suddenly Aunt Irene appeared at the head of the stairs. She was all smiles.

"It's all over," she said hastily. "Everything is fine, and you have a lovely little girl."

IT'S a girl! There are a few who know me well who understand just what that message meant to me. It is difficult to put it onto paper; but if you have ever wanted anything so badly that your heart ached for it and your throat hurt when you spoke your wish, and there was a possibility that you might not get it but would have to take something else instead, and at last your prayers were answered, you may understand the cheer I gave.

Our home needed a little girl. It had a little girl once and we could not keep her. Then we found Marjorie and she was our little girl through eleven happy years, and God called her from us one evening in May, more than a year ago. Then came the day when we knew God had taken pity on us, and I did not have to ask Mother what she was praying for. It was in her eyes every day. She wanted a little girl. She never planned for anything else; she made no preparations for a boy; the simplest articles of that outfit were feminine in character and color; pink ribbon ran through everything her fingers made, and all the things our friends brought to her were pink—pink for a little girl.

My first duty, of course, was to send out telegrams to far-off relatives and friends announcing Janet's arrival. That done, I could retire to a back bedroom and await further orders in the morning. The third or fourth night I woke from a sound sleep. It seemed to me that I had heard a baby crying. I raised up on my elbow and listened. It was an unusual sound in our house, and I wondered if I had been dreaming. Then I heard it again and my mind cleared. Of course, we had a baby of our own to cry! It had been ten years since I had had my sleep broken in that manner, and the strangeness of it was not surprising. But why were they letting that little thing cry and doing nothing about it? I'd find out. So I slipped into my dressing gown and went to investigate. It was two o'clock in the morning.

I found Miss Wicc, the nurse, awake, but not greatly concerned.





Firm in his belief that the locomotive was practical and would prove of inestimable service to man, George Stephenson sought an open competition at which other engineers might receive equal opportunity to exhibit their inventions. His notable success with "The Rocket" at Rainhill, England, in October, 1825, was the more creditable for Stephenson's unselfish attitude and fair-mindedness.

## The Courage of Conviction



**S**TEPHENSON, the untutored but far-sighted mine-worker, triumphed over adversity and found greatness through service because he was possessed of the courage of his convictions.

Faith in the ultimate accomplishment, strengthened by uncompromising standards, must invariably precede every great achievement.

It was the realization of the possibilities of pneumatic tires and the confidence of final suc-

cess that produced the present day cord tire.

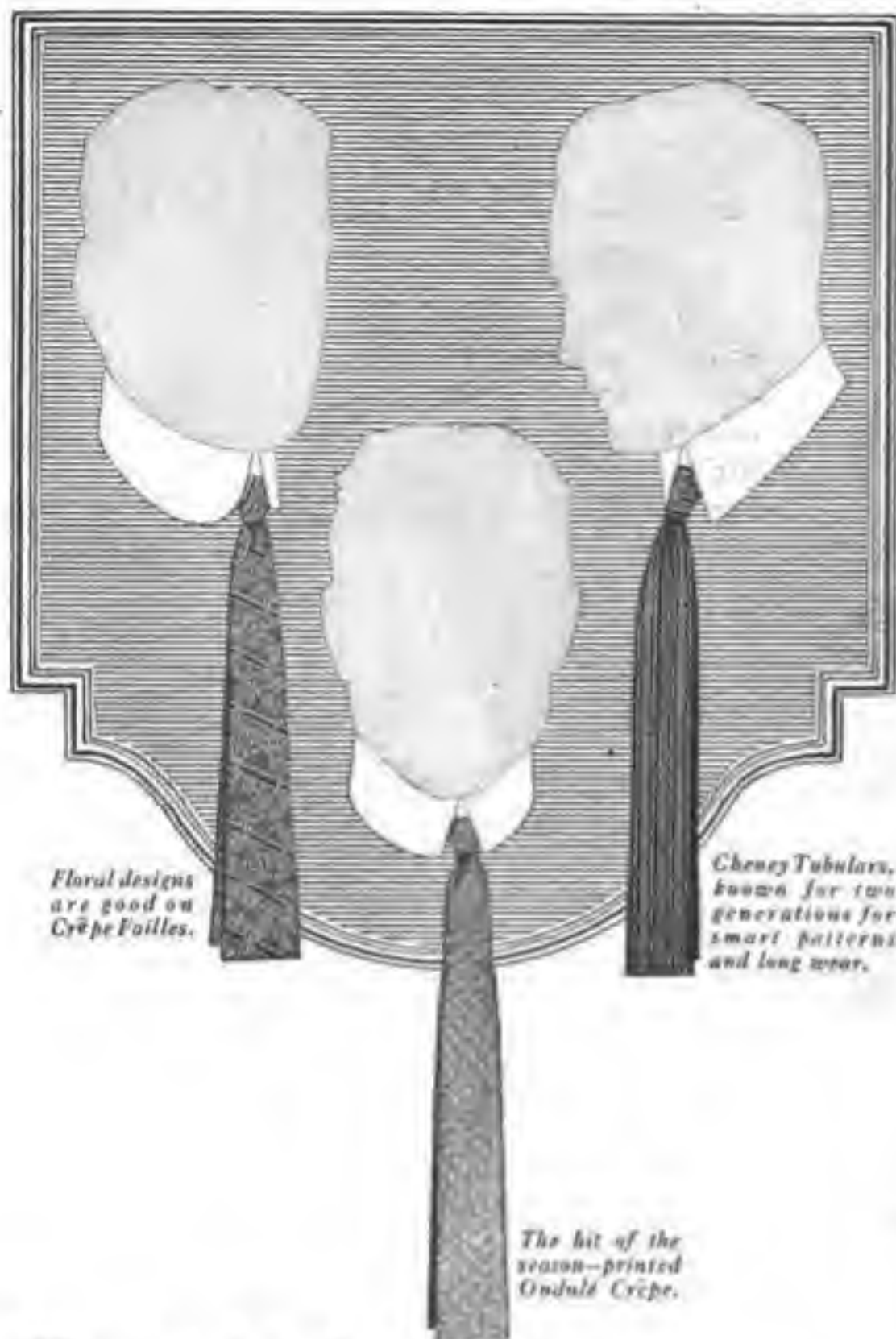
In the performance of Firestone Gum-Dipped Cords, the Firestone organization sees the rewards of over twenty years of incessant effort toward better tire quality. Millions today are receiving mileage from Firestone Cords that seemed beyond the realm of possibility.

Belief in the standard of Most Miles per Dollar has brought acceptance of that standard from an ever-widening following.

*Most Miles per Dollar*

# Firestone





## Good to Look at —and Long Wearing

**R**EMARKABLY good to look at are these new Cheney Cravats for Spring. Their good looks result from their distinctive up-to-the-minute patterns; their long-wearing qualities come from their sturdy construction and carefully woven fabric.

There are patterns to suit every preference—colors to please every taste.

Cheney Tubulars are famous for the sturdy service they give. Your haberdasher has them.

CHENEY BROTHERS, NEW YORK  
Makers of Cheney Silks

**CHENEY  
CRAVATS**

Look for this  
Name on the  
Neckband →

"What is the matter?" I asked.  
"Nothing at all," she replied.  
"But the baby is crying," I said.  
"Yes," she answered. "All babies cry at times. She is simply getting her exercise."  
"Exercising in the middle of the night?" I asked.

"Certainly. She knows nothing as yet of night and day. She has taken it into her little head to cry, and that's all there is to it."

"Are you sure she isn't in pain?"

"Quite sure. That is not a cry of distress."

"Don't you think she may be hungry?"

"It is two hours before she will be fed again."

"There are no pins sticking in her tender flesh?"

"Absolutely not."

"And you do not intend to do anything about it?"

"There is nothing whatever to do. She will settle down and sleep in a little while."

"Suppose I take her up and walk with her a little while? Won't that quiet her?"

"I think perhaps it would; but you are not going to do it while I have this case in charge. Walking the floor is not good for the baby or the parents."

"Would it help if I sat in a chair and rocked her a little while?"

"That would be just as bad."

"But I walked the floor with Bud when he was a baby and I rocked him and I ran with him and I sang to him and I bounced him up and down, and he lived all right."

"That may be; but this baby is not to be raised that way. I wish you would retire; and please shut your door so that you cannot hear, if this crying disturbs you."

**I** LATER learned to like and admire greatly Miss Wiece. She is a wonderful nurse and won the affection of all who came in contact with her, but when she was on the job she was all business. After that first run-in with her I think for a moment I wished that I had taken the grandmothers' advice and hired a good old-fashioned, plump, middle-aged, practical nurse who would walk the floor and pat the small of a baby's back incessantly, and leave us to carry on the performance to the end of our child's infancy.

For the first ten days visitors were denied the bedroom. I was for that idea, myself. Getting Mother well and strong was the big job, and that done we could receive company. Miss Wiece took charge of that, too. All company looked alike to her.

"Nobody's coming in here to handle that baby," she'd say; and you knew from the way she said it she meant it. Those who arrived in the daytime had a fair chance to get a glimpse at the child, but those who came after seven o'clock in the evening the first three weeks got mighty little for their pains.

"I'll not turn on the lights in that room for anybody," she announced. "That baby's put to bed to sleep, and she's not to be disturbed."

That was all there was to it. She met all comers in the upper hall; signaled to them with her finger to her lips for absolute silence; then ushered them tiptoeing into the room and led them to the bassinet in which Janet lay slumbering be-



# When You Buy a Burroughs You Know What You're Getting

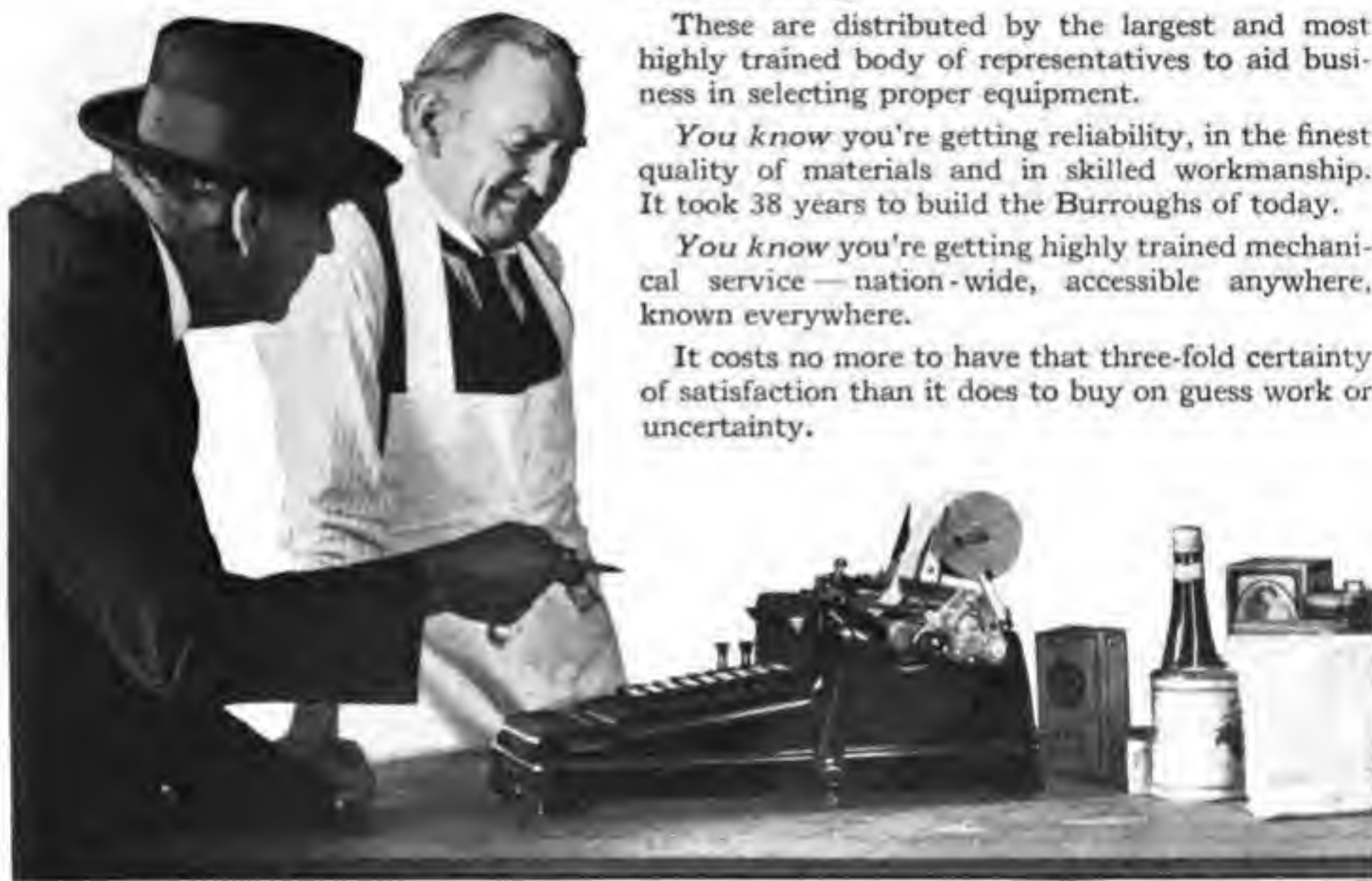
*You know* you're getting a machine to fit *your* kind of business and *your* kind of work. Burroughs alone makes a *complete* line of figuring machines covering every figure need of every business, big or little—over 100 models, representing all four figuring machine groups, adding, billing, bookkeeping and calculating.

These are distributed by the largest and most highly trained body of representatives to aid business in selecting proper equipment.

*You know* you're getting reliability, in the finest quality of materials and in skilled workmanship. It took 38 years to build the Burroughs of today.

*You know* you're getting highly trained mechanical service—nation-wide, accessible anywhere, known everywhere.

It costs no more to have that three-fold certainty of satisfaction than it does to buy on guess work or uncertainty.



## BETTER FIGURES *for* BIGGER PROFITS

# Burroughs

ADDING • BOOKKEEPING • BILLING • CALCULATING MACHINES

Once you own a Burroughs, you'll say, as thousands of users have, that it's one of the best investments you ever made.

It will help you to get the figure-facts about your business, such as how much you owe and what is owed you; amount of sales by departments, lines or clerks, and other important items.

It will save time and prevent costly mistakes in totaling sales slips, invoices

and statements. It will cut down the work of taking inventory, simplify the job of making your income tax report and in dozens of other ways make itself one of the most profitable things you have in your business.

The Burroughs man will be glad to show you in dollars and cents what this means in your business. Call him today or send in the coupon.

**Burroughs Adding Machine Co.**  
6047 Second Blvd., Detroit, Mich.

Please send me more information about Burroughs Figuring Machines.

☐ Retailer ☐ Jobber ☐ Mfr.

Name .....

Line of Business .....

Address .....





*Beautiful*  
**FIBERLOID**

Do you know that many of the articles you use every day are made of this durable material, Fiberloid—combs, pendants, bracelets, optical frames, tooth brushes, knife handles, fountain pens, buttons, shoe buckles, toys, etc? Fiberloid is made in beautiful ivory, tortoise, amber and gold colors, and takes a brilliant finish. It can be so easily sawed, bent or pressed that many manufacturers use it to advantage in place of other materials.

Toilet Articles with the stamp Fiberloid will neither tarnish, dent nor crack, and can be obtained at the leading stores in the distinguishing *Fairfax, Rosemont, Avondale and Berkshire patterns*. Brushes, combs, mirrors, manicure and other articles may be purchased singly or in attractively boxed sets. A monogram easily engraved or inlaid with contrasting enamels adds to the charm and intimacy of possession.

#### CRAFT ASSORTMENT

Fiberloid is so ideal for craft workers' use, that we have put up a special assortment of ivory, tortoise, amber and other colors, with full directions, patterns and cement, enough to make many pieces of jewelry and novelties, which is sent postpaid for \$3.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

#### Booklets Sent Upon Request

"Beautiful Fiberloid Toilet Articles," by Grace Gardner.

"A Little Story of Fiberloid," the wonder product of modern chemistry.

"Fiberloid Craft," the making of beautiful jewelry and durable art objects.

THE FIBERLOID CORPORATION  
INDIAN ORCHARD, MASS.



New York Office  
402-404 Fifth Ave.

Toronto Office  
134 Bay Street

neath a coverlet of pink blankets and a hood of filmy lace and ribbon. They might breathe but they must not talk. She carefully pulled back about an inch of coverlet and the friends might see what they could.

"Isn't she wonderful!" was the common exclamation; but once outside they all added that they wished that they could see more of her.

One day, during the absence of the nurse, Florence was on guard. She had been instructed by Miss Wicc how to act and what to do:

"Remember; no loud talking; no lifting her up; no giving her to others to hold." And Florence promised to obey. She was doing very well, at that, and had just tiptoed two visitors into the room. No one was speaking above a whisper when up bounced Bud. Into the bedroom he dashed, rushed by his aunt Florence, elbowed the company out of the way, threw back the covers with one hand and shouted at the top of his voice:

"Hello there, little Janet, how are you this afternoon?"

Florence was dumb with amazement. Science and trained nurses may control grown-ups, but small boys can shatter all regulations.

I AM still taking off my hat to Miss Wicc. She has left us now to take care of someone else's new baby, and we miss her.

Where we stand and wonder, she knew. Calm and quiet and positive in her way, she left nothing to chance. Where we should have had to guess she found out. Was the mother's milk agreeing with the baby? How much was she getting at a feeding? She told us exactly. A little over two ounces. How did she know? By weighing the baby immediately before and after feeding.

We were all at dinner one night when the baby began to cry. It sounded to me exactly like all the other cries that had been given during the dinner hour, to which Miss Wicc had paid no attention, despite my protests.

"If you do not want a spoiled baby you must not take her up every time she cries," she had said repeatedly. "If you will let her alone she will soon learn to sleep the night through." So we had been obliged, against our innermost desire to take her up, to leave her alone to cry it out. But this night the baby cried, and immediately the nurse left the dinner table. The dessert had been served when she returned.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

She smiled. "Yes, the poor little thing was in pain," she answered. "I think she had eaten too much and the gas was troubling her. I got it to come up, and she is comfortable now."

She had detected the difference in the cry. I think she taught that to Mother, because when I grow restless now and feel that I ought to do something, she shakes her head and says there is no pain to be relieved.

I imagine baby conversation must be the same the world over. Old bachelors and childless grouches insist that all new babies look alike, or don't look like anything. We proud parents do not agree with them; but I think we will all agree that the same things are said whenever a new baby is displayed.





*"One of the wisest decisions I ever made"*

E. E. Amick, Vice-President of the powerful First National Bank of Kansas City.

**I**N his own mind a banker divides men into three large groups.

1. Those who save nothing for investment—the wasters.
2. Those who put *every* penny into insurance and a home—the plodders.
3. Those who invest some part of their savings in themselves—the men of vision, the doers.

Out of this third group come the leaders of any industry, including the leading bankers themselves. E. E. Amick, whose letter is quoted on this page, being typical of many.

Mr. Amick's career might easily have terminated in Bunceton, Missouri. Entering the bank of that prosperous little community at the age of fourteen, he became its chief executive officer at twenty-three, with an income of \$5,000.

Or his career might have terminated in Boonville, where he was made President of the Boonville National Bank.

In either situation many men

*"I have made a good many investments during the past ten years but none which returned, on the amount involved, such large dividends or benefits as the investment in the Modern Business Course."*  
E. E. AMICK.

would have said: "I am content. I will put all of my surplus into a home and insurance and safe bonds. I will settle down."

But while he was still cashier in Bunceton, he read the little volume "Forging Ahead in Business" which is offered at the bottom of this page. The Modern Business Course and Service for which he subsequently enrolled was a revelation. It carried him out into a wider world. It gave him a working knowledge of each department of a modern business—the sales, accounting, factory and office management, advertising and corporation finance. It brought him into personal relationships with the methods which business leaders, in many lines, had tested and found successful.

His other investments were profitable but this investment—only a few dollars a month, and less than two hundred altogether—paid for itself dozens of times over and is still paying tremendously.

If the Course of the Alexander Hamilton Institute cost \$10,000 or even \$1,000, few men with family responsibilities would be justified in backing their faith with so large an amount. But the initial cost is nothing but a two-cent stamp which, with the coupon below, will bring your copy of "Forging Ahead in Business," the book that contains all the facts.

Even the most conservative banker will tell you that saving money is the best thing you can possibly do, *with one exception*. That exception is to put a little money into something your competitors do not have—knowledge and vision of the future. "Forging Ahead in Business" has given 200,000 men that sort of vision, and it is sent without obligation or cost.

Alexander Hamilton Institute  
711 Astor Place, New York City

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.



Name.....  
Print here

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

Canadian Address, C.P.R. Building, Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney





### When your hat counts and your clothes do not

NO ONE can observe the careful tailoring of your clothes when you sink into the cushions of a lounge in a lobby or the seat of a railroad train. Your hat is then the most conspicuous article of your dress.

Whenever a man's clothes can say nothing for him, a Knox Hat speaks volumes for his taste and judgment.

*In leading stores throughout the country wherever the Knox Hat of America is displayed, you are assured of style, quality, and customer service.*



**"FIFTH AVENUE SPECIAL"**  
The pride of the Knox treasury and your logical choice is the "Fifth Avenue Special." This year's special hat is an exceptional example of fine craftsmanship—Knox Clasp—\$45.00 to \$50.00.

# KNOX HATS

FOR MEN  
AND WOMEN



KNOX HAT COMPANY  
New York: Fifth Ave. at 40th St.  
San Francisco: 51 Grant Avenue

Babies do have a resemblance to someone, but the trouble is no two people discover the same resemblance. Janet's two grandmothers were in one day.

"She's a Guest," said Grandmother Guest proudly. "She has Edgar's head and eyes and forehead. There's no doubt about it, she's a Guest all right."

"Yes," said Grandmother Crossman, "she has Edgar's eyes; but the dear little thing certainly has Nellie's features. That's the mouth of her mother. It's Buddy's mouth, too, and you all admit that Buddy resembles his mother."

Being the relative of a new baby is a tremendous responsibility. In the first place, it makes an uncle or an aunt or a cousin or a grandparent, or something, out of you, and whatever it is you realize that a change is taking place in your life. Now Janet's relatives, I think, have all paid their duty calls upon her; they have all knelt at her bassinet and pledged devotion to her, and they have all admitted that she is a mighty fine baby. But beyond that nothing definite has come from them.

Her eyes are blue. They cannot get away from that fact; but there are those who argue still that they will eventually become brown.

"She has her dad's eyes all right," says Uncle Bill.

"Yes," says Uncle Harry, "but they're not the shape of his eyes. She got those lashes from her mother."

Her mouth is the subject of argument. It is my mouth and it isn't my mouth at all. One aunt insists that every feature is a copy of my own, and two aunts shout her down with the statement that her forehead and her ears are the only things we have in common.

WHEN she was born she had a covering of long black hair. That has worn off now and the new hair is coming in. Whose is it? Mine, if you happened to be listening to some; Mother's, if you get the information from others. It is my chin and it isn't my chin, and the cute little nose is still in dispute. It may be the large ugly nose I carry or it may be the mother's, regular-shaped, well-modeled nose.

"She looks exactly like you," said a neighbor excitedly.

"Yes," I replied; "but we don't worry about that, so long as she is healthy."

They have had her looking like her Grandmother Crossman, and I have been told that she is the very image of a baby born forty years ago to a relative who lived in Newfoundland; they have dug up old photographs of babies taken in the sixties and seventies, to prove a family resemblance; they have likened her hands to those of all the Crossman and Guest babies ever born, and when the excitement shall fade out and the conversation cease she will still be herself, more like her mother, I hope, than me.

Being her dad I have ideas of my own, even though I am shouted down. I see little of myself in her, except the blue eyes and perhaps the long head, which is a family characteristic. But I can see in her the beauty of all our babies. I can see in her little plump face to-day something of the first baby we had and couldn't keep. At two months she





*"On the Plains of Hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions who, at the Dawn of Victory, sat down to wait, and waiting—died!"*

# The Warning of the Desert

By William A. Lawrence

**T**HIS is the story of Bill Andrews—"Plain" Bill Andrews. The nickname had been coined by some boyhood chum and it had stuck through the years. It was both deserved and descriptive. For Bill was plain in appearance—plain in dress—plain in conversation—plain in everything he did.

Bill was twenty-seven when I first got to know him well—married—the father of as fine a boy as you have ever seen.

Bill might have been a little further along in the world if he had had just a little more luck—or foresight—when he started. But like thousands of other men he had been forced to leave school and go to work while he was still young, and he had taken the first thing that came along.

He worked as hard as he knew how, but somehow or other he never seemed to get very far.

It was hard—terribly hard, sometimes—to make both ends meet—particularly when sickness came or there were other unexpected expenses. But Bill never gave up hope. You see, he had some "plain," old-fashioned courage, too.

Above everything else in the world, he wanted to go home some night and tell his wife of a raise in salary—of a promotion that would mean a happier, better home.

I wonder if there is a man anywhere who doesn't have that same ambition—that same hope!

But that increase in salary and that promotion never came. Indeed, once or twice, when things were slack, Bill came mighty near losing his job.

Then, one night Bill came across an advertisement that was to change his entire life. It told how other men just like himself had found a way to get out of the rut and make good in a big way—how every man has enough natural ability to

make a success in some line of work if he will only find that work and study it.

There was nothing particularly new about the thought—it was something Bill had known and realized for years.

**A**S a matter of fact, Bill had seen that advertisement and that familiar coupon many, many times before. For two years he had been promising himself that he would cut it out and send it to Scranton. He knew that he ought to do it—that he should at least find out what the I. C. S. could do for him. But he never had!

And he might not have sent it this time, either, but for a few heart-stirring lines under a picture which he had seen called "The Warning of the Desert":

*"On the Plains of Hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions who, at the Dawn of Victory, sat down to wait, and waiting—died!"*

Bill read that over two or three times. "The Plains of Hesitation!" "Countless millions who, at the Dawn of Victory, sat down to wait, and waiting—died!" These two phrases kept ringing in his ears. They worked their way into his very soul.

"That settles it," said Bill, with a finality that was unusual for him. "I'm tired waiting—I'm tired putting it off. This is my chance to get out of the rut, and I'm not going to overlook it again."

So that night Bill Andrews clipped the coupon he had seen so often—marked it—and mailed it to Scranton.

**B**ILL told me the other day that he was surprised how interested he became in his lessons—of the personal interest the teachers at the I. C. S. took in him—how his employers learned about his studying and kept moving him up and up as fast as he was ready.

Bill is manager of his department now, and they tell me he's going to be a member of the firm some day. He certainly is a shining example of what any man with ambition can do if he only makes the start.

If the International Correspondence Schools can raise the salaries of men like Bill Andrews, they can raise yours. If these Scranton schools can help men like Bill Andrews to win the advancement that means a happier, better home, they can help you, too.

Believe me when I tell you that the most important thing you can do to-day is to send in that I. C. S. coupon. It is far better to send it in now than to wait a year—or five years—and then realize what the delay has cost you. Do it now!

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 7466-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet "Who Wins and Why" and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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HOUSE No. 111

Designed by Jefferson M. Hamilton, Architect

This is one of the fifty attractive and distinctive houses shown in "The Home of Beauty."

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Every year home-builders show a greater appreciation for the value of beauty. Beauty enhances the satisfaction one gets out of his home. It adds to the investment value. It is both a sentimental and practical consideration. The realization of this fact is leading more and more builders to Face Brick, for the Face Brick house is not only attractive when completed, but takes on new and more beautiful hues as it ages. Dollars-and-cents considerations, too, favor the Face Brick house—slow depreciation, a minimum of repairs and upkeep, painting only around doors and windows, low insurance rates and smaller fuel bills. "The Story of Brick" discusses these matters in detail. For your copy, address American Face Brick Association, 1736 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Ill.



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"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes, and discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness, Financing the Building of a Home, and kindred subjects. A copy will be sent free to any prospective home-builder.

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"Orienting the House" is an illustrated booklet, with a sun dial chart and explanation for placing the house with reference to light and shade. Interesting to any prospective builder. Sent for 10 cents.

looked much like Janet, or I fancy she did. There is also something about her mouth which brings back Buddy's baby days, and whether she cries or smiles there are times I am certain they are alike. I look at her asleep in her little bed, and I think a tiny edition of her mother has been issued.

The mother, however, says otherwise. She, too, fancies that she is much like all our babies, but she can point out her strong resemblance to me. Where I see her features she discovers mine, and perhaps that is as it should be.

**D**ID you ever stop to think that it is not altogether easy to be a baby? It must, at times, be a dreadful nuisance to be constantly on display; to be bounced about and held by whoever wishes to take you up; to be thrown over everyone's shoulder, patted on the back; to be held in uncomfortable positions by devoted if inexperienced persons when you would much rather lie in your crib and get your exercise in your own way. Imagine it yourself, you grown-up—suppose you had just taken all the milk you could hold in your stomach, how would you like some giant of a man or woman to come along and pick you up and shake you up and down? Or suppose you were dumb and could not tell your ailments, but could only cry in pain, how would you like it if every time your stomach ached they led you to the table and forced you to eat your fill again.

That was the old-fashioned way with babies. Apparently it didn't hurt all of us, for a lot of us are still here; but I imagine that many babies would have been better off and had a fairer chance in the struggle for life if their parents had fed less and let them cry more.

At least we have thought it out for ourselves, and with the new baby we hope to give her the benefit of all that has been learned. She is now two months old, and has gained her normal weight. She has had no colic and no distress. She eats her fill on her regular schedule and digests it before demanding more, and she sleeps the night through with but one waking period. At first the modern way is difficult for fathers and mothers, but if they will persist in it it is better for the baby.

You must battle not only with your own desire to fondle and comfort the child, but you must battle, also, all the old-fashioned relatives in your family. They will neither understand nor support you. For a time you will be outcasts from the family circle. You will be treating your child as never were you treated; but your little one's health and comfort will repay you for the struggle.

**"YOU Can't Kill These Fifteen Immortal Jokes,"** declares Carolyn Wells, the brilliant novelist and short-story writer, in a tremendously interesting and amusing article next month. Miss Wells, who is famous as the compiler of "Book of Humorous Verse"—a collection of the world's most amusing poems,—analyzes for you the humor of all time, and boils it down to those elemental jokes at which human beings have always laughed and always will laugh.





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of Philco Service. Over 3500 stations—all over the United States. There is one near you. Write for address, if necessary.

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RADIO DEALERS—Philco Dynamic Radio Storage Batteries are shipped to you charged but absolutely DRY. No acid sloppage. No charging equipment. No batteries going bad in stock. Wire or write for details.

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But after THIS he bought a man-size Philco—the long-life, high-powered battery that whirls the stiffest engine—gives you quick, sure-fire ignition—protects you from the humiliations and perils of battery failure.

Veteran car owners realize—thousands from bitter, hand-cranking experiences—that starting cold, oil-clogged motors—firing sluggish slow-vaporizing gasoline—keeping headlights blazing hour after hour—is no job for weak or under-powered batteries.

That's why thousands upon thousands of motorists today are demanding Philco Slotted-Retainer Batteries with the famous Diamond-Grid Plates. They know the Philco Battery has the tremendous reserve power needed for trouble-free driving in winter—the rugged, shock-proof construction that stands overcharging in summer.

Why risk the uncertainties of ordinary batteries? Why continue exposing yourself and family to the embarrassments and dangers of battery failure? A long-life, power-packed Philco—*guaranteed for two years*—now costs you no more, in many cases less, than just an ordinary battery.

See your nearest Philco Service Station at once! He has a right-size Philco Battery for your particular car.

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The famous Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery is standard on latest passenger cars and trucks, and is available in many sizes for all other types of motor vehicles. Write for details. Wherever you see a battery for sale, write Philco.

**PHILCO**  
**SLOTTED-RETAINER**  
**BATTERIES**

with the famous shock-resisting Diamond-Grid Plates



**A Work of Art, Sent on Approval:** Return in 5 days if not satisfactory. Your deposit will be refunded in full. No money need be sent with Coupon.



If only one like it had been made, this exquisite Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp would have cost rather more than three thousand dollars. The League can produce it for less than one hundredth of that price, because its membership is so widespread, and because it can reach its members so quickly.

#### Compare Thoroughly That is Why This Lamp is Loaned to You

After you have received this lamp, we ask that you visit the art importers, the jewelers, the large stores and the commercial electric showrooms. See if you can find any lamp that, at twice or five times this price, even approaches it in artistic perfection.

We do no "selling" in the ordinary commercial sense. This is all the "selling" that the League has ever needed for any of its productions. The lamp must sell itself to you, on your own judgment and comparison.

If it does not . . . **SEND IT BACK**—any time within five days. We will return your deposit at once and in full, and you will be under no further obligation whatever.

If we could think of any pleasanter, fairer, more confident way to offer the League's productions we would do it—but we can not.

#### Noted Artists Collaborated in Its Design

A painter, a sculptress and a noted decorative expert collaborated in the design of this lamp.

The result is a design of dignity, richness and grace, which at once distinguishes it unmistakably from the ordinary commercial products of factory "designing departments."

When we send you this lamp we will also, if you wish, register you as a Corresponding Member of the Decorative Arts League, it being distinctly understood that such membership is to cost you nothing, either now or later, and is to entail no obligation of any kind. It simply registers you as one interested in hearing of really artistic new things for home decoration.

#### This Low Present Price is a Test

This lamp was designed to sell for \$300. We want to see if, by offering it at a much lower price, we can secure enough orders to cause a great saving in the cost of production and distribution, and without a loss to the League. So, as an experiment, we are offering it at \$19.85.

For the present, this is only an experiment. We cannot guarantee that the price will not be raised. Your Approval Request should be mailed at once.

#### Decorative Arts League, Inc. 175 Fifth Avenue New York

A regularly incorporated and self supporting organization, operating on a strictly business basis, to enable lovers of beautiful things to have the advantages of united purchasing.

#### Decorative Arts League, Inc. 175 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Please send me the Greek-Pompeian Floor Lamp and I will pay the carrier \$1.85 (deposit) when delivered, plus the transportation charges.

If not satisfactory I can return the lamp within five days of receipt and you are to refund my deposit in full.

If I do not return it in that time I agree to purchase it at the special introductory price of \$19.85 and will send \$4 monthly from date for four months; the lamp remaining your property until fully paid for.

Please enter my name as a Corresponding Member without cost or obligation.  
(The lamp cannot be sent on approval outside Continental U. S. A.)

I am a reader of American Magazine, March, 1923.

Signed.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

**Loaned**  
for your examination and comparison—the League's only method of selling.

Hand the carrier the postage and  
**\$3.85**  
Deposit (returnable)

Note the new and clever dual-purpose shade: an exclusive D. A. L. idea. Can be used without any draping. Is handsomely decorated. At the same time it is the ideal frame on which you can make silk covers in limitless variety.

Lamp is about 5 feet high. Finish, rich Statuary Bronze. Base and cap cast in solid Metallium. Upper shaft is seamless brass. Shade is parchment, brass bound, outside decorations in three colors: top and bottom bands in deep red, design in dark green; background graded in brown.

Inside reflecting surface is delicate pink. Gracefully curved arm is pivoted at the shaft so that the lamp can be raised or lowered with a single touch.

Another pivot enables shade and bulb to be tilted to throw light at an angle. Fifteen feet of cord, with two-piece attachment plug. Wiring to inside the shaft and arm.

Complete, ready for the bulb. Weight packed about 22 pounds.

# Ten Things That Keep Us Apart

(Continued from page 11)

push everyone away from you. It is a prime separator.

Jealousy is another form of egotism. Many imagine it to be caused by love; but jealousy has nothing to do with love. In fact, you can be insanely jealous of a person and not love him at all. There has been more than one instance of a husband who has lost all interest in his wife and all affection for her, and has suddenly waked up to jealous fury when he discovered that some other man was in love with her. What happened was that his vanity was touched.

II. *Disagreeableness*: The first thing that ought to be taught in the Sunday-school to little children is to be agreeable. For this is the first of all virtues. If love is the greatest thing in the world, then agreeableness comes next, for it is the road to love. What you want is that others shall please you; and the only way to obtain this is to make a practice of pleasing them.

Let me ask you a fundamental question: Is your life ordered to please others? You may answer with a show of heat that your first duty is to yourself, that you must look out for Number One, and your answer is justified. What you do not understand, however, is that most of the pleasure that Number One gets out of life he gets from Number Two; and the surest way to look out for one's self is to look out for others. No better means of inducing everybody around you to strive to please you can be found than the steady effort on your own part to please others.

Disagreeableness has caused many a separation. It might be a good catechism for a wife to ask herself, when the fear comes into her heart that she is losing her husband: "Do I wear the clothes he likes? Do I talk on the subjects he likes? Do I avoid the topics that irritate him? Do I study to make all of my manners and actions such as I know give him pleasure?" Whether or not you should do these things is not the question here. Possibly it is not worth while. Perhaps he is more to blame than you, and all that. The only point here is whether you are pushing him away from you or drawing him toward you.

III. *Gloom*: Gloom is a strong pusher. Perhaps you cannot help being gloomy, and you may have plenty of reason to be gloomy, and nobody has a right to expect that you be otherwise than gloomy. Granted all this, yet the gloom pushes people away from you just the same.

That sole quality that pulls us toward another person is joy. That sole quality in us which isolates us from our fellows and makes them want to shun us is gloom.

I am not at all discussing the question whether or not in this world of sin and sorrow you ought to be sour and dour and serious. I am simply pointing out the fact that if you conceive it your duty to be so, you need not complain that you have to go it alone. I know of no brotherhood of grouchy faces. Misery may love company, but it doesn't get it. If you have gloom and cannot get rid of it, at least you might conceal it as a vice; and

this you must do if you value the affection of others.

IV. *A sure way to push others from you is to show that your feelings are hurt.*

Life is complex. You cannot live long with any human being in the world and not have something come up at times to push you apart. We are so constituted that we could not live with an angel from Heaven without his offending us sometimes. Offense we must expect. The only question is what to do with it when it comes. And although we cannot help being hurt, what we can help is showing that we are hurt. Nine times out of ten, if someone has hurt our feelings it has been done either unintentionally or without an understanding of the damage that was caused; and if we will simply keep our mouths shut, keep smiling, and go on about our business, the whole matter will disappear. But if we advertise it every time we are jostled or bruised, then irritation begins and the separating process goes on.

V. *Nagging*: Nagging does not need to be defined, for everybody knows what it is, and most of us are guilty of it more or less. It is one of the best known separators, for nobody wants to be nagged and everybody wants to get away from the nagger.

It is quite important that people should know their faults and correct them, that they should mend their bad manners, that they should improve their moral character, and that they should be uplifted and polished generally. But when you go into the uplifting and polishing business, remember that it has its price, and you have to pay it. Only very rare souls like criticism and correction. Only one man in a hundred, and one woman in a thousand likes to be regulated. What people like is to be approved and appreciated.

I am not treating of the moral quality of these things, but simply of their pushing or pulling quality, and the thing to remember is that criticism pushes and appreciation pulls. Appreciation ought to be a constant habit. If we have to live in intimacy with any person, it is of vital importance that we get into the way of looking for and mentioning his pleasing and excellent qualities. We can always find some if we search for them persistently; and if criticism is necessary it should always be undertaken with the utmost tact and care, for it is dangerous business.

VI. *Deception*: Continued intimacy is very difficult unless it is based upon candor, sincerity, and truthfulness. Nobody can do business with a liar, at least unless he knows what sort of a liar he is. When we live with a person we have to depend upon him, to adjust our actions to his, and if he is untruthful we discover that we have been leaning upon a broken reed.

The trouble with lying is that nobody is clever enough to keep it up successfully. The beauty of telling the truth is that we don't have to think about it. When we tell one lie we have to tell two hundred and forty lies to make it fit, and the game becomes too complicated. Deception is one of the commonest of separators.

VII. *Artificiality*: This is a form of deception. We cannot love anything that is



# Another great achievement by the Squibb Laboratories!

*An important discovery for the care of your teeth and gums!*

**F**OR generations, dentists and physicians have prescribed Squibb's Milk of Magnesia to protect the teeth and to neutralize the acids which cause decay. They have long realized that if it could be combined with other necessary ingredients in a correct dental cream, the result would be a real benefit to humanity.

At their request, the Squibb Laboratories undertook this work and developed a scientifically correct magnesia dental cream.

## What Squibb's Dental Cream Does!

First of all, it cleanses the mouth and teeth thoroughly, assisting in the removal of food particles and film. It does this without the use of soap, as the excessive use of soap in the mouth tends to harm the gums. It polishes the teeth beautifully without the aid of gritty chemicals, acids or other harmful ingredients.

In addition, Squibb's Milk of Magnesia, contained in Squibb's Dental Cream, effectively neutralizes the acids which cause decay, and thus is decidedly helpful in preventing dental troubles.

## A Professional Product

No product has ever been produced bearing the Seal of Squibb which has not also borne the highest endorsements of the medical profession. You can use Squibb's Dental Cream with absolute confidence in its purity, efficacy and reliability.

Squibb's Dental Cream is highly recommended for every one. Its snappy flavor and the delightful sensation of true cleanliness it brings, make its regular use pleasant as well as very beneficial. It is excellent also for children.

## Special Offer

One trial of Squibb's Dental Cream will convince you, more thoroughly than anything we could say, of its superior merits. We will send you a generous trial-size tube, free, upon receipt of the coupon below properly filled out. Send it in to-day and begin to enjoy the benefits of using a dental cream that is prepared as carefully and correctly as a prescription from your physician.

# SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

"THE PRICELESS INGREDIENT"  
of every product is the honor and  
integrity of its maker.



## Mail this Coupon for Trial-Size Tube

Sign your name and address, and your druggist's name and address on this coupon and mail it to us for one free trial-size tube of Squibb's Dental Cream. Only one tube to a family.  
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Comes in enamel-finish, flat-finish plain tints, and decorative patterns for every room. Can be frescoed, stenciled, striped or blended.

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not real. And if one is constantly posing or pretending to be what he is not, and especially if we have fallen in love with the pose and not the real person, then separation is not far distant.

The very first thing is to be ourselves. If I am loved for myself, then there is some hope of love's continuance, for at least I shall always be myself.

Love is a thing that clings only to personality. We don't love qualities nor attainments nor accomplishments nor manners. What we love is the real person. And love clings quite as much to faults and deficiencies, when they are real, as it does to excellencies.

Successful lovers, or those married couples, for instance, who have lived together for thirty years or more and are still genuinely fond of each other, will be found to know thoroughly each other's limitations. When you love a person really, you love him, and the "him" includes his little peculiarities, his faults, and his mannerisms, quite as much as his virtues. No woman loves a man for his success alone. No man loves a woman for her beauty alone. It is the little human failings that tie us one to another.

VIII. *Politeness*. The beauty about the habit of politeness is that it goes on making us agreeable even when we do not think about it. It is an automatic pleaser.

Politeness is even more necessary among those with whom we are intimate every day than it is toward strangers. For politeness is a lubricant of life. And when we rub against people every day we need a deal of lubrication to prevent friction and irritation.

Many a family has broken down and children have been scattered and estranged because they were not drilled in courtesy. For politeness is simply the rule of the game. And there is no game that can be played without rules.

And we must not fall into the error of imagining that rudeness is necessarily frankness and honesty. It is not. It is merely lack of self-control. A person that is habitually polite knows the rules of the human game and keeps them, can be just as sincere and real as any selfish boor.

IX. *Over-familiarity*. The human soul has its curious laws of attraction and repulsion. One of the traits of the soul is that it resents being crowded. Each life must have its integrity respected. And many a passionate love has been wrecked because of an ignorant violation of the soul's self-respect.

In all our intimacy we must remember that the other person must have and retain his own independence. You can maintain the relation of master and slave, but you cannot maintain friendship or affection without mutual respect.

Many a married couple have grown apart simply because they have seen too much of each other. They have not had opportunities enough for the independent development of each.

Above all things, we should allow the one we love to have his own tastes, his

own opinions, his own moral convictions. We should honor them as we expect our own to be honored. Perfect and continued unity depends upon a certain amount of independence. And when we violate the sanctity of personality and insist on rummaging through the depths of another soul upon every occasion, and knowing and judging all the secret places of the heart, we may well look for resentment.

X. *Domination*. One of the oldest forms of perversion is the desire to rule. It is one of the lowest traits of humanity, just as the desire to serve is the highest trait. All slavish souls and mean persons love to boss, to give orders, to dominate.

It is well to recognize this trait when we see it cropping up in ourselves. It is what has made the monarchies of history with all their attendant evils.

Ambition is a good thing; but only the ambition to be of service, to help, is commendable. The ambition to lord it over others is the seed of revolt and trouble.

If you wish, therefore, that one you love should be drawn toward you and not thrust from you, see to it that your constant desire is not to dictate, not to impose your own opinions and will, not to control, but, as far as possible, to serve.

Of course it is conceivable that the one you love may be entirely unworthy of this and take advantage of you and proceed to dominate you. In that case it is a tragedy. But it is not so bad a tragedy as if the guilt were yours.

The main thing that we are to keep in mind, all said and done, is that love is the greatest thing in the world, and it is love and the supreme worth of love that we should constantly consider. In every crisis think of that. Ask yourself if anything else is worth while. Examine the matter to see if what you purpose has its right bearing upon love, or whether it is centered in your own egotism.

We cannot force love. It will not come when we whistle nor stay when we entreat, but it has certain natural channels. If we observe certain things it is more likely to come and to stay.

To be natural. To be human. To be sincere. To be teachable. To love to serve and not to rule. And to be helpful. Those are the wires upon which the strong current of love runs.

And, last of all, we should remember that we cannot love everybody. There are some people to whom we naturally do not take. There are some natures that have no chemical affinity for our own. There are some souls that are negative to our positive.

And it is a good plan not to waste much time with these persons. It is a wide world and there is plenty of room. If a person does not like you, the best rule is, other things being equal, to go away. Somebody else will like you. Of course this cannot always be done; but as much as possible we shall save complications and struggles if we would encourage the natural affinities and side-step the natural repulsions.

H. G. WELLS, who is probably the most widely known and widely discussed writer in the English language to-day, will tell you next month what he considers "The Ten Most Important Books in the World." The whole psychology and practical philosophy of reading is vividly portrayed in this extraordinary piece, in which you will have personal access to the matured judgment and conclusions of one of the world's greatest authorities.



*How to keep your hair soft  
and silky, full of life and lus-  
tre, bright and fresh-looking*



ESTABLISHED 1892

## Why proper shampooing makes your hair beautiful

**A**NYONE can have beautiful hair, if it is cared for properly.

Shampooing is the most important thing.

Proper shampooing is what brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Proper shampooing, however, means more than just washing your hair—it means thorough cleansing.

The hair and scalp are constantly secreting oily, gummy substances. These substances catch the dust and dirt, and the hair becomes coated with this.

This coating, when it becomes excessive, naturally dulls the hair and destroys its gloss and lustre. It covers up and prevents the natural color and beauty of the hair from showing. It also causes scales and dandruff.

### How to prevent this coating

To have beautiful hair, you must prevent this coating from accumulating.

This cannot be done with ordinary soaps not adapted for the purpose. Besides, the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon

dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

Mulsified coconut oil shampoo is not only especially adapted to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly, but it cannot possibly injure. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

### The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is all that is required.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is. It keeps the scalp soft and healthy, the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

*Splendid for Children  
—Fine for Men*

# Mulsified

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

## Cocoanut Oil Shampoo





# Now the physician can watch the glands of your mouth at work

A new instrument brings wider knowledge of how the glands protect the unreplaceable enamel of your teeth

SCIENTIFIC studies of human beings and animals now show there are glands which determine whether we shall grow to be giants or pigmies, others which regulate the speed at which our body shall work, and still others which control our youth and vitality.

Equally important are the six tiny glands in the mouth which protect us against colds, tonsilitis, pneumonia and many other infectious diseases. With a new instrument—the *sialometer*—the physician can watch with his own eyes these glands pour out their healing, germ-free fluids.

This instrument teaches us also that it is their steady stream of fluids that protects the precious, unreplaceable enamel of your teeth against the deadly acids of decay.

## *All day, all night, they wage this constant struggle*

In the warmth of the mouth minute food particles ferment just as milk turns sour when left in a warm, moist place. The acids thus formed immediately begin to attack the enamel, forming cavities.

Brushing the teeth, while absolutely essential to mouth cleanliness,



The acids which destroy the enamel of your teeth are constantly forming—just like mist on your wind-shield on a foggy night

will not keep the acids from forming. Trying to fight the acids by brushing alone is like trying to keep your wind-shield polished on a foggy night. Even

if you brush your teeth after every meal (and not one person in a hundred does) enough food remains to feed myriads of acid-forming bacteria.

To provide protection against the acids, nature intended the salivary glands automatically to flush the



"This new instrument—the *sialometer*—is teaching us the enormous importance of the six tiny glands of the mouth"

mouth and teeth every moment in the day and night. The fluids with which they bathe your teeth and gums are *alkaline* in character. They neutralize and wash away the acids as fast as they form.

Although the glands are small they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. In a healthy mouth they secrete more than a quart of fluid per day.

But the way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at anything like their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by long-continued chewing of hard, tough foods. When we are chewing they are 20 times more active than when the jaws are at rest. The soft foods, quickly swallowed, that we eat today do not keep the glands active and healthy.

## *How to keep the glands of your mouth at work*

For keeping their salivary glands at work, thoughtful, intelligent people

all over the world for twenty years have been using Pebeco.

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what long-continued chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the salivary glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts them as do strong acids—it never checks their natural action as do soapy alkaline substances.

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After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels just as refreshed as does your body after a bath—and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its pungent and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn and Fink, Inc.

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Send us ten cents today for the material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these deadly acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn and Fink, Inc., Dept. C-5, 635 Greenwich St., New York.



# This Man Trained Strongheart, the Wonderful Dog

(Continued from page 10)

well and I showed my appreciation by scratching his head, an attention which delighted him immensely.

"Then I took into the room the dress which the lady was to wear in the scene and laid it beside me on the couch where she was to sit. I spread part of it over my knees, so that he would rub against the dress and become accustomed to it. By this time, the lady herself had experienced a change of heart toward the tiger and we began having little friendly parties of three.

"When that scene finally was photographed, the lady was sitting on the couch and the tiger was lying beside her with his head in her lap! I'm sure, if the tiger could have been interviewed, he would have reported that 'a pleasant time was had by all.'

"NOW, was there anything in the psychology of that animal that was different from the psychology of a human being? When he felt that he was safe and comfortable, that he was among friends who understood him and treated him with respect and kindness, he reacted just as you would expect any creature to react.

"You know, it's funny that human beings seem to forget that they are animals, too. Intellectually, we have gone far beyond other animals. We have learned to control our primitive impulses—but they are there, just the same!

"If you want to know how a human being will feel toward you if you treat him in a certain way, just literally try it on the dog. Treat the dog as you intend to treat the human being. If the dog snarls, you may be sure that the man will be snarling inside, no matter how polite he looks. If the dog wags his tail with pleasure, you may be sure that the human being will be in a tail-wagging frame of mind, no matter how indifferent he may try to appear.

"A human being may try to hide these inner feelings; but if he gets a chance sooner or later he will act on them. If you have made him angry, he will try to get even. If you have given him pleasure, he will want to do you a good turn. To study animals is to read a Book of Revelations about man.

"Take Strongheart, for example. When we first got him I kept him with me day and night. I watched how he reacted to every stimulus—sounds, sights, smells. The very first thing you learn from animals is the enormous power of habit. Strongheart had been trained for police and Red Cross work. I had to make him un-learn some of the things he had been taught. But while I have changed his actions, I have not changed his impulses. He still feels the desire to act according to his instincts and his habits. But he does not do it, if I, whom he recognizes as his supreme authority, don't want him to do it.

"That is exactly what a human being does. He overcomes certain desires if they run contrary to some authority which he recognizes. If the man is weak or

vicious, the authority is outside himself. It is the law, or the police, or his boss, or society in general. But if he is a man of strong character, the authority which he obeys is within himself.

"A grown dog, like Strongheart, is very much like a child ten or twelve years old. He obeys some outside authority. He may do this through fear; or he may do it through respect, affection, and confidence. But the obedience that comes through fear is absolutely unreliable. A dog who is afraid of his master is like a child who is afraid of his parents: he obeys only so long as he is in danger of punishment. The first good chance he gets, he will follow his own impulses.

"Of course there is individuality among animals, just as there is among human beings. Strongheart, for instance, has an innate dignity and depth of feeling that are as fine as anything I ever encountered in a human being. All animals have a greater sense of personal dignity than we give them credit for. I have seen people treat animals in a way that made me cringe, because I knew that the animal felt humiliated.

"Never ridicule an animal. Never laugh at his mistakes. Never play practical jokes on him. Never put him a position where he feels foolish and embarrassed. Play with him—yes, but always make it a mutual affair. Let him see that it is just as much his fun as yours. Never sneer at him. If he doesn't understand you, and so does a thing wrongly, don't make him feel that he is a fool.

"Sarcastic people, who assume a sneering superiority, never get on well with animals. They never get on well with human animals, either; and the explanation is perfectly simple: That kind of person is not sincere, straightforward, or kind; and the animal—whether a man, a dog, or any other variety—knows it. The sarcastic employer, or teacher, or parent, or alleged friend, may be treated with superficial deference, but he has no real hold on people.

ALWAYS treat an animal with respect. Would you like to have a stranger slap you familiarly on the back, pull your ears, or rub your hair the wrong way? You'd resent it hotly, just as hotly as you dared. Then why treat an animal, or a child, with the familiarity you, yourself, would resent? It is an instinct, the primitive instinct of fear, that makes an animal snap at a stranger who comes too near him. And it is the same primitive instinct that makes the human animal feel like snapping at anyone who gets 'too fresh' with him.

"Never lie to an animal. Never fail to carry out either your threats or your promises. There, again, you have a fundamental principle of human psychology. You cannot control an animal if he does not believe in you. Strongheart will do anything I tell him to, because I never have betrayed his faith in me. Sometimes he will hesitate and look up at me,



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# The Odds Are 4 to 1 Against You



## There's a way to check Pyorrhea

Don't gamble with your teeth and health. You have far too much at stake. More, the odds are too heavy against you.

Pyorrhea strikes four persons out of every five that pass the age of forty. And thousands younger, too. The chances are 4 to 1 it will strike you unless you are vigilantly on guard.

Heed Nature's warning when she gives it. Bleeding gums are the warning. Act at once. Don't wait. For Pyorrhea works fast. The tender gums recede. The teeth loosen, or are lost through extraction. The system is often flooded with infection.

Go immediately to your dentist for teeth and mouth inspection. Brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums. This healing, time-tested dentifrice, when used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress.

Forhan's For the Gums is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It will keep your teeth clean and white, your gums firm and healthy. It is pleasant to the taste. Buy a tube today. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

# Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



as if to say, 'Did I understand you? Do you really mean what I thought you said?'

"When I repeat the command, he seems to say, 'Oh, you did mean it! That's all right. I just wanted to be sure.'

"In 'The Silent Call' there was one man who played the villain of the piece. In reality, Strongheart was very fond of this man. Yet he had to spring on him, apparently catch him by the throat, and tear the man's clothing to pieces. If I had made him jump at the man in anger—well! We would have been minus one of our actors. He would have killed the man in short order.

"Instead, I trained him to do it as part of a highly enjoyable game. I taught him to jump, not at the man's throat, but at his necktie. If by accident he did get hold of the man's throat, he knew *that* wasn't the game; and he wouldn't close his jaws, but would let them slip down to where he could catch the necktie with his teeth. The instant I told him to stop, he would let go and come frisking back to me, his tail wagging furiously. Just as plainly as in words, he was saying:

"'Gee! that was fun; wasn't it? What are we going to play now?'

"Yet the whole performance was contrary to both his primitive and his acquired impulses. He simply *took my word* for it that this was a great game. If I said it was, then it must be so.

"ONE of the things he had been taught, as a Red Cross dog, was never to touch anything that was dead. On the battlefield, he was to carry aid to the wounded. Therefore he must not waste time on those that were past aid. He won't touch a dead thing now, unless I tell him to. In that case, he believes that I have some good reason for it, so it must be all right.

"He was taught not to attack other animals. But in 'The Silent Call' there was a scene where he must *seem* to attack one of a herd of cattle. Now, if I had made him *really* attack the animal, I would have confused him, upset all his ideas by telling him to do something at one time which he was forbidden to do at another time.

"I managed it by having him *play* with a young heifer, jumping at her and running around her. It was just sport; but it looked in the picture as if he was in earnest. Then, in a later scene, he and the lady wolf with whom he was consorting were to be shown eating the flesh of the animal they were supposed to have killed. Of course they didn't kill it. We bought a carcass to use in the scene.

"The wolf did eat the meat. But Strongheart wouldn't consider such a thing; and I didn't want him to. But I wanted the picture to *look* as if he had gone back to the ancient savagery of his race. So I pointed to the carcass and told Strongheart to bring it to me. He looked up questioningly. Did I really mean it? I repeated the command. All right! He went and took hold of the horns with his teeth and tried to drag the animal to where I was standing. In the picture, the impression was of his tearing at the body with ferocious hunger. I got the effect I wanted, but not by having him do anything that he couldn't explain. In other words, never tax an animal's confidence unreasonably. And that's a good rule to follow with human beings, too.





# Magic nights under the red moon

Though you sit in your cozy armchair you can still be out in the clean white spaces of the Northwest—out in Adventureland!

IF THE hard pavements of the city streets are beginning to pall—if you feel hemmed in by tall, smothering buildings—if the electric lights along the City Trail are beginning to lose their glamour—it is a sign that the "call of the wild" is coming to you—it is a sign for you to "pack up" your mind and follow James Oliver Curwood into the great Romance-land of the Northwest.

Here is the great magic land where care and worry are banished in a twinkling—where

the breath of Romance slips in the blood of men and women—the land of adventure, strange, enchanting, wondrous. Stand under the great open sky—gaze at the wondrous Red Moon and the White Stars—hear the cry of the wolf pack—stand at the top of the world and feel the spell of the vast white wilderness! You do not have to stir out of your easy chair to do it. James Oliver Curwood is waiting for you, ready to carry you far and happily into Adventureland.

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Here, waiting for you in the wonderful pages of James Oliver Curwood's books, is all the magic Romance of a great and glorious country, ready to thrill and inspire you—ready to lift you clear of worry and care—ready to transport you to the land and people of your dreams.

There never was a writer with the compelling power of James Oliver Curwood. His stories have the gripping, broad interest of big things done in a big way. More than 2,000,000 copies of these books have been sold. The tales have been eagerly sought by moving picture companies all over the world.

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set of James Oliver Curwood at an unprecedented price! At last this world-famous author is brought within the reach of everybody. By acting quickly—that is the condition, remember—you can obtain a wonderful six-volume set of James Oliver Curwood for practically half price! The set, which is beautifully bound in dark maroon cloth, with the titles lettered in gold, has sold regularly for almost DOUBLE the present price!

### Send No Money

If you are tired of ordinary novels, if you are "fed up" with the banalities of your daily routine, if you want to feel the clean white snow of the great Northwest under your feet, if you want to live among real men and women, follow Curwood into Adventureland! Don't bother to send any money. Merely mail the coupon and the six volumes of Curwood will be sent to you at once. When they arrive, you have the privilege of examining them for seven days, and then paying for them in small monthly installments. This offer is good only while the current special edition is available. Take advantage of it now—mail the coupon at once and make sure of your set.

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This latest Kodak model gives negatives that "enlarge up" beautifully and has several interesting features besides its famous lens. The self-erecting front throws the lens in position as the bed is dropped, and the focus is secured by merely turning the lens flange. The camera is autographic, of course, and has shutter speed controls of  $1/25$ ,  $1/50$  and  $1/100$  of a second as well as time and bulb actions.

*Pictures  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ . Price \$20.*

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*



"Never teach an animal to depend on graft. I don't bribe an animal to do a thing. I don't give Strongheart a reward for carrying out a command; not a material reward, such as food. He does it solely because he wants my approval. He will look up at me questioning, as if he said, 'Was that what you wanted? Did I do it right?' If I smile and look pleased he fairly quivers with pleasure.

"Of course you can get a kind of service out of either animals or human beings by bribing them—if you care for that kind of service. I don't! It isn't really good service, anyway. Strongheart will do more, just to *please* me, than I ever saw a dog do in order to get food. It is just the same with human beings. They would starve, if it came to that, for someone they love supremely.

"When Strongheart makes a mistake, I don't rail at him or strike him. I know he *meant* to do it right. He just didn't understand. When he sees, by my expression, that he has failed to satisfy me, his expression is almost tragic. It is up to me to show him where he was wrong. Kicking and cussing wouldn't *explain* it to him. He would be more confused than ever. Isn't that human psychology too?

"**H**ERE'S another thing: Never play on an animal's emotions. Don't rouse him to anger, grief, fear. For instance, except when it is absolutely necessary for us to be away, Strongheart is always either with Miss Murfin or with me. We are the two human beings to whom he feels he belongs. I am his master, or superior officer. She is 'the queen of the world' to him.

"By the way, there is something curious in that connection. Miss Murfin and I do not feed Strongheart, or take care of him; and you might think he would regard the man who does do this as his master. But to him, this man is his servant, who waits on him and brings him food. He likes the man, but he does not regard him as a superior officer to whom he owes allegiance. He knows what human beings sometimes forget; that allegiance comes from the mind and the heart.

"Well, as I was saying, Strongheart is with me pretty constantly, except when I have to be away on a journey. When this happens I don't say good-by effusively and make a great to-do over the leave-taking. He would think I was abandoning him, and would be grieved and bewildered.

"Several days before I am to leave I begin to prepare him for it. I go out of his sight, but come back in a few minutes. I do this at intervals, staying away from him a little longer each time. In this way, I set up in his mind the confident expectation of my return. He sees me go—but he knows I will come back, because I always *have* come back.

"Never tease an animal. You can't expect to keep its good will if you wantonly annoy or frighten it. I have seen people amuse themselves by hectoring a caged animal, just to see it show its anger. Then they call it a savage beast, and say you never can trust a wild animal. The animal is simply showing that it knows it cannot trust *them*. Human beings feel just the same way. We don't like, or trust, people who are always picking on us and tormenting us. We'd be glad of a chance to bite them, either literally or figuratively.



## Breakfast should be "double-breasted," too

**T**O KEEP the child warm inside as well as outside, oatmeal is best. But—you can never realize the startling difference in oatmeals until you have tried H-O (Hornby's Oats).

*The superiority of H-O is due to an exclusive process of Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting the oats in the old-fashioned way.*

Thorough Steam-Cooking in closed kettles at 250 degrees, dextrinizes the starch and makes the oats digestible. Pan-Toasting over live coal fires at 650 degrees, produces that delicious H-O flavor.

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The Sea View—A bungalow with a wide porch and a low, wide roof.

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"In the picture 'Brawn of the North' we have fourteen wolves. One of them, Lady Silver, is supposed to mate with Strongheart in the play. The people from whom we got her sent us a supposedly vicious wolf, because they were afraid Strongheart would kill a gentle one. This was queer reasoning, but never mind that; the point is that Silver was considered so vicious that she was chained inside the crate in which she was shipped.

"On the journey from Montana, the kind of people I spoke of—those who tease an animal when they think they can do it safely—amused themselves by poking at Silver, just to see her rage. One of the links in her chain had got caught between the bars of the crate, holding her down. But she would do her best to jump at them, snarling and showing her teeth. When she reached us, she hated the whole world, and I didn't blame her.

"It took me an hour and a half to get her out of the crate. I didn't want her to bite me; partly because I didn't want to be bitten, but also because I didn't want her to remember that she had bitten me. Finally, I got the chain and collar off and put her in a small enclosure surrounded with wire netting. I told the men to pay no attention to her, to go back and forth just as usual; but to be quiet and not even to talk in loud tones. Lunch time soon came, but I said I would stay with the wolf.

"And I will bet you anything," I told them, "that in a few days she will be on friendly terms with me."

"ONE of the men offered to bet his salary for weeks ahead that we never would tame that wolf. Yet when he came back, one hour later, I was sitting in the enclosure, and the wolf was climbing into my lap and licking my face. She just couldn't get close enough to me! And two hours before, she had wanted to bite my head off.

"How did I do it? Well, when she had found that these new people were quiet and apparently peaceful, she was surprised. She hardly knew what to think. That was a good opportunity for me to show her what to think, so I went into her enclosure and calmly sat down on the ground. If I had been standing, she would have felt at a disadvantage. If a strange creature came and towered over you, I guess you would be afraid. But I sat down! That brought me on her level. She knew she could spring on me whenever she wanted to, so there was no hurry about it. She needn't attack me, for I was not in a position to attack her.

"At first she paced back and forth, as far from me as she could get. Then she became curious. Most animals are curious and wolves are especially so. She began circling the cage, going behind me. She knew she could get me then; but I didn't even turn my head. However, little by little, I edged backward, so that the space behind me became narrower, until she brushed against me as she passed.

"Can't you understand how interested she was in the whole proceeding? She was having an entirely new experience. And so long as I was sitting on the ground, where she knew she had me at a disadvantage, she was willing to find out what was going to happen. Finally I got so close to the wire netting that she had to squeeze past my back, in order to get through. Then she began to make little rushes to-



# A NEW AND BETTER GOODYEAR CORD TIRE

*with the beveled All-Weather tread*



**Y**OU know, of course, what a marvelously good tire the Goodyear Cord Tire always has been. Probably you remember with what speed and certainty it swept the country, inaugurating a new principle of tire construction.

You may remember, also, how its superb performance displaced all previous standards of mileage and freedom from trouble.

*Now this wonderful tire is made even more efficient and economical, by a remarkable improvement in its tread.*

This new All-Weather Tread is semi-flat instead of round, giving a broader road contact which offers greatly increased resistance to wear.

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The blocks which line the tread on either side are beveled at the outer edge, relieving the carcass from the strain of vibration as wear proceeds.

Finally, this new tread is made from an extraordinarily efficient rubber compound, by far the most serviceable that Goodyear has ever devised.

Think of being able to buy an *improved* Goodyear Cord Tire—a better Goodyear Cord Tire even than you have known.

Think of being able to buy this better tire for no more than you are asked to pay for ordinary tires. Your Goodyear Service Station Dealer has this new Goodyear Cord in stock—go to him for your size today.

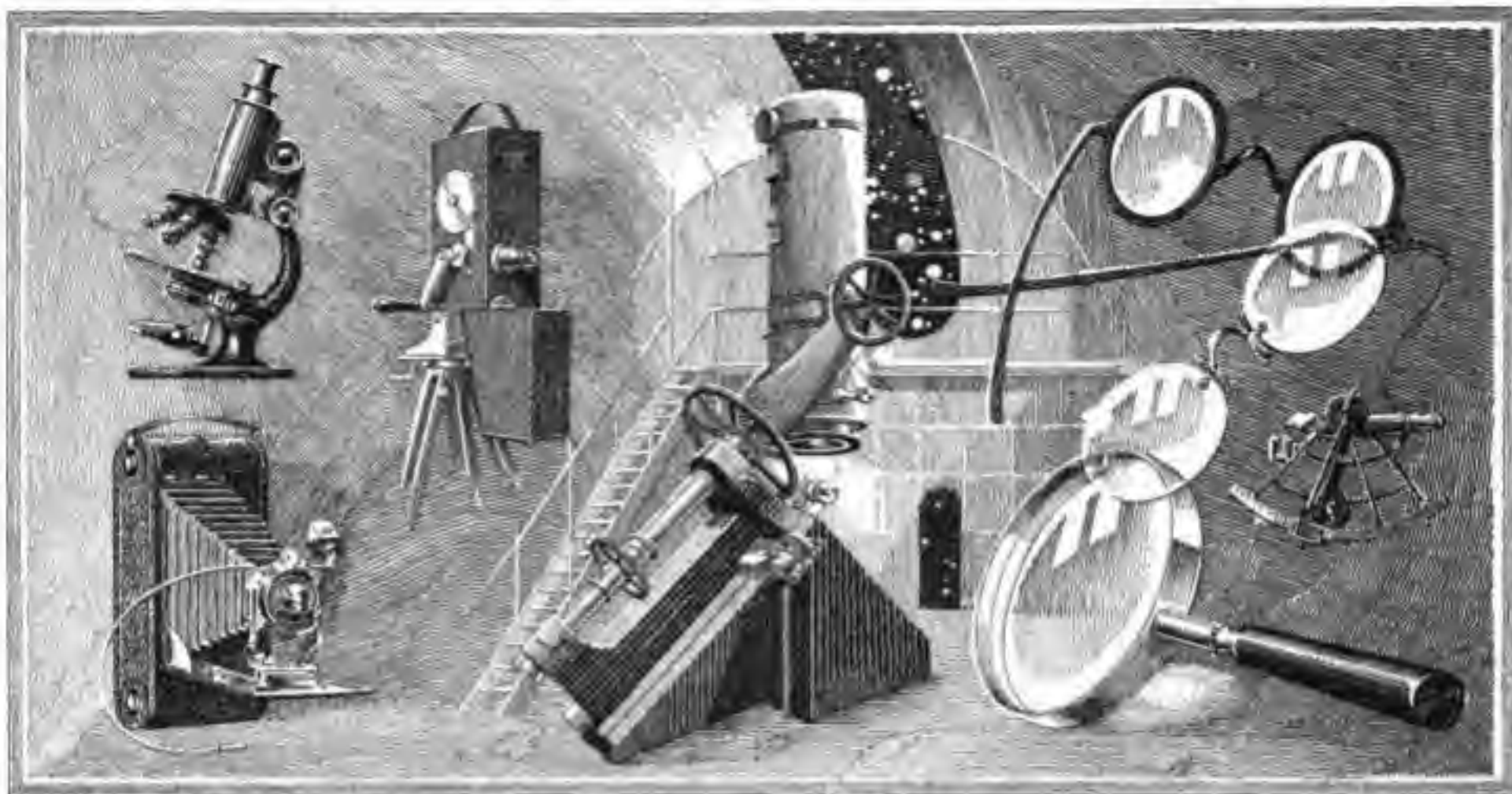
Insuring your satisfaction is that same high quality that has made more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

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## How lead helps you see

**T**HE use of lead in lens-making has made the planets in the universe objects as familiar to astronomers as are the chickens in a barn-yard to a farmer's wife.

The microscope lens, containing lead, has enabled science to count and classify bacteria so small that millions can live in a drop of milk.

There is lead in the telescopic lens of the sextant with which the navigating officer determines his latitude and longitude and plots the course of his ship.

Before such lenses were made, man could distinguish objects only a few miles away, and the point of a needle was the smallest thing conceivable, because it was the smallest thing that could be seen.

### How lead gets into glass

Ordinary lead is melted at a very high temperature. On cooling it falls into buff-colored flakes. This is litharge, a lead oxide. Reburning and recooling the litharge gives an orange-red powder, called red-lead, another oxide of lead. Litharge or red-lead melted with silica (fine white sand) and potash or soda unites with these materials and forms clear glass.

Lead gives to this glass the quality necessary for properly refracting or bending the rays of light, so that the magnifying power of the glass lens is enormously increased.

Thus with the help of lead the courses of stars and comets are revealed. The length of days and sea-

sons, the tides, even the weather, can be known in advance. With the help of magnifying lenses man has developed the serums that protect humanity against diphtheria, typhoid, and other diseases.

### Lead in other lenses

This same lead is used in making the moving picture lens through which you see the countries and peoples of the world. It is in the glass lenses of ordinary cameras, and also in those of spectacles, eye-glasses and reading glasses.

### Paint needs lead

The most widely known use of lead and its products is, however, in making paint. It is white-lead that gives to good paint its ability to last long and adequately protect the surface. The quality of any paint depends largely upon the amount of white-lead it contains.

### Property needs paint

Until recently many people did not realize as fully as they should that by keeping the natural destroyers away from their property they prolonged its life. Today, however, they are acknowledging the wisdom of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all." And they



are saving the surface by painting with white-lead paint.

### What the Dutch Boy means

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.



Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flattening oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by the National Lead Company are battery litharge, battery red-lead, pressure die castings, cinch expansion bolts, sheet lead, and Hoyt Hardlead products for buildings. It also manufactures lead for every other purpose to which it can be put in art, industry, and daily life.

### More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information; or, if you have a general academic interest in this fascinating subject and desire to pursue it further, we will send on request a list of books which describe this metal and its service to the civilized world.

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Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia  
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



ward me, leaping away quickly at first. But as I made no move to touch her she gradually came closer. After a little, she would jump and pretend to bite my arm or would jump at my face, her muzzle striking against my cheek or my chin.

"She was a pretty strenuous playmate, I can assure you; but I took it all in good part. If I had made a single move that she could even have imagined to be a menace she would have attacked me instantly, because she would have been afraid *not* to do it. But I let her become certain that I was harmless. Then I let her convince herself of my friendliness. When she finally believed, in her own mind, that I was safe and kind, her delight was absolutely pathetic. As I said before, she just couldn't get close enough to me.

"And that was the 'vicious beast' which, only an hour before, had hated the whole world, because she thought the whole world hated her! Silver was just a poor, lonely, misunderstood creature. She became, to all of us, a loving and trusting friend. Of course we have kept her. You don't turn away a friend like Lady Silver.

"THE other wolves we used in that picture were with us only five weeks before we made the scenes in which they appear. With them, as with any animals, the first thing we did was to make them feel perfectly safe. We enclosed the place where the scenes were to be taken and gave them the chance to become familiar with it.

"In one scene, a young mother and her baby are lying in the snow; a wolf comes up to them, and apparently tries to seize the baby. There was no fake about it. It was a real wolf and a real baby. The child's own mother was sitting beside me, watching the proceeding. And there were no men standing by, with clubs or revolvers to be used in case of need. We knew there would be no need.

"I had found that this particular wolf loved to play with leather. He would roll in it, the way a cat rolls in catnip. If he got hold of an old leather glove he was like a child with a new plaything. Gradually I got him to play with other and similar things; a piece of cloth, and finally a knitted shawl.

"In the scene I spoke of, this shawl was lying beside the baby, among the garments wrapped around it. And the wolf had no designs on the baby; he just wanted to get the shawl to play with. I recommend you to see that picture, if you want to realize how animals respond to anyone who wins their confidence.

"Take a skunk, or a hedgehog, for instance. Both of them can make it very unpleasant for you, if they want to. Nature has given them their power as a means of defense. But I can handle them with absolute impunity, because I make them feel perfect confidence in me.

"They are astonishingly like some persons I have known. At heart, these skunks and hedgehogs are friendly and affectionate. But when they feel helpless and at a disadvantage, they become regular touch-me-nots. There are people who are just like that. They crave affection and companionship. They respond eagerly to kindness and understanding. But they are afraid: afraid of having their feelings hurt, of not making a good impression, and they assume a churlish and repellent manner, simply as a protective armor.

# Old English Wax



## The beauty treatment for floors

Quickly, as you finish your floors with Old English Wax, a rich, velvety lustre appears; not a temporary polish, but a finish that stays—a hard, beautiful surface that does not scratch or show heel-marks.

Each year your floors will grow more mellow and beautiful.

### A new, easy way

Of course, a soft cloth will always be a good way to apply wax and polish the floor. But with the Old English Waxer-Polisher, the work of waxing floors on hands and knees is made unnecessary.

It waxes—and then polishes the floor. Easy as running a carpet-sweeper. The only device of its kind.

### Old English costs less

Because it goes farther and lasts longer the actual cost of using Old English Wax is about one-third that of most other finishes.

Paint, hardware, drug, house-furnishing or department stores sell Old English products.

## Send for your copy of this FREE book

Learn the secrets of beautiful floors, woodwork and furniture

- How to care for waxed floors
- How to care for varnished or shellaced floors
- How to prevent worn spots
- How to finish new floors
- How to "do over" old ones
- The proper way to clean and polish floors
- A new invention that saves time and work
- A special finish for linoleum floors
- How to preserve the beauty of your furniture
- The care and finish for interior woodwork
- How to remove old varnish or shellac
- How to fill floor cracks
- How to prepare floors for dancing
- How to polish automobiles
- Estimates and general advice based on over 25 years of experience—all will be found in this free book, a copy of which we are holding for you.

THE A. S. BOYLE COMPANY, 1621 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

Canadian Factory: Toronto

Manufacturers of the famous "X" brand of floor wax

### Free to you!

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an Old English Waxer-Polisher now. This new labor-saving device does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a life-time. If your dealer can't supply you, just mail the coupon NOW.

The A. S. Boyle Company

1621 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio

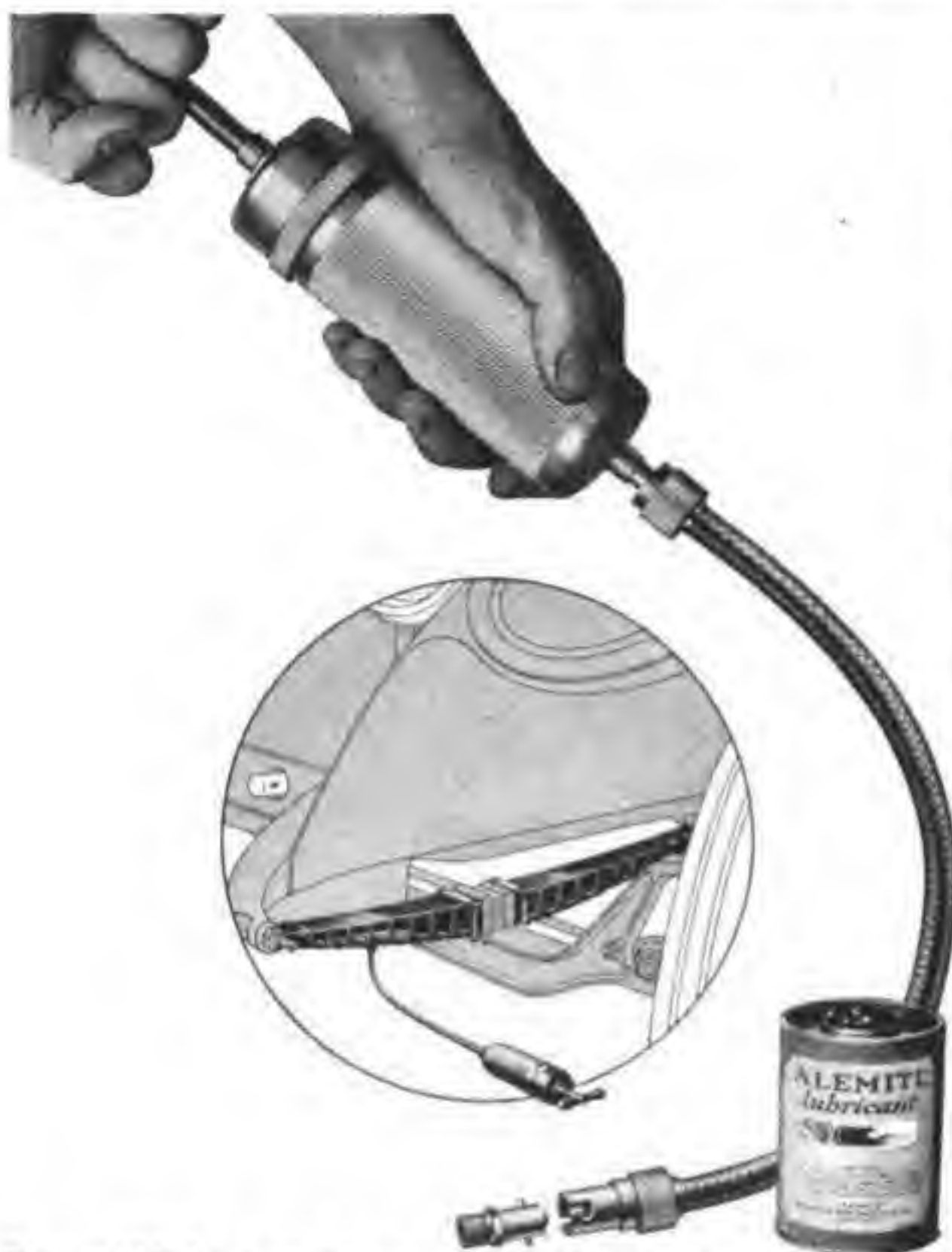
Write me with X check or you can get free book or ask to order a Waxer-Polisher

- ☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."
- ☐ Send me, all charges paid, an Old English Waxer-Polisher with a can of Wax Free at the special non-limited price, \$5.50 (Dental and West, \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Winnipeg and West, \$5.00; Alaska & Hawaii).

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_





## It will lengthen the life of your car

Thorough chassis lubrication means fewer repair bills, less wear and a smoother running car.

Alemite makes thorough lubrication a simple matter.

Developing 500 pounds' pressure to the square inch it forces out the old, grit-laden grease and packs the bearings with fresh lubricant.

The very fact that 95% of all motor car manufacturers are now equipping their cars with Alemite is the best proof of its superiority over all other lubricating methods.

If your car is Alemite-equipped, see that the system is used regularly. If your car is not equipped with Alemite, have the system installed at once. It will save you money.

### *Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers—*

Alemite Lubrication is not limited to the chassis bearings but is now extended to the springs as well. Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers encase each spring in a flexible armor of non-rusting steel that retains the lubricant, excludes water, dirt and grit, adds to the life and easy riding qualities of the car.

*A Product of*

**THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
2640 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois

Alemite Products Company of Canada, Ltd., Belleville, Ontario

# ALEMITE

*High pressure lubricating system*

"If you know such a person—someone who is considered a confirmed grouch—try treating him the way I treat a wolf, or a skunk, or a hedgehog. Make him feel absolute confidence in your understanding of him; try to show him that he has nothing to fear from you. If you do that, I'll wager he will surprise you by showing you his real self.

"The members of our moving picture company, I have noticed, are guided by many of the same impulses that guide Strongheart. He doesn't do his work because we dangle a piece of meat before his eyes. And our company doesn't work because fat salaries are dangled before their eyes.

"Why, one man gave up an outside job and worked for us for *nothing*, when we had spent all the money we had allowed for the production and still had some scenes to make. Another man put in his whole summer, at his own expense, getting ready to make the next picture. He could have gone to another company, but he wouldn't leave us.

"Our people are loyal, not only to Miss Murfin and to me but to the idea we are trying to put over. For allegiance, as I said before, is a matter of the heart and the mind. And you get this allegiance from a human being just as you get it from an animal; just as I got it from Lady Silver, or from the tiger, or from Strongheart. Make him feel safe with you. Don't threaten him, or confuse him, or lie to him. Never ridicule him or make him feel that he is a fool. Mind your own business and let him mind his. Respect his sense of personal dignity. Observe the common courtesies of life and give the other fellow his share of the road. Respond to his mood; don't jump all over him, figuratively speaking, when he wants to be let alone. Don't be in a hurry to force even your friendship upon him. And always keep faith with him. That's the way to win any animal: dog, tiger, wolf, skunk—or man, or woman."

## Outwitting the Flapper

*(Continued from page 32)*

moment. I've got to have a smoke. Got a cig. about you?"

There were no other voices, no other sounds, but those two. Had that girl come to Buddy's house, alone, when Buddy's mother and aunt were to be away?

For a moment, Mrs. Carpenter stood irresolute in the hall, debating whether to go into that room; but somehow she could not break in upon her son, when he did not want her to be there. Slowly she started to climb the stairs; at the landing she paused, glancing back. From where she stood, she could look into the hall mirror which stood opposite the living-room door. Reflected therein was the girl, a mass of fluffy hair, a tip-tilted head, the curling smoke of a cigarette, a supple figure, a long pair of gray-stockinged legs, crossed, and below the short skirts just a glimpse of white, bare knee. Buddy's mother gasped. So that was what she was like!



How about

# "Give me a Quart of [ LIGHT MEDIUM HEAVY ] Oil"?

Dangerous word juggling. And why.

**D**O YOU EXPECT economy and protection simply because you ask for a quart of "light" oil—or "medium" oil—or "heavy" oil? If so, you will be interested in these facts:

One well-known "heavy" oil has the same body at 150° F (average crank-case temperature) as another well-known "light" oil. Two well-known "light" oils are equally far apart in body. Among oils classified as "light," "medium," and "heavy" there exists a wide variation. There is no accepted standard for light, medium and heavy oils.

In asking for a "a quart of light oil" you run the risk of getting "light" oil today, "medium" oil next week, and "heavy" oil before the month is out.

Motorists are waking up to this danger. That is why more automobile owners ask for the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil than for any other three brands of oil combined. And that is why specific grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil are recommended by more automobile manufacturers than ever before.

With the correct grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil in your crank-case all doubts as to correctness of body are settled once and for all. The uniformity of each grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil is strictly maintained.

## Not a By-product

Unlike 9 out of 10 oils offered you, Gargoyle Mobiloil is produced from crude stocks chosen primarily for their lubricating value—not for gasoline yield. This distinct specialization in lubricating oils has won for the Vacuum Oil Company its world-wide recognition as the outstanding authority on correct lubrication.

You will never get Gargoyle Mobiloil economy until you use Gargoyle Mobiloil. You cannot expect full Gargoyle Mobiloil results until you make the Chart your guide.



# Mobiloil

Make the chart your guide

### Domestic Branches:

New York  
(Main Office)  
Pittsburgh

Boston  
Indianapolis

Chicago  
Minneapolis  
Buffalo

Philadelphia  
Rochester  
Des Moines

Detroit  
Kansas City, Kan.  
Dallas



## Warning:

Don't be misled by some similar sounding name. Look on the container for the correct name *Mobiloil* (not *Mobile*) and for the red Gargoyle.

Don't believe false statements that some other oil is identical with Gargoyle Mobiloil. Gargoyle Mobiloil is made only by the Vacuum Oil Company in its own refineries, and is never sold under any other name.

## Chart of Recommendations

(Continued from page 104)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"  
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"  
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"  
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

When different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company, and approved by Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct engine lubrication.

NAME OF AUTOMOBILE AND MOTOR TRUCK	1924	1925	1926	1927	1928	1929	1930	1931	1932	1933	1934	1935	1936	1937	1938	1939	1940	1941	1942	1943	1944	1945	1946	1947	1948	1949	1950	1951	1952	1953	1954	1955	1956	1957	1958	1959	1960	1961	1962	1963	1964	1965	1966	1967	1968	1969	1970	1971	1972	1973	1974	1975	1976	1977	1978	1979	1980	1981	1982	1983	1984	1985	1986	1987	1988	1989	1990	1991	1992	1993	1994	1995	1996	1997	1998	1999	2000	2001	2002	2003	2004	2005	2006	2007	2008	2009	2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015	2016	2017	2018	2019	2020	2021	2022	2023	2024	2025	2026	2027	2028	2029	2030	2031	2032	2033	2034	2035	2036	2037	2038	2039	2040	2041	2042	2043	2044	2045	2046	2047	2048	2049	2050	2051	2052	2053	2054	2055	2056	2057	2058	2059	2060	2061	2062	2063	2064	2065	2066	2067	2068	2069	2070	2071	2072	2073	2074	2075	2076	2077	2078	2079	2080	2081	2082	2083	2084	2085	2086	2087	2088	2089	2090	2091	2092	2093	2094	2095	2096	2097	2098	2099	2100	2101	2102	2103	2104	2105	2106	2107	2108	2109	2110	2111	2112	2113	2114	2115	2116	2117	2118	2119	2120	2121	2122	2123	2124	2125	2126	2127	2128	2129	2130	2131	2132	2133	2134	2135	2136	2137	2138	2139	2140	2141	2142	2143	2144	2145	2146	2147	2148	2149	2150	2151	2152	2153	2154	2155	2156	2157	2158	2159	2160	2161	2162	2163	2164	2165	2166	2167	2168	2169	2170	2171	2172	2173	2174	2175	2176	2177	2178	2179	2180	2181	2182	2183	2184	2185	2186	2187	2188	2189	2190	2191	2192	2193	2194	2195	2196	2197	2198	2199	2200	2201	2202	2203	2204	2205	2206	2207	2208	2209	2210	2211	2212	2213	2214	2215	2216	2217	2218	2219	2220	2221	2222	2223	2224	2225	2226	2227	2228	2229	2230	2231	2232	2233	2234	2235	2236	2237	2238	2239	2240	2241	2242	2243	2244	2245	2246	2247	2248	2249	2250	2251	2252	2253	2254	2255	2256	2257	2258	2259	2260	2261	2262	2263	2264	2265	2266	2267	2268	2269	2270	2271	2272	2273	2274	2275	2276	2277	2278	2279	2280	2281	2282	2283	2284	2285	2286	2287	2288	2289	2290	2291	2292	2293	2294	2295	2296	2297	2298	2299	2300	2301	2302	2303	2304	2305	2306	2307	2308	2309	2310	2311	2312	2313	2314	2315	2316	2317	2318	2319	2320	2321	2322	2323	2324	2325	2326	2327	2328	2329	2330	2331	2332	2333	2334	2335	2336	2337	2338	2339	2340	2341	2342	2343	2344	2345	2346	2347	2348	2349	2350	2351	2352	2353	2354	2355	2356	2357	2358	2359	2360	2361	2362	2363	2364	2365	2366	2367	2368	2369	2370	2371	2372	2373	2374	2375	2376	2377	2378	2379	2380	2381	2382	2383	2384	2385	2386	2387	2388	2389	2390	2391	2392	2393	2394	2395	2396	2397	2398	2399	2400	2401	2402	2403	2404	2405	2406	2407	2408	2409	2410	2411	2412	2413	2414	2415	2416	2417	2418	2419	2420	2421	2422	2423	2424	2425	2426	2427	2428	2429	2430	2431	2432	2433	2434	2435	2436	2437	2438	2439	2440	2441	2442	2443	2444	2445	2446	2447	2448	2449	2450	2451	2452	2453	2454	2455	2456	2457	2458	2459	2460	2461	2462	2463	2464	2465	2466	2467	2468	2469	2470	2471	2472	2473	2474	2475	2476	2477	2478	2479	2480	2481	2482	2483	2484	2485	2486	2487	2488	2489	2490	2491	2492	2493	2494	2495	2496	2497	2498	2499	2500	2501	2502	2503	2504	2505	2506	2507	2508	2509	2510	2511	2512	2513	2514	2515	2516	2517	2518	2519	2520	2521	2522	2523	2524	2525	2526	2527	2528	2529	2530	2531	2532	2533	2534	2535	2536	2537	2538	2539	2540	2541	2542	2543	2544	2545	2546	2547	2548	2549	2550	2551	2552	2553	2554	2555	2556	2557	2558	2559	2560	2561	2562	2563	2564	2565	2566	2567	2568	2569	2570	2571	2572	2573	2574	2575	2576	2577	2578	2579	2580	2581	2582	2583	2584	2585	2586	2587	2588	2589	2590	2591	2592	2593	2594	2595	2596	2597	2598	2599	2600	2601	2602	2603	2604	2605	2606	2607	2608	2609	2610	2611	2612	2613	2614	2615	2616	2617	2618	2619	2620	2621	2622	2623	2624	2625	2626	2627	2628	2629	2630	2631	2632	2633	2634	2635	2636	2637	2638	2639	2640	2641	2642	2643	2644	2645	2646	2647	2648	2649	2650	2651	2652	2653	2654	2655	2656	2657	2658	2659	2660	2661	2662	2663	2664	2665	2666	2667	2668	2669	2670	2671	2672	2673	2674	2675	2676	2677	2678	2679	2680	2681	2682	2683	2684	2685	2686	2687	2688	2689	2690	2691	2692	2693	2694	2695	2696	2697	2698	2699	2700	2701	2702	2703	2704	2705	2706	2707	2708	2709	2710	2711	2712	2713	2714	2715	2716	2717	2718	2719	2720	2721	2722	2723	2724	2725	2726	2727	2728	2729	2730	2731	2732	2733	2734	2735	2736	2737	2738	2739	2740	2741	2742	2743	2744	2745	2746	2747	2748	2749	2750	2751	2752	2753	2754	2755	2756	2757	2758	2759	2760	2761	2762	2763	2764	2765	2766	2767	2768	2769	2770	2771	2772	2773	2774	2775	2776	2777	2778	2779	2780	2781	2782	2783	2784	2785	2786	2787	2788	2789	2790	2791	2792	2793	2794	2795	2796	2797	2798	2799	2800	2801	2802	2803	2804	2805	2806	2807	2808	2809	2810	2811	2812	2813	2814	2815	2816	2817	2818	2819	2820	2821	2822	2823	2824	2825	2826	2827	2828	2829	2830	2831	2832	2833	2834	2835	2836	2837	2838	2839	2840	2841	2842	2843	2844	2845	2846	2847	2848	2849	2850	2851	2852	2853	2854	2855	2856	2857	2858	2859	2860	2861	2862	2863	2864	2865	2866	2867	2868	2869	2870	2871	2872	2873	2874	2875	2876	2877	2878	2879	2880	2881	2882	2883	2884	2885	2886	2887	2888	2889	2890	2891	2892	2893	2894	2895	2896	2897	2898	2899	2900	2901	2902	2903	2904	2905	2906	2907	2908	2909	2910	2911	2912	2913	2914	2915	2916	2917	2918	2919	2920	2921	2922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The largest laboratory in the world  
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From a drawing by CARL HECK

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## “What are these chimneys in my life?”—you ask

A CURIOUS collection of chimneys, isn't it? Some big, some little, some tall, some short.

But because of them your architect feels perfect confidence when he writes “AMERICAN Radiators” or “IDEAL Boiler” into the specifications for your home.

He knows that every new boiler designed by the American Radiator Company is tested by being connected with these chimneys before quantity production begins. By these tests, with varying types of chimneys, the engineers of the Company can certify in advance precisely how much warmth a boiler will develop under varying conditions from a given amount of coal.

Naturally your architect likes to specify a boiler and radiators whose performances are definitely known, even though the initial cost may be a trifle more. And you will do wisely to accept his counsel—together with his assurance, and ours, that the trifle more you pay at the start will be returned to you again and again in the fuel saved.

May we send you a useful little book entitled “BETTER WARMTH & BETTER HEALTH?” It contains ten definite suggestions for saving coal that are applicable to your home, no matter how it may be heated; and other information that makes it well worth sending for. Your request mailed to either address below will bring a copy at once.

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She clenched her teeth. "I declare it's disgraceful!" Then she pulled herself up short. Those words sounded familiar, and she remembered where she had heard them before—Aunt Mamie. Whatever happened, she must not be like Aunt Mamie. She mustn't condemn Buddy's girl, Buddy's friends, she mustn't turn down the corners of her mouth. "They're young," she said to herself, "I mustn't forget that, the younger generation—"

"Oh, Bud, old dear," again came the girl's voice, "this is a grand place to dance. Why don't you ever have any dances? Everybody in town gives dances."

"Oh, I don't know." There was a hint of embarrassment in Buddy's tones.

The girl laughed: "Oh, I see! It wouldn't quite do! The Ogress might gobble you up—anyway, she'd gobble me!"

And they both laughed.

Mrs. Carpenter went on up the stairs. The Ogress! That word echoed through her mind. That was their name for Aunt Mamie. Aunt Mamie had driven Buddy from his home, had driven him to friends like Ruthie Baxter, had driven him to bringing his girl and his friends to his house when his mother was away. But, worse than that, Buddy's girl knew it, Buddy's girl made fun of Buddy's family, made fun of their disapproval, their squeamishness, mocked them openly, and Buddy laughed with her.

Very thoughtfully she took off her hat, then she drew herself up, straight and defiant.

"I'm going to do something," she vowed. "He can go around with her all he wants to if he likes her, but he isn't to go with her because his family disapproves of her, and because she'd shock us. His family doesn't disapprove. We approve, all of us; I approve. And as for shocking—bare knees, cigarettes, and everything—no girl of my son's can shock me! I don't care if I am forty-five."

**B**UT it was not until two days later that she started on her campaign. Casually at the supper table she turned to Buddy:

"You know, Buddy, I've been thinking. You're always going to so many dances and parties. All the young people seem to be having them. I think we ought to have a party, too. We used to have them when you were in high school. We might have a few of your friends in for supper and then ask some others in later, and dance; we could open the doors through from the living-room to the library and—what do you think, Edgar?" She threw her husband a quick glance.

"Fine idea!" he answered. "Go ahead!"

"And you, Buddy?" she smiled at her son.

His voice was uncertain, doubtful, "Ye-es, it would be . . . fun . . ."

Aunt Mamie said never a word, but her silence was eloquent. Buddy felt it, Mr. Carpenter felt it, but Mrs. Carpenter was oblivious.

"All right, then. When shall we have it, and whom shall we ask? I thought we might ask Howard Montague for supper and Mrs. Rupert—you've been out there so much, Buddy; and Roger, and"—fearlessly she rattled off the names of her son's fast crowd—"and Ruthie Baxter, of course, and—I think it would be nice to ask Nina Roberts and—then the old high-



## You wouldn't have blamed her either

**S**HE was left a widow when she was thirty-five. Her husband's estate was quite a substantial one, and not being a businesswoman she was naturally glad to find her affairs left in the hands of a very good attorney—a young lawyer with whom her husband had done much of his business.

Various complications of the estate required her to be in this attorney's office quite often; there were many details to dispose of from time to time.

Then suddenly, for some reason or other, she announced to her friends that this attorney was no longer handling her affairs. He was a rising young man in his profession, and enjoyed an excellent standing. The abrupt change in her dealings to the office of a much less known lawyer puzzled every one, and there was really quite a lot of talk about it. No one could understand why.

Some men succeed in business in spite of halitosis. But

many others are held back—often not knowing why.

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Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean. So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

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*How can I, a woman absolutely without previous experience, earn the money that is so necessary to the welfare and happiness of myself and those I love?*

**A**RE you one of the thousands who are asking themselves this question every day? Have **you** a vital need for more money—to help support your family—to buy a home or pay off a mortgage—to educate your children—to pay doctors' bills—to properly clothe yourself? We have answered this question for thousands of women and can answer it for you. **You** can have a profitable occupation and build for yourself a permanent income by becoming our representative and selling our

## World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear

—to your friends and neighbors. We can show you—as we have shown thousands of others—a pleasant and certain way to have your own money to spend.

### We Have Helped 27,000 Women

Without previous experience hundreds of our representatives have accomplished amazing results. Miss Kinney has earned \$22,698.98 in eleven years—an average of nearly \$200 a month. Mrs. Olson, a widow, sent her boy and girl through college. Mrs. Weger makes \$1,500 a year. One representative in Minnesota made \$3,027 in eight months. Ten church workers together made enough money to pay off the mortgage. Literally hundreds are earning from \$100 to \$200 a month and thousands more have modest but assured incomes in return for part time work.

### You Can Do As Well As They Are Doing

Sell World's Star Hosiery and Klean-Knit Underwear in your home town. **No previous experience is necessary.** We show you how to make money in an easy, congenial and profitable way. We sell direct from the mill to the home through our local representatives and our lines of hosiery and underwear for men, women and children are famous the world over. Our advertising makes sales easy—the quality holds the trade.

### A Complete Line—Hosiery and Underwear

Our line is most complete—**Hosiery** in silk, wool, mercerized, and cotton—all colors for men, women and children; **Underwear** in all weights and grades for every member of the family; other undergarments for women—in beautiful glove silk at prices so low that they sell on sight. We will send you our beautiful colored catalog and show you how easy it is to become a World's Star Money Maker. Write us today. Don't wait or someone else may get ahead of you.

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We have been in business for twenty-eight years

school crowd can come in the evening, and— How does that suit you?"

Buddy gasped. He eyed his mother, puzzled, questioning.

Right after supper, Aunt Mamie cornered Buddy's mother in the back hall.

"Elizabeth Carpenter, are you going to invite that girl to the house? Are you going to countenance—"

"Why, Aunt Mamie, if Buddy gives a party, he couldn't very well leave her out."

"Well, if she comes to this house, I go!"

There was a moment's silence. Buddy's mother took a deep breath. It had come to a show-down.

"Well," she remarked, "Cousin Rose has been urging you to visit her."

Aunt Mamie gasped. "Elizabeth!"

"I'm sorry, of course, Mamie; but Buddy's going to have a dance, and he's going to ask his girl, and if it will offend you or hurt you to sit down to the table with her, I don't see any other thing to do. Of course, Edgar and I would rather that you were here, and when the party's over we'll want you back again."

Aunt Mamie said nothing. She was too astonished to speak.

Calmly Mrs. Carpenter went into the library. Buddy was there, pacing up and down restlessly.

"Say, Mom," he said, "do you really want to give this dance? Do you really want to ask those people, Ruthie and the rest?"

"Why, of course I want to ask them. Aren't they your friends?"

"But, Aunt Mamie—she—"

"Aunt Mamie won't be here, Buddy. She's going away for a little visit."

Their eyes met for one illuminating moment.

"Mom!" he cried, "you—" His voice trailed off into silence. He knew now that his mother was siding with him, was openly endorsing his friends and his girl; but he did not know what to say.

Calmly she opened a drawer in the library table, took out a pencil and a piece of paper and handed them to him.

"Now write down those you want to ask, so we can count 'em up," she said.

**W**HEN Aunt Mamie left, a few days later, both Buddy and his mother were relieved. Just before she got on the train she turned to Mrs. Carpenter: "Elizabeth, you are making a great mistake to receive that girl in your house, to countenance—"

"Good-by," said Buddy's mother. "Have a good time, and be sure and wire me that you arrived safely."

Aunt Mamie gone, Mrs. Carpenter threw herself into the preparations for the dance. She spent a day in the city and bought a new, very stylish dress, and she engaged, for music, the jazziest orchestra in the county.

Finally the evening came. At the last minute, Mr. Carpenter was called out of town on business and Mrs. Carpenter had to face the ordeal alone.

"Now, don't you worry, sweetheart," he said as he kissed her good-by, "everything'll be all right. I'd back you against fifty flappers and vamps."

But she could not help being excited. This evening was to be the test, this evening she was to meet Buddy's girl on what she felt might be a battlefield.

"I must remember that they're young,"





## *It happens in most families*

*Father* somehow fails to hit the nail on the head  
*Mother* undertakes too much  
*Brother* ———

**F**ATHER seems unable to handle a hammer without smashing his thumb—

Mother *will* keep on her feet all day—and have a tired, aching back at night—

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Sloan's Liniment brings almost instant relief to sore and aching muscles.

Most muscular and nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion occurs when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely. Fatigue—cold, damp weather—or an actual sprain or bruise—these are perhaps its most frequent causes.

Sloan's Liniment breaks up congestion by drawing the blood away from the congested or inflamed tissues. Normal circulation is quickly restored. Discomfort disappears.

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The thing that astonishes you, if you have never used Sloan's Liniment before, is the rapidity with which it brings relief.

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# Sloan's Liniment

*Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's*





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she repeated over and over to herself, "and the younger generation's always different—and whatever happens, I mustn't be shocked!"

The new dress was very becoming. Its soft blue enhanced the blueness of her eyes, and its long straight lines emphasized her girlish figure. She had hoped that Buddy would comment on it, but he did not. He was too excited, himself, to notice it.

The guests began to arrive: Mrs. Rupert, handsome, smiling, and just a wee bit gushy; Nina Roberts, sweet, laughing, and stylishly dressed, and Ruthie Baxter.

Ruthie joked with Buddy for fully two minutes before she greeted her hostess; then she turned to her in an offhand, casual fashion, as if she were of no importance.

"Oh, how do you do, Mrs. Carpenter? It's awfully nice of you to have us here, such a rowdy crowd, as we are. . . . You don't know, we may pull the house down on you—"

"I'm willing to take the risk," answered Buddy's mother, smiling. For a moment her blue eyes held Ruthie's brown ones, then the girl turned to Buddy again.

AT THE dinner table, it was Ruthie who entertained them. She leaned forward, her arms resting on the table, her face aglow under the mop of fuzzy bobbed hair, her neck white above her vivid green dress, and chattered on, telling story after story in lively, amusing fashion, about herself and her own exploits in the city, where she had spent the past winter, how she had danced until late into the night at strange places, how one night someone had "mixed her drinks," and she had had to sleep it off the next day.

Every once in a while she glanced over at Buddy's mother to watch the effect, but Buddy's mother laughed with the rest.

Then, in the middle of a story, just before dessert, Ruthie interrupted herself, turning to Buddy, "Oh, say, Bud, I've got to have a smoke. Give me a cigarette, will you?" Her voice was casual, very casual, but it did not fool Mrs. Carpenter. She knew the intent that lay beneath it.

Buddy groped in his pocket, and his eyes sought his mother's anxiously.

"The cigarettes are on the sideboard," she said, her tone just as casual as Ruthie's. "Will you get them, Buddy, and the ash trays, too?"

With her own hand she offered the box to Ruthie. Ruthie took one, tapped it lazily on the table, then leaning forward, her whole attitude defiant and rebellious, her brown eyes boldly meeting Mrs. Carpenter's, she lighted it.

Mrs. Carpenter met those eyes unflinching, then she smiled and passed the cigarettes on to Mrs. Rupert. She had been so afraid of this bob-haired, smoking, jazzing flapper, so afraid for Buddy; and yet there was nothing to be afraid of. Here was no worldly-wise siren. She was only just a little girl, a pert, brazen little girl, so young in the way she flaunted her independence and her unconventionality, her cigarettes and her stories, so childish in her eager efforts to shock her hostess and her beau's mother. That was what the Ruthies of the world thrive on: the condemnation of their beaux' women-folks, the uplifted eyebrows of their beaux' mothers, the shocked silence of their

# Brighten Up Your Home



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beaux' aunts; it was their food, their fun, their charm. It turned them from rather harmless, scatterbrained girls into daring, naughty little devils—and it brought the Buddies to their feet.

Dinner was over. They all adjourned to the big living-room, shorn of its rugs and furniture. Other boys and girls began to arrive. The dancing started. Mrs. Carpenter stood in the doorway, watching. Every once in a while across her line of vision, flitted Buddy and Ruth, his arm tight around Ruthie's supple figure, her cheek very close to his.

After the music stopped, Ruthie darted up to her:

"That was great. Buddy and I do dance together so wonderfully. I hope—" her eyelids flickered a bit—"I hope you don't mind jazz?"

"Oh, no, I think it's fun."

"Fun! Why, Mrs. Carpenter! Do you dance?"

At that, Buddy laughed aloud: "Of course, Mother dances. She's a good dancer, too." He smiled down upon her. How young she looked to-night. How foolish of Ruthie to think his mother didn't dance, that she disapproved of jazz, that his mother wouldn't like her to smoke—for the defiance in Ruthie's pose as she lighted her cigarette had not been lost on Buddy. His mother wasn't a mid-Victorian, she wasn't like Aunt Mamie, she wasn't living twenty years ago, she was living now—in the present—

Ruthie's voice interrupted his thoughts. "This isn't the first time I've danced in this room. Did you know that, Mrs. Carpenter? I was over here one afternoon, last week—you were all out—just Buddy and I. We wanted to go somewhere where we could dance all by ourselves. Of course, I know it isn't quite the thing to come to a man's house like that, but—"

**B**UDDY started. Suddenly the truth dawned upon him. She was trying to shock his mother, deliberately trying. That was the meaning of those stories at the dinner table, those cigarettes, those remarks about jazz. How silly of Ruthie! As if she could get his mother's goat! He remembered, with a touch of pride and amusement, how his mother had handed those cigarettes to Ruthie, how his mother had laughed at Ruthie's remarks. His mother was a good sport!

"I was terribly afraid someone would come in upon us," went on Ruthie; "I don't know what I would have done if Miss Mamie had appeared in the doorway, or you—"

"I did come in," said Buddy's mother.

"You—" Ruthie gasped.

"Yes, I came in. I heard you dancing, but I went on up-stairs. I didn't want to interrupt you."

For a moment Ruthie was hushed, and during that moment Mrs. Carpenter's eyes met Buddy's. Solemnly, over Ruthie's head, he winked at her.

And in that wink, Buddy's mother knew that her son was laughing at his girl, knew that the spell, the spell of her defiance and her deviltry, that spell enhanced by Aunt Mamie, was broken.

Ruthie, however, did not know it. She went on dancing with Buddy, and flirting and smoking. When the punch was served, she sampled it, and then put down her glass in disgust. "Not a sign of a





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stick!" she exclaimed to the whole room. A few minutes later, Buddy saw her talking with his mother. Wondering what she was saying, he followed her across the room.

"I've got a flask out in the car. Oh, it's hidden away all right, nobody could find it! Do you mind if I go out and get it? Just a few drops in the punch. . . . That's what you need to put pep into a party." Her eyes challenged Mrs. Carpenter's.

Mrs. Carpenter's smile faded. She had laughed at Ruthie's stories, though in her heart she thought them vulgar; she had handed Ruthie cigarettes, though in her heart she did not like to see young girls smoking; she had danced to this horrible, nerve-racking, jazzy music, though in her heart she loathed it. "They're young," she had told herself again and again. "The older generation always disapproves of the next. But I mustn't, I mustn't! for the more we condemn their smoking and jazzing, the more they'll smoke, and the more they'll jazz. . . . You must give them enough rope, these young people who are growing up! I've got to keep up with them, keep up with the times! I've got to be young with my son!" But this was different! The stories, the dancing, the smoking—they were just little things, foolish little things, but drinking, young people drinking in her home! Buddy's girl had trapped her!

"It'll be all right, won't it?" repeated Ruthie Baxter.

But before Mrs. Carpenter could answer, Buddy interrupted. He was not laughing at his girl; he was angry at her for the way she was treating his mother.

"Nothing doing, Ruthie," he said, laying his hand very firmly on her arm; "I don't know whether you've really got the stuff out there, or whether you're just bluffing, but you can't bring it in here; and if anyone goes outside and takes some, they can't come back! My mother doesn't like to have drinking in this house, and what she says—goes!"

Ruthie gasped. "Why, Buddy, don't get up on your ear! I didn't mean anything. It was just a joke!"

"Well, it's gone too far," he answered; then, turning his back upon her, "Come on, Mom, dance with me. I want to dance with the best dancer in the room."

WHEN Aunt Mamie came home, she asked no questions until she was inside the house, then she turned impressively to Mrs. Carpenter: "Well, how did the dance go off?"

"Fine," answered Buddy, "great party, wasn't it, Mom?" He grinned at her, and she grinned back, then he turned toward the door. "Want the car any more this afternoon, Mom? I thought I'd run around to see Nina Roberts. I'll be back early."

"That's all right."

The door banged behind him.

"Nina Roberts!" repeated Aunt Mamie. "Why, what's the matter? What about that other girl?"

Buddy's mother smiled. "I guess that's all over," she answered.

"All over!" For a moment, Aunt Mamie was silent, then she spoke triumphantly. "There! I knew he'd come to his senses if we showed him plainly enough that we didn't approve, and that we didn't like her! All you have to do with young people is to put your foot down firm."



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### Very few escaped

Under old methods few escaped these troubles. So dental science searched for ways to fight that film. Two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then a new-type tooth paste

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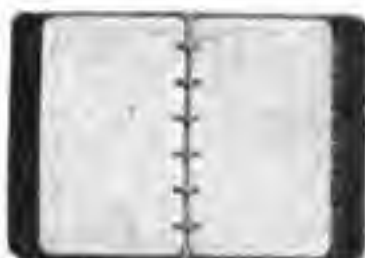
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## The Nearest I Ever Came to Death

FIRST PRIZE

### Braved Death to Help a Friend

**I**T WAS in the spring of 1885. I found I would have to go from Ft. Smith, Arkansas, to Van Buren, Arkansas, at midnight, to prevent a great wrong being committed to one I loved.

There was no way of getting there at that time of night but to drive as far as the river, then walk the railroad bridge, which was a one-track open trestle.

I started to cross, but the night watchman, who was stationed in the middle of the bridge, told me I could not, as no one was allowed to cross the bridge on foot; but I ran past him. I thought I was safely on my way when I saw the headlight of the St. Louis Cannon Ball Express.

There was no time to go back. The train was ahead. The river far below, swollen from the spring rains.

One's mind works quickly at such times—if it works at all. I climbed down upon the timbers below the bridge and hung from a projecting beam; but when the train had thundered past, I could not pull myself up again. I slipped and fell into the muddy river far below.

I was a good swimmer. Battling with the raging waters I finally reached a clump of swamp willows and managed to pull myself out of the water.

After much stumbling and falling in the pitchy darkness, I found my way back to the railroad track; then I had only a short distance to go.

I reached my destination in plenty of time, wet, muddy, and shivering with cold from the frigid north wind that was sweeping over the country.

At the time this happened I was a girl of eighteen. It is still vivid in my mind.

MRS. H. T.

### Thrown From a Horse, Found Paralyzed After Eighteen Hours

SECOND PRIZE

**O**NE July day, many years ago, I was riding a cayuse from Corpus Christi to San Antonio, Texas. Sawbuck, my four-legged flivver, shuffled along, as innocent a looking creature as one could hope to find until, stimulated by the warning of a rattlesnake, he suddenly bunched himself and sent me spinning, to alight on the back of my neck.

When I "came to" and tried to get up I discovered there was no "get up" in me. I was paralyzed from head to foot; and this, I then believed, meant a broken back. Death seemed very near indeed!

Despite the condition of my body, however, my mind was more active than ever; and in the eighteen hours I lay there until, by chance, I was discovered, I did a deal of thinking—or was it imagining?

I saw my mother, my brothers and sis-





### The Right MAZDA LAMPS for Your Car



The following National MAZDA Automobile lamps will fit most cars of 1919 and later models: Headlights, 1129 and 1130, at 35 cents each; auxiliary headlights, rear, side and instrument lamps, 61, 62, 63 and 64, at 20 cents each. Many drivers find it worth while to carry a complete set of spare lamps in the handy Blue Kit to meet emergencies.

NELA PARK, Cleveland, is a "university of light", dedicated to improvement in lamps and progress in the art of lighting. It serves 24 factories, 17 Sales Divisions and 15,000 dealers in the production and marketing of 98 million National MAZDA lamps annually for use in homes, offices, factories, stores, streets, railways, flashlights and automobiles.

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# NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

for Automobiles







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*This alley in the storage and drying yard of one of the Weyerhaeuser mills gives an idea of the immense quantities of lumber accumulated by this organization to take care of the needs of its customers. The higher grades are protected in storage sheds.*

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**T**HE industrial concern, hampered in one or more of its operations by a lack of uniformity in its lumber supply, will find it worth while to inquire into the service the Weyerhaeuser organization is rendering to a wide variety of industrials.

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ters, the girl I'd left behind me; all of them in tears, saddened and subdued, very different from the jolly crowd who had kissed me good-by that morning. I wished that in some way I could comfort them, tell them not to grieve for me.

Then my thoughts turned to the mystery of death itself. I wondered what the sensation would be when the actual transition from life to death took place. And, I remember, I was amused when it occurred to me that I soon would know more about Heaven and Hell than did those wise persons who had so seriously described them to me.

For five long weeks I lay in a hospital bed, "balancing on the brink," but never once during that time was there any conscious effort on my part to prolong life, to beat off death.

Since that time I have seen many men die; and, like other men, I have sometimes wondered about this "greatest adventure," have rebelled against it when loved ones slipped away, have prayed for understanding. But from my own experience I know that when the Grim Reaper takes my hand he may find me unwilling, but not afraid.

L. E.

## Pinned Under Fallen Rocks in Coal Mine

### THIRD PRIZE

I HAVE had several narrow escapes. Some of them were at sea, and others happened on dry land; but the narrowest of all came to me when I was working underneath the surface of the earth. Another man and I were working together in a coal mine located in Illinois. We were driving entry and had just fired a shot. The smoke cleared away and we started to work again, my partner a little in the lead. Then, without warning, a slab of slate fell upon me. I was stooping over and the weight of the slate and other debris bent me double, but did not render me unconscious. I recall trying to move, but the best I could do was wiggle my fingers a little. I was completely covered, so far as I could judge.

This happened about eight o'clock one night, and it was two hours later before the rescue workers got me out of the mine and into a bed. While the men were working to save me my thoughts were very clear; my past life came up for mental review, so to speak. I thought of it all, and of my desire to live, but I experienced no sensation of dread or intense fear.

When I was taken home my troubles were not over, for I had a mashed leg, one of my kidneys was injured, and my spine also was hurt. My people had but little hope for my recovery. For twelve days I hung on, and then came a crisis in which it seemed I must surely die. From what I was told later a clot of blood caused this crisis. But with the aid of the doctor I got through with that, too, and ten months later I was out again.

Twice, therefore, have I been at the point of death, and each time I knew my situation; each time I was conscious, and each time I was free from personal fear. I thought, rather, of the effect my death would have upon those who looked to me for support.

W. J.



*The soap for  
every day  
in the year*

**I**F YOU have a clear, healthy skin you are proud of it. You know what an asset—and comfort—it is and you want to keep it in that condition. But perhaps you are so busy with other things that you haven't time to give much thought to the matter, and the result is becoming unpleasant. Adopt Resinol Soap for your toilet and bath and find your skin automatically cared for.

The soothing, healing, Resinol properties and its unusually cleansing lather enable this delightful toilet soap to relieve clogged, irritated pores, reduce the tendency to blotches, excessive oiliness, roughness, redness, etc., and restore skin health.

No nursery is complete without Resinol Soap. Mothers have found that it not only cleanses baby's tender skin without hurting it, but it helps to prevent rashes and chafing, and keeps his hair soft and silky. It is the soap for the entire family. Men like it because it gives such a quick lather, rinses easily and has no heavy perfume—only the refreshing and invigorating Resinol fragrance.



Get a cake today from any grocery or toilet goods dealer and use it night and morning. Trial on request. Dept. 3-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

*Resinol  
Soap*





# CURTIS WOODWORK



It is surprising how the addition of a china closet or the replacing of a door will enhance the appearance of a home. Good woodwork adds much to the appearance of a new house and to the value of an old one. Curtis woodwork has that quality and refinement of design which you would expect from a firm which has had 57 years of experience. It is so often imitated that it is wise to look for the trade mark on each piece—"1866" the year when we started with the intent to make the best possible woodwork, and "Curtis," the name we jealously guard by careful inspection of every piece produced. Look at the Curtis Catalog in your dealer's hands, or write the Curtis Companies Service Bureau, Clinton, Iowa.

## Why Not Improve the Old House With New Woodwork?

SOME people think that woodwork in a house is laboriously constructed by hand. They do not know that doors, windows, stairs, porches, mantels and built-in furniture can best be made in Curtis factories by expert Curtis workmen.

It is easy to rearrange your home—to install mirror doors—built-in bookcases—new molding or a breakfast nook. These things will make living twice as comfortable.

Manufacture on a large scale with costly machinery enables Curtis to include many refinements, which, if done by hand, would be highly expensive. Take, for example, the herewith illustrated china closet. Its moldings are a marvel of line, yet quantity production puts their beauty within reach of every purse. The shelves are adjustable. Double strength glass in the upper door; solid raised panels 7-16 of an inch thick below. Closet comes crated and wrapped, and sanded ready for the painter.

Woodwork means so much to the success of a house that it is well worth considerable study. See the catalog at your local Curtis dealers. Or send us the coupon.



C100 Entrance—The projecting roof of this Colonial design affords protection from the weather. Ask for free booklet on "Entrances and Exterior Doors."



C778 Wall Case Ironing Board. Requires no lifting and can easily be built in an old house. See our other designs in our free booklet on "Permanent Furniture."

# 1866 CURTIS

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Send me the Plan Books checked below. If they do not meet my requirements I will exchange or return them in good condition in ten days for my money.

Vol. XI.	30 homes—bungalows	\$1.00
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Exterior, woodwork illustrations and floor plans in each. Volumes XV to XVIII, inclusive, are the work of Trowbridge & Ackerman, Architects, New York.

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## Does Anything Come After Death?

(Continued from page 7)

behind the march of present-day science. The scientist tells me that the head of a common pin is a universe, that inside it millions of atoms move in regular cycles, like the planets in the sky. I have seen it stated that two hundred and fifty thousand years would be required to count the atoms in the head of a pin. To me that is inconceivable; it exceeds my powers of imagination. Yet I do not reject the scientist's assurance as untrue because I find difficulty in imagining it.

"So with the conditions of life after death—because they are hard to imagine is no reason to doubt their reality. Suppose an Eskimo, whose whole experience with vegetation is confined to a few lichens or bits of moss, were asked to imagine an African jungle, how could he possibly conceive it? Yet our knowledge of the whole of life is as fragmentary as the Eskimo's knowledge of botany.

"An unborn child, even though he were a philosopher, would have no easy time making clear to himself the conditions of our earthly life. He lives without air; how can he live with it? He is absolutely dependent upon the cherishing environment in which he finds himself; and he cannot well imagine himself living without it. The crisis of birth would seem like death to an unborn child, if he could foresee himself wrenched from all the conditions which have hitherto sustained life.

"In our knowledge of life we are as yet only unborn children; our minds are in the fetal stage; we have only in the last few years begun to discover anything at all about the mysteries of the universe. Surely it need not discourage us if we find it difficult to imagine conditions in the unseen world as created and guided by an Infinite Intelligence."

THERE was another pause, and when he spoke again it was with the voice of one who moves reverently over sacred ground.

"It was a great day in my mental experience when I suddenly realized that I had never really seen my own mother, and that she had never really seen me," he said.

"My mother was a very great influence in my life. I knew and loved every detail of her features, every tone of her voice, every glance of her eye. Yet it dawned upon me like a great light one day that these were not herself; that love, consciousness, mercy, thought, affection, hope, charity—all her *real* attributes—were as invisible to me as God himself. Back there in the unseen, back somewhere behind the eyes and the lips she was signaling to me; and I, out of the unseen, was signaling back to her. But we did not see each other; we could not possibly picture our real selves to ourselves or to each other.

"There is this mystery in every human conversation: each of us is invisible, just as invisible as God. To-day, at this hour, we are citizens of the unseen world;





This is how "telephone paper" looks to the microscope. Note the crisscross fibres, a mark of pure linen paper.

The Watchdog of the Telephone—the condenser. So called because it keeps electric currents where they belong. Winding the condenser, from linen paper and tin foil.



## Paper! in your telephone \*

UNSUSPECTED because unseen. But it's there. And it gets into action every time you say "Hello!" In helping to keep voices on the telephone track, paper has long proved its value. Each year the Western Electric Company uses 5,500,000 pounds of it in the production of a million telephones and 6,000 miles of telephone cable.

**Western Electric**  
Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

*\*No. 1 of a series  
on raw materials.*

For days the cable is kept in an oven heated to 230°. This thoroughly dries and seasons the paper covering.



Your "Hello!" travels over wires which have been wrapped in paper. Paper is a great insulator. It helps to prevent your message from getting tangled up with messages on other wires.



This machine twists the paper-covered wire into a cable "core." Your conversation has plenty of company in a cable—as many as 1200 people talking at the same time.





## Helps you men look your best

*How a certain ingredient in Williams' actually benefits the skin*

**M**EN used to think that all a shaving soap could do was to give a good heavy lather. But Williams' Shaving Cream does far more than that. It not only softens the beard quickly but is of actual benefit to the skin.

### What one ingredient does

There is in Williams' a certain ingredient which is distinctly helpful to the skin, leaving it supple, soft and pliant after every shave. You can feel the smoothness of this ingredient by simply rubbing a bit of Williams' Shaving Cream between your fingers.

Williams' lather containing this ingredient is heavier, thicker, more profuse than you are accus-

tomed to. It acts as a cushion for the edge of your blade, keeping the skin resilient and making the whole shave a delightful one.

### Soothing after-effect

After the shave, this same ingredient has a pronounced soothing effect on the skin. You are pleasantly aware of this effect because of the feeling of utter comfort and relief that comes at the end of every Williams' shave. Use Williams' regularly and see how helpful to your face it is.

### Trial Tube Free

On request, we will send you a "Get Acquainted" tube which contains enough Williams' Shaving Cream to let you test it fully. Mail coupon below.

*For men who prefer the Stick, Williams' Holder Top Stick gives you the genuine Williams' in stick form.*

Send coupon below  
or use a post card

# Williams'

## Shaving Cream

FOR FREE TRIAL SIZE TUBE

The J. B. Williams Company,  
Dept. 73, Glastonbury, Conn.  
Send me the free "Get Acquainted" tube of Williams' Shaving Cream.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

to-morrow we shall not have changed our citizenship; we shall merely have been given eyes with which to see each other as we really are, and to see Him.

"I said at the beginning that the stronger men are, the more surely they lay hold upon faith in immortality," Doctor Fosdick concluded. "I would like to repeat that: I would like to say to the men and women who read THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE that it makes a difference whether they believe or do not believe in immortality. That it is not an academic question; that it is a matter which relates itself very definitely to their powers of doing worth-while things.

"One of the most futile men of our fathers' generation was one of the most gifted and best educated—but he accomplished almost nothing. Why? Because his mind let itself be poisoned by the feeling of futility; because the whole creation seemed a senseless show in which it was not worth while to take an active part. Because whenever he essayed a real man's task, the deadening spirit of Doubt would stand before him, asking with a sneer, 'What's the use of it all?' Of course, he accomplished nothing! Such men never do.

"It does make a difference whether you believe and what you believe. Religion is not a thing apart from life; it is life. Given the trained soldiers of King Charles on the one side, with their cynical contempt, and the consecrated peasants behind Cromwell, fired with faith in their cause, and there can be only one outcome. Faith carries men to the top and over the top; it gives them the sense of Something infinitely worth-while behind them.

"I WROTE a little book once on prayer. The president of a great corporation sent for five hundred copies and gave one copy to each of his five hundred salesmen. 'I want you to read this book,' he wrote. 'I don't care what your religion may be' (there were Jews, Gentiles, Catholics, Protestants, agnostics—all kinds among them); 'never mind the theology in the book, but get the message. If you can get a real grip on a Faith like that it's going to mean the greatest year that this company ever had.'

"His idea was right. There are only two alternatives: Either the whole universe is a whim, a caprice—purposeless, rudderless, and doomed to destruction (in that case, human history when it is over will prove to be, to use Arthur Balfour's words, 'A brief and discreditable episode on one of the minor planets'); or else there is a God behind it all, watching the battle, guiding it, managing the whole creation as a vast mechanism for the production of Personality and Character, which are eternal.

"You can take your choice. You can, if you choose, regard your life as one instant in a 'brief and discreditable episode.' Or you can think of yourself as Jesus Christ thought of Himself, as a Son of God and heir of eternity. But don't imagine that it makes no difference what or how you think. It is not by chance that the great men of the world have been believing men. They were great because they had the courage and imagination to believe greatly."



The rug on the floor is Gold-Seal Art-Rug No. 518. The 9 x 12 foot size costs only \$16.20.



**"I can hardly believe you paid only \$16.20 for this beautiful rug."**

A genuine bargain—these beautiful *Gold-Seal Art-Rugs*. They cost so much less than woven rugs—and they're so easy to clean and care for.

Their charming patterns will amaze you—elaborate Oriental designs for living and dining room—simple, dainty ones for the bedroom—conventional patterns for kitchen and bathroom.

And you will find Congoleum Rugs so practical too. Nothing will stain their smooth surface. A few whisks of a damp mop leave them clean and spotless—and they always lie flat without fastening.

6 x 9 ft. \$ 8.10	The rug illustrated	1½ x 3 ft. \$ .50
7½ x 9 ft. 10.10	is made only in the	3 x 3 ft. 1.00
9 x 9 ft. 12.15	five large sizes. The	3 x 4½ ft. 1.50
9 x 10½ ft. 14.15	small rugs are made	3 x 6 ft. 2.00
9 x 12 ft. 16.20	to other designs to	
	harmonize with it.	

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South, west of the Mississippi and in Canada are higher than those quoted.

**Gold Seal**  
**CONGOLEUM**  
**ART-RUGS**



### *Look for this Gold Seal*

There is only one genuine Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal Congoleum* identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal protects you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the assurance of our money-back guarantee. It is pasted on the face of every genuine *Gold-Seal Art-Rug* and on every two yards of *Gold-Seal Congoleum Floor-Covering*.

Stores that sell genuine Congoleum *Gold-Seal Art-Rugs* usually display a big brother to this Gold Seal in their windows.

**CONGOLEUM COMPANY**  
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Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Dallas Kansas City  
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COOKS THREE THINGS AT ONCE

## The most enjoyable kind of entertaining

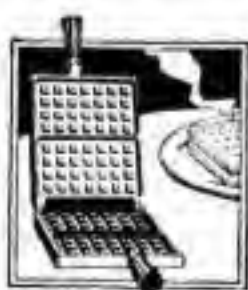
**YOU** can prepare an informal supper on the Armstrong Table Stove right at the living-room table—crisp waffles, creamed oysters on toast, club sandwiches, or any tempting hot dish!

This remarkable stove cooks three things all at the same time. The heating unit is in two parts. You cook above, between and beneath—boil, broil, steam, fry, toast, and bake wonderful waffles! And the Armstrong Table Stove, with its distinctive square shape and snowy white enamel which heat does not tarnish, harmonizes with your nicest silver and china.

Ask to see an Armstrong Table Stove at your electrical or hardware dealer's. Price \$12.50 with aluminum toaster, deep broiling pan, griddle, four egg cups and rack; and sparkless tilting plug which controls heat by lifting off—no tugging or pulling. Write for our folder, "A Week of Menus"—breakfast, lunch, afternoon tea, dinner and late supper for seven days.

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**WAFFLE IRON**  
A cast aluminum waffle iron which needs no greasing may be purchased separately for \$4.00. It fits into the toaster compartment and makes beautiful, crisp waffles, browned on both sides at once.

# ARMSTRONG

## TABLE STOVE

Cooks 3 things at once

# The Marvels of Artificial Legs and Arms

(Continued from page 29)

bringing his left foot up to the same step; and he continues all the way up with his right foot first.

A wooden leg has to be carefully fitted and adjusted to the individual's height and weight. Everything but the fitting of the socket can be done without the prospective wearer's presence; but for the fitting of the socket it is usually necessary for him to go to the factory.

Some time ago, a negro, a giant of a fellow, who weighed over two hundred pounds, ordered a leg for an amputation below the hip. It was made as the manufacturers thought it should be. The only way it differed from the leg made for a white man of his size was in the color. A negro usually wants his leg made the color of his skin: a chocolate brown, light or dark as may be. Legs for white persons are made a flesh tint. But when this negro came in on crutches to try his new leg, he burst forth into a loud guffaw.

"Where's the hoss what's lost his leg!" he cried. "That member sho' wa'n't made for this heah pusson!"

He could not be induced to try it on, but went away saying he would send a picture of the kind of leg he wanted. A few days later I received from him by mail a picture of the leg that had aroused his admiration. It was from a catalogue of artificial limbs, showing a short, very slender leg that would have done for a boy of twelve or fourteen. Soon after his letter arrived, in came the negro to see if we could make him a nice little leg like that. I showed him a sample of the boy's leg, putting it alongside of him so that he could get an idea how it would fit. Again, he burst into a roar of laughter, for the leg was not long enough by several inches.

Finally, controlling himself, he said the joke was on him, and that he guessed he'd do better with the "hoss's" big leg than he would with the boy's little pink one.

**FIRST** of all, when a man is to be fitted with a wooden leg, he must have the amputation reduced. That is by massage and by wearing what is called a "preparatory" leg. What remains of the natural leg must be reduced as nearly as possible to its permanent size. This procedure is useful, also, in toughening and strengthening the tissues and muscles.

Many people ask how a man can stand it to walk with his weight on the end of his amputated leg. The answer to this question is, of course, that he can't. The end must not touch the bottom of the socket at all. If it does, serious trouble is bound to result. All the pressure must come upon the *sides* of the amputation.

Revenue officers have accused some people with wooden legs of storing contraband materials in the sockets of their wooden legs. And I know a good many men who regularly use the space as a sort of safe deposit vault. I have known a few men to keep jewelry there;

and more than once, on exploring the socket of a leg left with us to be repaired, we have found forgotten wads of bank notes!

Do accidents happen to people's wooden legs? The other day a man in Trenton, New Jersey, stepped into a coal hole and fell forward with such violence that his wooden leg snapped off below the knee. If he had not already lost his natural leg he might have broken it.

A few years ago, a man was standing on the platform of a railway station at Gary, Indiana. He was struck by a train, and one of his legs was run over. There was a loud crashing and grinding, but, happily, the member he lost in that accident was his wooden leg.

**THE** other day a man was knocked down in New York City by a taxicab. On getting up, he limped shockingly; but, strangely enough, he told people who came to his aid that he wasn't hurt at all. He hobbled a few steps, then almost fell. A policeman insisted that he ought to go to a hospital, but the man said a taxicab would do instead of an ambulance. He spoke a few words quietly to the policeman, after which both the policeman and the injured man *laughed*—to the amazement of the spectators.

The man had lost control of his wooden leg because the knee joint had been bent by the taxicab so as not to respond to the pull of his shoulder suspender. He went to a hospital; but it was one for artificial limbs, where his leg was fixed in a few minutes.

Many people ask how far a man can walk with an artificial leg. Usually they are surprised to learn that men with wooden legs have made fine records as athletes. One man with two wooden legs walked a mile in thirteen minutes. Another, with the same handicap, made a record for the high jump of five feet and seven inches; still another won the mile bicycle race in two-eighths; and a man with one artificial leg did the hundred-yard dash in thirteen seconds—records made under official supervision at the Iowa State Fair and at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, during athletic meets of the Railway Association of Cripples.

Have you ever grown very fond of an old pair of slippers? Do you dislike very much to "break in" a new pair of shoes and to give up those that have become an "easy fit"? Then you will understand how a man who wears a wooden leg becomes very fond of his artificial member. If his leg has to go to the repair shop and he hasn't another to take its place, he feels completely at a loss. He is used to the old leg; and the leg, as you might say, is used to him. They fit each other exactly. Really, when a man has to give up his old leg it is about as bad as having a death in a family.

There is a business man on Broadway, New York,—and there are many parallel cases in Boston, Chicago, and St. Louis—





## Is Your Time Worth \$50 an Hour?

**FIFTY DOLLARS AN HOUR** would be a mighty satisfactory price to receive for your time, wouldn't it? Yet, as a matter of fact, it may easily be within your power to invest a certain portion of your time in a way that, provided you are sincere and conscientious, will surely bring you that return—very possibly even more.

Some time ago, an analysis of the relation of education to earning power—made by one of the largest philanthropic organizations in the country—demonstrated the fact that the average adult gets back in increased earnings the sum of thirty dollars for every hour spent in well directed study.

That certainly throws a new light on study habits, doesn't it? But read what follows.

This university trains men in their spare hours at home for specialized activities in the higher fields of business. Its resources of over seven and a half million dollars make possible the maintenance of staffs comprising many of the leading business specialists in the country.

It conducts its training by the LaSalle Problem Method—distinctive with this university—whereby the student gains not "book learning" but actual practice and experience, at every stage of his progress. He learns to do by *doing*. To all intents, from the moment he begins he is actually performing the work of the position he is training to fill.

Naturally you would expect the rewards to be higher for the man who trains this way than for the man who follows a less intensive—a less practical method.

The facts show that the gains *are* greater.

It is a matter of record—established by the facts in our files—files built out of the experience of the four hundred thousand men who have enrolled with LaSalle—that the time invested in the study of any highly specialized LaSalle course by the average member who *completes* that training, returns him in increased earnings not less than \$50 an hour.

Indeed, we have many reports showing that spare hours spent at home with LaSalle training have resulted in increased earnings which—when

apportioned over the ordinary period of a man's business activity—would show a return in excess of \$100 an hour.

Such reports are by no means unusual.

But it is safe for *any* man to expect—and with every prospect of realization—that with diligence and sincerity he can make the time he devotes to acquiring LaSalle training yield him returns at the rate of \$50 for each hour so invested.

LaSalle has no magic formula—no marvelous cure-all.

All that it does—as witnessed by the progress-records of 400,000 men—is to provide an effective way to help men help themselves.—Which is all the right man *needs*.

But that, as we see it, is a mighty big, a vitally important task and we feel and realize the full necessity of living up to the tremendous obligation it carries—because it is our job as it is our privilege to serve one of the most sacred things in human life—ambition.

To the man who "doesn't care," LaSalle means nothing.

But to the man who is looking for "the way," this institution has a message.

*J. H. Chaplin*  
President  
LaSalle Extension University

**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
Dept. A-3 Chicago, Illinois

Upon request, the book "Ten Years' Promotion In One," and material completely descriptive of the course and service that interests you, will gladly be sent without cost or obligation. Just indicate your choice by checking, and write below your name and address.

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**LA SALLE  
EXTENSION  
UNIVERSITY**

*The Largest Business Training Institution in the World*





HYDE PARK, LONDON\*

Hon. Freddy—"Haven't the foggiest, old dear—Ridley, do we use tyres?"

Ridley (waxing warm)—"Kelly-Springfields, sir—American, nothing to touch 'em—never blow or skid—a bit of ool right, sir, if you ask me!"

**T**HE qualities which a motorist seeks in tires are the same practically all over the world. These qualities are long mileage, freedom from trouble, safety from skidding, and low cost. Since Kellys combine all these qualities to a marked degree, it is not surprising that they have become internationally famous. It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.



who lost both arms above the elbow. Yet with artificial arms he can do almost anything a man can do with his natural hands. He dresses and feeds himself, carries his own luggage when traveling, and manages his own correspondence. He runs a typewriter at a rapid rate, striking the keys with rubber-tipped metal rods which are held between the fingers of the artificial hands. Often he writes personal letters with a pen. He takes up the pen in his right hand between the thumb and first finger, straightens it with his teeth, and then, using the Palmer method of writing and moving his whole arm and shoulder, he writes far more legibly than the average man will take the trouble to do.

How can he do these things? How do you do them? You move your hands and arms by muscles which extend from finger tips to shoulders. But he moves his hands and arms in any direction and rotates his wrist through mechanical control from the shoulder.

The upper and fore arm of such an artificial member is made of willow. The hand itself is made of an alloy which is very strong, but lighter than steel. You could hang a hundred and forty pounds of weight from any one of the fingers. The arm is built to carry seventy-five pounds as a regular thing and is guaranteed against injury while doing such heavy work.

In the wrist is a mechanism which is controlled by a few simple movements from the shoulder. A slight shrug pulls a cord which operates a spring in the wrist. This causes the fingers and thumb to open, and they are then mechanically locked in this position. Thus, with an artificial arm a man can stoop and open his fingers so as to pick up a dime from the floor. A second shrug—the same movement as before—and the fingers close upon the coin, and again the hand is mechanically locked, this time in a closed position.

The wrist itself rotates very much in the fashion of a natural wrist. If a man is eating soup, for instance, he simply raises his arm, bends the elbow, and the wrist then automatically rotates a quarter of a circle, bringing the spoon directly in front of the mouth in the usual position.

**SUPPOSE** you had to accustom yourself to wearing an artificial arm. It would take you less than an hour to memorize all the movements required to operate it. Then it would simply be a matter of patience and practice before the arm would be almost as useful to you as the one you had lost.

If you had lost, say, your right arm, you would begin at once to train your left hand to take the place of your right, and you would learn to do with your new artificial right hand all the things you once did with your left. Under these circumstances, a bookkeeper, accountant, or lawyer, learns to write with his left hand. A mechanic learns to hold his chisel, or any other tool, in his right artificial hand so that he can strike blows with a hammer in his left hand.

You would soon learn to carry your hat and overcoat in your artificial hand, leaving your natural hand free for shaking hands, moving chairs, and so on. You

would hold a letter in your artificial hand while opening it with a paper cutter in your left hand. Your right hand would hold the brush, and you would wash your natural hand without help. In tying your cravat, you would hold one end in your artificial hand and wrap the loose end around it with your natural hand. When playing cards, you would hold the cards in your artificial hand and play with your natural hand.

What do you suppose is the hardest thing for a man with two artificial arms to do? You would never guess, for most of the things you would think the hardest for him come easy, while certain very simple things prove to be very difficult. The hardest thing for a man with two artificial arms to do is to go into a strange hotel room in the dark and turn on the electricity.

**THREE** men, each of whom had lost both arms, recently fell into conversation about their experiences. One of them said that when he first tried to put on his collar and tie, he had not understood the use of the hooks, very similar to button hooks, which make dressing comparatively easy. He had spent nearly half a day getting on his collar and tie, though later with the aid of hooks he had learned to do it in a few seconds.

Another man said, "I'll never forget my first experience in putting on my socks. I had not had my artificial arms very long, and I had not learned all the tricks the maker of the arms said he would teach me. Anyhow, I got the notion it was time I should dress myself, and I did pretty well until it came to the socks. They kept slipping out of my fingers, but after two hours I did get them on."

"Then I said to myself that there ought to be some simple way out of the difficulty, and I went to the manufacturer and asked him how a fellow could start dressing before breakfast and get through in time for dinner. He showed me a lot of simple methods. 'Just have loops put on the back and front of your socks,' this man told me, 'like the loops on the back of your shoes. Slip a finger through each loop, hold the sock open, put in your foot, pull on the loops, and, presto, the sock is on!' It worked like a charm, and I wondered that I hadn't thought of it myself."

"Now," said the third man, "I'll tell you something to do that is really hard. One night I went to a strange hotel in St. Louis. The bell boy carried up my luggage and admitted me to the room. Then someone called from down the corridor, and he dashed off without turning on the light. I was stranded. I hoped my eyes would grow accustomed to the darkness and be able to locate the fixture, but the room was on a shaft and there wasn't a glimmer of light."

"I thought at first that I would call for someone to turn on the light. Then I said to myself that I was not going to be stumped by a little thing like that. I began to 'feel' along the walls, and then raised my arms hoping to come in contact with a fixture in the middle of the room. I didn't strike a thing. Finally, I made a bargain with myself, for I was pretty angry. I said, 'You'll turn on that light or go to bed in the dark!'



## HEINZ Tomato Ketchup

There's more ketchup in a bottle of HEINZ Tomato Ketchup than in a larger bottle of ordinary ketchup. More tomato and less water. Sound tomatoes and no artificial preservatives. Luscious red ripe tomatoes and no artificial coloring matter.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY





## The freshness and charm of youth

What more engaging than women who, far into middle life, still retain the radiance, the freshness and the charm of their youth?

Why are such women the rare exception rather than the rule?

Simply because of the prevalence of wrong eating habits!

The greatest menace to the health, beauty and vigor of American women lies in the food they eat. Too many foods are entirely devoid of a precious element without which you cannot have strength, vitality, firm tissues or clear, youthful skin.

To supply this deficiency, eat Yeast Foam Tablets. They are the richest known source of an element you need.

Yeast Foam Tablets are whole, selected, dried yeast. Easy to take; they keep and they don't cause gas.

Get them from your druggist; eat them regularly and see how much better you look and feel.

## Yeast Foam Tablets

**A Tonic Food**

Send for LARGE FREE SAMPLE

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Mail coupon to Northwestern Yeast Co.  
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.

"I began all over again at the door and went around the walls of the room several times, holding my arms at different levels. Occasionally I struck things and I clamped my fingers down on every kind of a projection. One thing I struck was a knob on a picture frame, and I kept trying to turn it, thinking at the time that it was an electric light button. I never was so thoroughly conscious before of what it meant to be without feeling in the hands with which I'd got accustomed to doing almost everything.

"At last, I thought I'd try to figure it out with my head. It seemed that there could be only one fixture in the room. Where would it most probably be? Over the head of the bed? I hadn't investigated that part of the room, and now I climbed upon the bed to feel around. My arm came down with a bang on what sounded like a brass fixture. I felt of the thing with my face, rubbed my cheek against it. I had it all right! It was cold. I thought I could tell the difference between the metal part and the crinkly glass globe. But somehow, neither with my face nor with my hands, could I locate anything like a button. And finally, I had to keep faith with myself and go to bed in the dark.

"In the morning I was up at daylight for a look at that fixture. What do you think? The light didn't work by a button at all. It worked by one of those chain pulls, and the chain hung down at the back where I couldn't have reached it with my face. I figured that I must have hit that chain with my hands when 'feeling' around it, but my hands hadn't been able to tell me what it was. As soon as I saw the situation, I got into my arms, caught hold of the chain, yanked it, and said to myself 'There, by golly! I've found you and got light out of you. Now I don't care if you burn all day!' I felt a lot better after that."

IN THE United States, there are about the same number of people wearing artificial hands and arms as there are wearing artificial legs—a million. Less than a third as many people wear artificial eyes—about three hundred thousand.

In the past few years there have been wonderful improvements in artificial eyes, as there have been in artificial limbs. You used to see people with glass eyes which were really disfiguring because of the hard glint and glassy stare. They were easily detected, too, because they did not move. Those were the old "shell" eyes; but the modern type of artificial eye has what is called a "full" back, and it is constructed in such a way that the muscles of the eye can grasp it. It moves in conjunction with the natural eye in a very lifelike manner, and the casual observer is not very likely to detect it.

The making of artificial eyes is a very special business. So far as I know, there is no firm in the United States which makes artificial limbs and also artificial eyes. The things I am going to tell you on this subject came to me through one of the country's largest manufacturers of glass eyes.

"People who are particular about their appearance," he said, "have their glass

eyes made to order by men who have a discrimination for color as delicate as any artist. They work right in front of the person whose eye is to be imitated, making an exact model in color of the natural eye. The artificial eye is made from this model by difficult and more or less secret processes of baking and fusing. The iris has the same color as the person's natural eye, and the white of the eye has even the same delicate little veinings.

"Some time ago a woman customer of mine came to me for a duplicate of the eye we had made for her years previously. At that time she had had three eyes made up. On the morning of the day she came with a hurry-up request for a duplicate—she had broken the last of the three eyes by dropping it on the bathroom floor.

"She said that before she and her husband had married, eight years before, she had told him she wore a glass eye. He had laughed and said he would believe it when he saw it. During the eight years they had been married, she claimed, she had managed so that he had never seen her when the eye was not in place. She was very anxious to get a duplicate at once; she said she would never go home until she could be certain of looking natural to her husband. She was planning to stay with a relative until the eye could be made.

"WOMEN are our most particular customers. Sometimes a man will not take the trouble to have an exact color model made; but a woman is only too glad to take any trouble required to get a perfect match.

"A good many people who cannot go to the eye manufacturer to have a model made order their eyes by mail. Such an order is filled by selecting what seems to be the nearest size and color from an assortment of fifteen thousand 'stock' eyes. To fit a person well we require information concerning the shape and condition of the eye socket and a description of the color. Sometimes people send as a sample the glass eye they are discarding. If the customer can have an artist with good color discrimination make a color sketch of his eye it helps us greatly.

"The cost of an eye from stock is six or seven dollars. One made to order costs fifteen dollars.

"In Chicago there is a prominent lawyer who wears both an artificial arm and an artificial eye. He is very particular about his appearance though not oversensitive. By day, his hand is covered with a gray silk glove. When he goes to any very formal social affair, his hand is covered with a white kid glove. His eye he has made to order, and for different occasions he wears different eyes.

"The two kinds of eyes he wears have the same colored iris, of course, but they differ in the size of the pupil. In the daytime, the pupil contracts because of the bright light, but at night the pupil enlarges to adapt itself to the weaker light. That is why, in order to have his eyes look alike, the lawyer wears an eye with a small pupil by day and one with a larger pupil at night. The lawyer is not alone in this practice. A large number of people who are especially fastidious about their appearance do the same."





"Save the surface and  
you save all" — *Paint & Varnish*

SPRAY PAINTING  
a modern development

## Don't neglect the Skyline

—it is crowded with things  
that need Paint

**B**UT why paint a water tank—or for that matter, a gas tank or oil tank? Why go to the trouble and expense of painting the metal work on skylights and signs? Is it merely to improve their appearance, that metal smoke-stacks are regularly painted, often at great expense and with risk to life and limb?

No. Here appearance, though important, is secondary to the fundamental reason for painting—saving the surface.

Think of the roofs, too—millions of them—lashed by rain—assailed by wind and storm—burned by the sun—victims of melting tons of snow. Without the protection of paint, roofs fall into leaky ways. Property is damaged. Costly repairs are made necessary. Properly protected by paint, roofs will last indefinitely.

Fire escapes, ventilators, in fact *all* exposed surfaces of metal and of wood should be regularly protected with paint. You may put off action, but deterioration never does. Rust and rot go on till you check them. Paint and varnish **NOW**, or you'll pay far more, later, for repairs and replacements. Don't put it off—put it on. Save the Surface and you save all.

SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN, 507 The Bourse, Philadelphia. A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests, whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.



# Each of These Willard Batteries is as Good as We Can Make It

## *This One is Insulated with Wood*

Between each positive plate and its negative neighbor—insulating them from each other—is a carefully selected and treated wood insulator.

It possesses the best combination of durability and porosity—the two essential qualities of a good insulator—that we have ever found in any *purely natural* product.

Otherwise, it is like every other Willard Battery—as good as we can build it. Plates, jars, connections, acid-proofing and sealing represent the best value that Willard's long experience can put into it.

It is the battery that first built Willard reputation and is more sturdy and reliable today than ever.



## *This One is Insulated with Rubber*

Between the plates of this battery are Willard Threaded Rubber Insulators—invented by Willard seven years ago.

Rubber is the best acid-resisting and insulating material known—greatly reducing the probability of repair expense. The 196,000 threads piercing each insulator make it more uniformly porous than any natural product—which increases the force and amount of energy.

Threaded Rubber makes the cost—and hence the price—of the battery slightly higher, but this is more than offset by freedom from repairs and sustained high voltage to spin the motor.



WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY CO., Cleveland, Ohio

Made in Canada by the  
Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Ask your Willard dealer also about  
Willard "A" and "B" Radio Batteries

Whatever your car, Willard has the  
right battery at the right price

# Willard STORAGE BATTERIES



# A Taxicab Driver Hasn't Eyes in the Back of His Head

(Continued from page 63)

to our office. They feel that the driver sent in response to such an order will be more responsible even than the driver of one of our cabs which might be hired casually on the street. And these out-of-town people who go sight-seeing almost invariably have the driver take them along the same routes—up Fifth Avenue, along Riverside Drive, through Central Park, or through the Bronx Zoological Gardens. Young country couples sometimes leave the matter of where they shall go entirely to the driver, simply asking for a "pretty drive." Usually, the driver takes such a couple through Central Park, and if he catches a glimpse of them holding hands, he knows he has made a wise choice. When two men from out of town start out sight-seeing in a taxicab they usually drive first through lower Broadway and Wall Street.

New Yorkers as a general rule hire the first cab they happen to see on the street. If they order a cab by telephone it is likely to be because they want it at a certain hour to take them to the theatre or to a railroad station. But not always. We have found that eloping couples usually summon a taxicab by telephone, and they make a point of having the cab pick up the young woman first. The man gets in later. They seem to think that thus they are more likely to escape parental interference; but I have an idea that this simple plotting is due simply to the desire of youth for romance.

A YOUNG fellow telephoned an urgent order a few weeks ago for one of our cabs to call for a young woman at Ninety-sixth Street and Central Park West. When the taxi arrived the young woman instructed the driver to go down Eighth Avenue to Twenty-third Street. At this point a young man entered the cab, and it was at once apparent that he was in charge of their destiny. He said one word, which meant as much to the driver in view of the other circumstances as though he had said: "I am Romeo; she is Juliet." That word was Hoboken.

When the cab had crossed the ferry to Hoboken the young fellow asked the driver if he could take them to a justice of the peace, and it happened that, from previous experience, the driver knew the shortest way to the justice. After drawing up in front of the justice's office, the driver remained in his seat just as though he did not know what was going to happen next. The couple went inside, but the young man very soon came out and began to stammer:

"I—I say, would you do us a big favor? We're over here to get married, and we've forgotten to bring a witness. Would you mind?"

"Certainly not," said the driver.

When the bridal pair were getting into the cab for the return trip the young man said, "You don't seem very much surprised. Maybe this is in your regular line of work?"

"It used to be," said the driver. "During the war I once served as a marriage witness three times in one day. But nowadays things are pretty slow. You don't hear of elopements to Hoboken oftener than once in ten days or so."

The majority of people who ride in taxicabs are in a hurry, or say they are in a hurry. If the passenger is going to a train or steamship we assume that he is *actually* in a hurry, for in these days of rapid transportation nobody seems to want to start for a station so early that he will have any time to spare.

Few people who tell the driver to make time, however, have such important business on hand that they are willing to pay ten or twenty cents additional fare. When a driver, to make time, turns off one of the main thoroughfares and follows the side streets to avoid traffic the average "man-in-a-hurry" raps on the window and asks why he doesn't go the shortest way. When the driver tells him he can make better time by going a few blocks out of his way the passenger usually says to go the shortest way possible, anyhow.

I MUST tell you the story of the man who was in the greatest hurry of all the people who have ridden in our taxicabs in recent years. Wearing a brown derby and a shepherd plaid suit, he rushed out of an apartment house near Broadway and Seventy-sixth Street, hailed a cab and cried to the driver, "Quick! Get me down to J. P. Morgan's office just as fast as you can! I've come into possession of all these railroad properties, and Mr. Morgan wants to see me!"

During the ride down-town, he exhibited a feverish anxiety for haste, rapping on the window and urging the driver to proceed regardless of traffic regulations. When the taxi drew up in Wall Street, the man jammed his hat down on his head, cried "Wait!" and rushed up the steps of the financier's office building. Two minutes later he came out and breathlessly exclaimed, "Mr. Morgan is too busy to see me now! I must go right up to the College of the City of New York to see the president of that great institution. Get there just as fast as you can, or it may be too late!"

So the cab hurried up-town several miles beyond the point from which it had started. At the executive offices of the college, the passenger got out, but again he returned quickly.

"We'll have to drive up to Tarrytown to see John D. Rockefeller," he said. "Can you make it in an hour? He's waiting for me?"

"I should say we couldn't make it in an hour!" returned the driver. "No chance! You'd better pay your fare now and take a train."

The man looked at him blankly for a moment. "My fare?" he said; "I'd like to accommodate you, but I haven't a cent in cash just now. Take me up to see Mr. Rockefeller, and if he does business with

Jim Henry's Column



Mennen's is the best shaving cream for wet-shave faces.



**Why skin conditioned with Mennen Shaving Cream never chaps**

You don't have to be a skin specialist to know that when your skin becomes dry and hard it cracks in cold weather. Also, any man who ever shaved with strong, harsh soap or cream remembers how dry and smarting his face felt afterwards.

When you shave with Mennen Shaving Cream your skin never becomes hard. It is soft and pliable after shaving and stays that way.

There are two reasons. In the first place, Mennen's is so bland and perfectly balanced—is so totally without free caustic—that it doesn't deprive the skin of necessary oils, the way a harsher soap does.

And all the time Mennen lather is actually soothing, healing and invigorating the skin. This result is accomplished by our wonderful Boro-glycerine—a mildly antiseptic emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues. Boro-glycerine is an important element in Mennen Shaving Cream and is conducive to skin health, clear complexion and the freedom from sensitiveness or itching enjoyed by men who use Mennen's.

But to get back to the beard. I am not going to attempt to explain by what magic process Mennen creamy lather reduces the meanest, toughest beard that ever bristled, to the soft non-resisting consistency of the fur on a kitten's chin. I say it does it and you know it does it ten seconds after you lean a sharp razor against a Mennen chastened beard.

This first test will convince you as to other superiorities of Mennen's. It doesn't have to be rubbed in with fingers. The lather never dries on the face. Mennen's works equally well with cold, hot, hard or soft water.

Why not try it? Go to your favorite store and buy a giant size tube, containing nearly 300 shaves. I'll refund your money if you are not satisfied that Mennen's is the best shaving cream in the world.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

Jim Henry  
(Mennen Salesman)



# He smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old

**Packed with Edgeworth he  
thinks no other pipe can  
compare with it**

We have run on the case of three generations of pipe smokers preferring the meerschaum pipe to all other pipes. Not only that, but all three generations smoked the same meerschaum pipe (in turn, may we be allowed to add).

For further details we refer directly to the present owner of the ancient pipe.



"Dear Sirs," he wrote us. "I have a meerschaum pipe originally purchased and smoked by my grandfather. When he died, he willed it to my father, who smoked it continually throughout his lifetime.

"When the pipe came to me, I was a little dubious about accepting the family responsibility of keeping up the tradition. I tried sev-

eral brands of tobacco in the pipe and they all made me sick. Then someone suggested Edgeworth.

"From that day to this I have smoked no other tobacco—no other pipe.

"Give me the old family meerschaum and a little blue can of Edgeworth and I can get all the enjoyment out of smoking there is any time of day or night.

"Perhaps I'm prejudiced, but that's the way I feel about pipe smoking. And that's the way I intend to feel as long as you continue to make Edgeworth."

Well, we can reassure our correspondent on that point, for we intend to go on making Edgeworth just as long as there are smokers who would give up smoking if they couldn't get Edgeworth.

And we intend to go on making friends for Edgeworth by sending out more free samples.

So if you haven't tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address and we will immediately forward to you generous helpings of both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, it will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly if you should like it.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

me I'll be fair with you. We'll divide the profits. Look here!"

And the man drew from his pocket three savings bank books bearing a woman's name. Upon examining them the driver found that they showed credits for ten thousand dollars.

"Maybe you can advise me what to do," said the passenger anxiously. "Here I am ready for business, and I can't find a man to take up a wonderful bargain in railroading."

"I'll find you one!" said the driver. "Jump in!"

His passenger complied, and the driver brought him to our office. After a short interview with the man, who took me for a great financier, I came to the same conclusion that our driver had reached. We called the police. A few days later we learned that the man—formerly a member of the Bar in New York City—had been returned to the institution from which he had escaped, the Matteawan Insane Asylum. He had been admitted to his niece's apartment in New York by a maid, and upon going through her bureau drawers had realized his fond dream of becoming a railroad magnate. The niece cheerfully paid the fare for her uncle's whimsical journey, and she also expressed her appreciation of the fact that during his travels her uncle had been in safe hands.

SOMETIMES I think that rational people who seem in the greatest hurry have no more reason for their haste than this "railroad man." Only the other day, a man came out of a hat store on Broadway near Thirty-fourth Street, jumped into a taxi and said to the driver: "If you get me to 511 Fifth Avenue by three o'clock, there'll be something extra in it for you."

It was then a few minutes of three. Just as the taxi started from the curb, the passenger cried, "One minute! There's a man I know! Hello, John!"

Then the man got out, gleefully shook hands with the man on the sidewalk and, leaning against the taxi, began talking of old times back in Davenport, Iowa. The news his friend from back home had to tell about the wonderful new fountain erected in the square where they had played together as boys seemed of far more importance than any business he had on hand.

At three-fifteen the man who had hired the taxi invited his friend to get into the cab with him. Then, as rapidly as traffic would permit, the driver went to the Fifth Avenue address and drew up at the entrance.

"What are we stopping here for?" asked the passenger in surprise.

"This is the address you gave me."

"So it is," the passenger admitted; "but I don't want to go there now. We'll go for a ride. Take us through Central Park and up Riverside Drive."

Taxicabs are always in greatest demand on rainy days and in very hot weather. More people use taxicabs to avoid getting wet or to escape excessive heat than to get out of the cold. Perhaps they figure that in cold weather they can keep warm by walking fast, and also save money.

On rainy days we always have a great many of what we call "short-distance riders." The taxi driver must respond, of course, to any call that comes; but he is reluctant to pick up the short-distance

fares because the tip is usually small and he may just miss the man who might want to go several miles.

Recently, during a heavy rain, one of our cabs was passing the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway when four women signaled from the curb. The driver drew up, and the ladies entered, arranging themselves comfortably and with great deliberation.

"Where to?" asked the driver.

One of the ladies thereupon looked out the window and up at the sky to see if the rain showed signs of slackening. Smiling sweetly, she said:

"Drive down to the middle of the block to that awning, please!"

A man and two women were already under the awning, and when the four ladies had left the cab, having paid a fare of twenty cents, these three entered it. The driver was hoping for better luck this time, but the instruction the man gave him was:

"Let us out at the subway station at the next corner!"

A man asked me the other day why people so seldom go to church in taxicabs. I told him that he must be a "fair-weather" church-goer, because, if he had been to church recently on any but a perfect day he would have seen plenty of taxicabs drawing up in front of almost any large church in New York. In fine weather, of course, people who live anywhere near the church to which they belong enjoy a walk before the sermon. But there are many churches to which people go in taxicabs regardless of the weather.

The Cathedral of St. John the Divine, located on Morningside Heights, is the objective of scores of taxicabs on almost any Sunday. Many people drive from Riverside Drive in taxicabs to synagogues on the East Side. But more people go to Christian Science churches in taxicabs than to any other. For some time I was puzzled to account for this, but the reason is very simple. The homes of members of the congregation of a Christian Science Church are far more scattered than those of the congregations of other churches.

ANOTHER question people often ask concerns the amount of tips received by taxi drivers. They seem to think that the tips mount up to fabulous sums. The fact is, however, that if he receives as much as twenty-five dollars in tips in a week the taxi driver is doing well, and if he receives forty dollars it is exceptional.

In most of our large cities to-day the best tippers are the people who receive tips—waiters, especially head waiters, bell hops, high-priced barbers, beauty-parlor experts, and manicurists. Next comes the high-priced mechanic who is out for a ride on pay day. People who make a train or steamship which they would probably have missed but for the skill of their driver usually tip with liberality.

The very rich are always conservative in the amount of the tips they bestow. The day has passed when the rich Westerner, or the rich man from anywhere, tossed his money away in a fashion that made his millions notorious. Ordinarily, he gives the tip which seems to be regarded as reasonable after a ride between any two points on Manhattan Island—twenty-five cents. This sum is also the recognized tip for taxicab rides anywhere



# The Car for the Girl in Business

The modern business woman needs her own personal transportation medium. It saves time and increases her efficiency and earning power. Yet, because she is a woman, she also insists that her car shall measure up to a high standard of quality.

The Chevrolet Utility Coupé with Fisher Body, refined gray cloth upholstery, plate glass windows, Turnstedt window regulators, and other artistic fittings, streamlines and riding comfort, fully meets her quality requirements. Its mechanical efficiency and ease of handling make strong appeal, and finally its surprisingly low price and lowest per mile cost decide her choice.

*for Economical Transportation*



**Utility Coupé**

**\$680**

*f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

**Chevrolet Motor Company**

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

**Detroit, Michigan**

*Prices F. O. B. Flint, Michigan*

SUPERIOR Two Pass. Roadster	8510
SUPERIOR Five Pass. Touring	525
SUPERIOR Two Pass. Utility Coupé	680
SUPERIOR Four Pass. Sedanette	850
SUPERIOR Five Pass. Sedan	860
SUPERIOR Light Delivery	510

There are now more than 10,000 Chevrolet dealers and service stations throughout the world.

Applications will be considered from high-grade dealers in territory not adequately covered.







STEPHENS TOURING CAR, 7 PASSENGERS, \$1295

## Seven new Stephens body types *\$1295 now Price of Touring Car*

Redesigned and refined in forty-two important details, the new Stephens Touring car at \$1295 establishes a peak level of motor car value never reached before.

Six other individual body types on two specialized chassis provide this same super-value in motor cars created to satisfy every transportation need and desire.

At the New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Chicago and San Francisco Shows, recognition of Stephens value-building was emphatic. The Stephens exhibit was a focus of interest at each Show.

### *Center of interest at Motor Shows*

Thousands of Stephens owners came in, only half believing that we could make such prices without slighting quality. Unit by unit, they found so much added value they bought many new cars.

Delco-Stephens ignition is new. Mather springs, also, Stromberg special carburetor, Saal chassis oiling and Kellogg power-driven tire pump. Timken axles, Fedders radiator, Gemmer steering and other standard units continue oversize.

### *Vital value in Stephens-built motor*

The Stephens-built motor, they told us, *with intake manifold inside the cylinder head*, means more to performance and economy than any group of standard units. Stephens low-swung, hand-built bodies are luxuriously comfortable.

See the Stephens cars *soon*. Study their powerful lines, balanced design, oversize units, unmatched equipment. Write to Moline for color catalogue today. Call on the Stephens dealer and give the type you like your own performance tests.

TOURING CAR, 5-PASS., \$1295  
ROADSTER, 2-3-PASS., \$1345

TOURING SEDAN, 5-PASS., \$1595  
TOURING CAR, 7-PASS., \$1685

STANDARD SEDAN, 5-PASS., \$1895  
STANDARD SEDAN, 7-PASS., \$2385

SPORT "FOUR SOME," 4-PASS., \$1985

PRICES F. O. B. FREEPORT, ILL.

STEPHENS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Moline and Freeport, Illinois

# STEPHENS

Motor  Cars



within the city limits of most of our large cities, such as Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and St. Louis.

People who ride in taxicabs have one thing in common with those who ride in trains and street cars—they are likely to leave their personal belongings behind them. The other day a woman got out of a taxi in front of a department store and left her little woolly, red-eyed lapdog asleep on the seat. After driving a few blocks the cab was hired by another woman, and as she stepped in the dog awoke, jumped up, and began to bark with all his might.

"Gracious!" the woman exclaimed. "What kind of a lion is this?"

The driver was as much surprised as the passenger, but with the courage of a Daniel he reached in, collared the disturber, and then tethered the little mop alongside himself in front. After delivering his passenger to her destination, he brought the dog to our office. As the owner of the creature had already informed us that her "Toodles" had been abandoned in one of our cabs, we were ready not only to receive him but to greet him by name. Within a few hours the anxious owner came and took her pet away. We were as delighted at the restoration as she was, for our lost-property man has no facilities for keeping live stock.

Everything in the way of lost articles except live stock we have on hand in considerable quantities, including raincoats, camera films, umbrellas, woman's hats, men's collars (size 16, slightly soiled), hammocks, books, children's paint boxes, brass electric fixtures, sweaters, spectacle cases, a miniature Chinese temple, a carved wooden souvenir of the Pocono Mountains, sea shells, cartridges, cigarette cases, hand bags, knitting bags, and school bags.

SOMETIMES people who claim to have lost valuable things in our cabs impress us as "peculiar," either by the vehemence with which they demand compensation or by their obvious embarrassment. Once a woman claimed that she had left behind in one of our cabs twenty thousand dollars' worth of jewels and securities. Her husband came to inquire about them, and he expressed some indignation that his wife should have been traveling about in a cab with her valuables. We made a thorough search and inquiry for the supposedly lost valuables, but did not find them, and I doubted whether they had actually been lost, because of the evasive manner of the woman when we sent an investigator to see her.

Six months later this woman notified us that all her valuables had been returned to her anonymously by mail. It then seemed necessary for us to inquire further into the matter, because of charges that had been made against our driver. What we found was that the woman had indulged in some extravagances in dress and in entertaining and so had had to go into debt. To pay this debt, she had put her securities as collateral and had pawned her jewels, without her husband's knowledge. To cover their disappearance she claimed to have "lost" them. As soon as she was able she had got her jewels and securities back, and she had notified us that they had been "returned to her"—apparently so we wouldn't feel bad. Since she confessed the truth, with apologies, we were glad to let the matter drop and

to inform our driver, who had been under suspicion, of the true circumstances.

The most valuable article ever left in a taxi to my knowledge was a bag containing seventeen thousand dollars in jewels. The owner, a woman, had got the jewels from a safe deposit box in the afternoon to wear at a party in the evening. On the way home she did some shopping. While she was arranging her bundles in the cab, the bag had slipped from her hand behind the seat. It was found that night by the man who washed the cab, and turned into my office. As the woman happened not to go to the party and so did not want the jewels, she never thought of them until morning. When she called us by telephone we were able to invite her to come to our office to identify the property. She asked to see the washer who had found them and, after expressing her hearty thanks, she gave him fifty dollars.

THE complaint passengers most frequently make concerns the distance traveled and the amount of the fare. Often the complaint is due to a misunderstanding on the part of the passenger. When a man has ridden between two points once and has paid eighty cents or a dollar for the trip, he seems to think that every time he goes over the same route the fare must be the same. However, the taxi meter registers *distance* as long as the cab is running, and it registers *time*, at the rate of ten cents for every four minutes when the cab is standing still, due to the stoppage of traffic or any other cause. Thus, in traversing Fifth Avenue or any other main thoroughfare, it is an easy matter for the meter to show a difference of ten or twenty cents in the course of two miles because of varying conditions of traffic at different hours of the day.

Another reason why some people are inclined to dispute the fare is because they reckon distance on the basis of twenty blocks to the mile. In traveling north or south in New York between the short blocks this calculation is correct, but most blocks running east or west are each equal to several short blocks. In traveling east or west in New York, the calculation should be on a basis of about seven blocks to the mile.

Of course the passenger is not always wrong in entering a complaint concerning the fare. A meter may be out of order or, in some cases, a driver may deliberately overcharge. However, reliable taxicab companies in all our large cities are doing all they can to-day to see that the passenger is treated with absolute justice in the matter of the fare.

I must tell you about one other thing we have discovered in conducting one of the biggest taxicab services in the country. While I have left this matter until the last it is far from being the least important. We believe that the safety of the public in the streets of our large cities has greatly increased *as a result of prohibition*.

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# Why I Am Forty-Five

(Continued from page 27)

pleasures of the table. Now, my stomach and I have been living together for forty-five years, and hardly a cross word between us—except about cheese. I have never stopped to visualize my stomach, but if I did I should conceive him to be a large, good-natured fellow, answering to the name of Bill or Mac. He hails an oversized broiled lobster with three ringing British cheers, and if I stand him an occasional drink of bicarbonate of soda there is nothing he will not do for me in return—barring only cheese.

What I am telling you in this interview with myself is my own formula for living at the age of forty-five. I don't stand back of it with any guarantee that it will suit you. Maybe your stomach is too spoiled to stand for the gastronomic calisthenics I have outlined for mine; pork chops and lemon pie may be your masters. Therefore I warn you that what you do you do at your own risk. Don't send any doctors' bills to me!

PERHAPS there is nothing which preserves the youth of middle age as much as being in love. A man of forty-five ought to be in love with some good-looking woman and, of course, his love ought to be returned. But the difficulty about this is that most good-looking women regard men of forty-five in that impersonal spirit with which they view the surrounding landscape or architecture. No matter how well preserved you reckon yourself at forty-five, you will no more provoke love at first sight than if you should be a figure in an allegorical group of sculpture, labeled "Thrift," or "Agriculture." The best you can hope for in the way of an approving look will be when some woman allows her eyes to rest on you for just an instant, as if to say, "Pretty fair for the period."

How, then, can a man of forty-five be in love with a good-looking woman and have his love returned? The only safe plan is to pick her out when you are about twenty-odd and marry her as quickly as possible, before she has time to realize that she is probably making a fearful mistake. I am aware that this advice is flying in the face of all the younger fiction writers and Henrik Ibsen. Half the stories written by some of our cleverest novelists in the last two years ought to warn me that almost any time now, my wife is likely to say to me: "For sixteen years, I have been nothing but a slave. *Your* will has been *my* will. You have ordered my life for me. I have been a cipher—a puppet. But this is the end. I am going out into the world to live my own life, and when the boy calls from the Pasadena Domestic Finish Laundry, don't forget to tell him that last week they were short two handkerchiefs and one of your best dress shirts, because you will never see me again."

In fact, I am lucky to have escaped this situation as long as I have. At least, that's what I am told by some of the ten best-sellers of recent years; but the information thus obtained doesn't square up with my experience. I will take the word of any one of the ten best sellers that his

wife might up and leave him in his forty-fifth year and disappear from his life forever; but I am confident that in my case I would receive a telegram the next day reading:

Why haven't you written? Is anything the matter?

Hence, my judgment based upon experience would be that the man of forty-five not only stands in no danger of having his wife disappear from his life forever, but that if she disappears from his life for as long as a period of four hours, he will receive at least one telephone message asking him if the youngest member of the household took her afternoon nap, another message demanding whether Onishi, the gardener, was spraying the roses as instructed, and still a third message that he should be sure to tell Sigrid the asparagus and strawberries were for luncheon tomorrow and not for dinner to-night.

Altogether, therefore, forty-five is an extremely satisfactory time of married life. Husband and wife know the best and worst of each other and have formed a final estimate by striking an average of past performances. At thirty, for instance, if one's wife lays down a novel and gazes absently out of the window, the husband might be justified in saying to himself: "Aha! She's going to do a Nora on me!"

At forty-five, however, you will know that this sudden abstraction has always ended by her saying something as irrelevant to the text of the novel as, "Is it Hedwig's afternoon out *this* Sunday or *next* Sunday?" Moreover, your knowledge is founded upon the history of your married life. She can't possibly tell you that for sixteen years she has been your slave and that *your* will has been *her* will, because the only reason why for sixteen years *your* will has been *her* will is that she willed it first. And why not, indeed? At forty-five, all that you have of property and reputation stands in your wife's name. When you married, you not only domesticated the Recording Angel, as Stevenson says, but you also domesticated the Great Incentive.

DO YOU mean to tell me—and remember that I am now talking to myself—that you are trying to write a successful play, or story, or article for the greater glory of a fat man aged forty-five, slightly overfond of his stomach and much given to lying abed in the morning? You know you are not. You know very well that every piece of work you turn out ought to bear, in addition to the imprint of the publisher and the usual copyright notice, the following inscription:

To M. C. G. and E. M. G.  
My Wife and Daughter  
Without Whose Incentive the Time  
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They are the real reasons why I hope to remain forty-five indefinitely. Without them I should have felt at least eighty more than five years ago.



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# The Kidnapping of Prunes Alaska

(Continued from page 23)

glanced up in blank amazement. "How much for Prunes? For Prunes Alaska?"

"Yes! How much? How much?"

Even then the bugler stared as if he doubted his ears. He grinned. "Why, man, John D. Rockefeller himself couldn't buy that bear there! Could he, Prunes?"

He started to turn away—the congestion ahead had thinned and the bandmen were unlimbering their instruments again—but the other clung to his sleeve.

"I train animals! And I want him to train, see? I'll make him the best show bear in the world! I'm willing to pay a good price, too. What d'you say?"

Kearny jerked himself loose. He shook his head again, still good-naturedly. "Wouldn't make no difference if you was the President himself! Nobody can't take Prunes off the 'Alaska.' No, sir! Hi there, Prunes! Get a move on! Standard speed ahead!"

The parade moved on. A throng of hilarious, jostling bluejackets surged upon the still-beseeching little man. He was swept up and tossed to the sidewalk again like a chip before a comber.

"Why didn't you listen to me, and stay out of that crowd?" demanded the red-faced man unsympathetically. "Did you go crazy all of a sudden?"

Tears of rage and helplessness shone in the dapper man's eyes. "The bums! The big blue bums! They walked right over me—just as I was making an offer!"

The red-faced man stared. "You weren't actually trying to buy that bear off these sailors, were you?"

"I'd 'a' give a cold thousand for him. But I'd 'a' made him worth a hundred thousand to the show!"

The big man whistled. "A hundred thousand?"

"No! Not just one hundred thousand—two hundred thousand!"

"Holy smoke!" The red-faced man was gazing into the distance. Suddenly he grabbed his companion by the shoulder. His eyes sparkled out from beneath their lowered lids like little beads. "Come on, Frenchy! We got to get a move on. We've got business to do!"

THERE were tears in Bugler Kearny's eyes as he stood in the "Alaska's" forward casemate the next day and narrated the events of the evening before.

"Honest, that's the way it was, fellows; honest, that's the way it was!" Then, as he took in the coldness of his audience his voice faltered. "You—you don't think I sold Prunes, do you?"

Turret-captain Brooks, leading the inquisition, looked long and searchingly into the quivering, earnest face. He shook his head slowly. "If we thought that we'd 'a' thrown you overboard long before now. No, we don't think you sold Prunes, Kearny. But we're blamed well going to find out all about this business!"

Kearny leaned forward eagerly. "Well, it's just like I'm telling you. We were going back, me and Prunes, after the parade, when we come to a bunch of kids on a corner. They were wild about Prunes, so I stopped to let 'em see him

a bit. Along came this red-faced man. He give the kids a nickel apiece and then he asked me wouldn't I have a glass of near-beer. And that's the last thing I remember—drinking that beer—till I woke up to-day in a vacant lot, and no Prunes in sight!"

"You figure this red-faced guy put something in your beer—is that it?" demanded Brooks.

"Either him or somebody else in that near-beer place."

"And you couldn't find out anything about Prunes?"

"No. I looked all over town—even though I was overtime then—but I couldn't find him or anybody that had seen him even."

ABOUT him the clustered sailors began to shuffle uneasily. One and all they bore the marks of conflict: cut lips, swollen noses, or freshly discolored eyes. They whispered and mumbled.

"You can't remember anything else, Kearny, that might explain his being missing? No 'Samoa' men snooping around, or anything?"

"No; there was just the parade." Suddenly Kearny's eyes flashed, his voice grew excited. "Hold on! Now I remember something! There was a fellow come running up to me in the middle of the parade, yelling something about he wanted to buy Prunes. I thought he was crazy then. But maybe he was the man that stole Prunes!"

"Was it the same man—the red-faced man you were telling about—that gave you the beer later on?" demanded Brooks sharply.

The animation died from the little bugler's face. He shook his head. "No-o-o. This one was a little fellow, a dudish-looking little guy. He wasn't much bigger'n I am, I don't guess."

The glow of interest in the turret-captain's face also faded. His words fell slowly and unsympathetically. "Well, Kearny, we ain't saying you did it deliberately. But it's done just the same. We've lost Prunes. And the only way you'll ever square yourself on this boat is to get Prunes back." Then, as he glanced around at the blue eyes and swollen faces, Turret-captain Brooks smiled a grim smile. "Goodness only knows how you're going to square it with the 'Samoa' for the way we pitched into 'em last night. 'Course, when you and Prunes didn't come back we thought right away they'd kidnapped you. And what we did to that second liberty-party of theirs was a plenty!"

The wheels of Navy routine are relentless; they slow down no more for a mascot than they do for an admiral. The nine months past had not been without their effect on the "Alaska." Changes, such as happen or are likely to happen to any warship, had taken place aboard her. Time-expired veterans were paid off, took their three months' furlough and reenlisted on other ships hundreds of miles away, wherever their money happened to run out. Last of all the "Alaska" was detached utterly





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from her old anchorages and with her sister ship, the "Samoa," was given a new division and squadron number in the Pacific Fleet. With her went Turret-captain Brooks and Bugler Kearny.

Bugler Kearny had changed. From a jocund, perennially-young perpetrator of pranks he had devolved into a moody, middle-aged hermit. Rarely he smiled; never did he mix in the skylarking around the decks.

Only Bugler Kearny himself could have told how many zoos, municipal parks, and the like he had visited in the course of his search for Prunes.

AT THAT it was sheer accident that put him on the right track. His sister in Sacramento telegraphed, announcing her impending marriage and requesting him, as the nearest living relative, to lend his presence immediately.

His furlough called for seven days. But on the night of the sixth, a good fourteen hours before his leave was up, Kearny returned. His face had undergone radical changes during the interval, but they were not changes that would have gratified his commanding officer. A green blot as big as a cloud hung under one eye, a gaping hole showed where two front teeth had been but were no longer, and his left ear was clamped to his jaw by a strip of plaster.

Turret-captain Brooks, sighting him as he came over the gangway, gaped with astonishment. "F'r the love o' Mike! What sort of weddings do they have in your family, anyway?"

Bugler Kearny grinned—something that he had not done for a year. His eyes gleamed strangely. "Get Riley and Jones and Kerrigan and the rest of the old-timers together down in number 4 casemate right away, will you, Brooks? I'll be there as soon as I can check in. I've got something to tell you."

Brooks blinked, opened his mouth, and started to ask a question, but Kearny was already half way down a ladder. Still muttering wonderingly to himself, the turret-captain set about obeying the request. Ten minutes later the casemate was crowded with veteran machinists, coxswains, and gunners.

Climbing onto the trainer's platform Kearny spoke in jerky sentences:

"Fellows, you remember the bear mascot that was stolen from us in Norfolk? Well, listen. The day before my sister's wedding a circus come to town. I went to it; I haven't missed a circus in ten months. And, fellows, I saw Prunes!"

"Saw Prunes!" It was one gasp.

"Yes! I saw Prunes! They had him all diked up in a clown suit, and he's grown bigger, but I knew him the minute I saw him. There ain't any other bear in the world walks with a roll like him. And the circus has got him!"

There was silence for a second, the weighty silence of surprised intellects.

Turret-captain Brooks recovered first. "You're sure it was Prunes? You're sure it wasn't some other bear that just looked like him? Prunes was stolen 'way back East, remember, and—"

"Sure it was Prunes?" interrupted Kearny. "As sure as I am that I'm standing here! These circuses travel as much as we do, remember. But that ain't all. I was sitting down close to the ring where

the bear was. And I says, 'Prunes! Feather yer ears!' And he feathered 'em! What other bear in the world would ever savvy what that meant—huh?"

The argument carried conviction. Brooks questioned the identification no longer.

"What did you do when you knew for sure it was Prunes?"

"Went straight to the animal tent, of course," responded Kearny promptly. "I told them Prunes was our bear and I wanted him back. That was when I got this black eye. The menagerie man just turned around and yelled, 'Hey, Rube!' And before I knew what was up a half-dozen toughs jumped on me and beat me up and threw me off the grounds."

"Whyn't you go to the police about it?" demanded a curious voice.

Kearny glanced in the direction of the speaker with a contemptuous sneer. "Police? Police? Why, every policeman in town had a free pass to that show in his pocket! Do you think they'd take my word against the whole circus? Listen! That circus shows in Los Angeles on Saturday, the 29th. That's the day the 'Alaska' is due to be at San Pedro. And San Pedro is only forty minutes from Los Angeles! What more do you want—huh?"

It was at the turret-captain's suggestion that the evening performance was chosen.

"You see," he pointed out, "in the afternoon our uniforms will be too noticeable. And if they get suspicious they'll hide Prunes, and the whole thing will be off. At night, though, they won't notice us, all mixed up in the crowd."

"How about driftin' in separate, and then sorter collectin' somewhere inside?" inquired a husky water-tender.

Brooks adopted the suggestion immediately, like the good general that he was: "Right you are, Wiley. A good idea. Some of us'll slip inside and some of us'll mix with the crowd hanging around the hot-dog stands. If you hear any sort of unusual noise or rumpus, that's the place to make for—understand? Saturday night week, at the circus grounds. And not too big a crowd together at any one place—don't forget!"

THE "Alaska's" crew did not forget.

It is doubtful if even the ticket-takers, accustomed as they were to gauging the character of an audience, remarked anything unusual in the throngs that poured into the big top that night.

The "Alaska's" crew was there in full force, every man that was not on duty or furlough. In twos and threes they came.

"They're well hid, all right," Brooks said jubilantly, standing up in his seat near the performers' entrance the better to see. "I can hardly spot a one of them. How long after the show began did you say it was before Prunes came on, Kearny?"

"About fifteen minutes. There's some Jap jugglers come on just ahead of him; you'll know when to expect him." The little bugler was gazing discontentedly at the considerable space that separated his seat from the ringside. "Say—why can't we get down nearer—down on that straw they're putting down by the ring there?"

Brooks eyed him suspiciously. "What's the idea?"

"Nothing. Only I just want to be down there near Prunes."





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"You ain't fixing to start anything?"

"No; I just want you to see for yourself it's Prunes. I promise to be good."

Reluctantly Brooks gave his assent. These two were discreetly garbed in civilian clothes, yet something whispered a warning to the wary turret-captain. "You've promised," he reminded. A moment later they were seated on the straw that was already being strewn thick alongside the ring ropes.

Fifteen minutes, Kearny had said, would pass after the performance began before Prunes would come on. Now it seemed like hours. At last the Japanese jugglers bowed their grotesque little bows and skipped lightly from the ring. The band struck up a waltz. And then Brooks, searching the crowd once more for a sight of blue, felt his arm gripped until the blood almost stopped circulating.

"Look! Here he comes! It's Prunes—see!"

**PRUNES** indeed it was. Not even ten months of cage and ring could change that rolling gait learned from infant days of waddling across a heaving deck. His color, the slim turn of his muzzle were the same. But in other ways it was a different Prunes! A white painted ring now gleamed around each eye; a pair of voluminous trousers was knotted cruelly tight around his trunk. There was a leanness, too, about his body that brought a tearful note to Kearny's voice:

"They're starving him, Brooks; they're starving him! Look how thin he is!"

"Sh-h-hh!" warned Brooks. "Remember, you promised to be good."

The bugler subsided fretfully.

As the comically-dressed figure ambled into the ring it was greeted with an outburst of cheers and shrieks from the children. A short length of chain hung from the shaggy neck and this the dapper little trainer held in his hand. Now he released it and cracked his whip. Rising on his hind legs, Prunes began to waltz heavily to the slow beat of the music. His step was not the frolicsome step of former days; it was lumbering and lifeless. His red tongue did not loll out from a grinning mouth, nor did his eyes sparkle.

"The devils!" exclaimed Kearny, half-sobbing; "they've been whipping him! Look how he watches that whip!"

"Hush!" again ordered Brooks. But in his tone was a sudden grim tightness. "You got to wait, Kearny!"

In the ring the pitiful maneuvers were still going on. The mustached trainer had placed a wooden gun in the brown fore paws.

"Por-rt arms!" he called sharply. "Shoulder-r-r arms! Pot-rt arms! Order arms!"

Again shouts of laughter rose from the audience, handclapping, applause. The trainer bowed and beamed. He turned again to his animal. "Por-rt arms!"

Prunes did not obey. The gun lay loose in his arms. He was still sitting up on his haunches as before, but his eyes had left the whip. They rolled eagerly from side to side. His ears were pricked up intently.

For almost a year Prunes had been waiting for that voice. He had harkened for it through the pounding roar of the wheels on the rails, he had sat up in his cage in the midnight stillness to listen for

it. Again, even though it came so low that the keen-eared trainer heard nothing, the perked-up ears caught it:

"Don't mind him, Prunes! He's only a coal passer!"

The little trainer's face grew angry: "So you're sulky, hey? Just wait! Just wait until I get you outside again!" he hissed. Then with a smile toward the ringside seats, he raised his voice blandly "Por-rt arms!"

Instead of obeying, Prunes let go of the wooden gun altogether. He dropped to his all-fours with a sudden whimper.

Over at the edge of the crowd the little bugler was babbling excitedly to his swearing companion. "See? See—I told you it was Prunes! Now you'll believe it!"

"Yes, you blooming idiot! And the whole tent'll know you're telling me if you don't sit quiet. Hold on! Where're you going? Kearny—Kearny—"

The incensed trainer had suddenly raised his whip. And at sight of it Kearny had forgotten all else. Crawling under the ropes before Brooks could stop him he leaped into the ring. His face was working, his fists were clinched. "You hit him—you just hit him once—and I'll half-kill yer!"

The dapper little trainer stepped back in surprise. "Huh-h-h? Oh, it's you again, is it?" He turned to a nearby attendant—it was his business to grasp situations quickly. "Throw him out, Buck; he's crabbing the act!" Then grabbing at the chain around the bear's neck he snapped his whip. "Up, up! To your cage! Come on, you hell-cat!"

Snarling, whining, Prunes fought against being dragged away from that suddenly materialized savior. But the artful hooks in his collar, tearing old wounds at each jerk of the chain, were irresistible. Whimpering with pain, he loped out of the ring behind the little trainer, who was savagely jerking him away.

With a yell Kearny tore loose from the attendant's grasp and plunged after.

**JUST** outside the performers' entrance a big red-faced man had been watching the incident in the ring with scowling eyes. "Humph! So he's come back, has he? Well, after we finish with him this time I bet he'll never come around this show again!" Rolling up his sleeves, he waited until the trainer and his bear had passed the opening: Then he stepped across the aperture, blocking it with his hulking body and long arms. "Come here to me, you little devil!"

Kearny did not even slow down. The same lightning duck that had freed him from the ring attendant served him equally well again. What the sweeping arm encountered was not the bugler's stocky neck but the brawny chest of Turret-captain Brooks, following close behind. A fist that seemed like a flying nail keg tore out of the night and crashed home on the red-faced man's chin.

The diversion, however, would have allowed the flying trainer to escape had it not been for a bale of hay carelessly dropped in the passage and over which he now plunged headlong. After him plunged Kearny and the tortured, squealing Prunes. Another second, and the three had become one struggling dust-obscured ball from which emanated a confused medley of words and thuds:





## What Oldsmobile brought to General Motors

**T**O DRIVE an automobile from coast to coast—it seemed incredible in 1905!

On May eighth of that year, two curved dash, one-cylinder Oldsmobiles set out from New York to Portland, where a national good roads convention was to be held in connection with the Lewis and Clark Centennial Celebration.

Only a few had faith in the audacious venture. For forty-four days the nation watched, reading the papers with eager interest, expecting news of failure. But each fresh bulletin reported the cars a little further west.

On the forty-fourth day "Old Scout," the first car, arrived in triumph, just one hour and twenty minutes before the opening of the convention. "Old Steady" arrived seven days later.

Transcontinental runs have long since become commonplace; but that first historical journey star-

tled the nation into a new conception of what the motor car was destined to be and to do.

The whole motor industry took on fresh courage, and looked forward with a larger vision.

\* \* \* \* \*

Twenty-six years ago the first automobile factory in Michigan was erected; it was for the manufacture of Oldsmobiles.

Twenty-three years ago the principles of quantity production, on which the motor industry has been built, were worked out in that factory. Fourteen hundred Oldsmobiles were completed and sold that year, an unprecedented record.

The first two-cylinder car was an Oldsmobile.

The first cars to be exported in quantity were Oldsmobiles, carrying the reputation of American craftsmanship to the far corners of the world.

Thus Oldsmobile brought to General Motors the courage of the pioneer. And General Motors, adding its abundant resources of men, money, and engineering talent, has made certain that the achievements of the past will be projected into the future in even larger measure.

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Choose a  
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—Your teeth!**

"Brush the outside surface of your teeth—of course," Dentists say, "but don't stop there! It's those hard-to-reach surfaces **INSIDE** and those crevices **BETWEEN** where decay most often lurks."

To properly cleanse those surfaces use a Dr. West's Tooth Brush. It is small and is shaped to fit your teeth. Bristles are perfectly serrated and firmly set. Note the shape of the handle—there is a scientific reason back of all these features.

But the secret of its popularity, both among Dentists and its hosts of enthusiastic users, is that it really does what most tooth brushes leave undone—cleans **INSIDE** and **BETWEEN** your teeth with the least amount of effort!

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THE WESTERN COMPANY • Chicago • New York

"You will whip Prunes, will you? You will, hey? Then take that! And that! . . . That's right, Prunes! Sit on him! Hold him down! But don't get in my way! . . . And there's another for you, darn you!"

All this the red-faced man, staggering back, heard and saw. Also he saw the keglike fists of Turret-captain Brooks again becoming imminent.

He did not wait, but retreated pusillanimously. And retreating he raised his voice in a hoarse bellow: "Hey, Rube!"

"Hey, Rube!" the rallying cry of the circus lot. Not an unfamiliar cry was it to the roustabouts. "Hey, Rube!"

From cook-house, big top, dismantled side show or menagerie, they trooped to the call. They hastened toward the performers' entrance whence had come the call—and so to a new experience.

For these were neither drunken toughs nor peace-loving farmers they were to meet this time. Close upon that first vociferous, "Hey, Rube!" had come another war-cry, unfamiliar to the roustabouts, but known and respected through all the ports of the Seven Seas. "Hey, Sailor!" It rang out near the performers' entrance. And from everywhere, it seemed, came the answering cry, "Hey, Sailor!"

FROM tent walls, from haystacks, from dark concealments beyond the circle of flaring lights swept the bluejackets. Big-chested, brawny-armed, and riotously eager they swarmed to battle. "Crash, crash!" The thud of heavy fists punctuated the rush of the blue-uniformed hordes.

"Hey, Sailor!" . . . "Hey, Ru—ugh!" . . . "Hey, Sailor!" . . . Take that, you thief! . . . Hey, Sailor!"

The circus strong-man burst from his dressing-tent, primed for murder. Before he could get himself set he was overborne by Big Kerrigan, heavy-weight wrestler of the fleet. Brute strength bowed precipitately before strength combined with science. With his chin twisted almost under one ear and one leg half-dislocated by a punishing toe-hold, the strong man bellowed for mercy.

"Shut up then, and lay still!" ordered Big Kerrigan, emphasizing the command with an extra twist. "One more wiggle or bleat out of you, and I'll jerk the leg plum' off you, darn you!"

There was nothing to it. Outnumbered,

outrushed, and outfought, the roustabouts gave back before that swirling blue wave. What few held out were soon overpowered and flattened against the ground by the weight of half a dozen nautical bodies. From the light-circle near the tent the commanding voice of Turret-captain Brooks called off the battle. "All right fellows, that'll do! They've had enough. They won't bother us again. Let 'em go!"

He was not in error. The circus bouncer had indeed had enough. Swearing but submissive the freed roustabouts slunk away into the night.

FROM the dust cloud near the hay Bugler Kearny rose, panting from his exertions. The figure beneath tried to rise also, but Prunes Alaska, sitting triumphantly on top of it, cuffed it flat again with a single sweep of a powerful paw. Only after repeated command from his newly returned master did he turn a heedful ear.

"That'll do, Prunes; that'll do!" puffed Kearny. "He's had enough, I tell you. Let him up! Let him up!"

Slowly and reluctantly Prunes lifted his bulk from his sprawled-out captive. Without an instant's delay that dust covered and utterly dilapidated trainee scrambled to his feet and scuttled off into the darkness. Prunes gave one last disapproving snort before turning back to youthful friends again.

Kearny's hands were working feverishly at the chain collar. "No more chains—no more cage for you, Prunes!" he was chanting as he worked. "You're a free bear from now on! Do you hear me? A free bear!"

In a few moments the bugler had lost a dozen years. His eyes were bright, his face glowed. As the chains came loose in his hands he hurled them with an oath through the open doorway into the gleaming, glaring ring within.

"And now, Prunes, you're going home! You're going back to the good old boat! Yes, you're back in formation again! Do you hear me? You're back in formation again! Full speed ahead, Prunes! We're going back to the 'Alaska'!"

And Prunes—a new Prunes—one whose eyes twinkled and whose mouth gaped—whose red tongue lolled joyfully out—Prunes obeyed.

## "Children Given Away"

(Continued from page 42)

our duty to place them in as nearly congenial homes as we can find. This child would not suit you—and you would not suit the child."

Outside, Mary lifted Ardath to the seat. Her heart was beating sickeningly.

"Oh, honey, I've done it now!" she whispered tremulously. "I've made the State mad at me! And I've made Marcelia Mae mad at me and the State!" She climbed in, her face set. "God made you a very special product, Ardath, but no Marcelia Maes shall have you so long as I—" She swung the car 'round and flew down the road. "Oh, darling, I'm glad after all! The last applicant for a little girl was Miss Jane Talbot, the richest

woman in Franklin County. She could feed you beauty all your days. I was simply sick when they told me she 'phoned in for a girl child yesterday. And now we're free to go!"

BY MID-AFTERNOON, the day had turned cold and raw; a chill had come in the heart of spring. Mary was driving subconsciously, her mind concerned with the woman where they had eaten their dinner; when they were leaving, Mary had asked, "Do you know Miss Jane Talbot, over in Bramford?"

The woman's kindly face had sobered a trifle: "Yes. I know her."

"What—what sort of a woman is she?"



# "Projected Selling increased our business 25% to 50%" says W. R. MERS, merchant, of Ottawa, Ill.

"We do not wait for the farmer to come to us—we go to him with our merchandise. In this way we anticipate his needs, create new wants, and make sure of trade which he might not obtain otherwise. It is a plan which will increase business for any merchant just as it has increased our business."

Thus is summarized the method of Projected Selling, as advocated by Farm & Fireside, employed by the Ottawa Farm Machinery Company of Ottawa, Illinois. Every day, weather permitting, their "Red Baby" truck may be seen speeding over the country roads, or stopping at a farmer's home, with an interested group around it examining the feed grinder, the cream separator or the particular item of farm equipment which it carries on that day.

"Farmers appreciate service," W. R. Mers and G. C. McKinstrey, of the Ottawa concern, declare. "That is why we adopted Projected Selling. Farmers are glad to see us, to talk over the news from town and to inspect the implements which they have learned about through advertising in Farm & Fireside."



ing four months, twenty were sold in the homes of farmers.

"In many of the more prosperous farm homes, we find that Farm & Fireside, the National Farm Magazine, has already done part of the selling for us. Advertising of the McCormick-Deering line in Farm & Fireside has given the farmer a knowledge of the merchandise which often enables us to close the sale as soon as we show the product."

In all parts of the country, the experiences of this Ottawa company are being duplicated. The International Harvester Company has adopted Projected Selling as an integral part of its sales plan—and thousands of "Red Baby" trucks are scouring the country in the interests of improved farm equipment.

In all parts of the country, also, the compelling force of advertising is furthering Projected Selling. Consistent advertising in Farm & Fireside has acquainted leading farmers in every locality with the merits, the mechanical excellence, the labor-saving and money-saving features, of International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment. When the "Red Baby" calls, the sale is often ready to close.

## *This booklet sent free*

Projected Selling can be applied to many of the articles advertised in Farm & Fireside (see list below). We have prepared an interesting booklet which tells how merchants in various lines have increased farm trade by means of Projected Selling—we will gladly mail you a copy free.

Get the facts about Projected Selling. Many times it represents the difference between success and failure, profit and loss. Just write us on your letterhead, "Send me 'Projected Selling,'" and we will mail it to you without charge or obligation.

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The new  
"CONTROLLED HEAT"



The Old Way

## The woman's side of the heating question

FOR years, heating systems have been designed with no thought of the woman's problems; yet nine-tenths of the day it is the woman who must live with the heat.

In most systems, radiators are equipped with obstinate, back-straining valves that even a man can barely turn. No provision is made for accurately regulating the temperature in different rooms; so that the nursery can be kept warmer than the living room and the bedrooms cooler than the living room—a requirement that every woman knows is vital.

### A heat designed for women

BUT there is a new way of heating which does consider the woman's side of it—Hoffman

"Controlled Heat." On each radiator is a "control" valve. The lightest touch of your finger on this valve gives the exact amount of heat you want where you want it and when you want it. You can have any desired temperature in any room.

### Economy, convenience

MEN will be just as interested in the remarkable economy and simplicity of "Controlled Heat" as women are in its comfort and convenience.

In planning your new home, first investigate Hoffman "Controlled Heat."

If your present heating system is unsatisfactory, ask your Heating Contractor how much it will cost to transform it into "Controlled Heat."

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# HOFFMAN

## CONTROLLED HEAT

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

THE HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.  
Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me the booklet,  
"Controlled Heat."

A reflective moment: "She's got money." Mary smiled wistfully. "Is that her chief characteristic?"

The gentle eyes saddened a bit. "It's her body, her soul—and her God." Then, reflectively, "Jane Talbot and I were girls together. I've always been poor and worked hard, but I've made a home for a big family; Jane has always had money, but she lives alone in a big stone house when she could take care of a dozen and never miss it."

A man was signaling Mary in the middle of the road ahead, and she jammed down her brake. The man seemed excited. He was carrying a gun.

"Say, miss, have you passed a boy on the road? A dark-lookin' kid, with a—"

Mary released her brake. "No. We've only passed a man with a dog. How far is it to Bramford?" She started on, slowly.

"Eight miles," he called after her.

THEY were off again. And now Mary was conscious of a weary, beaten feeling of futility. Every mile onward with her little charge seemed to add to it. The day's touches with life were such as to make the matter of one's own selfish plans go thin and flimsy. Life was so difficult! You just got matters straightened out in your head, when in steps your heart and makes a mess of things.

There came a little open space by the road, a deep recess to a spring. In the damp moss under the trees were great blue violets, and Mary stopped with a jerk and climbed out.

Sitting well in back, out of sight of the road, she watched the ecstatic little hands among the violets. Suddenly, a great thrill of apprehensive compassion rushed through her. She held out her arms.

"Ardath, come here!" She held the child by her side and looked wistfully into the deep, calm eyes. "Did you understand what the lady said, back there, where we got our dinner?"

The grave eyes clouded in their depths. "She said that the woman ahead was mean," stoically. "And she said God had lots of little boys and girls to give away." There came a soft pause. "But—but—I guess she didn't know that, unless they're dollies, nobody wants 'em."

For a moment Mary's eyes, hot and wet, were pressed tight to the front of the brown wool dress. She knew what Ardath meant. Selection was always for the "dollies," in the Home. Then fervently, "Oh, darling, you are a marvel-child! A wonderful little soldier of courage!"

Mary took her in her arms. "Oh, honey, don't you think nobody wants you! I've wanted you! I, myself, started out in a Home, dearie, and I've wanted you since the first minute I saw you. But I, myself, have never had a real home. I haven't now."

She rose, startled. Another car had shattered the calm stillness and roared to a stop out in the road behind her own. A man came crashing up through the brush. He touched his cap hurriedly.

"Have you seen anything of a boy around here, or on the road, miss?"

Mary shook her head. "No. I have already been asked that. Whose boy is it? Why are you hunting for him?"

"He's run away from his home over in Bramford. He like-ta killed a man that I guess was—correctin' him a bit; and he



stole a roll o' money and took to the woods. We trailed him into Oxford County; last night he was seen back here."

The "child specialist" in Mary roused. "How old is he?"

"About twelve or thirteen."

"Has he been naturally bad?"

"Why, no." The man was mopping his neck with a handkerchief. "He was always *queer*—kind of. They think he's gone crazy." The man floundered away.

Mary faced about. Ardath was standing rigid as a little statue, watching the man depart, with great fixed eyes in which burned some strange, tense emotion. Then, as the car vanished, the child's face turned swiftly to an ancient log, half buried in the underbrush, and "pointed" it immovably, like a dog.

Mary followed with her own eyes. Something affected her heart disturbingly. She seemed looking on at inner workings. Just above the bark of the log showed a little fragment of cloth, not old and mildewed, but with the "feel" of life about it.

ALL was still. Mary moved over and parted the growth. She had a swift impression of wild upturned eyes, as the boy rolled over, struggling up and away. "Wait, boy!" It was firm enough to distract, gentle enough to bewilder. "I'm not going to hurt you."

He shot a glance about, took in the solitary girl and the little child, and relaxed, trembling visibly. Along with the wild misery of his eyes were the grim signs of hunger and exhaustion.

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Not since yesterday. Only spring water." His leg muscles, as he stood, were quivering shakily.

"Wait." Mary went to the car, and came back with a package of crackers and some cookies.

The boy had slipped well in back among the heavier growth, and was waiting for her with glittering, famished eyes. He seized the cookies, simply crushed them in his hand and crammed them into his mouth. Ardath appeared at his side with her little cup filled with water.

Mary waited. Then, "Tell me about it," she said gently.

The boy seemed to come suddenly out from his animal-like abstraction over the food. He stared confusedly, and suddenly sobbed.

"They wouldn't let me play. And they broke the neck off Pap's fiddle. And—and—it was all I had." He swallowed frantically a moment. "I was goin' back and try and git the body of it. I can have it fixed."

"Who do you mean by 'they'?"

"Old Nate and the 'Dreadnaught,' the people I lived with. It was *her* place." Bitter anger seemed giving him self-control. "Nate hated her; but he hated me worse because he knew she hoped I could run the whole place pretty soon; and that would throw him out. And I *did* work." The boy's voice rose to despairing insistence. "I've pumped water for the tank till I was dizzy, and I've sawed wood till—till my nose bled. And—and Nate set 'round and laughed—and laughed—and said it was good for me!" He choked utterly a moment. "Evenin's I tried to keep on my playin'. Last Sunday I took some silk thread to make an E string! And—and—she got him to take my fiddle



## A ruined floor reduced their coal bills

FOR three winters, the air valves on their steam radiators had hissed and sputtered and the pipes had thumped and banged. But they didn't connect those slight annoyances with the fact that their coal bills were unusually high.

Finally, one of those radiator valves did more than hiss, it leaked hot water, and ruined the floor. And then they decided to try Hoffman Valves.

Not only did their radiators become whole-hot and silent; but they found that they were actually getting *more* heat from *less* coal.

They discovered that—

**Hoffman Valves**  
**reduce coal bills**

PRACTICALLY all of the trouble and inefficiency in a steam heat-

ing system can be traced to poor air valves on the radiators. When those valves fail to do their work properly, the result is poor heat and wasted fuel.

**Don't waste**  
**precious coal**

If your coal bills are high don't wait until the valves sputter and hiss or the pipes bang; but *immediately* replace the inefficient radiator air-valves with No. 1 Hoffman Valves, "Watchmen of the Coal Pile."

Then you'll get maximum heat with minimum fuel consumption, and in *addition* silent, never-leaking radiators.

Hoffman Valves are guaranteed in writing to give you five full years of satisfactory service.

Phone your Heating Contractor today!

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Main Office and Factory, Waterbury, Conn.

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NEW YORK LOS ANGELES CHICAGO BOSTON

# HOFFMAN

## VALVES

*more heat from less coal*

MAIL THIS COUPON TO

THE HOFFMAN SPECIALTY CO., INC.  
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and break it! I—I—went for him with my jackknife and—and—I hope I killed him! And now—now—"the youthful face was tragically bitter—"now I'm a thief, and I'm glad of it!"

Dead silence.

"Can you play much?" It was distraction of infinite wisdom.

All the bitterness melted away. "I got so I could play 'Trawmy-rye and Goonod's Avie Maria pretty good. Pop taught me to bow a fiddle when I was a kid. When he died, I could play for dances. Then Mom and me puzzled out the notes. I heard them two pieces on the phonograph."

"How did you come at Nate's place?"

"The selectmen gimme away." Something thumped hard in Mary's breast. "Mom died when I was twelve." The voice was tranquil now, the saddened reflection of a little, lonely boy. "She'd fought against givin' me away longer'n she had a license to, I guess. She said takin' a little young-one of one set o' parents and givin' him away to another set was like givin' a lamb to be brought up by a catamount, or graftin' a honeysuckle onto a brier. She said she knew it had to be done, but givin' young-ones away was God's business." The boy stood up. "Thanks, missus, for the cookies an' all. I got to go."

"Wait!" Mary was thinking furiously. "Where are you going?"

A deathless light of freedom leaped to his eyes. "Oh, far—far! I'm goin' to see the ocean! I'm goin' to cities and big places—where I can hear folks as knows *how* to play!"

**T**HEN—it struck Mary with breathless inspiration—how she could get him back. "I'll give you a lift along the main road eight or ten miles. You can lie in back, down under the robe."

A half-mile along, the road branched off into the Bramford road. She felt the boy would be watchful for duplicity, so she sailed right along by. Five miles farther along there was another road to Bramford. She would take that.

Mary was trembling all the way. Her mind was seething. "Giving young-ones away was God's business." Long ago she had realized it. It was one of civilization's terribly slippery places.

The cross-road came. She made it with as gradual a sweep as possible. All was well in back but when Bramford showed below them to the left, a little hand crept appealingly out to her arm. Somehow, Ardath knew! Mary steeled herself. Right was right, and law was law! In Bramford perhaps she would intercede for the boy. Now something new struck her—something strange: "Water for the tank," and "Silk for an E string." What sort of people in Bramford would be having a house equipped with gravity water, and with silk for sewing. Suddenly a great upsetting question dislodged all else. They were sliding rapidly down a long grade, but Mary turned her head a little to call sharply down behind her. "Boy! What was the 'Dreadnaught's' name?"

A stir, and muffled came the answer: "Miss Jane Talbot!"

Mary's heart leaped. At the same time her eyes met the road. Gravel! New-piled!

There was one blinding clairvoyant instant. The front wheels jammed. The universe flashed upside down. Blackness!



When Mary's eyes came open, she felt on her face the soft methodic patting of a little hand. And to one side a frightened monotonous mourning. Ardath was safe—but the boy? She turned to him. "Are you hurt?"

"No. But—Why'd you bring me back?"

Mary tried to rise, but the top was pinning her down. She sank back. "I was wrong, boy. I know it now. You're free to go!"

But he was calm now, a white, resigned calmness. "I can't leave you. The Talbot place is on about a half a mile, I'll go—"

Mary's feelings were killing her. "Listen, boy! Go! Go, quickly! And get away!" she gasped. "You're not bad. And I'm as justified as they are." His eyes were flaring wide. "I'm not hurt. It's just the top. And Ardath here—" hot tears blinded her—"Ardath will find someone for me."

The boy couldn't speak, but life leaped anew in the thin, ravaged face. Then: "I'm—I'm goin'! But—but—" he choked painfully—"Mom'd hate me bein' a thief!" He was fumbling in his shirt. "Here! I took it to pay for Pop's fiddle. Give it back!" He pressed a pitiful little wad of money into her hand, and was gone.

The girl on the ground sensed the growing early darkness:

"Quick, Ardath. Go on ahead until you find a house, and bring someone back. You're not afraid, even though there's woods, are you, dear?"

The brave, undaunted spirit of Dave Ritter looked into her eyes from the eyes of the child. "No. Ardath will find 'em." The little legs took up a pattering course, bravely, into the kingdom of the dark.

AND now strange things were happening in the mind-workings of the girl on the ground. She seemed held in a great dead silence, seeing, with startling clearness, her own part in things. There was but one thing to do. She, herself, would be a deputy mother; the spirit of eternal motherhood thrilling through the tense stillness within her seemed urging her on. It was taking a big chance with her own future life, but perhaps, after all, it was God's business, and— She felt herself sinking into a soft oblivion, but she knew she would not forget.

What seemed like ages after, there came a sudden sense of great lightness, and swiftly she was raised up. She knew everything—perfectly. But she rested one gentle languorous moment against a man's coarse coat. Then she disengaged herself, a bit wobbly, and looked around.

"I'm all right now," Mary smiled bravely. "How about the car?"

"Never hurt a mite. Top's smashed a little."

As Mary hobbled to it and sat down on the running board, out of the dusk came a little, panting, elfin creature, and Mary opened her arms. A close moment, and she stared rapt and dry-eyed over the child's shoulder into things across the border.

A man was speaking: "That's a wonder of a young-one, missus. If it hadn't 'uv been for her—" He shook his head, forebodingly. "Where was you goin'?"

"To a Miss Talbot's." Mary thanked them gratefully, got aboard and—turned the car.

A man stepped forward hurriedly.



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dustry have done what families have done—they have spread to many places and made connections in still other places.

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"You're goin' in the wrong direction. The Talbot place is farther on."

"I'm not going there, now, thank you. I'm taking a short cut back to the capital!"

The car, with its shattered top, gained headway and dashed at the falling darkness with lamps that glowed defiantly.

It was ten o'clock when a slue-sided little car with a battered top, ran in around the great circle up to the statehouse steps. In the big silent vestibule, Mary Cartwright spoke to the watchman.

"I'm going up to get some things, Amos. I'll be down soon."

IN THE board's office, she had taken out a little collection of belongings from her desk and piled them in a heap; it killed her to think of taking them away in office hours before the interested eyes of the others. Then she got out her record book. Suddenly she dropped down before it and buried her face in its open pages.

And then the door opened rather hastily to admit the young insurance commissioner. He stared a startled moment at the muddy, rather disheveled figure, then gathered it into his arms, almost fiercely.

"I saw your battered car down below. It . . . it scared me . . . pretty bad."

She was crying rather gustily, was Mary, and the tighter his arms pressed, the harder Mary cried. In a lull he said, "Now tell me."

"I'm through, Peter. I've—I've made an awful mess of my first commission. The chairman of the Board always said I had too much sentiment for the job. I've—I've brought her back!"

A moment, then the man was saying grievously. "Oh, Mary, dear little kid, why don't you give up all this? A career isn't your real sphere. It's a home. Can't you see it?"

She was crying again, brokenly: "Yes. I know it. I know now I've been starved all along for—something different. But—it's too late!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, don't you see? . . . I've brought her back to be mine! She's in my bed at the boarding-house now!" The sobs stopped. "This child is one of God's specials. It would be a crime to give her to someone who would never see the wonder of her, or to someone without a brain to their back. But I can bring her up; I can develop her. Under the car, when she was bringing help, I promised myself I'd be her deputy mother, and—" she faltered, miserably. "Oh, who wants to marry anyone with an already child?"

Now, she was being slowly hugged into incoherence. "I'll show you," said Peter gravely, and began picking up her things.

There was a long, tense moment. Mary was staring at him exultantly, unbelievably. Then she began, a bit wildly. "Oh, Peter dear, the mother of the little fiddler I saved from the 'Dreadnaught' said giving young ones away was God's business, and now I know it's so, but—"

He glanced at her sharply. Then he put her tenderly in a chair and soothed her, concernedly. "There, there, dear! You're all unstrung. Just a minute."

Mary was laughing, tearfully, happily. "I'm not crazy, Peter dear, except with joy. And wait!" She stopped his operations. "Leave the things, Peter. I can come and get them to-morrow . . . when the others are here."



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## Ideas Are Worthless Unless You Put Them Over

(Continued from page 39)

bridge difficult places. It could be thrown across streams where the current was very rapid, or the water deep or treacherous, or where the bed was of quicksand. It was also useful for spanning ravines where no understructures could possibly be erected. Nevertheless, the design was so unusual that it encountered all the opposition of a wholly new idea.

"It's fantastic!" I was told by one friend. "Utterly impractical!" said another.

"One of the most vigorous objectors to the design was so sure he was right that, even after the first bridge of this type had been constructed and was in operation, he used to make annual trips to see it. He brought along a hammer and went around tapping the concrete in various places. He was sure that kind of a bridge ought not to stay up!

"But it did. High-speed electric trains have been operated over it for sixteen years. It is as good now as when it was built.

"In order to get my design for that first concrete bridge accepted, I had to build it! People often value an idea according to how far the author of it is willing to go to prove it. I was not a contractor, but an engineer. But the railroad people said:

"If you really think it's a good kind of bridge, you ought to be willing to build it."

"I TOOK the contract; but I sublet it. The sub-contractor got into financial difficulties. He got the bridge under way and did his best, but merely accumulated a series of debts, then failed!

"I had to go in myself and finish what he had begun. It was no easy job. I had very little money. I had no crews to build any kind of bridges. And this bridge was a totally new kind, which nobody had ever learned how to put up.

"But there were even greater difficulties than that. My predecessor had left not only debts, but also an accumulation of ill will in the neighborhood.

"The farmers had furnished gravel and sand and teams for hauling, and they wanted their money the worst way. They did not intend to let us go ahead with the bridge until they got it. When my men went out to start work, the farmers wouldn't even let them near the site of the bridge.

"I went in person to see what could be done. I found promptly enough that the farmers cared a lot less for the sound of my voice than they did for the color of real money. I had to settle part of the old debts—I managed to scrape together enough for that; and I promised to see that they got the balance in the course of time. Then they let us go ahead.

"Finally I finished this bridge and two others safely, and demonstrated that my ideas of bridge construction were practicable. But at the end of my second year in business I had managed to lose thirty thousand dollars! It was costly, but it paid,

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in the end; for I demonstrated something besides the bridge, and that was that I could be depended on to finish what I started.

"At that critical period I decided to abandon divided effort and concentrate on the huddle and the building up of my business. For ten years straight I kept that course. Then I again entered the field of experiment, and among my adventures none was more interesting than the reinforced concrete freight car.

"Developed long before the war, but too far in advance of the times then, it lay dormant. There is always a best time to put an idea across. The steel shortage during the war provided that best time. Accordingly I undertook to construct the first car, a one-hundred-thousand-pound gondola.

"This car was built under great handicaps. The right kind of materials could not be obtained on account of war conditions, therefore we had to use scrap materials. The shop was a dark, cramped, and unheated shed; it was the best place we could get and we had to use it, even though freezing weather was at hand. Labor was scarce.

"Nevertheless, the car was somehow completed. Hardly anybody believed, however, that it would stand the shock of use.

"Bring along a nice large basket to pick up the chips!" I was advised.

"The car, loaded with fifty tons of sand, was sent at ten miles an hour against a string of wooden freight cars. The first blow quieted the doubters. The concrete car was uninjured; the others were considerably the worse off as a result of the impact!

"THE subsequent tests to which this car was subjected are interesting. They show in a way what you have to plan for, the kind of opposition you must expect to meet, in putting over any new idea. The car, built under the difficulties I have mentioned, was not as perfect as we could have desired. But it went safely and with but slight damage through the following:

"A collision test, in which it was run at twenty miles an hour against a string of loaded combination wood and steel cars; an impact test, in which a forty-four-hundred-pound clam shell bucket was dropped eighteen to twenty feet into the car many times; an end wall test, when the car was stopped suddenly while loaded with steel rails, so that the rails slid violently forward; a billet and rail loading test, the loads being dropped into the car from various heights; a clam shell unloading test; a car unloader test—the car was passed through with a full load, then turned over on its side to unload; this was repeated three times; a distortion test—the car was jacked up at one end twelve inches.

"In addition to all this, it went through a severe ninety-day service test, in which the normal usage of a full year was approximated. The car was then placed in service and purposely abused. All this was, of course, much harder than normal conditions; but if an idea is really a good one, it must stand up under the worst conditions it may encounter.

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for Boys and Girls

to exceptional abuse, and defects naturally to be expected in pioneer work, it has suffered very little, and will continue in service indefinitely. I have now arranged with the Illinois Central Railroad to put three more of these cars in experimental use, built on plans incorporating the results of experience gained in the demonstration car. The concrete car holds promise because of its lesser first cost, greater permanence, and reduced upkeep."

After having built some of the largest movable bridges in the world, Mr. Strauss now proposes to build on a completely new design the largest bridge of any kind in the world—longer by seven hundred and fifty feet than any bridge yet even proposed. He proposes to span the Golden Gate!

This is not a vague dream, or mere speculation. The mammoth bridge has been designed. I have seen the plans. These are some of the facts about it:

The distance from bank to bank at the site of this proposed bridge is 6,700 feet. The plans call for piers 1,345 feet from either shore, supporting a main center span 4,000 feet long.

There is nothing like that anywhere in the world to-day. The longest bridge now in existence is the Quebec Bridge, with a clear span of 1,800 feet. The proposed Hudson River Bridge in New York would have a clear span of 3,250 feet.

The two main piers of this great new bridge will rise two hundred feet above the water line, and on top of them will be superimposed steel towers that will bring the total height of the piers, from water line to top, up to 1,010 feet—or ten feet taller than the highest structure previously erected by man, the Eiffel Tower, in Paris.

The bridge provides for two lines of trolley cars, two lines of automobiles in each direction, and two seven-foot sidewalks. It is a combination of the cantilever and suspension principles. When finished, it will surpass any steel structure thus far erected.

**R**ELECT that this bridge was designed by a man who went into bridge engineering thinking that everything was already known about it!

"Don't be afraid," he says, "to dream!" And he adds:

"(1) Be sure that the idea itself is right; examine the objections without prejudice, and demonstrate it to yourself.

"(2) Subject it to the conditions of use; learn all the arguments and weaknesses that impair its value, and be sure it stands up under the test.

"(3) Remember that there is a right time for putting the idea over; don't be too early or too late.

"(4) Be sure the idea stands up under the *prout* test; that it will save time or money, or earn, or do something so much better that it will warrant junking some equipment that may already be in existence for doing the same thing in another way.

"(5) When you come to demonstrate your idea, be sure that you are prepared to show its merits completely and conclusively; don't expect others to accept the idea as soon as you half-explain it.

"(6) Above all, if you are certain that the idea is sound, let *nothing* discourage you; go ahead with it in spite of all that people say. You know. They guess."



**Are You and Your  
Boy Chums?**

When he was a little toddler you gave him all the time he demanded. You would have been appalled at the idea of turning him over to a stranger to care for.

Now you are seeing less of him than you used to. School, play, boy chums, street acquaintances you know little of, absorb his time. Now, as he approaches the turning point between boyhood and manhood, he needs you as never before. Either you or others are going to put in his way the things he will think about, dream about, and turn into deeds.

To-day you can be the best chum in the world to your boy. Not by always being with him, but by giving him clean-hearted associates, substantial ideas and noble ideals to guide and govern his growing impulses. Give that son of yours

**THE  
AMERICAN BOY**

"The Biggest, Brightest, Best Magazine  
for Boys in All the World"

It will bring him in touch and into harmony with the real important things in life through the medium of intensely interesting stories of adventure; adventures in business; adventures in manufacture; adventures in railroading; the sea; history; science; machinery; travel; law; through fact stories, written by the foremost authors of the day in a way that gets under a boy's skin.

It will breed in him a love of honor, fair play, courage, persistence, an appreciation of service to others, sacrifice of the immediate desire for the better thing to come.

Great responsibilities await your boy. More and more he is going to be called upon to make decisions and act when you are not by to counsel. Will emergencies find him prepared, puzzled or paralyzed? Let THE AMERICAN BOY be his chum for the next few years, and he will absorb from its stories and articles that understanding which will help him to think, speak and act with well-balanced judgment.

A year's subscription to THE AMERICAN BOY costs only \$2.00. You will never spend \$2.00 in a better cause than the future of your son. Single copies at news-stands are 20c. Subscribe for a year or leave a standing order at your news-dealer's.

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# SIMMONS CHAINS

The swivel says it's a Simmons



## "Do It Better—and Do It in Your Own Way"

(Continued from page 45)

have never seen men work together for any considerable length of time where their interests were solely financial. It is not possible to buy loyalty. The man who thinks that he can get anywhere by offering his services to the highest bidder is as mistaken in his conception as the man who makes the bid. It is not right to pay less than the average market rate for ability. Neither is it right to pay more, unless for ability above the market average.

"We have never had any serious dispute of any kind with our workmen, nor ever the suggestion of a strike. Since I started, back in that grocery store in 1886, I have never had a wage dispute with any man. During the war boom, when wages and salaries beyond all reason were being offered—wages and salaries far higher than we could legitimately pay—none of our executives and none of the workers who had been with us over two years left.

"There is no secret about it all. It came about through the application of the same ideas my father had. Though he had no head for business he is the one from whom I have learned the most. He did not care whether two plus two made three, four, or six. But he did know how to get along with people. He was honest, fair, and always tried to put himself in the other man's position and to discuss every fact with absolute frankness. That sort of attitude will win out in any kind of situation.

"IT WAS easy enough to carry these ideas through in the first little company. There we gathered the nucleus of the present force, the force that has done most of the work and is responsible for most of the success. W. T. Simpson, who is now the first vice president, came from a mill which had been sold to the United States Steel Corporation. He had rolling-mill experience and he became the first general superintendent. Twenty-odd years ago, it must be remembered, rolling-mill practice was exceedingly rough. The workers were simply hired and fired. The nucleus of officers and workers that we brought from Cincinnati put the spirit of self-respect into the larger force that the new company employed. They grew from three hundred and fifty to six hundred men. Then we built a new plant, and overnight jumped from six hundred to fifteen hundred men. It took three or four years to convince the new workers that we were square.

"A good deal of that convincing was done by Charles R. Hook, now our vice president and general manager. He had been an office boy in a Cincinnati rolling mill. When the Tinplate Trust took over that mill he was made a clerk in the Chicago office. Then he insisted on going out and getting rolling-mill experience in Indiana. He worked nights and Sundays, and gained experience. When he came to us as

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The Parents Association  
Dept. 93, Pleasant Hill, Ohio



night superintendent in the sheet mills he was only about twenty-five, and might have passed for seventeen. The first night he entered the mill the men sang out:

"Where did the kid come from?"

"But 'the kid' knew his job. The workers found that there was nothing in the place that he did not know how to do better than they did; and they found he was on the level in everything he did. It was only a matter of weeks before he had their absolute confidence. And so it has gone on.

"For nearly eight years we earned, but did not pay, dividends. We put all the money back into the business. Just as quickly as the opportunity offered, we extended. We bought a works at Zanesville and doubled our production overnight. We took over blast furnaces at Columbus. We built an entirely new plant in Middletown. Our workers reached the peak number of fifty-eight hundred.

"In twenty years we grew seventeen hundred and fifty per cent! And this has been done largely by keeping three principles in mind. They are general principles, applicable to anybody and anything. They are: (1) Get men who will make the business *their* business and who will work with each other; acquire specialties in men. (2) Make products that no one else makes; and make them economically. (3) Borrow money when the circumstances justify it!

A GREAT deal might be said on the last of these points.

"We all know the kind of man who says, proudly: 'I never borrowed a penny in my life. I pay cash for everything. I do not ask for credit. It's a principle with me.' That man has a great deal to learn.

"I had a young man in my office the other day who had been brought up in the belief that it was always wrong to borrow money. I have known him since he was knee high. He had come to consult me on a chance to buy out a small business for about five thousand dollars. He felt pretty certain that he could borrow the money, but he thought that it was wrong to start off with a load of debt—that the pay-as-you-go policy was the only policy. And he had just about decided to pass up the chance.

"I have never borrowed any money," he said. "I am afraid of debt."

"This is as good a time as any," I answered, "to stop being afraid of fear. Nearly every man starts in business on his own account with at least partly borrowed money; for hardly ever has a man accumulated enough money by the time he is twenty-five to start in anything worthwhile solely on his own resources. If he feels that he ought to be in business for himself, then the only thing to do is to find the money to get started with. And it is dollars to doughnuts that this money will have to be borrowed from an individual. A bank can scarcely take the risk.

"You can borrow the money if you have established your character. You can't borrow it if you haven't. And it does not make much difference whether your proposition is good or bad. The man will lend to *you*, not to the business, and it is up to you to repay if you fail in business.

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Those who know the Leonard recognize its supremacy as a preserver of food, a guardian of health and an aid to thrift. The Leonard's safe storage of foods permits leftovers being used to the last atom. Waste is eliminated, money saved, extra work avoided.

It's economy to buy a refrigerator one size larger than you think you need. This assures uncrowded space for dishes left over or prepared ahead.

The Leonard has ten walls of insulation, one-piece food chamber, porcelain-lined. Furnished with water cooler and rear icing doors when desired. One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard. See the nearest Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

Send for actual sample of porcelain, and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" will be mailed, too.

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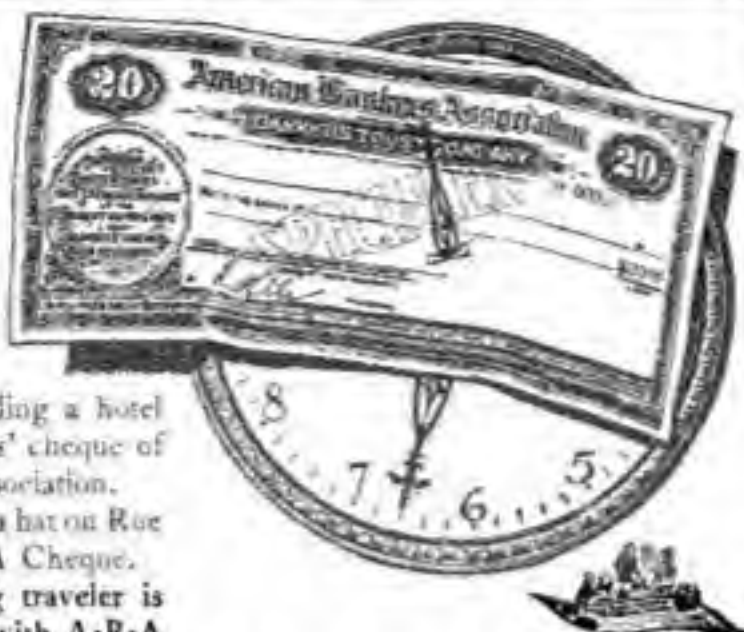
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Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids, the fine furniture center of the world.



## At This Minute

- a traveler in Japan is settling a hotel bill with an official travelers' cheque of the American Bankers Association.
  - a woman in Paris is buying a hat on Rue de la Paix with an A-B-A Cheque.
  - here at home a returning traveler is paying a customs official with A-B-A Cheques,—the *only* travel cheques accepted by the United States Government in payment of duties.
  - at a roadside garage in California a motorist is using an A-B-A Cheque to buy gasoline.
  - on an Atlantic liner a passenger is paying the purser with A-B-A Cheques.
- At this minute, in all parts of the world, A-B-A Cheques are smoothing the financial pathway for many thousands of travelers.



### A-B-A American Bankers Association Cheques —“TRAVEL MONEY”

*are handsome as bank-notes, safer than money, more convenient than letters of credit; they identify you the wide world over. Sold in compact wallets in denominations of \$10, \$20, \$50, and \$100. Ask for A-B-A Cheques at your bank.*

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## Deaf Can Hear Says Science

### New Invention Aids Thousands

Here's good news for all who suffer from deafness. The Dictograph Products Corporation announces the perfection of a remarkable device which has enabled thousands of deaf persons to hear as well as ever. The makers of this wonderful device say it is too much to expect you to believe this, so they are going to give you a chance to try it at home. They offer to send it by prepaid parcel post on a ten-day free trial. They do not send it C. O. D.—they require no deposit—there is no obligation.

They send it entirely at their own expense and risk. They are making this extraordinary offer well knowing that the magic of this little instrument will so amaze and delight the user that the chances of its being returned are very slight. Thousands have already accepted this offer and report most gratifying results. There's no longer any need that you should endure the mental and physical strain which comes from a constant effort to hear. Now you can mingle with your friends without that feeling of sensitiveness from which all deaf persons suffer. Now you can take your place in the social and business world to which your talents entitle you and from which your affliction has, in a measure, excluded you. Just send your name and address to The Dictograph Products Corporation, 1764 Chamber Building, New York, for descriptive literature and request form.

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Agents or dealers wanted in all parts of the country. Every auto owner should have one. They pay for themselves in a few nights of use, saving expensive hotel bills.

"Find out, as nearly as you can, just how much you will need; then get that amount. If you cannot get the full amount, then change your plans or give up that particular scheme. For if you try to get on with too little money you will fail. Do not try to borrow more than you need—it is hardly likely that you will get it anyway—but it will only hurt the confidence in you to try for it. But do not start with less than you need."

"I believe I would be the last person in the world to advocate indiscriminate borrowing. More men are ruined by borrowing money than succeed by obtaining it. But the plain fact is that the only way to get started in anything is to get money. The man who usually makes the largest success is the one who has to borrow money to start."

"Never misrepresent your circumstances in asking for a loan. For instance, if money is needed for a certain personal object, and there is no reasonable likelihood of it being repaid for, say, two years, then the loan should not be asked for a period of two months. Yet the average personal borrower will ask for the money for only two months—having often persuaded himself, against the facts, that he can pay within that time. Then, when the due date arrives and he cannot pay, instead of making a clean breast of the facts he tries to borrow from another man to repay the first one. And so he gets a bad reputation, which could have been avoided by a sensible statement of the facts at the beginning."

"One must clearly distinguish borrowing for personal needs from borrowing to get started in business, or to extend a business."

"THERE are two kinds of legitimate borrowing: one for capital purposes, and the other to provide money to finance operations. The first kind of borrowing can be repaid only out of profits over the years, and therefore has to be borrowed for a long term. The second kind of borrowing has to be self-liquidating; that is, the operation for which the money is borrowed must be such that it will turn over a sufficient quantity of money to repay the loan. If you attempt to borrow on short term for business extension then you are sure to get into trouble, for the business cannot possibly earn the necessary amount of money; or if it does earn it, the amount of money cannot be taken out of the business in so quick a time. The money has to be taken out gradually. In the self-liquidating kind of obligation no money at all is taken out of the business. It is simply that an operation is financed. If the man keeps these facts clearly in mind, and tries to look at every loan from the standpoint of the lender, he will have no trouble as a result of borrowing money. Honesty is of course a prerequisite, but honesty alone is not enough. One must also have common sense."

"THE First Woman to Sit on a Supreme Court Bench" is the title of an interview next month with Florence E. Allen, the most famous woman judge in the world. You will be fascinated by the story of her unique career and her experiences with witnesses, lawyers, and juries.



## He Makes Homes Grow in Waste Places

(Continued from page 51)

two hours. It was a typical tag-end section, with rock quarries and waste places. The ravines served as rubbish dumps. Among my neighbors were dairy barns, truck gardens, slaughter pens, a cider mill, and any number of ramshackle buildings.

"In spite of the unlikely surroundings, I believed that the district was in the line of the city's growth and had a future. I was just married, and my wife was a college graduate. But we built ourselves a little house on the property and I knuckled down to selling lots. I had to carry our drinking water from a spring across a ravine. We kept a cow and I milked her. Mrs. Nichols did her own work.

"Meantime, I laid a board sidewalk, driving every nail myself. I took a hand, in the morning, with a grading crew which, after careful thought, I hired for a special piece of work. I considered a good while before I hired that grading crew, because it involved an expenditure of one hundred and twenty-five dollars, and every one of the dollars came hard.

"Afternoons, as a rule, I got into a buggy and drove to the end of a street car line, a full mile away, to bring prospective buyers to the subdivision and try to sell them.

"MY EXPERIENCES with this property started me on the line of development that came later. But I sold the lots in this first subdivision without improvements of any kind; when the buyers began to build houses, they had to have the ordinary city conveniences; and these were brought in piecemeal and at a high cost to owners.

"Furthermore, some of the original undesirable neighbors did not move away, as I had hoped they would, when home owners began to come in. For instance, on a five-acre plot adjoining my property lived a scavenger with his family. He kept a pig lot, and brought garbage to feed his pigs. He also brought dead cats and dogs, and burned their bodies.

"This was a great nuisance. Finally, in order to get rid of it, I bought his five acres, cleaned it up, and sold it along with the original ten acres. But another neighbor, a brickyard, I could not get rid of.

"As time went on, I began to see that the people who had bought from me had not bought profitably. When they tried to resell, they could not get as much as they had paid. This worried me, for I knew that a permanent business could be built only on the basis of the buyer profiting as well as the seller.

"I wanted people who bought homes and home sites from me to find their purchases a profitable investment. On this first tract I went so far in some cases as to buy back certain lots myself, to save the owners from loss; and I built some houses in order to try to improve the character of the residences. But it was too late, after the property had been sold, to control the situation. Too many factors making for the depreciation of values were

## The POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY



(SCENE: After dinner at the Club; Banker Allwyn is chatting with Goodsell, a real estate broker, formerly a life-insurance man, and the question of insurance protection comes up.)

Allwyn: "After all, Brother Goodsell, I want to tell you something which is a sure boost for the business you used to be in, and that is when a man asks me for credit, I always ask him how much life insurance he carries."

Goodsell: "And I reckon you also ask him what companies he's in."

Allwyn: "Oh, the companies; like the churches, are all good; they have to be, don't they?"

Goodsell: "Sure thing. State supervision looks out for that."

Allwyn: "Of course, the oldest companies are mentioned most frequently, but the comparatively younger ones also bob up pretty often, and particularly the Postal Life."

Goodsell: "Why, the Postal's not so very young. I remember because I used to fight it 15 years ago."

Allwyn: "'Twas sound from the start, wasn't it?"

Goodsell: "Yes, 'twas always sound, but it was—well—well, we said it was an experiment."

Allwyn: "Why?"

Goodsell: "Oh, because it got business direct, personally at the home office or by mail, and didn't send out agents or have branch offices."

Allwyn: "Well, even so, the Company seems to have made good all right."

Goodsell: "Sure thing; it has policyholders in every State, and in Canada, too, and has its own building on Fifth Avenue and 43d Street. I believe there is no company better known in our country."

Allwyn: "What do you consider the strong points that helped the Postal win out?"

Goodsell: "Well, low cost, dealing direct with the public, and the privilege of paying premiums monthly if one so desires; then there's a 9½% annual dividend guaranteed in the policy, and there's a free medical examination through the Company's Health Bureau which helps keep its policyholders 'fit.'"

Allwyn: "That's pretty good, isn't it?"

Goodsell: "Sure thing; and I want to tell you that just as soon as I can afford to take out another policy, it's going to be in the Postal."

Allwyn: "That seems to me to be good horse-sense, for it's based on safety, saving and service. Why, the Postal Life is growing just like a bank; its policyholders are its depositors; agents do not bring them in. And now I want to put you wise to something else; I've carried a Postal Life policy for ten years or so myself, but didn't tell you about it, for I just wanted to 'feel you out'."

Goodsell: "Well, the reaction, as they call it, was O. K., wasn't it?"

Allwyn: "It certainly was, and it's kind of pleasant to feel that each of us has a highly-prized mutual friend in the Postal. Isn't that so?"

Goodsell: "You've said it, and unless I miss my guess, we'd both prize the Postal Life more as time goes on, and there are over 25,000 other policyholders who feel the same way."

Allwyn: "Now you've said it. Have a fresh cigar."

The foregoing business chat is typical of many others that must be taking place, since similar sentiments are reflected in letters that come to the Company from far and near, in praise of its method and in appreciation of its treatment. It is indeed the Company of

### Safety, Saving, Service

To find out what you can save and to enjoy Postal service, simply send in the Coupon or write and say:

"Mail me official insurance information as mentioned in the March American Magazine."

In your first letter be sure to give

1. Your full name
2. Your occupation
3. The exact date of your birth

No agent will be sent to visit you. The Postal, as stated, has no agents and the resultant commission savings go to you, because you deal direct.

**Postal Life Insurance Company**

WM. R. MALONE, President

511 Fifth Ave. (Cor. 43rd St.) New York, N. Y.



Am. 3-23

**Postal Life Insurance Company**  
511 Fifth Ave., New York

Without obligating me, please send full insurance particulars for my age.

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Occupation \_\_\_\_\_

Exact date of birth \_\_\_\_\_





## Brush Teeth in This Correct Way

Made to meet the requirements of modern dental authorities

This is the type of brush adopted by modern dental authorities. It is made to their specifications.

It is one of the most important factors in proper tooth protection. Dentists the world over now advise it.

A tooth brush, to meet modern requirements, must do more than remove food debris.

It must attack film-coats and other deposits. It must effectively reach all tooth surfaces. It must penetrate between the teeth.

It must be adapted to the rolling method—brushing from the gums toward the tooth points. That is the way to brush teeth.

Decoater Brushes cost 50c; Pocket Style, \$1.00; Refills for Pocket Style, 50c.

It must massage the gums to maintain their health and vigor.

The best type made to meet all these requirements is known as the Decoater. This is the authoritative type, and careful people are everywhere adopting it, largely by dental advice.

### Decoater

#### Carry it with you

Dentists also advise that you carry a tooth brush with you. Teeth should be brushed after every meal. People who eat away from home, like school children and workers, should carry a pocket brush.

To travelers and motorists this is especially important.

The pocket Decoater is made for this purpose. It folds into a ventilated metal case, vest pocket size. The handle-case is permanent. One simply buys refills as brushes wear out. This is the sanitary, convenient way to always have a tooth brush with you.

Most drug-gists now sell Decoaters. If you fail to find them, remit to us.



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Pocket Style

# LUDEN'S

## MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

RELIEVE  
YOUR  
TROUBLE  
ZONE

—the nose  
and throat



involved, and I could not fight successfully against them all.

"My difficulties with this property, however, led me to dream about some of the things that we have since turned into realities. One of the first necessities, it seemed, was to get for purchasers the benefit of all possible economies in installing pavements, sewers, and other customary improvements. I decided that in future all my property should be sold with all improvements in.

"This looked idealistic to my partners, and as it involved a considerable investment they told me they would rather drop out."

Nichols, however, put every dollar he could scrape together into more land, and interested enough men, with money and generous confidence in him, to complete the financing of the project.

Then began the hardest fight. Men called Nichols, with his new ideas, a dreamer. He met many prospective buyers, who liked his ideas but thought they could not be made to work. He had a firm friend who was the president of one of the banks. But two of the heaviest stockholders of the bank criticized this president for lending so much money to a man in such an uncertain business, established on theory and ideals, rather than on proven earnings.

BUT Nichols did not turn aside. In fact, with time, his dream amplified.

"I began," he said, "to study more deeply the factors that influence home values. I wanted to insure permanent values. In order to do that, I knew it was necessary to have permanent restrictions as to the class of buildings to be erected, the distance of houses from the street, free space, architectural design, the location of business blocks, and so on.

"I found, however, that the common method of restricting was for a term of years; ten, fifteen, or twenty, perhaps; and when the restricted term expired, many of the owners no longer had any interest in extending it. Experiences like that of the ex-governor with the undertaker are common, as many persons in many towns can testify. I saw that home owners suffered great losses because of this.

"At the same time I, of course, realized that some provision had to be made for natural growth and change in the character of districts. Consequently, I began to provide restrictions covering a period of twenty-five years, which could be renewed at the end of that time upon agreement of a majority of the owners.

"But I found that even this was insufficient. It would be easy enough for an owner, who had moved away from a district and had lost his personal interest in continuing the restrictions, to refuse to sign an agreement extending the period. Consequently, I evolved a new plan. Under it, the restrictions are automatically self-extending for a stipulated term of years, unless a majority of owners execute at specified times an agreement in writing to cancel them. It is very difficult to get a majority of owners to sign such an agreement, unless it is in the interest of the majority to do so."

That Nichols made his dreams come true, and in a remarkably short time, is evidenced to-day by the beautiful resi-



dential section of Kansas City known as the Country Club District. It is a tract of some two thousand acres, housing about fifteen thousand people.

The purpose that Mr. Nichols has kept in view constantly is to provide better individual homes, protected against undesirable encroachments, so that the values will increase with time. To accomplish this, he has had to adopt many unique methods.

Streets and drives are scientifically located according to topography, with a vast improvement in appearance over the common checkerboard arrangement which does not consider the lay of the land. Shrubbery and ornaments are selected and placed by experts. The company itself has built and sold homes with a total value of many millions. Novel architectural ideas have been worked out. Paths for pedestrians have taken the place of streets at convenient points. Bridle paths for horseback riders are laid out. Playgrounds are provided for children. A new kind of street paving, especially well suited for residence districts, has been developed.

IT IS characteristic of Nichols that whatever he has undertaken he has always found a way to finish it. Once he wanted a certain street put through as a boulevard entrance to the district he had developed. He fought for ten years, but he finally got the boulevard.

When it was completed, he began buying property along it, so that he could resell it under restrictions which would insure a permanently attractive approach. Almost at once, however, billboard companies began to erect huge signs. Nichols, feeling that they would detract from the dignity and beauty of the neighborhood, tried without avail to get them removed. Finally, he appealed to the residents themselves; and at once they flooded the offices of the companies with letters.

"We will not use the products advertised," they said, "if you keep the billboards there."

Against this force of public opinion it was useless to struggle, and the signs were taken away.

Over the brow of a hill from his first subdivision was an ugly brickyard, already mentioned. When in operation it poured forth clouds of smoke. Nichols tried to buy it or to get it moved, but was unsuccessful. He resorted to the courts, carried a suit to the supreme court, and now, after fifteen years, the brickyard is being moved away.

Once, as a youngster, Nichols got a job loading freight cars with bags of potatoes. He was to receive a dollar and a half per car. The job had always been done in a primitive way. A man took a bag of potatoes on his back, carried it into the car, stowed it away, and went back for another bag. Nichols tried that method, and soon decided that his back would break if he kept it up. So he studied a bit and devised a truck, with which he figured he could work faster and easier. He loaded several bags on the truck, wheeled it into the car, and then unloaded all the bags at one time. That saved a lot of carrying; and by means of his invention, Nichols was soon loading cars so fast that the people who hired him would have liked to cut the rate, but could not manage it. That little incident is typical of the man.



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## The Experiences of a Deaf Person

(Continued from page 55)

when she hears me saying, "Absolutely," she is sure I've no idea of what was said.

Ah, well, these pitiful subterfuges are part of the "blessing."

It is all the more trying, as I have a reputation to sustain for being witty. Some lucubrations of mine in print have gained for me the credit of being a humorist. Invariably, strangers on meeting me are disappointed that I don't keep the room in a roar by my witty comments on everything that is said.

I overheard one lady say, in a cloak-room, after a party:

"No, she didn't say anything funny. It's just as my husband says, these professional wits never get off anything good when you talk to 'em."

A deaf person is very apt to become self-centered. Even selfish. Than which there is nothing more awful.

But it is a temptation to take the attitude, "All right; if they won't speak so I can hear, then I won't try to hear," and withdraw into your shell like a nautilus.

And really, there's small use in trying to make them speak so you can hear them. You can train the members of your household—that is, if you live with them for fifty or sixty years and keep at it all the time.

But the man in the street cannot be taught.

SOME have the God-given gift of a clear voice; but this is rare. And it is clarity that counts. Loudness is a secondary consideration. A deaf person can hear a clear voice even if a low tone is used.

Pitch is the thing. I can always hear a person who sings soprano or tenor far better than those who sing alto or bass. For this reason, I cannot say that I hear either men's or women's voices better. I hear the high-pitched voice of either sex. I always hear a shrill scream or whistle, never the deep boom of thunder or the low roar of the sea.

Music, I can always hear. Except perhaps the deepest notes of the bass instruments.

But the highest, finest notes of the violin or the faintest high tones of the human voice are always perfectly audible to me.

Also, I hear perfectly on the telephone, which is naturally a great advantage and which compensates for some other deficiencies.

And I hear perfectly in a motor car or on a moving railway train.

It amuses my friends that I can hear their chatter, every word while the train is going, yet cannot hear during the station stops.

Similarly, in a motor car, I hear all the conversation, whether I sit in the front seat or the back, and I often get bits not intended for my ear. For my friends are so accustomed to my deafness that they don't realize how well I hear in a moving vehicle.

Scientific explanation of this has been given me: It seems that the drums of my



ears are loose, and the vibrations of the moving vehicle make them so taut as to be normal—so as long as I am going I am not deaf.

Of course I have friends who love me enough or admire me enough to want me to hear them. These really take thought to their speech, really make an effort to have me hear.

And yet their success is by no means commensurate with their efforts. Some, with the best intentions, can only succeed in yelling without clarity. Others mouth their speech until it loses all distinctness. Others have an unbreakable habit of turning the head aside, especially at the point of the story.

But there is one speech I always hear. One line, often spoken, that I never miss.

That is, when a truly kind and well-meaning friend, says, in a low tone to someone else, "Speak louder; she is a little hard of hearing."

I don't believe this has ever been said that I failed to hear it. And the reason is simple: Because I am not meant to hear it, the speaker drops her voice (men never do this, they speak right out), and because of the lowered voice she speaks specially clearly in order that the one the warning is meant for may hear it. Consequently, owing to the unusual clarity, I hear it, too!

Nor do I resent it. I fully appreciate the kindness of the intent, but they may as well say it outright. For I am not sensitive.

I AM sorry, angry, resentful, exasperated, and sorely wounded in my pride, but I am *not* sensitive. I do not mind jokes at the expense of my deafness; I do not mind when people swear at me (and they have), because I cannot hear them; I do not mind when my friends tell strangers to "speak louder, she's deaf," for all these things are such trifles compared with the great, the ever-present fact that I *am* deaf. No amount of jeering or poking fun, no amount of sympathy or lamentation, no advice as to what remedies to use or how best to bear it, have any bearing on the real thing, for no one, not deaf, has any idea what it means.

Opera I can always hear, also light opera or farces.

But in serious plays or dramas, there are so often asides, or moments of emotional acting, that I miss a great deal. Moreover, of late years, actors, and more especially actresses, speak with their backs to the audience. This used to be taboo, but now it obtains; and when it does I can't hear them.

One of my chief regrets is my inability to talk with little children. Some think the fresh, clear voices of childhood should be easily heard by the deaf, but it is not so. The little thin pipes most children put up, or the turned aside, half-shy enunciation, are usually impossible for me to hear. And to ask a child to repeat is fatal to conversation. The child is frightened at the idea of speaking in an unusual manner and declines to speak at all.

Indeed, the more intelligent, the more intellectual, the more highly educated a person is, the better, as a rule, can he understand the manner suited to the deaf. Perhaps the quality most needed is imagination. The faculty of putting yourself in another's place.

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# The Correct-o-graph

SEE US, PAGE 162

## Automatically Shows Your Mistakes in English And How to Correct Them

IT is no longer necessary for anyone to be handicapped in life by faulty English. No one need make mistakes in grammar, in spelling, in punctuation. There is no excuse for poor expression in writing and speaking.

Yet it is not necessary to memorize rules, to practice tiresome exercises, to undertake a long course of study. A remarkable new invention which automatically finds and corrects your mistakes, has been perfected by Sherwin Cody, the eminent authority on English. This invention, which is called the Correct-o-graph or 100% Self-Correcting Device and on which a patent has been granted, makes it so easy and interesting to acquire a perfect command of the language, that it is just like playing a fascinating game.

## Your English Reveals You

It is an amazing fact that most people are only 60% efficient in the vital points of English. Few people realize how many mistakes they make. These mistakes hurt more than you know, for people are too polite to help you correct them.

Every time you talk, every time you write, your English reveals you. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. Nothing is more important to your success in life.

## Wonderful Invention

For many years Mr. Cody has been working constantly on the problem of devising some method by which correct habits in speaking and writing would be readily absorbed by the mind. After countless experiments he found the solution to his problem in his invention, the Correct-o-graph. A unique feature of this device is that it is 100% self-correcting. It employs an entirely new principle in education which automatically points out your mistakes and helps you correct them. You acquire a new mastery of English almost without any conscious effort on your part.

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Holtzman, Kan.

It is the one who sees with his mind who senses another's deafness so truly that he doesn't need to remember to speak clearly; he does it intuitively. These people are rare; but they exist and they are the ones who make a deaf body's life worth living. For this nature has something to say worth saying and has the power of saying it—without effort, so I can hear it.

I was recently asked two questions: "What would you say you have gained by being deaf?" and "What have you lost or nearly lost by being deaf?"

To the first, I answer unreservedly, Nothing. I cannot think of a single "gain" from my deafness. It has not made me meek, patient, humble, or imbued with any of the Christian graces. It has not improved my mind, my moral, or my temper. It has not saved me from a lot of senseless chatter. When I don't like people's chatter I go home.

On the other hand, I've not lost anything much through my deafness. I may have missed a few compliments here and there; possibly I've let a pleasant invitation pass unheard. But I've lost nothing much, except a sort of prestige that might have been mine could I have heard—not the senseless chatter, but the truly delightful conversations that I have sat through and missed.

I have lost the satisfaction and self-complacency that come from the feeling that I have done myself proud, or that I have fulfilled the hopes of a hostess who was introducing me to her friends. It is humiliating to be a guest of honor and to do or say nothing specially honorable, yet I do my best; and though I can't fool all the people all the time, I can often leave behind me the impression that I'm not so very deaf after all.

THE only class of people I'm sure of hearing are those in the theatrical profession. Ministers are apt to mumble. Public speakers speak far from clearly, when off the platform. Lawyers and professors rarely speak above a whisper, but actors speak well because they've been trained to do so. If everybody in society took a course of voice culture, we deaf people would have no further cause to mourn.

The people I hear least of all are the other deaf people. Somehow, deaf people have achieved a reputation for shouting. I have never heard any do so. The deaf people I have talked with, and I run whenever I see one, have spoken so low as to be almost entirely inaudible to me. I have some intimate friends who are deaf, and I never can hear a word they say.

The only shouter of my acquaintance is a dear little girl, a slight, anemic young thing, who wants to please me, and so, whenever she speaks to me, she draws a long breath, shuts her eyes, clenches her fists, and—yells!

If anybody really wants to make a deaf person hear—and there are a few in the world who really do—he must observe only a few rules:

Speak naturally but clearly. Keep your face turned toward the deaf auditor. Don't put your hand up to your mouth. And remember that she is deaf. Don't forget it.

The remembrance will keep you speaking clearly, not loudly. The remembrance will keep your face turned toward her,

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and tried to ride a bike for the first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

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not away from her. And I hope the remembrance will keep your hand away from your mouth.

The fearful attraction the mouth seems to have for the human hand is as inexplicable as it is universal.

It is quite possible for the deaf one to know at a glance if a stranger is going to speak clearly or not. The fat man with the squashy collar will surely mumble his words, or have a voice with no sound to it. The hatchet-faced, stringy-necked individual will doubtless speak in a high, strident voice that may not be beautiful but is delightfully easy to hear.

And a voice easy to hear is a godsend to the deaf person. The strain—mental, physical, and nervous—that we go through trying to hear is enough to throw a strong constitution into nervous prostration, and I have often gone home after an evening of such strain a total wreck from sheer weariness and exhaustion.

Sometimes, however, occurrences have a flavor of humor. One funny occasion was when I was introduced to a well-known man of letters who was afflicted with a tendency to stammer. It was in an editorial office, and directly after our introduction the editor was called out, leaving us alone.

I heard afterward that when the editor asked of the stammerer how we got on, he said: "Oh,—I—I—c-c-couldn't s-say anything—t—to her, and sh-sh-she c-c-couldn't have heard m-me if I had!"

**B**UT to me, the funniest thing that ever happened in connection with my infirmity was at a dinner where I was the guest of honor. It was a formal affair, and I was treated with almost regal courtesy. After dinner there was an entertainer who gave monologues of great dramatic intensity.

I was ensconced in a throne-like chair to listen, but I was not quite near enough to the speaker to hear him. Especially as his dramatic ideas seemed to consist of a screamed-out phrase and then a whispered one. Neither of which was intelligible to me.

Yet he looked at me continually as he recited. He seemed fairly to hang on my smile or tear as recognition of his histrionic powers. He gave a funny monologue, at which I needs must laugh although I caught no word of it. And after the performance was over he came to me and wrung my hand in gratitude.

"You are a wonder," he said. "It is my invariable custom to select some attentive one in the audience and recite directly to him or her. To-night I selected you, and you were a positive inspiration! Never have I found anyone so truly in sympathy with both the manner and matter of my work; you understand me as few do. I thank you for your perfect attitude of mind toward my art and your very evident appreciation and enjoyment of it."

Of course, I couldn't tell him I hadn't heard a word, for which kindly deceit I trust the Recording Angel will forgive me.

Yet not all incidents that deafness brings about are humorous. One I remember was so pathetic as to approach tragedy, to me, at least.

I was visiting down in Kent, at the beautiful country home of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. In the house party were Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Herford and several others of the type of mentality I

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like best in all the world. We had beautiful times, and on Sunday afternoon our delightful hostess said, "Now, we will go out to my Fairy Orchard, and I will tell you Fairy Stories."

Out we trooped, through the rose garden, down to the tangled wildwood and orchard, and she placed us all picturesquely on rocks or fallen tree trunks. One was the Chief-Goldstick-In-Waiting, one the Royal-Book-Bearer, and so forth. But all were separated by what were to me appalling distances.

The stage thus set, Mrs. Burnett told Fairy Stories—the stories, the teller, the scene, all ideal—enchanted.

And I could not hear a word! I, who wanted especially to have every drop of joy out of that whole marvelous visit!

The others commented now and then, or flung out merry little jests, and occasionally Mrs. Burnett would say, in her inimitable way, perhaps addressing me, "And what do you suppose happened next?" And I, not having the faintest idea of what had already happened, sat like a bump on my Fairy Orchard log! I stood it as long as I could and then, with a hurried murmur of excuse, I left the fairy ring and ran up to my room, flung myself on the bed, and cried and cried!

But it didn't do any good.

I DON'T cry now—since it does no good. As experience comes to deaf people values change, and we grow more cynical. The friends we have and their adoption tried, the friends we want to grapple to our souls with hoops of steel, are those who have the intellectuality and the imagination to remember to make us hear.

As a dear friend said to me recently, "Whenever you say to me 'What?' Whenever I fail to make you hear the first time I want to kick myself for my thoughtlessness! It is unpardonable!"

Worth being deaf to have a friend like that, what?

For my greatest inconvenience is being obliged to ask over. I get so tired of doing it that I often let things go.

Having given the matter much careful attention, I can aver that the people I hear most clearly are the ones of the greatest mentality. Whether celebrities, or mute, inglorious Miltons, the brain having ideas and erudition is almost invariably accompanied by a voice of clarity and force, and is, other things being equal, the most audible to me.

Once in my life I met a human being who always had something worth while to say, and who always said it so I could hear. Naturally, I married him.

But the rank and file of humanity, the average man and woman in the street, are like my friend who stammered: they c-c-can't s-say anything t-t-to me, and I c-c-couldn't hear them if they d-d-d-did.

"TIPS on How to Write Letters" is the subject of a peculiarly helpful article next month by E. B. ("Ad-Man") Davison, one of the world's greatest experts in the writing of business letters. If you have had trouble in making your letters as effective as you would like to have them, you will find the solutions of your problems in Mr. Davison's down-to-the-ground advice.



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## "You Told Me to Do It Like That!"

(Continued from page 61)

One morning in the early nineties, a severe sleet storm put all wires out of commission for hundreds of miles. I got word of the storm early in the morning, and arrived at my office about eight o'clock to get repairs under way. But my chief clerk was there before me. He was a very capable chap. He told me the extent of the damage and what steps he had already taken.

There was a map of our lines in my office and the storm breaks were entered on it. Directions were being given just as rapidly as reports came in showing what was to be done. Our people all understood their duties, and in a short time, in spite of the very great emergency, there was little for me to do except to watch the progress of the work that had been started. About eleven o'clock Mr. Hall looked in at my office.

"I understand a good many lines are out of commission," he said.

"Yes," I replied, "I think they're in worse shape than they've ever been before."

"What are you doing now?"

"Nothing."

"What!" Mr. Hall exclaimed. "Do you mean you haven't anything to do?"

"No," I said; "everything is working smoothly. I've done all I can, and now I'm watching progress."

"I see," Mr. Hall replied. He eyed me sharply, and added, "Suppose you come along with me, then. I'm going to Brewster's to buy a landau, and I'd like to have your help."

"All right, I'll be glad to go along."

THOSE were the days before automobiles, and a landau was a small, fashionable carriage used chiefly in driving about town. The purchase of one occupied us for an hour or so. Then Mr. Hall suggested lunch.

"Let's go to Delmonico's," he said; "I haven't been there for a long time."

I fell in with the suggestion. We lunched in leisurely fashion—I saw that Mr. Hall was taking pains *not* to hurry!—and after we were through we returned to our building. His office was on an upper floor, mine lower down.

"Come in with me a minute," I suggested.

"No, I'll go on up," he replied.

"No, no; come in!"

I insisted. And he came. We looked at the map, and I asked the chief clerk how things were going.

"Very nicely!" he replied.

He showed us on the map just what had been done during the three or four hours while Mr. Hall and I had been away. Mr. Hall examined the map carefully. Lines were working on many routes. Fortunately for me, everything had worked out according to our plans and just as smoothly as if I had been on hand every minute to oversee it. Mr. Hall made no comment, except a snort of approval!

Now, could I have had anywhere nearly so effective an organization if Mr. Hall



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had been a nagging boss? What would have happened? No doubt he would have come into my office a good while before eleven o'clock, worried about the storm. He would have demanded a full account of what I was intending to do. Probably he would have disapproved of this or that, and suggested how *he* would do it. In a short time I would have become nervous and fidgety, and I would have passed my nervousness along to those under me. The work would probably have taken twice as long.

It was *my* job to get those lines in working order, not Mr. Hall's. It was *his* job to see that I did it. And so long as he was satisfied that I was doing it, it was merely good common sense not to interfere with my manner of doing it. The chief virtue of a nagging boss is the excellent alibi he furnishes the employee:

"You told me to do it like that!"

But the virtues of such a man are very slight indeed, if the thing you are trying to do is to build up an organization, with people who work together to the best advantage.

MR. HALL, I believe, was one of the first men to draw up a chart of a business organization. That is another thing that helps to make an organization effective. You can bring the hidden weaknesses out in a chart more quickly than in any other way.

He and I made such a chart for the New York Telephone Company more than thirty years ago. We first set down everything just as it was. Then we drew up an ideal chart as we thought the organization should be, and it was adopted. Later we made organization plans and charts for other telephone companies. Such charts are now as much a part of the equipment of telephone companies as are the office buildings and the cables and exchanges. They are placed around conspicuously where everybody can see them.

One result of our plan was that *every* employee knew his boss. Another was that *no* employee had more than *one* boss. These are two very important points.

In the telephone company each clerk gets his orders from his department head and from nobody else; the department head gets his orders from his superior; and so on up to the presidents of the affiliated companies.

Does this create red tape? It does *not*! It does just the opposite.

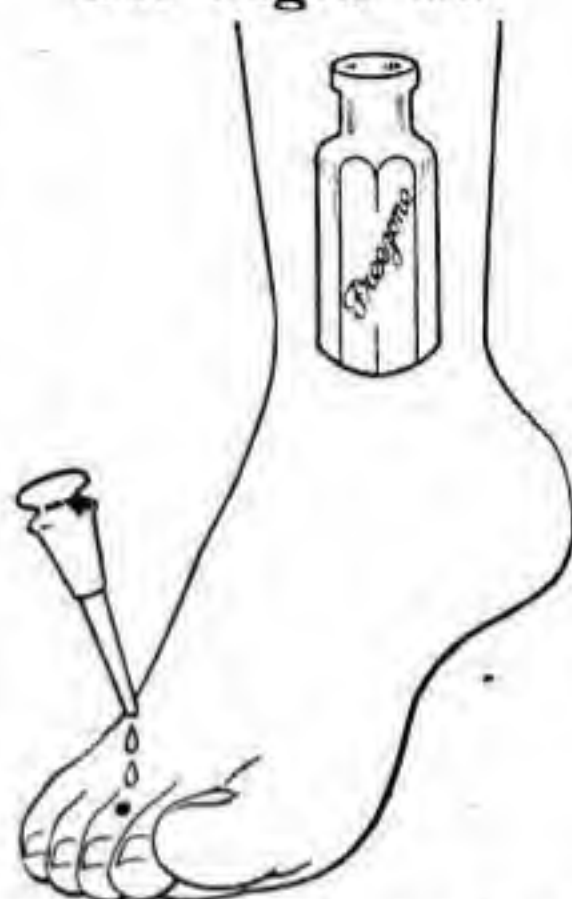
Another thing: The telephone company could not have grown as it did had it not equipped itself to make the best use of everybody's good ideas. It *had* to have ideas, because there were so many problems to be met, and so many difficulties to overcome. But it is also true that no one head is ever big enough to create everything in *any* organization, and keep all parts of it running smoothly and making progress.

I happened to make a number of inventions myself, and learned how improvements develop. Among other things, for example, I patented some of the devices and directed the development of much of the work by means of which electric light bulbs are made to serve as signals on switchboards.

Before this annunciators were used for that purpose. Then some of the Chicago engineers experimented with large lamps.

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They did not get the idea into practicable shape, but their work suggested to me the idea of the perfected device.

Take better-known cases. If it had not been for the telephone, it is extremely doubtful whether Mr. Edison would have perfected the phonograph. And if it had not been for the telegraph, Mr. Bell might never have invented the telephone.

For the most part, invention is evolution. Ideas grow, they don't just pop! That is true not only for machines but also for the ideas out of which businesses spring, and the ideas that keep businesses going. They originate usually because somebody starts to do some little thing better, and adapts and builds on what others have already done.

Big things are seldom reached complete by a single mind but by a number of people working along similar lines. They correct one another's errors and stimulate one another by suggestions. This shows how foolish it is to be too jealous of your ideas.

If what you are working on is worthwhile, somebody else is probably working along the same lines, or at least on the same problem, or else somebody has worked on it at some time. You will get furthest with your idea if you find out what others have done or are doing. Get together with them. Compare notes. Correct your plan by their ideas and give them the benefit of yours.

A BIT of telephone history will show how a few ideas are wholly new: If you were to ask a radio fan what he considered the most recent marvel of science, he might very well reply, "Listening to a concert miles away!"

But as far back as 1885, nearly forty years ago, they were broadcasting concerts and operas and speeches! They did it over telephone wires instead of by ether waves. But the idea was otherwise exactly the same.

They started in Budapest, and called it the *theatraphone*. The idea spread to Paris and London, and for a while in these cities it was almost as much of a fad as is radio to-day. But the novelty wore off.

Several years ago a man working under me told me he was troubled with insomnia. He also told me that he went to bed with a pad of paper tied to a string around one wrist, and a pencil tied to the other, so that he might always have both handy. While he was lying there awake he would jot down ideas about the business. He tore the sheets off the pad and threw them on the floor. In the morning he gathered them up. He thought it was a great stunt!

"Do you know," I said to him, "what I want you to do with the next batch of ideas you get that way?"

"No—what?"

"I want you to throw them into the waste basket. They will most certainly not be approved!"

The middle of the night ought to be a time for rest. If a man cannot sleep, he should at least think about something besides his business. If he does not pay at least as much attention to resting his brain as he does to using it, he will soon find his ideas going 'round and 'round and 'round in the same circle, and their value will gradually and surely decrease.



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Save the surface and you save all

## What I Owe My Father

(Continued from page 25)

I will speak of just one more thing, the one which seems to me the most remarkable trait of his character. As I said before, he is ninety-one years old. Yet he is taking just as constructive an interest in life now as if he were *twenty-one* instead of *ninety-one*. That is what I meant when I said he has taught me how to grow, while growing old.

I tried to explain how, from the very beginning, he taught me to use my mind, to *think*. When I was a child he used to take long walks with me. I looked forward to Sunday, because it meant a walk with him. Sometimes we went into the woods. But we didn't just meander around, using nothing but our feet! We saw dozens of things about which we talked endlessly.

And it wasn't just the big, obvious things which you couldn't help seeing. Anybody can see trees and houses and hills and rivers. If he did call my attention to anything of that sort, it was to make me dig down into something that would lead me to think!

"Why does that stream over there flow east? And why does this one flow south?" ... "Why does that robin run along on the ground, while that hummingbird hovers over the flowers?" ... "Why is this hill rounded on all sides, while that one, across the valley, has a rocky bluff on this side?"

DO YOU see how he brought to my attention the wonders of nature and made me think out their explanation? At least, I tried to—and that is the kind of practice that leads to thought, if you keep it up.

But he was always teaching me to look beyond the superficial and obvious. If we passed a stone quarry he would hunt around and find some fossil imprint and tell me its history. If we sat down under a tree to rest he would show me the empty shell of a locust still clinging to the bark. He would pick a leaf from some shrub, get out a magnifying glass he always carried with him, show me the exquisite structure of the leaf, and explain how it functioned. These are things which, in one way or another, any father could do.

Sometimes he took me to the sawmills in our town; explained the machinery; told me where the logs came from and how they were brought down the river in rafts. I learned a great deal in this way; and I learned it eagerly, because it was just "fun."

But the greatest thing I learned was to *want to know things*; to have an enormous and insatiable curiosity about the world in which we live. That, and the impulse to *think* about things, to figure them out, are the most important mental assets I possess. I owe them to my father. It happens that they have been worth a good deal of money to me since I have grown up. But they are worth more than money. If they never would bring me another dollar, I would not exchange them for all the money in the world. They

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are what makes life interesting to me. If I, too, should live to be ninety-one, they still will make life interesting—just as they make it interesting to my ninety-one-year-old father.

He continued the active practice of his profession until he was eighty-seven. He has done some professional work since then, although not very much. But he is still working! Not just working for the sake of doing something; but working for the sake of finding out new facts that may be useful.

Someone said to him not long ago: "Why do you put your strength and time into these experiments? At your age, you probably will not be able to apply the knowledge you are seeking."

He smiled his quizzical smile, half-serious and half-humorous.

"Well," he said, "you know the world isn't coming to an end when I die! Quite a lot of people will go on living. And quite a lot of new ones will be born. Maybe I'll find out something that will be of use to them."

To hear him say that, and to know that his life has been a consistent living of that idea—this is the crowning part of my debt to my father. His mind has never dwelt in the past. His purpose has not been bounded by the present. Everything has been forward-looking, a searching for a new and better way to do things.

I REMEMBER that sometimes we were impatient with him, because he experimented with everything, from hand lotion to electric fans. He would study over them and make changes, trying to improve them. Sometimes he succeeded and sometimes he didn't. But I can see now that the important thing was not whether he succeeded or failed; the important thing was that this indomitable desire to go forward, to find a new and better something, was the basis of his mental life. It is to the men who, like my father, are always seeking, always planning, always working to reach a new and higher goal, that the world owes its progress.

And it is this constant effort to go forward, to grasp something beyond, to learn, to achieve, that is the motive power of character. It is this that helps my father to grow *while* growing old. He is not just drifting along, going through the daily round of eating and sleeping. He doesn't say: "I'm ninety years old. I've worked hard all my life. I've earned the right to sit back now and just look on. Anyway, what's the use? I may die to-morrow."

That isn't the way my father feels! He says instead: "I may die to-morrow, so I'd better make the most of *to-day*! But, no matter how much longer I stay here, whether it is a day, a year, or ten years, I don't want to be like a dead leaf hanging on a tree. I want to live. And *work is life*! To be interested in the world about me is to be a living part of that world."

These things, which I have learned from my father, seem to me to be the keys to all that is best in life: To find real joy in work; to keep as close as one can to an ideal of honesty; to be interested in the world about one; and to be kind to one's fellow wayfarers—these are the simple but great factors in the journey we all are taking.

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show, my father has done these things. Just a quiet old gentleman who never had medals presented to him, or was waited upon by committees, or had to go out on the front porch to make a speech to his admiring fellow citizens.

But if you ask me, I'll tell the world—and no slang about it either—that, as a father, my dear old dad is all to the good! The debt I owe him is a debt for value received. From the very beginning, he has been my comrade, my teacher, my friend. He never has played me a shabby trick. When I think of him, I hold my head up in pride—and I bow it in respect. That's the way I feel about my father.

I said before that there is something wrong about this father business in general. Countless people have talked to me about the influence their mothers had on them; but precious few have talked to me that way about their fathers. And yet most fathers have fully twenty wonderful years of daily opportunities to make good with their children.

All of us start life with a father; and usually he is still on hand when we have grown up. His face is one of the first things we learn to know in a strange new world. As the years go by, we size him up. Sometimes, it is true, we make mistakes about him. We don't understand him. But more often, I think, we get a pretty shrewd idea of him.

Then, in time, those of us who are boys grow to manhood, and in most cases become fathers of another crop of children. Then the sizing-up process begins all over again. This new generation of fathers has a chance to help their boys and girls to get hold of life by the right handle. They can try to be something more than a sort of animated tin bank out of which you shake pennies, or perhaps dollars, if it happens to be a bank that yields big money.

THERE is something wrong with your share in this father business if your children, when they speak of you, do not do it with a stirring of pride and love and gratitude in their hearts. As I write this, a letter which came from my father lies before me; six pages of clear, firm handwriting, telling of his work, his experiments, his observations of life. There are flashes of humor, touches of imagination; an altogether delightful letter, which a young man of twenty might be proud of having written. And at the foot of the last page are these two lines:

"May God graciously bless you and keep you.

"Your loving Daddy."

When a man is more than ninety years old, he feels very close to the Great Unknown. He may be no closer than the rest of us; but he thinks the door may open at any time and he be summoned to enter. And this is the final item in my debt to my father; an example of how to walk unafraid up to that door of mystery. He has no fear but that his God will graciously bless him and keep him. But meanwhile he doesn't just sit and wait, saying that the day is almost over and the signal to quit may come soon. He is not the kind of workman that soldiers on the job while he is waiting for the whistle to blow! He wants to live so long as life lasts. May it last a long time yet—for it won't be the same to me, without my father.



## Can You Make Yourself Do a Difficult Thing?

(Continued from page 33)

difference lies in the mind's knowledge of that awful depth, and its inability to blot it out.

A curious incident occurred during a musical contest between the grade children in a Missouri town. A prize was to be awarded to the winning school, and a well-known musician of St. Louis was to be the judge. Some general training was to be given by a supervisor, who divided her efforts fairly among all the schools, and the rest of the training was to be given only by the regular teachers. This made the chances very slim for one particular group whose teacher could not even tell one tune from another. On the night of the contest, however, with the very atmosphere seething with rivalry, these youngsters stood before the audience and won.

Knowing their teacher's inefficiency in musical matters, the defeated ones were so perplexed that they even hinted at unfairness in the award. The teacher, they whispered, was a relative of the judge and had got a persuasive, spellbinding friend to stay with the judge from the minute he stepped from the train until the very second that he was ready to pronounce the decision.

THE real truth was that the teacher, realizing that his pupils were handicapped through his own inability, did his best to give them at least a fighting chance by instilling into them a confident determination to win. For days before the contest every word he spoke to them was filled with that suggestion, and on the night the last word he spoke to each one as they passed to do their turn was, "Win!" So filled with the idea of victory was every head and heart, that they had on ready tap the very last iota of their musical talent, and gave the best they had. In every endeavor of life it is not the amount of talent stored up in a being that counts—it is the part that "gets across."

Brains whirling with thoughts of failure have played havoc with geniuses who would have marked history had they focused their attention on achievement instead. Famous actors have been driven from the stage to obscurity through an overpowering fear that they would forget their parts. Because they dwelt on what they should not, singers possessing the divine spark have remained mediocre; and many an orator, who could have sent his audience to their feet wild with exultation, has stood before that same audience tremblingly uttering dull commonplace things, simply because he was overwhelmed with a dread that he would do exactly what he did do. The genius is outstripped every day and his place in fame usurped by the less gifted one who knows how to use what talent he has.

The writer once witnessed an illiterate wandering lecturer bring round after round of warm-hearted applause from a body of college men. The man's English

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### To make cretonne wastebasket

THE cardboard for this wastebasket cost 5 cents; the cretonne 30 and the braid 25. You can easily make one.

Cut six pieces of cardboard  $4\frac{1}{2} \times 14$  inches, with quarter oval cut out of two corners. Cover whole of one side of each with LePage's and place side by side, close together, on wrong side of cretonne  $18 \times 32$  inches, allowing 2 inches of cretonne top and bottom and 5 inches at one end. Smooth carefully.

Fold in and LePage cretonne top and bottom, slashing around quarter ovals. Join first and last pieces of cardboard by LePaging the extra 5 inches of cretonne over the first section, cutting it off to match figure in cretonne. LePage plain material inside for lining, first turning its edge under all around and LePaging a narrow hem.

For bottom use heavy cardboard. LePage small blocks of wood under it to sides of basket for support. LePage band of upholstery braid around outside for decoration.

### To cover flower pot with cretonne

FIRST wrap paper tight around pot. Let ends overlap and LePage together. Cut around top and bottom of pot, leaving cuff around pot but not fastened to it. Slit vertically, use as pattern.

From pattern cut out cardboard leaving 1 inch extra at one end; lap over and LePage to other end. Cut out cretonne, leaving  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch top and bottom and 2 inches at end. Coat entire outside surface of cardboard with LePage's and draw cretonne smoothly over it. Where cretonne overlaps, cut neatly around the design and LePage. Fold over the extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch top and bottom and LePage to inside.

For lining, cut enamel cloth a little smaller than pattern; LePage smoothly to entire inside surface. To cover saucer, spread coat of LePage's on outside surface and glue cretonne all around top edge first, drawing it smooth and close over sides and underneath in pleats. LePage upholstery braid around top of pot and saucer.

### To make a doll's cradle

TAKE a round cardboard oatmeal or salt box. Remove paper wrapper. Cut box in half lengthwise, leaving cover and bottom for headboard and footboard. LePage the cover on. Cut circles of cretonne to fit inside headboard and footboard. Coat each with LePage's and put smoothly in place.

Take strip of cretonne wide as cradle is long, and long enough to fit outside and inside. Coat cradle outside and inside with LePage's and fit cretonne over it, slashing where body and rim meet. Cut cretonne for outside of headboard and footboard  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch larger all around; LePage in place; slash edges and LePage over rim. LePage blue strips of cretonne inside and outside of rims, first LePaging narrow hem in them. LePage bow of ribbon on headboard.

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was full of glaring faults, his delivery bad, his appearance unkempt; yet he had a straightforwardness that was aimed so point-blank at you that it seized you, and you could not help yielding to his trend of thought. Half of his hearers would have given all their schooling to possess that man's ability to do what he started out to do.

The merchant who keeps his mind pinned upon threatening bankruptcy is but extending a beckoning hand to that disaster; the traveling salesman who, before he approaches his customer, fears for his order, has already jeopardized his sale; the minister who dreads that his congregation may fall asleep under his nose administers through his words and actions an opiate no congregation can withstand.

These men possess the inherent ability and the courage to succeed, yet they graze and miss success by the vital hair's breadth, the lack of which renders useless all their years of struggle.

A FEW days ago, while stalking for material, the writer dropped into a club-room. An exceptionally good player was losing heavily in an innocent game of chance. His countenance revealed the thought of defeat that was rampant within him. Critical plays demanding stern judgment on his part were puerile, feeble, and senseless, born of the fact that his mind was on losing rather than winning. At last he declared himself beaten—a pitiable product of his own negative suggestion.

At this point, however, his friends came to his rescue, encouraging him, urging him, and almost demanding that he really try, all the while bearing down upon him with the truth that he could win, as he had in the past. Gradually a change came over him as he sat again in the game. He took heart, his countenance assumed a new look, his form grew erect and confident. Weak plays gave way to strong ones. Repeatedly he scored on his opponent. Why? His old-time assurance had returned, releasing his ability. All idea of losing had been crowded out by confidence in winning. In the end he was six games ahead.

Your brain, the center of all your activities, is by its very nature sending out at all times a multitude of discharges that direct every movement, physical or mental. This is true even in sleep.

Just what these discharges are and the direction in which they are sent depend entirely upon you, the superior being who stands ruler over this powerful king, the brain. Every suggestion you make, whether consciously or unconsciously, to this ever-working king is faithfully transmitted by it and becomes part of your active life.

For instance: Desiring to post a letter, you say to yourself, "I must not forget this letter."

As the meaning of this sentence slowly fades away, what single word remains last as the strongest message to the brain?

It is—*forget*. Can you hope to remember to post the letter when all the delicate machinery of your system is set to respond to the hair-trigger *forget*? You need but refer to your own past experience in mailing letters for undeniable proof.

On the other hand, suppose you, without



a shadow of doubt, say, "I shall remember this letter."

Here the vital suggestion is *remember*. It is positive, and the more firmly it is dwelt upon the more completely it crowds out any other suggestion that may work damage to your plans.

A week's practice brings marvelous improvement; but, as with every other accomplishment, the person who begins with the simple performance and keeps growing is the one who in the end carries the laurels.

What seems almost a paradox is that people who are notorious for their constant failures, and whose espousal of any enterprise is deemed a sure omen of disaster, are the most brilliant successes when once they learn to guide their brains. It is their extreme sensitiveness to suggestion that makes them failures. Change the tenor of these suggestions, and they become as remarkable successes as they were failures.

"ONE of the World's Richest Men—in Friends" is presented to you next month in a business romance that is bound to inspire and instruct you. If you want to learn the secret of winning friendship, pay particular attention to this recital of the experiences of James E. Gorman, president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad.

## Scattergood Becomes a Private Detective

(Continued from page 49)

Goodrich talking to Scattergood, and stopped, her hands flying to her throat. Then she ran, ran to him, and there, in the face of the village, threw her arms about his neck:

"You didn't do it. You didn't do it. . . . I know. He didn't! He didn't!"

"Now, Mattie," said the young man gently. "Now, Mattie."

"Everybody's against him. Everybody hates him. It's cruel, cruel!"

"Now, honey. . . ."

"But they can't turn me against him. He's mine. I—I love him. I'll follow him to the end of the world. I'll follow him into a prison cell. . . ."

Scattergood was watching the young man's face. It was grave, yet the brown eyes glowed with such a light as one seldom sees in the eyes of a man.

"There. . . . There."

Mattie burst into sudden tears. "Oh, I'm ashamed. . . . I've told him this, and he—he's never asked me. . . . I've— Oh, what have I done."

Goodrich pressed her head back and looked into her eyes. "I haven't asked you, honey," he said softly, "because I hadn't the right to ask you. . . . But you knew I loved you. I—whatever happens now—I don't care. It can't take this away from me." He turned to Scattergood and said, with awe and wonder in his voice. "She . . . cares for me . . . and she would stick to me even through this."

"Mattie," said Scattergood, "I calculate you done foolishness enough fer to-day."



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119 said it closed the pores.  
213 said it gave them color.  
45 said it gave them that vigorous feeling.  
8 said it took away that sallow look of the skin.  
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You go right home and stay there." "Yes, Mattie, do as he says," Goodrich said, and he bent over her, careless of the staring eyes of Coldriver, and kissed her lips. Then he turned to Scattergood and faced him. "Well," he said, "what are you going to do about it?"

"Dummed if I know," said Scattergood. "If I'd seen you commit them depredations, and a good girl like Mattie stood up and declared she knowed you was innocent, why, I calc'late I'd have doubts of my eyesight. I'm all set to hold back my judgment."

"Mrs. Watts has put me out," said Goodrich.

"Um. What ye calc'late to do?"

"Stay in this town," said the boy, "and make them like it."

"Looks to me like you'd be spendin' your time under the post office." (The local jail was situated there.)

"Is it as bad as that?"

"Wuss. . . G'-by, young feller. G'-by."

Presently Sheriff Watts ambled up the street and Scattergood called to him.

"Mornin', Sheriff. Business on hand?"

"Kind of figgering if I got evidence enough to arrest that desperado."

"Which one?"

"Only one we got. The circus feller."

"Um. Sheriff, s'posin' you come back into the store. I got a matter to lay before you," said Scattergood, and he heaved himself onto his feet. The sheriff followed him to the rear of the building, where the old hardware merchant maintained his office, and there they talked in low tones for half an hour.

**A**T THE end of that time Scattergood walked to the bank, where he drew two hundred and fifty dollars in money and, holding the bills in his hand, came out onto the street to recross the bridge. He encountered Pliny Pickett, conductor of the passenger train, and Deacon Pettybone.

"Carryin' that money kind of conspicuous, hain't ye?" asked the deacon.

"Guess it's safe enough right in town in broad daylight," said Scattergood. "What's worryin' me some, though, is takin' it out to Plummer's to-night. Had a leetle deal on with him."

"Goin' alone?"

"I be. I've been a-drivin' these roads alone for thutty year, and no one bandit's goin' to scare me off of 'em."

"Durn foolish, I call it," said Pliny.

"Walkin' my way, Pliny?"

"I kin."

Now it was safe to place dependence on the deacon's tongue. It would wag. During the rest of the day the old man would scold about town, describing querulously Scattergood's pigheadedness and his general foolishness. The whole town would be informed that Scattergood was driving alone to Plummer's.

"Pliny," said Scattergood, "kin your brakeman run the train fer a day?"

"He kin; but I hate to trust him with it. Tain't every man that's fitten to handle responsibilities."

"That," said Scattergood, "is why I'm pickin' you."

Pliny threw out his chest. "Ye might do wuss," he said.

"Um. I've an idee young Goodrich'll be goin' some'eres out of town this mornin'. I want you should keep your eye on him 'thout his seein' you."



"That desperado! . . . I got a wife and children."

"Go armed," said Scattergood. "Go armed, but don't fire 'thout it's necessary. You keep right on his heels."

It was eight in the evening when Scattergood closed his store and clambered into his buggy to drive out to Plummer's. At nine o'clock his horse was plodding up the mountain through the close-growing woods, when suddenly a man armed with a shotgun, face covered with a red handkerchief, leaped into the road.

Scattergood jerked on the lines and reared back in his seat.

"Hands up," said the highwayman. "Stick 'em up quick."

It was a deep, guttural voice, disguised. "Evenin'," said Scattergood.

"Shut up and pungle out," said the man. "No fooling. This gun goes off easy."

"I hain't got a cent, young feller."

"You've got two hundred and fifty dollars. Hand it out."

"Kind of well-informed, hain't ye?"

"No back talk. Toss that money into the road." The man approached the buggy and Scattergood saw on his wrist the leather strap. He also noted a slight limp and, crossing the back of the left hand diagonally, a brownish scar as from an acid burn like young Goodrich's.

"Um. . . Here she is," he said, tossing down his roll of bills, "and much good may it do ye."

"Don't you worry about me, mister. I'm able to take care of myself. Now sink the gad into that nag and mosey."

SCATTERGOOD moseyed. He drove on for a mile, then turned his rig and headed back for town. For a man who has just been robbed of two hundred and fifty dollars he was singularly placid. He even whistled.

He put up his horse, telephoned Sheriff Watts to arrest James Goodrich as soon as hands could be laid on him, and went into his parlor, where he took off his shoes, propped his feet on the sofa, and dozed. It was close to midnight when he was awakened by Pliny Pickett's knock on the door. For half an hour he talked to Pliny.

"Calc'late we got him," he said finally. "You be to Justice Bender's court in the mornin'. This time I figger the scalawag'll git his come-uppance. G'-by, Pliny. G'-by."

In the morning the town rocked with the news that Sheriff Watts had placed young Goodrich under arrest and had him under guard in the jail. He was to be brought up for preliminary hearing before Justice Bender at nine o'clock. Cold-river was present *en masse*; as many of them as could crowd into the justice's office were there, the street outside filled with an excited overflow.

Mattie Watts was there, pale, wide-eyed, but tearless.

Presently the sheriff appeared with his prisoner. James Goodrich entered with compressed lips. His red hair seemed to bristle. Anger was reflected from him rather than alarm.

"Fetch the pris'ner before the bar," said the justice, making the most of the occasion. "Has he been searched thorough? No weepers on him nowheres?"

"Guess I know my business, Judge," said the sheriff.

"Call the fust witness, then."



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"Last week my earnings amounted to \$554.37; this week will go over \$400."—F. Wynn, 4103 Forty-Second St., Portland, Ore.



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"Scattergood Baines," bellowed the constable, and Scattergood took his place beside the sheriff's desk and made oath to tell the truth and nothing but the truth about the matter pending.

"Wal," said the justice, "what in tunket d'you know about this here?"

"I was robbed of two hundred and fifty dollars," said Scattergood, "by a feller about the size of this here Goodrich. He had a handkerchief over his face; but the' was a leather like that on his wrist, and a scar across his hand like that, and he walked with a kind of a limp. I seen it clear. . . . Find anythin' on him, Sheriff?"

Sheriff Watts reached into his pocket and tossed a roll of bills on the table. "Two hundred and fifty dollars," he said; "and there she is."

MATTIE WATTS struggled to her feet with a little cry. She forced her way through the spectators and to Goodrich's side.

"I don't believe it," she sobbed. "They can't make me b'lieve it. You never did it, and—and—no matter how hard they prove you did, or how long they send you to prison, I'll be here waiting for you. I'll . . . be waiting . . . for you!"

Goodrich took her hand and smiled into her eyes. "You make me very happy," he said. "Let's wait and see. Don't lose your courage yet."

"Silence in the court," bellowed Justice Bender. "Any more evidence before I bind this feller over for trial?"

"Maybe jest a mite," said Scattergood. "I been a-lookin' over these here bills. Um. Mind standin' over by the door, Sheriff? Plumb cluss to the door. Uh-huh. That's it. . . . The's more'n one two hundred and fifty dollars. Mebbe this hain't the one."

"What d'ye mean?" asked the court.

"W-al, the two hundred and fifty I lost was in all kinds of denominations, like this here mess; but every one of my bills had my initials printed on 'em in red ink. Kinda small, but there, right under the number of the bill. I can't find no sich markin' on these bills. . . . Don't happen to know any other feller around that's got two hundred and fifty he can't account for, do ye?"

"What ye gittin' at?"

"It'd be quite a chore," said Scattergood; "but I kind of wisht the sheriff'ud search every man in this here court-room, just kind of to give satisfaction, and see if he could find any bills with red-ink initials onto 'em. Be illuminatin' if he did." He winked hard at the court.

"W-al," said Justice Bender, bewildered but accustomed through the years to Scattergood and his ways. "I wouldn't be jest reg'lar, but we kin manage it."

"Constable," said Scattergood, "you might move over cluss to the winder. Seems like I see a feller edgin' toward it. . . . Better commence by searchin' him, Sheriff. I'm a-lookin' straight at Gus Naddicks. . . . Grab him!"

Then there *was* excitement. Sheriff Watts lunged toward Naddicks, who leaped for the window only to collide with the constable. He was pitted against the largest two men in the township, and his struggles were futile. In a moment Sheriff Churchill's hand emerged from his pocket with a roll of bills, which he examined before the light.

"S.B. in red ink onto each of 'em," he said.

"Kind of figgered so. . . . Ye see, I had Pliny Pickett foller up young Goodrich yistiddy, so I knowed the robbin' couldn't 'a' been done by him; likewise, Pliny see how the young feller come by this two hundred and fifty. Kind of smart, too, seems as though."

"How'd you know Naddicks done it?" the justice asked.

"W-al, years ago I ketched Gus Naddicks stealin' a jackknife out of my store. Leopards don't change their spots. I knowed he had a grudge agin Goodrich, and when the robber fixed himself up so's to throw suspicion on Jimmy, why, I figgered Gus was mixed into it. It's the kind of a trick Gus would up and invent. Then I seen Gus spendin' consid'able money, which his pa never give him. Whilst folks was watchin' Goodrich, I watched Gus. And last night I recognized him as plain as if he didn't have no handkerchief on his face. Ye can't disguise them funny ears of Gus's. Know 'em amongst a thousand."

"But how'd Goodrich come by this money? Kind of suspicious, too, hain't it?"

"I got cur'ous, I admit. That's why I sicked Pliny onto him. . . . He's smart, that boy, and I got a job for him in my lumberin' business if he wants to stay in Cold-river. Want to know what he was up to?"

Evidently folks wanted to know.

"Ferns," said Scattergood. "Ferns."

"Eh? Ferns. What ferns?"

"The kind that grows all over our mountains, and that nobody never saw nothin' in before. For more'n three weeks this young feller, secret-like, and not usin' his own name, has been workin' out of Hampton. Yes, sir, hirin' men and wimmin to pick and bundle ferns. Sells 'em to florists in the city to pack with flowers. He's got him a little warehouse in town, and three or four fern pickers. . . . An' I thought he was lazy! Say! That boy's a business man. . . . Jimmy, d'ye want a job with me?"

"Sorry, Mr. Baines, but I can't accept. I've got contracts to carry out. This year I'll make a clear living, and next year, when I get more warehouse room and equipment, I'll begin to make money—real money. No, sir, I'd like to work for you, but I can't afford it."

"I suggest," said Scattergood to Justice Bender, "that you clear the court. I sh'u'dn't be s'prised if these young folks had surbin' to say to each other."

THE sheriff led away his new prisoner; the court-room was cleared of all save Scattergood and Mattie and Goodrich. Scattergood patted the boy on the back. "I knowed," he said, "when a good gal like Mattie was so sure of ye, that you couldn't be bad. An' I got a suggestion. . . . Justice Bender here kin do other things besides hold over for trial."

They looked puzzled. Scattergood chuckled.

"The law gives him," said he, "the power to unite in marriage. . . . Kin ye support a wife, Jimmy?"

"You bet I can!"

"Shall I send fer your ma, Mattie?"

Mattie came close to him and put her arms around his neck, much to his embarrassment, and kissed him on the leathery cheek.

"Send for her—quick," she said.



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## "Income-Taxidermy"

(Continued from page 53)

poor, eh Bill, and I will do it again next month, so come on, let's blow this, what's the good of saving, I am on my way to a million dollars. You will know the kind of bird. Pretty near everybody has got one in the family. He is on his way to a million dollars but will still be traveling in that direction by the 15th day of March. There sure are a lot of people which do not realize that one deal does not make a fortune, just as there are others who do not believe that one swallow does not make a drunkard.

Well anyways, Writers, of which I am alleged to be one, and painters, both house and portrait, come under the part-time headlines, too, and we get our money so irregular, and we got so many uses for it when it does actually show, that somehow it is real hard for us to remember that the income tax is waiting and will not be denied. It's one of them unpleasant subjects we like to forget until forcibly reminded. I, personally, myself always have a hope the Government will forget it this year—you see I am by nature one of these happy, optimistic souls you read about. But so far the Govt. has greatly disappointed me in this matter. And one of the outrages I want Congress should pay particular attention to as a result of this article, is the outrage of having mine and other artistic temperaments upset this way year after year. How can us Americans ever produce any great Art if we are going to be worried to death over mere trifles all the time?

OF COURSE Congress may come back at me with some nasty cracks about people who haven't got sense enough to save up in advance for the income tax will never have brains enough to save for anything else, either. Or maybe Congress will sling me a little mud to the effect that since this tax is now as regular as Christmas and after all not much more costly or bothersome, we might as well learn to read that dog-gone tax sheet the same as we learn to read our wife's pencil-written Xmas gift-list, and pay up with the same feeling of resignation with which we yearly fork out for a pink silk hand-painted cigar case for that old nuisance of an Uncle Henry, or a new cocktail shaker for dear old Grandma, God bless her, she won't be with us long! The only advantage of the Govt's over our own private Christmas is that at least you are not giving it to your relatives. Well, as I say, Congress will undoubtedly come back with some such well-chosen, ill-considered remarks, but it is barely possible that in the meanwhile, this holler of mine will of made them think. George says no, impossible, but I insist he may be wrong.

Another outrage which Cong. will please note, is the increase of insanity on farms. We read a lot of stories once in a while in the papers about people going crazy on farms, the lonelier the crazier. But up to pres. writing nobody seems to of called any attention to the income tax in this connection. Well, if you want to know the real true reason why some farmers goes crazy, give a look at Section 7 of Instruc-



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## PYORRHOCIDE POWDER

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tions for Individual Return and you will see where Farmer is required to not alone fill out the one blank, but is obliged in most cases to go get a extra blank and make it up as well or worse, and attach it to the first one and turn in the both of them, thereby giving the Govt. two causes for complaint against him. And if that ain't enough to cause insanity I'm wrong again.

But there is one place where the wealthy farmer averaging let us say @ \$3,000 per annum most annuums, gets really the best of the Govt. This is in the exemption clause, and what I mean is that part where it refers to dependent mental defectives, being chargeable off @ four hundred dollars per each. This clause is what makes the Am. Farmer so notably wealthy, on account he can, by one of them deft little twists which we all so love to give to our returns, well, by one of them gentle, white lies as you might call them, he can interpret "mental defective" as "bug"—a bug in the vernacular (as slang is called in Boston) being a well-known word for crazy person. It is not the farmer's fault if he takes bugs literally in any sense, and charges 'em off at the above figure. What with the yearly average of potato bugs, this had ought to prove quite a saving.

Also he can get considerable benefit out of that line about physically defective folks which are dependent for their living on you. Well, now as to that, I don't want to insult any class of the public, yet I have seen some so-called laboring men who had every appearance of coming under this head, and they was not all holding down municipal jobs by any means, but I got a farm up in the country myself, and I know what I am talking about. You may pay these creeping paralysis cases as high as \$4.50 a day, but believe me they are dependent on you just the same: dependent on the length of your patience, on whether you are a good shot or not, and on how lonesome the farm really is.

SOMETHING must be done about all this suffering, and done at once. If Congress does not attend to it immediately by passing a resolution, or the plate, or the buck, or something, why something will happen to the country, there is no doubt about it: Something Fierce! We Americans simply won't stand for any nonsense, because we are an independent people and we have our rights. Moreover, we are the hope of civilization and the standard of finance the world over to-day, and our beloved flag is the high-sign of success. We must keep the independence for which our 4-Fathers fought and died! I tell you, fellow citizens, that the time has come when something must be done! Yes, something—but what? Why, our blanks must be properly filled out and turned in by the fifteenth, that's what!

Now, in closing, Mr. Chairman, I want to suggest a few real simple and practical ways of attacking this inescapable task. I am not one to criticize and then offer no improvement. And I do make the criticism that most people go at making out their returns in the wrong way. By that I do not mean to say that they make 'em out wrong—that much is taken for granted. What I am endeavoring to get over is a line about not picking up the old self-filler and the blank as if it was a bill-of-fare or something, and reading it care-

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'Aha! They stole my idea and gave it to another author to work up into a play! We would be perfectly innocent—but it would be hard to make Mary Jones think so.

"A play may have a good idea, yet be hopeless in the way it is worked out. In that case we can do one of two things: If we think the author is capable of rewriting it so that it will be possible, we can have him try to do this. Or, if he evidently is incapable of this, we can try to persuade him to let us have an expert 'doctor' it.

"But this 'play-doctor' must be a real expert. There is no use fooling with another incompetent. We must get a man of the highest ability. The most conspicuous example of a play-doctor is probably Winchell Smith. The trouble is that a man like Smith can write his own plays; so it is almost impossible to get him to rewrite those of other people. But some of the most brilliant records in the theatre—that of 'Lightnin'' for example—have been made by plays which 'Bill' Smith rewrote. The same may be said of George M. Cohan, the miracle man of the theatre, but when George rewrites a play he does so for his own production.

"WHEN a play is accepted, the next step is to sign a contract with the writer. This is a very simple thing nowadays, for we use the standard form approved by the Authors' League. It used to take a week, sometimes, for our lawyer to draw up an elaborate contract and for us to discuss all the details with the author. But we can finish the transaction now in fifteen minutes.

"There are special arrangements with certain authors, but the general custom is this: The author receives five hundred dollars as an advance on his royalties. After the play opens, he receives each week five per cent of the first four thousand or five thousand dollars of gross receipts; seven and one-half per cent of the next two thousand or three thousand dollars; and ten per cent of all the receipts above this amount.

"His five hundred dollars of advance royalties are first repaid to the producer. After that, the author is paid every week on the scale I have outlined. If the gross receipts for one week are ten thousand dollars, for instance, the author would get about eight hundred dollars as his share. A successful play will earn from one hundred and fifty thousand to more than a million dollars.

"An author who is already an established success may receive a flat ten per cent, or even fifteen per cent of the gross. He may get a good-sized bonus in advance. And he sometimes stipulates that he is to receive a percentage of the profits also. But these are exceptional cases.

"English playwrights are on a different basis from American ones. As a rule, an English play is bought for this country after it has made a success in London. The author, therefore, is selling something more than a mere manuscript. His play has been produced, and has proved, to a certain extent, that it is worth something. So he can ask more for it—and he gets more. Bernard Shaw, for instance, receives a large advance bonus from an American producer.

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"when virtue brought a big reward, for the play was a decided success. However," he added, "it was due to something more than merely virtue. When you find yourself facing a tough proposition, you take off your coat, roll up your sleeves, and try to lick it. That's what we did this time. And we made 'Three Faces East' a success after all."

"How much does it cost to put on a play?" I asked.

"From ten to fifteen thousand for the average play," said Forrest. "A musical comedy costs a great deal more. A show like the Music Box Revue costs still more. People wonder why we charge five dollars for orchestra seats at the Music Box. They don't know that the piece has cost close to three hundred thousand dollars before it even opens. The expense of the last week of rehearsals alone are about sixty thousand dollars, because for these rehearsals we pay full salaries to the actors, musicians, and a small army of people behind the scenes."

"When I say that it costs ten or fifteen thousand dollars to put on the average play, I mean that this covers only the expense of the scenery, costumes, properties, and lights. It does not cover advertising, salaries, wages, or anything like that. The actors rehearse four weeks without pay. As a rule, rehearsals last only two or three weeks before the play is presented. They continue after this, for there are always changes to be made. But rehearsals while the play is running are not paid for; they are part of the regular procedure."

"WHEN it has been decided definitely to produce a play, the first thing to be done is to engage a cast. We begin, of course, with the leading characters. An important actor, or actress, always reads a play before accepting a part in it. The minor characters do not. We give them an idea of what their parts are, and they decide whether they will take them or not. But the important actors read their parts carefully before accepting them."

"Having engaged the company, we call them together for the reading of the play. Perhaps you have seen an old engraving of Augustin Daly reading a play to his company. I don't follow his custom. I have the company read the play to me. We sit around a big table on the stage, with a couple of strong lights standing beside us, while the rows of empty seats out in the auditorium, half visible in the shadows, seem to suggest a ghostly audience."

"At this reading of the play we go through the entire piece. There is no acting. We just sit around the table and the actors read their lines. But they try to read them with intelligence and the proper expression. We occasionally stop to discuss what is the proper expression. We talk of the meaning behind the lines and of the personality of the characters, their relations to one another, and their motives for the things they do. In short, I want them to absorb the spirit and meaning of the play; to begin to feel that dual identity which is to be theirs."

"Next we begin the actual rehearsals. Generally we take one act at a time, starting with the first. We probably work on this for several days before we

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jury that can give a real verdict is the public. We take that verdict and try to profit by it. But to consult an individual—that is foolish. One man's word is as good as another's, and three men might give you three absolutely contradictory suggestions. No; be as sure of yourself as you can be—then carry out your own ideas."

"How soon do you know whether a play is a success?" I asked.

"Sometimes immediately—sometimes not for several weeks," said Forrest. "You can't always tell by the next morning's papers. The critics may praise a play—as in the case of 'The Big Idea'—and the public refuse it. Or the critics may roast a play, and the people take it to their hearts. In the latter case, we have to wait until the 'word-of-mouth' advertising goes the rounds. But if we know that this advertising is going on, that people are telling their friends it is a good play, and that they ought to see it, we possess our souls in patience, knowing that the box-office returns will soon begin to reflect this most valuable of all advertising. However, if a piece is a rank failure it is generally known pretty quickly, and the play is taken off after a week or two; for the expense of keeping it going runs into thousands of dollars a week."

"YOU spoke of the cost of the costumes," I said. "Do you pay full price for them? We read on theatre programs: 'Gowns by So-and-So,' 'Hats by So-and-So,' and all that sort of thing. Don't these people furnish the gowns, hats, and so forth, for nothing—or, at least, at a reduction—because of the advertising they get out of it?"

"Certainly not!" said Forrest with a gruff smile. "Those notices are put on the program because it will make the people who furnish the things take more interest in them, if it is to be known who made them. But I think managers pay more, if anything, than private individuals have to pay. Of course there are some things we don't pay for. The automobile used in 'Six-Cylinder Love' was furnished free by the manufacturer, because of the publicity he got out of it. But as we didn't injure the machine it was returned to him in good order; so that is a different case. But we pay for other things. The actors do not pay for their costumes. The manager foots all the bills."

"There is one thing every regular producer has to have. And that is—a storehouse. It is a sort of cemetery; or rather, a house of ghosts. When a play fails it is 'sent to the storehouse.' At the end of a run, scenery and other paraphernalia that are still in fair condition are 'sent to the storehouse.' Some of it perhaps can be used in another production. Scenery can be repainted—sometimes. Furniture can be done over. Period costumes may possibly be available for another play. The storehouse holds a vast conglomeration of silent ghosts. I often think what tales they could tell: of dreary failures and brilliant successes; of lost dreams and lost dollars; of hopes and discouragements. For that is where they all end—all the myriad plays that are written with such high expectations and produced with so much painstaking care. That is the Finis for them all: 'Sent to the storehouse.'"



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EVERY day about 4 o'clock a bunch of checks is brought to my desk to be signed.

Most of these checks are made out to women. A few are sent to men.

They are in payment for interesting spare-time work done at home. Work that can be done entirely at one's own convenience—started and stopped just when one finds the time or feels in the mood for it. It's a profitable and dignified kind of work that needn't interfere a particle with other duties.

The checks I send out to our home workers range all the way from \$3 to \$5 up to \$10, and occasionally as high as \$15 or \$20 or more.

Some of our workers get a check every week. Some only once a month. How often each worker receives a check and the amount of the check depends on the amount of time given to the work. Each worker is free to do as much or as little as he or she chooses. Therefore, the amount earned is in each worker's own hands.

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Whether large or small, these checks are earned in free time that might otherwise bring nothing to show for it. Thus each check means just that much extra for the person receiving it—extra money for more clothes; for the savings bank; or to pay debts; or to help pay for a home; extra money to help out in any way one wishes.

The way these people earn their checks is by knitting wool socks on our famous Home Profit Knitter—a simple yet amazingly skillful little knitting machine that is many times faster than hand-knitting. That's why this work pays so well.

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Right now the Home Profit Hosiery Company wants at least a thousand more home workers. If you have been wishing you had more money coming in—then here is your chance. All you need is a Home Profit Knitter and a little spare time—and the willingness to use it. How much you earn will be in direct proportion to how much time and effort you give the work. You are always "your own boss." Moreover, other members of the family can help you along—for with practice almost anyone can knit socks on the Home Profit Knitter. And whether you knit a dozen or more pairs every day or only a dozen in a week or month, you can be sure of good pay for all the finished work you send us.

In fairness to yourself and your pocketbook, at least let me send you full information about this spare-time home-work plan that is bringing in extra money for so many others. That won't cost you anything. Yet it can easily make a vast difference in your life—it can easily mean hundreds of dollars a year to you. Simply fill out and mail the coupon at the bottom of this page—and it's a good idea to do it now—before you forget about it.

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## Human Nature in a Hat Store

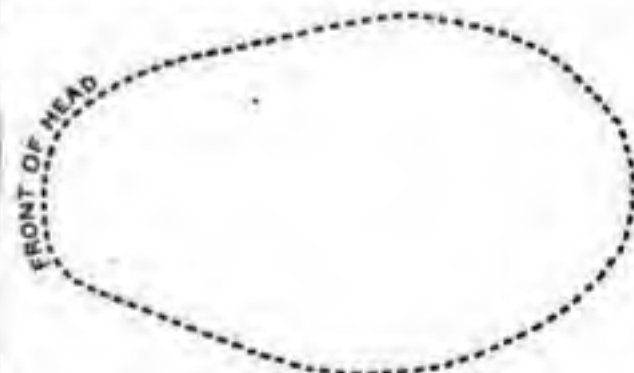
(Continued from page 43)

typical "dip" to their hats; indeed, you can frequently identify an Englishman from this alone.

Nowadays men wear their hats pulled down further on their heads than they did a few years ago. This is one reason why the average hat is one eighth of a size larger than it used to be. Motoring has something to do with this. Many men do not care for a cap, or do not look well in it; and they have found that if a soft felt hat is big enough to pull well down on the head it will stay on, and afford shade to the eyes as well. Another reason is that the smaller hat has a tendency to blow off—and no one enjoys the sensation of chasing a truant head-piece for the length of a city block.

We find that the average size is  $7\frac{1}{4}$ . About one man out of four buys that size. The largest size we carry in stock is  $7\frac{3}{4}$  and the smallest 6 $\frac{5}{8}$ . Almost never is there a call outside this range, which has a variation in circumference of about three inches.

If a man's head happens to be over size he is usually proud of the fact, but if it is under size he never mentions it. Not long ago a giant of a man, about six feet five inches tall and weighing fully two hundred and fifty pounds, strolled up to one of our clerks, with a broad grin. "I'll bet you can't fit me with a hat!" he said—the invariable remark of the man with an abnormally large head. We found in this case that the customer was telling the exact truth. He needed a size eight. A factory made the hat to order, and he came back a couple of days later and bore it proudly away.



**YOU** would probably be surprised if you could see the exact shape of your head as taken by the "conforming" device that is carried in every up-to-date hat store. You would find it much longer than you imagine and decidedly irregular in outline. It might be bigger either toward the back or toward the front. In either case it would not be exactly symmetrical; that is, it would bulge more on one side than on the other. The drawing above is made from the impression of an "average head." Any other head would show marked variations.

Chinese and Japanese come nearer to having symmetrical heads than any other races. Their craniums are often almost round and so small that we occasionally have to refer the would-be buyers to the boys' department. Incidentally, these round heads are the hardest of all



to fit. If a man's head is long and "bumpy" you can make a hat fit it exactly by the use of the conformer—that takes an impression of the head and allows you to shape the hat to the impression. But if a man's head is round, you cannot compress the normal elliptical-shaped hat to fit it.

Very few men wear the derby to-day. It has been almost entirely supplanted by the soft felt, which outsells it at least in the ratio of twelve to one. Some manufacturers say that just now there is evidence of a slight swing back toward the derby, but most of them feel that its day is done. The soft hat is more comfortable, and comfort is one of the things to which men are paying increasing attention.

We find that the average man is pretty logical in picking out a hat. He refuses to be stampeded by any new departure in style. Only last fall the manufacturers launched a vigorous campaign to feature the green hat; the expected avalanche of orders did not come, however, because the green hat was a novelty, and green is a trying color for most men, particularly city men, who are inclined to be sallow.

Real changes in men's hats come not in seasonal fads but in slow-moving cycles, such as the sweeping change from the derby to the felt hat within the last few years. Every season there is a slight change in the height of the crown or the width or curl of the brim; but men do not seek new styles for the pleasure of wearing something new.

THE same styles and shapes of hats are worn pretty generally in different parts of the country. Chicago, however, seems quicker to adopt new styles than any other city—and that includes New York. But the rest of the country looks to New York for leadership in such slight changes as occur from year to year.

Of course the broad-brimmed hat which we always associate with cowboys and stockmen has a good sale in the West. Most of the hats sold on the sunset side of the Rockies tend to be wider in brim and higher in crown than the average hat worn by an Easterner.

Manufacturers say that the picturesque "Kentucky Colonel" hat, particularly in colors such as light tan, has a steady sale, and many retailers carry them in stock. The city of Washington has quite a demand for them. They are worn by Congressmen from the West and South, and other temporary residents.

Occasionally we have a customer who buys the first hat he tries on. This is likely to be a duplicate of the hat he has been wearing. Other quick sales are made to men who have been "window shopping;" they have seen a style in the show window that captured their eye, and all they have to do is to come in and give their size.

I have known a man to try on as many as twenty hats before finding one that suited him. Such a shopper looks at himself from every angle in every available mirror. In the end he may decide that he has been unable to find anything that was just what he wanted.

Men pick out hats for themselves more than they used to. Only a few bring along their wives. You might suppose that with their wives along the sale would be



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harder, because there are two people to please. That is not actually so, because the wife, standing by, can tell whether or not a hat is becoming. She sees the salesman's point of view and generally approves it. Were the man alone he might be inclined to question the salesman's judgment. Of course at times a man may want a certain kind of hat and the wife will want him to buy another; then the sale is doubly difficult.

A man may purchase two or more suits of clothes, but he seldom buys more than one hat at a time. The principal exception is the out-of-town visitor, making his annual trip to New York. Sometimes he stocks up for the year. An occasional customer will buy a derby and a felt, a felt and a straw, or even a silk hat and one of the other kinds; but almost never does a man buy two felts or two straws at the same time.

Most city men buy two straw hats a year and one felt hat. The wearer of a derby may make it last two or more years. Many customers buy a straw hat late in the season when prices have been reduced, so that it will last over the next spring until the early high prices have started to recede.

THE second consecutive warm day in spring usually starts an avalanche of buyers toward the hat stores. The first warm day served as a reminder. In New York, and most other big cities of the East, there is an unwritten law that the straw hat must be donned on May 15th and taken off on September 15th. The opening of the spring season is not very religiously adhered to, however. If the weather is really warm before May 15th you will see straw hats everywhere, and if it is a backward season a good many men will wear their felts until the temperature rises. The closing date, on the other hand, is generally followed, even if the weather is still warm. I suppose that the freemasonry of the streets, causing many boys and young men to feel they have the privilege of smashing a straw hat worn after the official closing date, has had a good deal to do with this.

Two thirds of the caps are sold in the spring, because in most places, particularly in New York, they are worn only for sport. But the felt, as I have said, is coming to replace them to a degree. Even straw hats can be worn with considerable comfort by the modern motorist. Many makers fit the brim with a yielding elastic band, which holds the straw pretty firmly to the head without discomfort. But a panama hat sticks on much better than a stiff straw.

If you ask the average man where his panama was made, he will think there is some catch to the question. "Panama, of course," he will say, if you press him for an answer. The fact is that these hats are not made there at all, but in South America, principally on the coast of Ecuador, in Colombia, and in Peru.

The reason for this general impression is simple enough: About 1846, when the Panama Railroad was being built, a hat dealer in Panama City imported some of these straws from Ecuador. They were of fine quality and they sold quickly to Germans, French, and Americans. So popular did they become that many of



them were shortly imported to America and to European countries. There they were called "panamas," after the city that distributed them.

The toquilla straw from which they are woven is made from the immature unexpanded leaves of screw pines, which grow six or eight feet tall and look like fan-shaped palm trees. They are found in the wild, humid regions of Peru and Colombia and in the dense tropical forests on the coast of Ecuador. In these countries thousands of natives are at work constantly in front of their picturesque straw huts, with a wooden hat block between their knees and a bucket of water beside them, endlessly weaving, and dipping the hat at intervals to keep it pliable. Its texture is fine as damask and its fibers are as delicate as threads of the finest linen. It is said the best grade of panama is *six months* in the weaving.

After the hats are finished they are washed in cold, clear water, coated with a thin solution of gum, polished with dry sulphur and smoothed by pounding. In the countries that import them they are bleached, trimmed, lined, and made ready for sale.

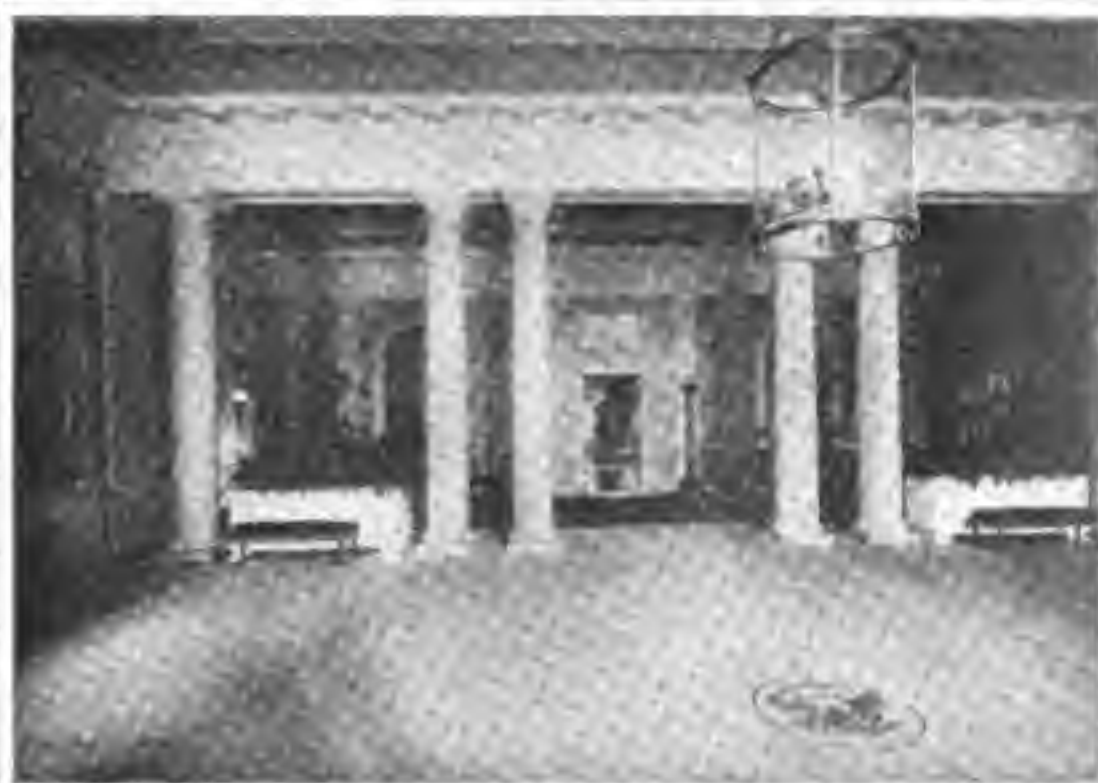
**H**ERE is a tip for the panama hat owner who is interested in preserving it; any considerable drenching injures the straw. After it has been rained on, the hat should be dried and pressed. During a long dry spell you should moisten your panama occasionally to keep it flexible. In winter it ought to be packed away in a box containing camphor. When you take it out in the spring it will be in good shape for another season.

During the Spanish-American war, the United States Government contracted for a number of panamas, which they distributed among the soldiers to protect them from the hot Cuban sun. When the men returned they not only brought back these hats but others which they had purchased for relatives and friends. This gave the sale of panamas in this country a decided impetus.

The ordinary stiff straw hat is manufactured extensively in America. The specially grown barley, wheat, and rye straw from which the braids are made is imported largely from China; but Japan and Italy furnish most of the supply.

The colored hat band is seen on more straws to-day than ever before, but the men who wear it are still in the decided minority. Not one customer in twenty buys a hat with a colored band; but quite a number of men have formed the habit of wearing the plain black band for a month or two and then, when it begins to show signs of usage, replacing it with a colored band.

Brown is a fairly popular color in straw hat bands. Blue with red stripes, blue with white stripes, and plain blue are also in demand, especially among younger men. College men are inclined to be partial to the colored hat band, particularly those featuring their college colors. Leading stores keep the colors of all the big universities in stock. But let me say here that, on the whole, I have found the typical college man inclined to be much more conservative in his choice of clothes than the comic papers give him credit for.



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Ad. 178



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Just now there is a slight indication that a striped band on the soft felt hat is going to come into favor. A black band, with two narrow white stripes, is very effective on a pearl-gray hat. A blue band with red stripes looks well on a taupe or mouse-colored hat. Manufacturers and dealers are experimenting with other colors.

You have noticed, of course, that the band on the soft felt is seldom the same color as the hat. Black hats are about the only exception to the rule. Brown bands are usually worn on brown hats, but the shades are different. Gray hats almost invariably are banded with black. The effect is fine.

During the last two or three years, I am told, there was a curious craze for fancy linings among the buyers of cheap and medium-priced hats. Manufacturers were hard pressed to meet the demand. Some purchasers would look at the lining even before they examined the outside of the hat, and if the lining was gaudy and flamboyant enough the sale was as good as made. I cannot explain the psychology of this craze, which, fortunately, is beginning to subside. Men who can afford to buy high-grade hats are seldom concerned as to whether they are lined or not. Indeed, most of them seem to prefer unlined headgear, except in the velours and beaver, whose special process of manufacture leaves a rough interior surface.

MEN usually ask to have their initials put in their hats. They prefer the perforated band to gilt letters pasted in. Customers tell me that these perforated initials, besides helping them find their hats in public buildings, often aid them to identify themselves in banks and other places.

I recall the case of a man, not very long ago, who had a new sweat band put in his hat, but forgot to have a new set of initials punched in it. Shortly afterward, on leaving a restaurant he protested that someone had taken his hat. "This looks like mine," he said, pointing to his own hat; "but my hat is better-looking and has my initials punched in the band. I'll swear to that!"

There has been a slump in the sale of silk hats during the past few years. This is partly due to the fact that the dinner jacket has so largely taken the place of the full evening dress, except at the most formal functions. Most men find themselves more comfortable and less conspicuous in the derby or felt that fashion permits them to wear with the semi-formal dinner jacket.

Several attempts have been made to invent a new style in headgear to take the place of the silk hat. Clemenceau, the former French Premier, has even taken a hand at it. His creation is a low, close-fitting hat, made of panned velvet with a sharply turned velvet brim, resembling the overseas hat of the American soldier—the kind they say lets the rain down the back of their necks.

Did you ever notice how a man will keep his hat on sometimes in the presence of ladies and take it off at other times? In the department-store elevator he will remove it when ladies enter, while in the office-building elevator across the way he will keep it on. Perhaps in the

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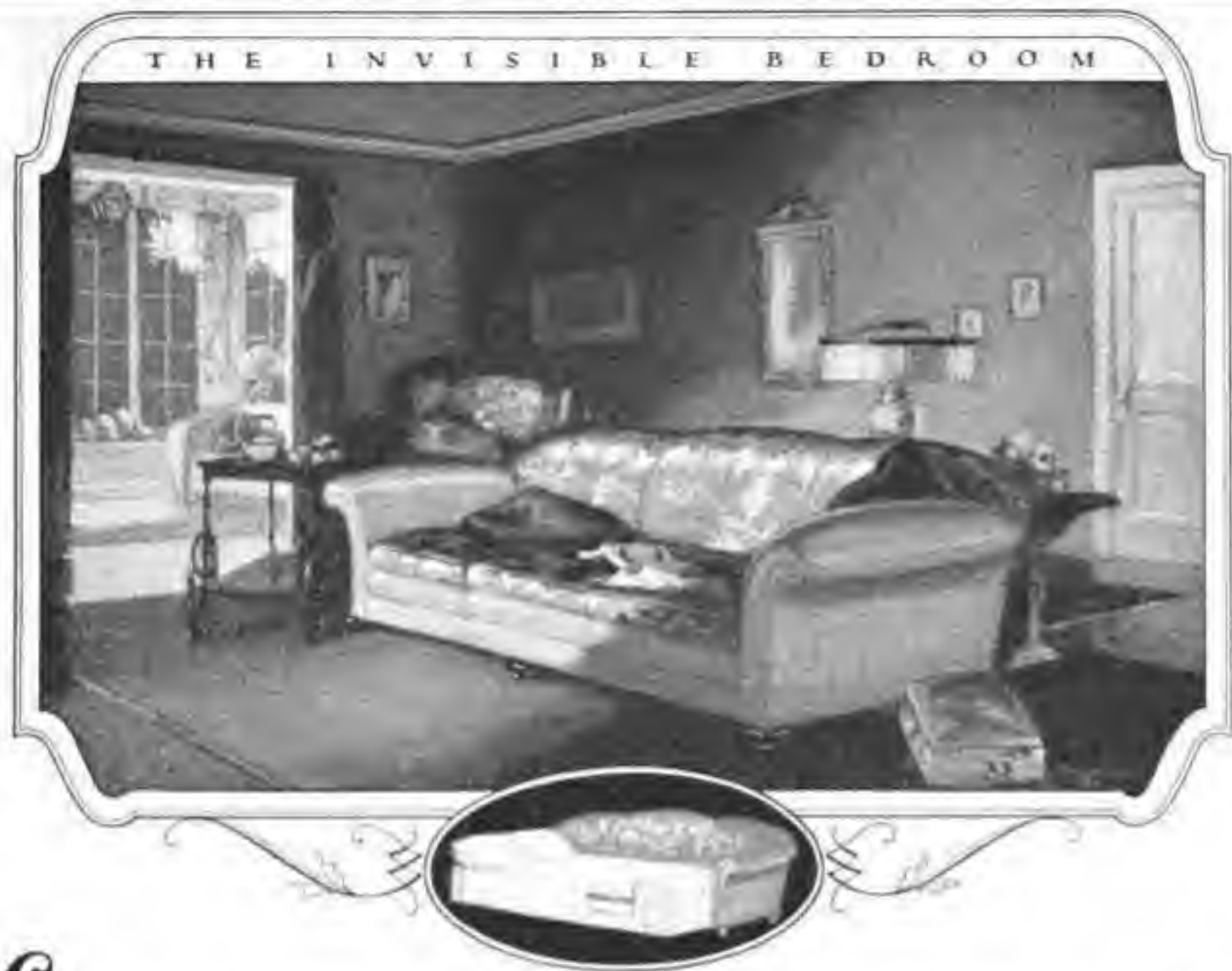
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LATE AFTERNOON sunlight drifting through sheer-curtained windows. A slender beam aslant the big Kroehler davenport—its lovely, rich coloring aglow with light. The tea-cart drawn close, silver glinting, kettle singing.

How charmingly luxurious and restful the room appears! How inviting the davenport—low and easy of line, deep and soft of cushioning!

Nothing to mar the good taste of a delightfully furnished room. Indeed, a subtle air of distinction, in which the fine lines, subdued coloring and soft luxury of the Kroehler davenport play an important part.

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Everyone knows the advantages of buying direct from the manufacturer. Our plan of selling direct, with limited selling expense, makes possible big savings. These savings are passed on to you in the form of lower prices.

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Under the terms of our liberal **FREE TRIAL** offer you may use this machine for **TEN DAYS** on your own typing work without any obligation to buy. Why can we make this offer? Because we know that if you need a typewriter and will give this Rebuilt Underwood a thorough trial, you will decide to keep it.

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department store he feels that he is invading the woman's private stamping ground—for women do nearly all the shopping for the family. Likewise he feels that the business world is his domain. There he meets a woman on an equal basis and he does not feel called upon to be over-polite.

There are many other curious notions and superstitions about hats. I have been told that Charlie Chaplin insists on having his hat on when he writes out his ideas for photo-plays, and I have known newspaper men who insisted that they "couldn't think" unless they wore their hats when they sat down to a typewriter. Then there are other people who will not wear a hat on any occasion.

I remember one New York man who attracted public attention for years because he always walked through the streets bareheaded in the coldest winter weather.

I suspect that not one man in a hundred has the glimmer of an idea as to the fascinating process which turns out the felt or derby hat that he wears so nonchalantly. Indeed, I doubt that he even dreams what it is made of. "Some textile material, probably wool, with the various pieces woven, compressed, or stuck together," he probably would say if you insisted on getting his view point. . . . Wrong on all counts!

**IT MIGHT** be interesting for you to look at your felt hat for a minute. Feel its fiber, notice its extreme toughness. Then prepare for a shock. That hat is made of nothing in the world but *fur and hot water*.

Not a single ingredient is added to hold the fur together—unless you call "elbow grease" an ingredient. For generations the process of hat making was a mystery even to the makers themselves. They knew what they did, but they could not understand how they obtained such extraordinary results.

Moreover, there probably are about half a dozen kinds of fur in your hat, in carefully assorted proportions. Most of the fur used by manufacturers comes from rabbits or hares raised extensively for this particular market in France, Scotland, and Australia. Our native muskrat and the South American beaver, *castor*, also furnish considerable amounts.

If you were to examine an individual fur fiber (what you call a hair) under the microscope, you would find that around the hollow center is an outer layer of cells made up of the same material as your finger nails or the scales of a fish. All these scales point *from* the root toward the *other end*.

Take hold of each end of this hair and pull. If it does not break you will find that the fingers at the root end will hold their grip, because they are pulling against the little invisible barbs, while the fingers at the other end will slip, because they are going *with* the barbs.

Now, what makes possible the toughness of your hat is the fact that in the process of manufacture these barbs grip one another and actually *interlock*. The interlocking is brought about when they are shrunk by hot water and worked together by hand. As an interesting sidelight on this mysterious process, it is said that felting was discovered by a





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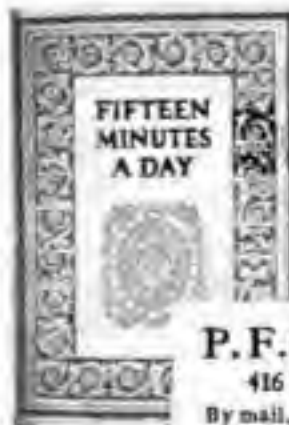
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Eddie Elkins of New York, (top) and Max Fisher of Los Angeles, (bottom) are among the popular orchestra directors who endorse Conn instruments.



medieval churchman who, one morning as he was starting on a long walking journey, put some rabbit's fur inside his hard shoes and discovered at night that he had a tough, one-piece inner sole.

The process of hat making is far too intricate to attempt to describe in a few paragraphs. In Colonial days no one was allowed to qualify as a hat maker until he had served an apprenticeship of seven years. Even to-day, when most of the work is done by machine, there are twenty-five or thirty distinct steps. A few of these, however, may give you an idea of the whole process.

First the furs are washed with whale oil soap and a solution of nitrate of mercury. This gets rid of the grease and opens up the microscopic barbs I have referred to. Then a truly marvelous shearing machine clips off the ends of the hair fibers which are too coarse to be used and shears the soft, downy fur from the pelt. The fur is fed out of this machine looking just as it did before. Indeed, hardly a fiber is disarranged. But if you were to examine it closely you would find that the pelt had been entirely removed.

The different kinds and qualities of fur are then mixed in the desired proportions by a fearful and wonderful machine called "The Devil"—because of its tremendous tearing power. Thousands of teeth tear the fibers apart and thoroughly mix them. The fur is next conveyed into a blowing machine, where it is blown about constantly by a light current of air. Matted pieces, coarse hair, and bits of fur to which the skin still sticks, drop through a set of sieves, and the valuable part of the fur is left for further treatment. This process is kept up until nothing but the very best fur is left. It comes out so fine and soft and filmy that it scarcely bears a touch. It is then put into boxes which hold enough for a dozen hats—each hat taking from two and one-quarter to five and one-half ounces of fur.

THE next apparatus with which the fur comes in contact is the "former," a tall, slender copper cone perforated with many holes and having an exhaust fan at the bottom, which causes the outer air to be continually sucked through these holes. As this cone revolves on its axis, the fur is fed out and drawn against the surface by the suction. Soon a coating of loose fur has accumulated on the surface and is held there. When the cone is covered with sufficient fur to make a hat, a damp cloth is wrapped around it and a perforated tin cover is next slapped on. Cone, fur, and cover are then immersed in a vat of hot water. When it is taken out, a moment later, the hair is welded together in a matted cone about three feet high and a sixteenth of an inch thick, and just strong enough to be handled without falling apart.

Then the embryo hat is subjected to various shrinking processes: It is dipped again and again into scalding hot water and vigorously kneaded by hand—and that is what I meant when I mentioned "elbow grease." Finally it is brought down to near the proper size. The felt grows stronger and smoother with each shrinking as more and more of the barbs interlock.

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This is the story of E. A. Sweet of Michigan—as he told it to us—the story of a man whose income suddenly jumped to more than a thousand dollars a month. It is worth reading, for it tells exactly how others can do the same as Mr. Sweet did and equal his success.

"For a good many years I worked for a salary. I was an electrical engineer making from \$150 to \$300 a month. Like almost every other man who works for a salary I was dissatisfied, for I felt every day that if I were only working for myself instead of someone else I would make more money. It wasn't only that, either. I just didn't like the idea of having someone to boss me—someone else to tell me how much I was worth—to hire me or fire me just as he pleased.

"How did anybody know what I was worth? How did I know? I didn't, and that is what worried me. I wanted to know. Maybe I was worth five, ten or even twenty times as much as I had been getting. In other words, after a good many years of hard work with a certain measure of success I came to the conclusion that I was getting nowhere and that it was high time for me to do something on my own hook if I ever wanted to be more than just somebody's employe.

"That was only a few months ago. Today I am making more money than I ever dreamed of making. I am my own boss and last month my net profit was more than \$1,200.

"This is how it happened. One day I read an advertisement in a magazine. The advertisement said that any man could make from \$100 to \$300 a month during his spare time, or that he could make \$200 a week if he only had the necessary ambition.

"It was only natural that I should hesitate a bit before answering this

advertisement. It seemed almost too good to be true. Frankly, I doubted whether it was possible. But I thought to myself that certainly there could be no harm in writing, so I clipped out the coupon and mailed it.

"I realize today that mailing that coupon was the most important thing I ever did. All that I have today—all the success that I have earned—began with that one little act of mine.



E. A. SWEET

"My work has been pleasant and easy. I am the representative in this territory for a manufacturer of raincoats. This manufacturer sent me a little eight-page booklet that tells any man or woman just what it told me. It offers to anyone the same opportunity that was offered to me.

"This raincoat manufacturer is The Comer Manufacturing Company of Dayton, Ohio—one of the largest manufacturers of high-grade raincoats in America. These coats are nationally advertised, but they are not sold through stores. All that I do is to take orders. I do not have to buy a stock of coats. I do not have to invest any money, and the beauty of the proposition is that I get my profit the same day that the order is taken.

"The little eight-page booklet which the Company will send to you will tell you exactly how you can do as I have done. It will tell you how

to get started right in your own territory. It will tell you where to go, what to say, and give you all the information you will ever need.

"In my first month as a Comer representative I made \$243. That was a start, but it was only a start. My second month netted me \$600, and last month I hit the bull's eye with a net profit of more than \$1,200 for my thirty days' work.

"One year ago my life was limited to a \$200 a month income. I worked eight hours a day. Today my income is from \$600 to \$1,200 a month and I work four hours a day. A year ago I was not sure of my position. Today I am the sole owner of my own business. I still consider myself a greenhorn and I expect my profits to grow just as much in the future as they have grown so far."

\* \* \*

If you are interested in increasing your income and can devote all your time or only an hour or so a day to this same proposition in your territory, write at once to The Comer Manufacturing Company, Dayton, Ohio. This is their special offer. They will send you, without any preliminary correspondence or red tape, a complete selling outfit with full instructions, samples, style book, order book and everything you need to get started. Sign and mail the coupon now and in less than a week you can be making more money than you ever believed possible.

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I am ready to start as a Comer representative if you can show me how I can make from \$50 to \$200 a week. Please send me, without any expense or obligation to me, complete outfit and instructions.

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It is because of these modern advantages that Standard Oil Company, Sears, Roebuck & Company, International Harvester Company and many other leaders use 15 to 100 Sundstrands each.

At your convenience inspect the Sundstrand. Lightly lift it. Put your fingers on its simple keyboard. See how you control everything with only one hand—your left hand is always free to follow figures or turn checks.

In fact, investigate all the features of this new day machine—its automatic column selection—its improved correction features—its simple, easy method of multiplying, with automatic shift—its valuable protection features.

Eight years ago many of these ideas were entirely new. Today their complete success is everywhere conceded. "The re-orders tell the story."

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ADDING AND FIGURING  
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After the hat is dyed, its brim is stiffened a little by dipping it into a very thin solution of shellac. Derby hats are given a shellac bath all over, but nothing except hot water is ever used on the crown of the felt. It is then blocked, and smoothed with emery paper and ironed with an electric or gas iron, and the brim is moistened and shaped on wooden flanges.

**T**HE velour and the beaver are both popular winter hats, and more expensive than the ordinary felts. The beaver is the better-looking and more expensive of the two, being felted entirely from the best fur of the beaver. Compared with less expensive felts, the process of manufacture is very slow, because much of it is hand work done by experts. The hats are shrunk, formed, and blocked in much the same way as other hats. Then, however, the fur, instead of being smoothed, is scratched up by hand with a metal comb. The roughened nap, which is now extremely shaggy, is clipped off to a uni-

form length with a "lawn-mower" shaving machine, which is built like an old-fashioned horse-clipper. The nap is then sponged off and blown up by compressed air and the short hair remaining has that much talked of "kitteny" look and feel. Beaver and velour are cold-weather hats, being worn chiefly with the winter overcoat.

While they are popular with people who can afford expensive things, yet they have a surprisingly large sale among Poles, Austrians, and Italians. That is probably due to the fact that the velour was first made in Austria. To-day, however, manufacturers in this country turn out the finest grades of velour and beaver hats.

The most expensive beaver that I ever heard of was the large sombrero worn through several of his campaigns by Pancho Villa, the Mexican leader who was bribed to let up on his activities against the new republic. This hat was trimmed with pure silver and was said to be worth more than one hundred dollars.

## Stella Dallas

(Continued from page 59)

"Good gracious! Of course I do! We wondered how such a person ever got in here, and then decided she must have come, just for the day, from that unspeakable place on the other side of the lake."

"Notice her, Laurel," laughed Deborah, giving Laurel a little squeeze. "I believe she is coming down toward the pier. Take her in. She's a perfect scream. Paint about an inch thick, and plucked eyebrows, and dyed hair, and not a day under forty. Oh, she's a mess! You remember her, Richard, don't you?"

"Yes, I remember her. Awful dame! Horrible creature!"

Behind Laurel lay only water; on either side of her lay only water. She could not turn and run. She watched her mother take the gravel path that led to the pier. "She is; she's coming this way, girls!" delightedly ejaculated Deborah. Then suddenly Laurel exclaimed, "I've lost something."

"Lost something?"

"My watch!" She held up an empty wrist. "It must have dropped off in the canoe."

She turned back immediately. Richard turned back, too.

"Shan't we all come and look?" Deborah offered.

"No, please," Laurel called back.

"You all go along," Richard ordered. "We'll find it."

"I think it must be among the cushions somewhere," said Laurel.

All during the torturing ten or fifteen minutes when she and Richard shook the cushions and pillows, each separate one, and then ran their hands into every possible corner and crevice of the canoe where a watch might lodge, Laurel kept constant watch of the shore. She saw her mother walk slowly down the path toward the lake, arrive at the water's edge, hesitate, and then sit down on one of the rustic seats built on either side of the pier where it joined the bank. She saw the group

which she had just left approach the rustic seat, draw nearer to her mother—pass her mother! Thank kind heaven above, they didn't stop. Her mother didn't introduce herself to them, after all! Laurel breathed freer. But only for a short time. It soon became evident that her mother was going to wait for her at the rustic seat until her errand at the end of the pier, whatever it was, was finished.

Laurel couldn't keep up the silly search among a half-dozen sofa pillows and one canoe indefinitely. She must go back along the pier and pass the rustic seat, with Richard Grosvenor beside her, in a minute or two. Should she tell him now—immediately, that the "awful dame" was her mother?

"Well, I guess my watch isn't here, after all," she said, with a catch in her voice, with almost a sob. It was over, all over. And so unbecomingly, so hideously.

"If the watch isn't here, it's probably up at Stag Island. If we both paddled hard, we can get there before dark. Jump in. We'll find it."

**L**AUREL gave Richard a look that was like the look of a dog to the god who releases his foot from the jaws of a steel trap. "Oh, you are good!" And she jumped into her place in the front of the canoe, he jumped in behind, and they were off, out of sight, out of sound, in three minutes.

They didn't find the watch. They hunted until it was dark on Stag Island and paddled back by the light of a slowly rising July moon. They hardly talked at all. Richard was aware of a high current of feeling that seemed to be coursing through this mysterious girl ever since the first moment that she had noticed her wrist was bare. It awed and silenced him.

It wasn't until they were returning from Stag Island that he remarked, "You must think a lot of that watch."

She replied, "I'll never forget your coming to help me find it."





*Which play would you make?*

Cribbage — Pone has played 3, 5 and 6; dealer 7 and 4. Dealer holds 7 and 6. What is the obvious play? What is the best play?

## Are you foresighted?

In life, as in cards, some play for the next trick while others look ahead to the ultimate score. But people who make it a habit to

### *Play Cards for Recreation*

soon develop foresight. They play to win the game, not merely an immediate point or two. What other amusement so sharpens the mental qualities that are necessary for business and social success?

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"But we haven't been successful."  
"That doesn't matter. I'll never forget it. Never, never, never, never."

A similar high current of feeling coursed through Richard, too, at the sound of her low voice earnestly repeating the single word to him.

It was after nine o'clock when Laurel and Richard reached the pier for the second time that evening. It was deserted. So, too, Laurel observed, with a fresh wave of gratitude for the boy who had saved her, and her mother also, was the rustic seat.

"I'm going in by a side door," Laurel said to Richard as they walked toward the lighted hotel. "You go in the other way. You see 'the crowd.' I want to go right up to my mother as quickly as I can."

"But you'll be down again?"

"Not to-night."

"You haven't had any dinner."

"I'll have some sent up."

"But—"

"Please!"

"Shan't I see you again to-night?"

"Not to-night."

"When shall I see you again?"

In ten minutes—five minutes—when "the crowd" told him, he wouldn't want to see her ever again. "To-morrow," she managed to smile.

"Yes. Don't forget. We're going to have lunch together to-morrow."

"I won't."

"I've only four days left," he went on eagerly. "Give me the morning before lunch to-morrow, too, will you? Please. We'll go somewhere alone." They had reached the side door now. Laurel had one hand on the knob. "Will you? Please answer. Will you?"

Laurel turned and looked up at him, and nodded.

"Right after breakfast?"

She nodded again.

"Promise?"

For the third time she nodded, then suddenly reached out her free hand and touched Richard Grosvenor on his arm, drew her hand back quickly, and whispered, "Good night." Her eyes were as black as the lake beneath the moon.

"Laurel!" Richard moved toward her, but she had turned, she had gone. The big door with its heavy spring closed softly upon him.

LAUREL found her mother propped in bed.

"Well, of all things! Where have you been?" she exclaimed as Laurel came into the room.

"Didn't anyone tell you?"

"Not till just about half an hour ago; then that Mrs. Grosvenor sent a bell boy with a note, saying not to worry; you had lost something and had gone back to the island with her son to hunt for it. What did you lose, Laurel?"

"My watch!"

"Your watch! Why, don't you remember, you said this morning you wouldn't wear it because it might get wet? There it is on the bureau!"

"Why, that is so."

"Gracious! What's the matter with you?"

"I must be losing my memory, I guess," smiled Laurel wanly.

She crossed the room and slipped the watch onto her wrist.

"Had a good time to-day?" Stella inquired.

"Wonderful."

"You must tell me about it. Every word. I'm crazy to hear."

"I will. How have you been, Mother?"

"Where have I been, you better ask."

"Well, where have you been?"

"Down-stairs!" she announced, with a triumphant nod of her head.

"Down-stairs!"

"It's a wonder you didn't see me. I saw you. The doctor was here this morning, and said it would do me good to get up and around as soon as possible, now. At first I thought I better wait till to-morrow morning. Then I said to myself it would be fun to surprise you. So I dressed about four o'clock and sat around on the veranda for a while. I felt just fine, and when I saw all your party coming down the lake in the canoes, I walked down to the pier to meet you. I saw you when you went off with that young man, heaven knew where. I supposed you would be right back. I waited for over an hour in that little summerhouse on the pier. I thought it would be so nice to meet him like that, offhand, and I was looking rather well."

LAUREL, occupied before the mirror—slipping off the lavender sweater, removing her hat and giving her hair gentle little presses and pokes—inquired casually, "Did you stay down-stairs to dinner?"

"No, I didn't. Though I felt all right. But I thought this way—it would be nicer to meet all your friends when you were around to introduce me. I'll go down to breakfast with you to-morrow morning. I feel just great."

"Then you didn't meet anybody?"

"Not yet."

"Mother," said Laurel, turning toward her from the mirror, "I'm going down-stairs just a moment, if you're all right. I won't be long!"

"Mercy! Don't think about me. Stay as long as you want, and have a good time. Gracious, you deserve it. I'm as contented as a clam, as long as you are happy, Lollie. But you can't go like that, in that wrinkled waist and your hair all mussy."

"Oh, it doesn't matter."

Laurel did not take the elevator down-stairs. She walked. The elevator would leave her the whole length of the foyer away from the hotel office. The stairs came down just behind it. Laurel felt fairly sure that none of "the crowd" would be near the office at this time in the evening. She was right. Nobody was near the office. The clerk was alone.

"We're leaving to-morrow," she told him.

"Leaving! I thought your mother—"

"My mother is much better, and something has happened that makes it necessary for us to go home immediately."

"Why, but—"

"Oh, I know we've engaged the room for the season. You'll have to charge us for it, if that is the way you do. We have got to go, anyway." There was something very convincing about Laurel. "We're going on the early train," she said.

"Oh, but the early train isn't necessary. The train that connects with the Boston Pullman at the junction, sixty miles below here, doesn't leave until evening."



# Are You Ever Tongue-Tied At a Party?

**H**AVE you ever been seated next to a man, or a woman, at a dinner and discovered that there wasn't a thing in the world you could talk about?

Have you ever been tongue-tied at a party—actually tongue-tied, you know, and unable to say what you wanted to say, hesitant and embarrassed instead of well-poised and at ease?

It is humiliating to sit next to a young lady or a young man, at a dinner table and not be able to converse in a calm well-bred manner. It is awkward to leave one's dance partner without a word—or to murmur some senseless phrase that you regret the moment it leaves your lips.

Embarrassment robs so many of us of our power of speech. Frequently people who are quite brilliant talkers among their own friends find that they cannot utter a word when they are among strangers.

At a party, do you know how to make and acknowledge introductions in a pleasing, well-poised manner? Do you know how to mingle with the guests, saying the right thing at the right time? Do you know what to say to your hostess when you arrive, and what to say when you depart?

Does conversation lag every time it reaches you? Are you constrained and ill at ease throughout the evening?

The difference between being a calm, well-poised guest and an embarrassed, constrained guest is usually the difference between a happy and a miserable evening.

## Are You Ever "Alone" in a Crowd?

**T**HE man who does not know exactly what is expected of him at a party or a dance, feels alone, out of place. Often he feels uncomfortable. He imagines people are noticing him, thinking how dull he is, how uninteresting.

The woman who does not have a pleasing, engaging manner invariably has the "panicky" feeling of a wallflower. She is afraid of making blunders, constrained and embarrassed when she should be entirely at ease.

Good manners make good mixers. If you do not want to feel "alone" in a crowd, make it your business to know exactly what to do, say, write and wear on every occasion. The man or woman who is able to do the correct and cultured thing without stopping to think about it is the man or woman who is always welcome, always popular, always happy and at ease.

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By telling you what to say and when to say it, by explaining exactly what to do under all circumstances, etiquette gives you a wonderful poise and ease of manner. Instead of being tongue-tied, it shows you how to be a pleasing, interesting conversationalist. Instead of being "alone" it teaches you the secret of making people like you and seek your company.

### Mistakes That Condemn Us As Ill-Bred

There are countless little blunders that one can make at a party or a dance. For instance, the man who motters "Pleased to meet you" over and over again as his hostess introduces him to the other guests is revealing how little he really knows about polite society. The woman who says "Mr. Blank, meet Miss Smith" makes two very obvious mistakes.

At the dinner table, in the ball-room, with strangers and with one's own friends, one must avoid the little social blunders that can cause embarrassment. An easy, calm, engaging manner is of much greater importance than a pretty gown or a smart new suit.

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"We're going in the morning," Laurel announced.

"MOTHER," she remarked ten minutes later, "you must lie there in bed and watch me pack the trunks."

"Pack the trunks!"

"We're leaving this place to-morrow morning, at half-past seven."

"What are you talking about?"

"We're leaving. We're going."

"What do you mean?"

"What I say. I've just been downstairs and told the clerk."

"Have you lost your mind, Laurel?"

A faint smile drifted across Laurel's features, softened, for a moment, her firmly set jaw and chin.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Mother! I'm ever so sorry."

"What's happened? What's the meaning of this?"

"Oh, I just don't like it here any more," shrugged Laurel. "I just can't stand it here any more."

Stella's eyes narrowed. She nodded her head slowly up and down. "Sounds mighty like a quarrel with your young man, to me."

"Oh, don't say 'my young man,' Mother."

"There you go! Just like your father again! Criticizing my language every other minute! Well, then, Richard Grosvenor. Sounds mighty like a quarrel with Richard Grosvenor, to me."

"Mother," said Laurel, "I never want to see Richard Grosvenor again as long as I live!"

"I knew it! I knew it! Come, Laurel, don't be a little goose. Mercy, I never saw such a pepper-box! You can't fly out of a hotel like this, on a moment's notice, just because of a little lovers' quarrel. Heavens alive! You come to bed and sleep on it. You'll feel entirely different in the morning. So will he. Gracious! I know how those things work. Quarrels make the heart grow fonder. There's a saying something like that. You come to bed, Laurel."

"Not till the packing is finished," said Laurel. She turned her back upon Stella, crossed the room to the bureau, pulled out a lower drawer, and removed a pile of underclothes.

"You don't mean to say you're going to pack up and clear out of the only place we ever even had a 'look-in' at?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Where do you think we're going to at this late date?"

"Why, back to the apartment."

"Back to the apartment in July?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Do you mean to say, Laurel, you're thinking of putting me in a train in the condition I'm in?"

"I stopped and asked the doctor. He said it wouldn't hurt you to travel, he thought."

"And what about the expense of this room?"

"The clerk said we wouldn't have to pay for it. But even if we did, it would make no difference. Oh, Mother, don't talk. Don't argue. We're going, anyway."

Laurel was emptying all the bureau drawers now. Stella, from the bed, stared at her speechless, as helpless, as powerless as if she were the child. She recognized that look in Laurel's eyes.

"I've brought you up all wrong," she sighed.

Laurel made no reply to that. Swiftly, effectively, she sorted and piled. Swiftly, effectively, began filling the trunks.

"Laurel, you're doing a crazy thing," Stella broke out afresh; "and for the life of me, I don't know how to stop you."

"Don't let's go all over it again."

"You're throwing away the best chance you've ever had. Listen to me: Most of these people here come from Philadelphia. I had it all worked out in my mind that if we got the right sort of a start with them this summer, here, we might take an apartment down around Philadelphia somewhere next fall. Then you'd have some of the right kind of friends to play around with, and when the time comes for you to 'come out,' why—"

"Where's the tissue paper, Mother? I think I'll do the dresses next."

Five minutes later Stella became tearful. Laurel brought her a handkerchief.

"I should think," she wailed, after she had vigorously blown her nose, and mopped her eyes, "you'd want me to have a little of the good times you've been enjoying these three weeks while I've been cooped up here in bed. I like nice people, and things going on, myself. You know I do. But just the minute I am able to get out of bed and take in a little of the gayety and excitement, you let a silly quarrel with a young fellow you never saw three weeks ago cheat me of it all."

"Where are the shoes for your satin slippers? Do you know?" called Laurel from the closet.

Laurel and her mother spent all the next day, from ten in the morning until eight at night, in the waiting-room at the junction. The waiting-room at the junction was hot and dusty. It swarmed with flies, attracted by discarded lunch boxes and paper bags. It smelled of cinders and hot steel. There were settees built around the edge of the waiting-room. They were painted mop-colored gray, divided by iron arms into spaces, so that no one could lie down upon them. Laurel arranged the suit cases as best she could, for her mother's feet, and rolled up a traveling coat into a pillow for her head. All day Laurel hovered solicitously about her mother, offering frequent drinks of water, which she brought in a paper cup; trying to tempt her with crackers and cheese and sweet chocolate, which she procured from a general store half a mile up the road; asking her from time to time how she felt; showing concern, anxiety, but not the slightest sign of yielding or regret. Stella, resigned now and stoically submissive, sat silent and unresponsive all day long. At measured intervals she sighed deeply, eloquently.

AT EIGHT o'clock in the evening, a Pullman car was backed up to the junction and side-tracked there for an hour or so to await several incoming trains from various points of the compass. Laurel and her mother crawled in between the sheets of a lower berth in the Pullman car a little after nine.

Laurel was on the inside of the berth. Stella's obdurate back was turned toward her. As Laurel stretched her long slim body down beside her mother, she slipped her hand under her mother's arm—around her waist, as she always did when





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she went to sleep (though she hadn't last night).

"Mother," she whispered, "aren't you going to forgive me pretty soon?"

Stella pressed the precious hand, drew it closely around her.

"Of course I am, you crazy kid," she whispered back. "I don't care what you do, just so I've got you to do it. Gosh, I can't stay mad with you any longer!"

Laurel's arm tightened. That was all right, then. Oh, if only Richard—if only he—her arm loosened, grew limp. Laurel fell to sleep almost immediately. So did Stella. They both had been asleep for an hour or more, when the hotel train whistled into the junction at half-past ten.

**L**AUREL was just drifting off into unconsciousness for the second time when she became aware of her name being spoken just outside the heavy curtain of the berth. She had been dimly aware of voices conversing in low tones for five or ten minutes before the sound of her own name prodded her wide awake. The section opposite had not been made up when she and her mother went to bed. Probably, Laurel concluded, some of the people who had come down on the evening train were sitting there and chatting.

"Yes, that very pretty dark girl who was so popular with the younger set—lovely eyes. Laurel Dallas. Such an odd name."

"But how is it possible? She seemed so very refined, so distinctly nice in every way."

"Well, I asked the clerk. He told me—"

"You mean the woman in the striped dress?"

"Certainly, certainly. She is that lovely child's mother!"

"What a handicap to the poor girl."

"I should say so. All those people she's been playing around with had no idea what her mother was like, I suppose. She's been ill ever since she came. I wish I could have stayed a few days longer and seen just what would have happened when that woman appeared on the scene."

"What's the woman's story?"

"I don't know. I never heard of her before. Dallas is her name. From Boston."

"Poor girl. It's like having a ball and chain around her ankle to be obliged to drag a woman like that after her wherever she goes."

"Yes, but those things happen. Once I knew of a young man—most finished, such aristocratic manners, and he came from the commonest family. Of course, being a man, he could escape his family; but a girl—a young girl like that—" The train began to move. "Perfectly helpless—branded." It moved faster. "A shame. Such a pity—Richard Grosvenor—" It moved still faster. The voices were drowned in the rumble of flying steel.

Oh, had her mother heard? Was her mother awake? No, Laurel thought not. Her breathing was heavy, and slightly audible. The hand that had grasped hers so tightly a little while ago was limp and lifeless now. Her whole body was limp and lifeless. It moved slightly with the motion of the train, as unresisting as the curtains.

Oh, had Lollie heard? Was she awake? No, Stella thought not. Her soft breathing was as regular as the swinging of a pendulum. The arm that encircled her

waist was as unconscious as a sleeping baby's.

So, that was the story! Oh, what a fool she had been! A handicap to Laurel! And not because of unfair stories, of whispered scandals (these women didn't know who she was, didn't even know she wasn't living with her husband), but just because of herself. Was she so awful—so God-awful then?

Stella had been listening to the voices for ten minutes before Laurel had become aware of them. She had heard herself described in detail, in cruel detail. She didn't suppose anybody knew that she "touched" her hair a little now and then. Why, even Lollie didn't know it. Up to two years ago it hadn't been necessary, but she did so hate the soft-boiled-egg look when yellow hair begins to turn white. Other women kept themselves young and attractive without being criticized. She had tried not to become a perfect sight, for Laurel's sake; to keep in the running, as far as appearances went, so the child never need be ashamed of her, as she had been of her mother and the mouse-colored wrappers. But she had failed. Why, it was the same story right over again. Laurel was ashamed of her mother, too! It was as plain as the nose on your face. That was the reason Laurel was leaving the hotel. She would die rather than confess it, of course. That was the way Laurel was—as considerate, as gentle, as delicate with her common, ordinary, vulgar mother (weren't those some of the words the voices had used?) as with the charming Mrs. Grosvenor or the flawless Mrs. Morrison.

Well, what was to be done about it? Now that Stella knew the truth, knew that just her own personality, just her own five senses and the old hulk of a shell they lived in, was like an iron ball tied to Laurel's ankle (pleasant to learn that about yourself in the middle of the night, when you so wanted to be wings for your child) well—now that she had learned it, what was the next number on the program? Laurel, being a girl, the voices had said, couldn't escape, couldn't break the chain to the ball. Well then (Stella's fingers very gently closed over Laurel's. She still slept—and she really did sleep now), well, then—It would be pretty awful without her, wouldn't it? Dear little Lollie. . . . Let's see, let's see. No. . . . No other way.

A narrow ribbon of sunlight was shining into the berth through a crack by the tightly pulled window shades at Laurel's feet when she stirred and woke. Stella was waiting for her, had been waiting all night.

"Well, honey!" she said lightly, "had a good night?"

Their eyes met.

"Splendid. Have you?"

"Great. Feel lots better."

"No, she didn't hear," thought Laurel.

"No, she didn't hear," thought Stella.

**H**ELEN MORRISON sat in the big library-sort of room where Laurel had first watched her serve tea. She sat by one of the long windows that looked out upon the willow-shaded avenue that wound up to the front door, by the same window, it chanced, out of which she had run to meet Laurel the first time she had come to visit her, four years ago. She was dressed very





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much as she had been then (it was morning and July), in white skirt and waist and low shoes. She sat in front of a desk, writing, in a dilatory fashion. Every little while she glanced out of the window down the willow-shaded drive, then back again to her pen.

Looking at Helen, as she bent over her writing, she seemed not to have changed at all in the last four years, or in the last fourteen years; the same young-girl slenderness, the same young-girl lightness, as she sat poised on the edge of her chair, which was tilted forward on its two delicate front legs. But when she raised her head and looked back at the clock, then one saw without a shadow of doubt that she was no longer a girl. It wasn't only her hair—for in the last four years the few white threads Laurel had discovered had become a definite streak of silver cloud that drifted about the left side of her brow and reached backward to the still dark coil in her neck—it was something more convincing, but deeper rooted.

THERE was on Helen's face a look of settled calm (or was it settled hopelessness?) that hadn't been there four years ago, when she had rushed out of the long window down the lane to meet Stephen and Laurel. There had been laughter and anticipation in her eyes then. Now there were only quiet smiles and submission.

To-day, again Helen was awaiting the arrival of an automobile. She had sent the car down to the station to meet the train, due at ten-forty. It was now after eleven. It was only five minutes to the station. The train must be late. She finished her letter, then rose, crossed the room, and stood looking out of another long window that opened out upon the terrace. Helen was awaiting the arrival of Laurel's mother, of Stephen's wife. She had telephoned last night from New York.

"I'm Mrs. Stephen Dallas," the strange voice had announced. "I want to talk with you. Will you be home to-morrow morning if I come out?"

Helen had replied, with no surprise in her voice, that she would be glad to come in town and meet her there if she preferred.

"No. I'd rather come out."  
 They had arranged the trains. Helen had told her she would have her met.

When finally the bell rang and the maid announced Mrs. Dallas, Helen crossed the hall to the reception-room with a sensation as near dread as she had ever felt in her life when about to meet a guest.

Stella was standing up. She had on a dark blue tricolette suit, and wore a summer fur—white fox, fastened behind. The dead animal's head hung half way down her back. Stella's coat was tightly buttoned and fitted her generous bust and hips without a ripple. Her hat was large and broad-brimmed, and didn't take a veil well. Therefore she had adjusted her veil over her bare head before putting her hat on. The veil was drawn tightly over her generous cheek and chin, and it, also, fitted without a ripple.

Helen looked at nothing but Stella's eyes as she came toward her smiling with her hand outstretched.

"Good morning, Mrs. Dallas," she said. "I hope the chauffeur found you."

"No, he didn't. There was quite a crowd. I walked."

"Oh, I'm sorry. It is such a warm

morning. Let me send for some water." She made a movement toward the bell.

"I don't want any water." Why, her hair was snow-white on one side! She couldn't be a day under forty.

"Well, do take off your coat and unfasten your fur."

"No, thanks."

"And sit down. Let us come into the other room. It's pleasanter."

Helen led the way across the hall, shoved a comfortable arm chair in front of one of the terrace windows. "I always like it here better on a warm morning, looking out on the shadows rather than on sunshine. And there's usually a breeze."

Opposite the arm chair Helen placed one of the straight-backed Sheratons for herself. She made a little waving motion toward the arm chair. "Sit down, please," she said; "take that chair."

Stella complied—at least partially. She took the extreme edge of the chair. It was one of those low, deep affairs; she'd have a frightful time getting out of it, if she sat back. Helen sat down, too. There was a pause—a pause that threatened to become awkward.

"Is it very warm in town this morning?" Helen inquired.

Stella ignored the question.

"I suppose you think it's funny, my coming here."

"No, I don't," earnestly Helen assured her, leaning forward, clasping her hands upon her knees. "You and I have a great deal in common. I don't think it's funny at all."

"Well, funny or not, I had to come. I thought of writing at first; but, gracious, if a thing is important enough to you, you'll do it the right way—at least the way that seems right to you—whatever anyone thinks. There are some things I had to know that nobody but you could tell me, so I decided to come right down here myself and ask them."

"That was the right way."

"I've heard a lot about you."

"And so have I . . . heard a lot about you."

"From Laurel, I mean."

"Yes, I mean from Laurel, too."

"I suppose you know it, but Laurel thinks a lot of you."

HELEN smiled. "And I suppose you know it, but Laurel thinks a lot of you."

"Well, I'm her mother. She has to. But she's got what they call a sort of 'crush,' 'mash' we called it when I was a girl, on you. She hates to have me call it that. She won't talk about you very much now. Thinks I might be jealous or something, I guess. Perhaps I was a little, at first, though I hardly knew it. Laurel did, though. Trust her. She's the sort of child that knows what you feel before you do yourself almost."

"I know. Sensitive, isn't she—oh, so sensitive! I think a great deal of Laurel, Mrs. Dallas. You have a beautiful child, I think."

"She is a nice kiddie," said Stella.

For an instant the two women's eyes met. Was that bright look tears, they both wondered.

Stella was the first to look away. She coughed, cleared her throat to speak again. Might as well take the bull by the horns, she decided.

(To be continued)





## Your Five Miles of Pores *Are They Open Roads, or Closed?*

**E**ND on end your millions of pores would make a pipe line five miles long. Are they *open* roads or *closed*? Are they carrying their normal traffic, or is the "closed" sign diverting it to other channels and so causing congestion and lowered vitality? In other words, are you *really* clean or only *nearly* clean?

*Real* cleanliness is *pore-deep* cleanliness. And *pore-deep* cleanliness demands a soap which will not leave behind a residue to clog the skin. For this reason more and more people everywhere are adopting *American white*

*cleanliness* which calls for *white* soap, a soap that soothes as well as invigorates, a soap which makes every pore an *open road* to health.

So, the ever-growing demand is for Fairy—the *whitest soap in the world*—soap in its purest form. In America's foremost baths, clubs and athletic institutions—*wherever cleanliness is a business*—there the one choice is Fairy Soap. There may be "prettier" soaps. There may be "smellier" soaps; but when it comes to honest-to-goodness, deep-down cleanliness, the call is for Fairy. It comes clean, it looks

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Entrust your skin to Fairy. It works no harm—it does great good. It *more* than cleans; it helps the body *breathe*. And every *clean*-thinking man or woman knows how essential that is to well-being. Its shape is handy. It floats. It gives instantly a wealth of cleansing, quick-rinsing lather. It wears without waste to a thin wafer. It is a *really-clean* soap for *really-clean* people.

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RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL

*Wm. B. Brown*  
Director



# FAIRY SOAP

## HELPS THE BODY BREATHE



# You Can Always Cash In on Your Experience

(Continued from page 16)

to be given a chance to become citizens, and that the ordinary institution did not give them a chance. Therefore they put up this great building and barred from it every institutional feature. They built on Fifth Avenue, not because another cheaper and perhaps better site could not be found but because they wanted to draw attention to the fact that the country has homeless children, and that dumping them into a bleak, unhuman children's home is not the way to make citizens out of them. They did all of this very quietly, shoving the institution and its purpose up into the foreground but keeping well back themselves.

That is characteristic, and it is the reason why August Heckscher, although very well known in the higher circles of business, is not at all known generally, in spite of the fact that he was many years ago one of the leading coal operators of the country and was for ten years the general manager of the New Jersey Zinc Company, which owns, only sixty miles out of New York, the greatest zinc mine in the world. He is to-day one of the largest individual holders of real estate in the Forty-second Street district of New York. He is an officer or a director in dozens of companies, including several banks. He was born in Hamburg in 1848, the year of the German Revolution. His father was a noted lawyer and once served as Premier.

"I never knew my father very well," Mr. Heckscher told me. "He married late in life, and he seemed so old and so far away from me that I was always a little afraid of him. My mother was the only one with whom I could have any confidences. One day, when I was about thirteen or fourteen years old, my father began to examine me on what I wanted to do when I grew up. I think he intended that I, too, should be a lawyer.

"I want to be a merchant," I told him.

"A merchant? Well, what is a merchant?"

"I stammered about a bit and he soon saw that I could not answer.

"You little fool," he said, roughly. "You want to be a merchant and you do not even know what a merchant is. But if you want to be a merchant, that you shall be."

"**T**HEN and there he changed my whole course of study. He took me out of my school, sent me to a school in Switzerland, and then brought me back and apprenticed me for three years to an exporting house in Hamburg.

"They made me do everything in that Hamburg office. I learned about ships and shipping, trade customs, the values of foreign moneys, the tricks of foreign exchange, the values of a wide variety of goods and commodities, where they were made, who sold them, and who bought them. And finally I had it forced into me that two plus two always equals four—which is another way of saying that although imagination plays a very large part in business it cannot be used in surveying accounts. A sale has to result

in either a profit or a loss. The big thing is to know a profit when you see it, or to know a loss when you see it—and to act accordingly. It is the easiest thing in the world to imagine a profit to be greater than actually it is or to imagine a loss to be less than actually it is.

"When I was nineteen I wanted to come to the New World. I had many relatives in America and most of them were doing well. Neither my father nor my mother favored the project. The family had no money to spare, and they could not see how I could be set up in America and do anything without capital. But I had no idea of crossing the Atlantic as a capitalist and so I proposed to my mother:

"If you will give me enough money to pay my passage, with a little over, so that I can learn the language before I start to look for work, I will never ask you for any other money as long as I live."

"**W**ECLOSED the bargain. My mother gave me the equivalent of five hundred dollars. I took passage for New York and arrived there after a slow, uncomfortable voyage of some three or four weeks. That was in 1867. I knew, before starting, that the War of the Rebellion had just closed and that, although the North had been victorious, the whole country was pretty well worn by the struggle. I did not intend to look for a job until I knew the language, but if I had wanted one it would have been hard to find. Everyone was talking 'hard times.'

"I hired a room on lower Third Avenue. Then I set to work to learn English in the shortest possible time, not just to learn enough words to get along but to get in a position where I could express myself as easily in English as in German, and if possible without an accent. And all of this I had to do before my money gave out.

"I decided that hiring a teacher would not only be too slow but too expensive, so I mapped out a course of my own. I joined the Mercantile Library on Astor Place, and for twelve or fifteen hours a day read English books. At first it was very hard to make much progress, but at the end of two or three weeks I could read almost anything without the aid of a dictionary. I tried to pronounce every word to myself. Of course I got a great many of them wrong; but by listening carefully to the conversation of people who seemed to be educated, and by talking whenever I could with native-born Americans, I soon managed to gain a rather fair command of the language.

"In three months I was really speaking English—not the *patois* of those who pick up their language from foreigners, but real English. And incidentally I already had a wider reading than many of those who had known English all their lives. One can cover an astounding number of books in a couple of months.

"My cousin had a coal mine near Shenandoah, Pennsylvania. He asked me to take a place with him. I knew

nothing of coal mining. Two weeks after I reached the mine, my cousin fell ill and, willy-nilly, I became the manager of the company. The managership of that mine was no empty title. We had no big bank account to fall back on. The wages had to be met out of what we sold. During the first week or two of my cousin's illness I more or less marked time, expecting him to be back; but then the doctors decided that he was in for a long siege and that if he did get well he would have to go away to regain his strength. Actually he was away from the office for two years, and in such a condition most of the time that he could not give me the least direction. I had to go forward entirely on my own responsibility.

"I did not have to know very much about the mining of the coal. The mine superintendent attended to that, but I had to keep a close eye on the cost of mining, that is, how much the coal set us back at the mine head. Then I had to see that the coal was sold at a price, that we got coal cars to take it away in, and that the whole cycle of the business revolved to meet our wages and bank obligations and leave something over as a profit. I very soon found out that my apprenticeship in the trading house abroad had given me a knowledge that exactly fitted the situation. I had to learn only coal practices and coal customs. I had all the accounting and general business sense needed. There was, however, the human factor, and it was a very big factor.

"**C**OAL mining at the best is rough work, but in the early seventies in Pennsylvania it was especially rough and dangerous, for those were the days of the Molly Maguires, the worst band of cut-throats that ever existed. They were a secret organization running through the coal regions, and no one ever knew exactly who were and who were not members, although we usually had a pretty fair idea. The members were sectionally organized, with each division under the direction of a 'body master,' whose word was supreme.

"At first they were organized for protective purposes—to protest against injustice; but as they grew in power they became arrogant. Any owner, any mine boss, any superintendent, anyone who offended a Molly Maguire was as good as dead. The member who had been offended reported to his 'body master,' he got in touch with another division, and this division sent a man to do the killing. No man ever killed in the neighborhood in which he lived or where he might be recognized. The killing was always done by strangers, and if the killer was located and identified a conviction was quite impossible, because he always had a perfect alibi. Ten or fifteen people would come to court and testify that at the exact hour of the murder they had been sitting with the alleged murderer in a town twenty miles away.

"Sheriffs became afraid to make arrests. Juries became afraid to convict.





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By Hub Lindbergh

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Even judges were intimidated. The Molly Maguires terrorized the whole region. If one of them demanded a week's wages, the ordinary mine boss, even though he knew that the man had not done a stroke of work or been near the mine, would put him on the pay roll. If a wage were disputed, the boss always agreed with the Molly Maguire. It was sure death not to.

"One of the most desperate Molly Maguires in our neighborhood was Tim Hurley, a lad of eighteen years. He took what he liked anywhere, and it was rumored that he had shot at least a dozen men. One night four of us were playing whist in our boarding-house when a miner rushed into the room crying:

"Gomer James has been shot."

"JAMES ran a little saloon down the road, and, according to the story, Tim Hurley a few days previously had quarreled with him; that night Tim walked into the saloon, put a bullet through James's heart—he was an unerring shot—and walked out again. It was one of the few instances where a man had killed in his own neighborhood and without any attempt at concealment. Tim Hurley thought he could do anything around Shenandoah, and he was not far from right.

"Let us go down and get the body," I suggested.

"You can go. I won't," answered the man who had brought in the news. "Tim says he will shoot the first man who touches the body."

"I felt different. Four of us walked down the road, a black, dusty, unkempt road bordered by weather-beaten shack-like houses, the road of a coal-mining town. But it was not ugly that night. The light of the full moon transformed its unsightliness. We marched down bravely, more bravely than we felt, for Tim Hurley had a way of keeping his promises. We picked up Gomer James and carried him back to his mother's house. One of us went ahead to tell her. Nothing happened. Tim Hurley must have had enough for one evening. Some time later the Molly Maguires were broken up through Jim McParlan, a wonderfully brave Pinkerton. He joined the society, became secretary of the Shenandoah division, learned their secrets; then, with a mass of evidence in hand, arrested and brought great numbers of them to trials that sent some to the gallows and some to prison. Tim then fled to Colorado and was afterward killed in a brawl.

"Although our division of the Molly Maguires was reputed to be the most murderous in the whole state, I never had any personal trouble with them. I tried to be fair and they seemed to respect me. Our mine was not a profitable one, but we kept going, turning over a little margin year after year for more than fifteen years. A railroad company thought it needed our mine. It thought it needed it enough to pay three hundred thousand dollars for it, which under the circumstances was a fair value.

"With a number of friends, I had been interested in a zinc works at South Bethlehem. I put my coal money into it. Our big competitor was the New Jersey Zinc Company. Our costs of production were high. Their costs were low. We could make out only when zinc was selling high. Our sales department dozed for a time and we suddenly found ourselves with our warehouses full of zinc and very little money in the bank. There was but one thing to do—to clear out all the zinc for whatever we could get for it. We just managed to get by.

"Knowing that our works could not in the end compete, we bought a tract of land in Sussex County, New Jersey, near that of the New Jersey Company. We opened up a mine and found the richest of all zinc deposits in the country. And then began one of the most celebrated lawsuits that the country has ever known. The New Jersey Company asserted a title to the zinc in the land that we bought, although previously it had decided that the tract was worthless. They won in the lower courts and they were sustained by the highest court in New Jersey. The suit started in 1887.

"We did not give up in the face of an apparently impregnable decision against us. I went over to Belgium, where they then knew more about zinc than anywhere else in the world, and found that the deed on which the New Jersey Company based its mining rights to our land had been made before zinc was considered as other than an impurity in iron ore.

"Therefore it seemed reasonable to suppose that the intention had been to give to that company the right to mine iron, and not zinc. Of course this is putting the case very baldly. There was a mass of technical detail. We fought the case with all our resources. We had eleven lawyers, and every penny that each of us had was either in or pledged to that suit. In the midst of it, in 1890, came the Baring failure; the bankers with whom I had my funds failed. Unless I could raise fifty thousand dollars at once my whole interest in the zinc business would have been sold at auction, because it was pledged for a loan. I had no money left. And although the pledged securities were worth more than fifty thousand dollars, they would not have brought that at auction, for they had no general market value.

"I HAD been very careful all these years to keep every promise. I was then forty-two years old. Around forty, by the way, I notice, is the time when reputation begins to count most solidly. Between thirty and forty a man builds his reputation for integrity, but it is seldom until he is past forty that he begins, so to speak, to cash in on his reputation. I went in to a bank president in Philadelphia whom I had known slightly, but with whom I had never had any business, and told him the full story. He said:

"I think you will be good for fifty thousand dollars. You can bring the zinc stock down if you want to. I do not

care much about it. I will lend the money to you."

"I was dumfounded. I had not even dreamed that I could borrow so much money without security. I had been thinking entirely of how to persuade the bank that the zinc stock was good for the loan. A man who is careful of his reputation, who works hard, whose purposes are honest, and who does not lie, is bound to be surprised when the test comes. He will find he has builded greater than he imagined.

"We went on with the suit. In 1897, ten years after it had started, the Appellate Court of New Jersey reversed itself and confirmed our title to the land. From that moment myself and all my partners were rich men. We eventually merged our interests in the New Jersey Zinc Company and I became its general manager.

"THE other enterprises with which I have been associated have moved more or less evenly. Some have moved evenly up and some have moved evenly down. Perhaps the most interesting of them is real estate.

"Buying real estate to me is a matter of observation and mathematics. I values are increasing, I find out why they are increasing. If the rental of the building already on the ground or of the building to be put up will carry the interest and depreciation with a fair margin of profit over, and it seems that the values will increase rather than decrease, then the property is a buy—if you happen to have the money to spare to buy. I never buy real estate or anything else at the top or at the bottom. The Rothschild advice not to wait to buy at the bottom or again to wait to sell at the top is as good to-day as when it was first given.

"Keeping physically fit to battle with the larger problems is perhaps more difficult than the battle itself. It is well enough to talk about conserving one's health, about putting health first, and all that, but if a man is absolutely determined to win out there will come—then must come—periods when health has to be put aside. For instance, during the big suit I worked day and night for years. When I could no longer keep my eyes open I would drop on a couch for half an hour, and then go on again. When the suit was over and we had won, I broke down. If I had been a stronger man perhaps I should not have broken down but my fight has been to make a not very robust body do the work of the most robust.

"It does not do for one to try to work continuously at pressure. And also it does not do to be afraid to work at pressure. There must come periods of long continued strain. One cannot have success and also ease and comfort. An athlete prepares carefully for his race, not so that he can come through a contest without strain, but so that he may strain himself to the utmost without cracking. The value of health and training in business is to enable one to go through the great, important trial—the big trial—that makes or breaks—without cracking."

MERLE CROWELL will tell you next month the wonder story of Aaron Sapiro, who was born in poverty and reared in an orphan asylum—yet fought his way through to the leadership of the greatest agricultural movement of present times. The article is called, "Nothing Could Keep This Boy Down."





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## THE FAMILY'S MONEY

### How We Make Our Family Budget Meet Every Emergency

**E**ARLY in our married life, my husband and I concluded that the very important problem of domestic finance is best solved by compiling a budget of each and every item of expense, and adhering to it strictly. Our subsequent experience has served to confirm the soundness of that conclusion. For ten years we have enjoyed the freedom from worry over family money matters that comes only to those who live within their income.

Our method of compiling a budget is simple. First we list fixed charges, such as payments on our home, interest on mortgage, taxes, fire and life insurance, coal, gas, electricity, telephone, water rent, yearly pledge to church and college endowment fund. Then we deduct the total from our yearly income. The balance is allotted in proper proportion to food, clothing, personal spending money, vacation, and "incidentals"—the last a most inclusive term. If our income is increased after making up the budget, we increase the amount of those items where a little more latitude is considered necessary or pleasant. And we always *save* a fixed percentage of the total.

Our personal spending money allowances cover individual amusements, personal gifts to friends and family; small dues to various associations and other incidentals. My husband pays for his own cigars and I buy my own stamps and stationery. Wedding gifts, church contributions, magazine and newspaper subscriptions and diversions enjoyed in common, such as football games, plays and dances and like expenditures are paid for out of a joint incidental account. And, too, the occasional doctor's or dentist's bill is a charge against this fund.

**A**FTER making up our budget with its yearly totals, we look ahead for the next six months and allot our income according to the demands to be made upon it during that time. We don't take one twelfth of our clothing allowance and a twelfth of the amount apportioned to other items each month. One may have to pay an insurance premium during the second month of the fiscal year, whereas a new winter overcoat may not be needed for five months. So we plan to reserve money to meet obligations that fall due at specified times. Then we use the money listed for clothing and other adjustable items when necessary and convenient, never spending more than the amount set aside for a particular purpose. As we pay cash for all purchases, we take regularly *each month* the sum allotted for operating expenses of the home. We also take some incidental and personal allowances each month, though the amount is apt to vary.

After buying a home two years ago and assuming all the obligations we felt we could handle, my husband's salary was cut 10 per cent. Instead of wasting time worrying over the temporary reverse, we

set about lowering expenses to conform to our decreased income. The fixed expenses could not be changed, so the logical thing to do was to cut the ten per cent off the allowance for food and clothing and luxuries. We really didn't mind *so much* sacrificing our summer vacation, with a brand-new home in the country to enjoy. This expedient enabled us to meet our obligations promptly and we came out even at the end of the year. When the ten per cent was restored this summer, we had the pleasure of "spending it ahead," instead of having to use it to make up a deficit.

"But suppose there's a serious illness or an operation and an enormous bill, what happens to your budget then?" a friend asked me.

"Suppose you have no budget—how would you manage to pay such a bill?"

**W**ITH a budget you will have some savings in reserve either in cash or securities that can be marketed if immediate payment is demanded. Under the budget plan you can determine which items can be cut down, and just what savings can be effected toward meeting that bill. If you like, you can make payments on the instalment plan. If you are a "budgeteer," your standing at the bank will doubtless be good enough to warrant a loan. On the budget system you will pay back that loan much more quickly than if you conduct your plan of living on the "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" method.

If you've never enjoyed the peace of mind that comes to those who have unraveled their financial tangles, there is no time like the present to begin over again on the budget plan. It is a very simple matter to *compile* a budget—the harder task is to make it *function*. The longer you have worried along in a haphazard way, the more difficult it is going to be to get out of the habit. Commence by adopting the percentage tables found in articles on domestic finance. For the most part they are compiled by theorists, but they help a great deal. Having once made the start, your common sense will point the way to practical application.

Systematic saving of money is a very important factor in the budget program. The best time to start is at the very beginning of married life, although it is infinitely better to commence late than never to begin at all. Small sums regularly put aside will form the habit. Once it is established, it is very easy and natural to increase the amounts as opportunity offers.

We have always included savings as a fixed charge in our budget. Ten years ago we started by saving fifty cents a week. During that period no one has left us a legacy, nor did my husband hold a highly remunerative wartime position. By systematic saving alone, we have paid a comfortable sum on a fourteen-thousand-dollar home and we are entirely free of debt; so the principle must be inherently sound.

MRS. W. D. K.





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Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Michigan



# Hupmobile





## Enough to know —it's Premium

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# The American Magazine

April, 1923

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. xcv

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U.S.A.

J. E. Miller, *Vice President*  
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EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$2.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$3.00 per Year.

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Subscribers are notified that change of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., and Harrisburg, Pa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.

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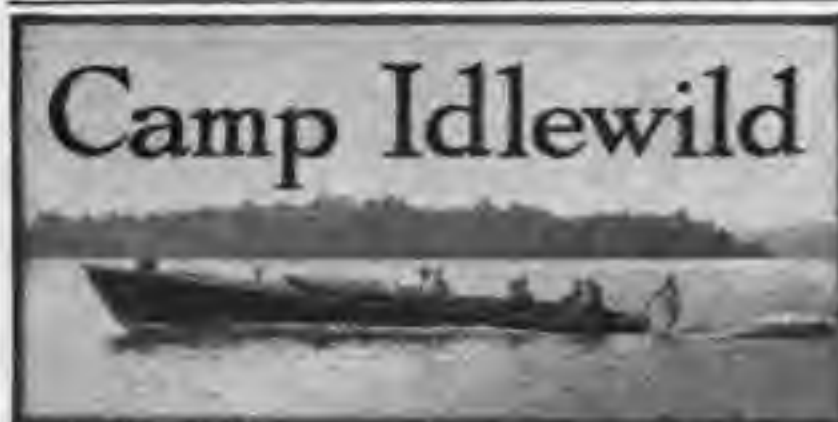
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Modern Corporations prefer to recruit the executive staff from the ranks whenever possible. "Given two men of equal experience, the trained man is the man to promote," said the President of one \$20,000,000 industry.

## Have they got you safely tagged?

**AGAIN AND AGAIN**, in directors' rooms, this conversation is heard:

**FIRST DIRECTOR:** "I wonder whether the man we are looking for isn't in our own organization? How about Madison?"

**SECOND DIRECTOR:** "I don't see how we could consider him. He is just a salesman" or "He is just an accountant" or "He is just an engineer."

So Madison, who has made a creditable record, is passed over in favor of someone from the outside. His job has tagged him and pigeonholed him. He has done the work well for which his superiors employed him but they think of him as a fixture in that work.

### A man who refused to be tagged

One of the outstanding young business men of the Pacific Coast is John W. Sparling of Seattle. He is senior partner in the firm of Sparling and Clark, manager of Pacific Ports, Inc., and he is chairman of the State Board of Accountancy; yet he has not passed his thirtieth birthday.

How does a man reach such a position of responsibility and profit at so early an age? He began in the accounting department of a large company, and might easily have continued to be hidden there for the

rest of his business life. But looking around him he saw the tags being tied constantly and more firmly onto men; he saw the danger of letting it be said, "Sparling is a good accountant, but of course he's just an accountant." He determined to do something while he still had youth and energy to keep himself from being tagged.

### The "something" consisted in Sending for "Forging Ahead in Business"

In the pages of "Forging Ahead in Business," a booklet published and distributed by the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Mr. Sparling read the story of the Modern Business Course and Service. He made a decision then, and three years later, he wrote this letter:

"It has been on my mind for some time to write and express to you my sincere appreciation of the assistance and inspiration your Service has been to me in the past few years.

"When I enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service I had been specializing for some time in accounting. The deeper I got into it the more I realized the danger of specializing too much. I could feel that I was creating a limitation for myself. . . . I realized that to make a really large success in business I must be able to read the story back of all the figures that were to come under my supervision, and not be content to be merely a good compiler of figures. . . ."

### The executive wears no tag

The Alexander Hamilton Institute gave him the thing he needed. It did not make him a salesman, but it gave him the fundamentals of merchandising and sales management; it

did not make him a factory superintendent or office manager, but it taught him the essentials of factory and office control; it did not make him a banker, but it gave him the outstanding principles of corporation finance. In a word, it fitted him to be an executive—to employ specialists and direct them.

That is the service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute in a nutshell. It takes the man who is in danger of being tagged as "only a salesman" or "only an engineer" and provides him with a working knowledge of every other department of business. Such information makes itself apparent in every talk between a man and his superiors; it is the one certain means of attracting notice and inviting promotion.

### Send for the book he sent for

The Alexander Hamilton Institute offers to every thoughtful man a copy of the book for which Mr. Sparling sent, "Forging Ahead in Business." The book is never sold; it is sent gladly to any man who will give it an hour of his time. The rewards of executive training are so large, and the number of men who have it relatively so few, that it will be worth your while to send for this book, no matter what your position in business.

For your convenience a coupon is attached. Fill it in and the book will be mailed immediately, without obligation to you.

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"Twenty."  
 "Twenty-five."  
 "Forty."  
 "Fifty."

No, this isn't an auction sale. It is just some of Sally Jollyco's friends answering her question, "How much do you pay for your toilet soap?"

"Speak up, Bee Westbrooke, you haven't said anything, and you have the best complexion of us all."

"Oh, I'm not in the running at all when you talk of these high prices," says Beatrice. "I use Ivory. Dr. Verity told me I couldn't get a better complexion soap and I've been using it for—uh, two or three years."



Scene: A hotel bedroom.

Eliot Larcom, Leffingwell (Mr. Jollyco's business partner): Henry, look here! Ivory Soap in a hotel bathroom!

Mr. Jollyco (with friendly condescension): Well, Larcom, is this the first time you've seen it? You're 'way behind the times. It's been in most of the best hotels I've stayed in for the last six months. But, of course, you haven't been traveling much lately.

Mr. L. (warmly): Feels like home doesn't it?



## How to care for the skin?

Let this well-known physician answer:

He says:

*"With a healthy skin of normal resistance the only care needed for the face is to keep it clean and to protect it from damaging influences. The way to keep the face clean is to wash it, sometimes with soap and water, sometimes with water alone."*

*"A soap should be bought not as a panacea for skin troubles, but for its humbler quality of cleansing the skin."*

These paragraphs are quoted from "The Care of the Skin and Hair," the authoritative book by Dr. William Allen Pusey, whose opinion every physician respects.

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**Cleanliness!**

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99 <sup>44</sup>/<sub>100</sub> % PURE IT FLOATS



When our Julia walks abroad in one of her mistress's last year's blouses, who will say she is not easy to look upon?

The particular blouse she is wearing today is a year old, yet its colors are just as fresh and dainty as when Mrs. Jollyco bought it. It has always been washed, you see, in Ivory Flakes, which is simply the flaked form of the same good honest Ivory Soap that Julia and Mrs. Jollyco both use on their faces.





# The Ten Most Important Books In the World

*By H. G. Wells*

Author of "The Outline of History," "A Short History of the World," etc.

**A**BSURD questions sometimes make the most interesting discussions. Some time ago a clever interviewer asked a number of people to name the Six Greatest Men. Quite a large proportion of the replies began by pointing out how impossible such a question was; one said it was "idiotic" and another "futile;" how were we to measure greatness? and so forth; and then followed the most interesting and suggestive comments: great figures were named and discussed, and endless people were set thinking very profitably and sent to their encyclopedias and histories and biographies for refreshing and stimulating reading.

Now here is another question of much the same sort. I do not put it; it has been put to me. It is mixed with the same sort of interviewer's bird-lime. It repels and holds. What are the Ten Most Important Books in the world? And following the precedents, I will first show how unreasonable a question it is, and then give myself up to its insidious fascination. It has already made me read over again two books that I have not opened for years and to read one I had never read before.

For in the first place what is a book? Is the Bible a book? Is an encyclopedia? Is "Half Hours with the Best Authors"? Or the Plays of William Shakespeare? It would be easy to put down the Bible as No. 1 in our list. But the Bible, I hold, is not a book but a whole literature.

The Old Testament is almost all the Hebrew literature that existed before the third century, B. C., and the New is most of the Christian literature of the first century of the Christian era. If these are to count as single books then we must reckon "The Masterpiece Library" as a book. I am for counting each of the books of the Bible, since they were written by the most various hands under the most

various conditions, as a "book" within the meaning of this question. Genesis and the Book of Kings and the Gospel according to St. Mark must each count as a book. And so, unless we are going to reduce this discussion to asking which are the ten most important books in the Bible, then it seems reasonable to pick out a book or so as a representative to stand for all those two bodies of thought and literature—the Old Testament and the New.

Is there any book in the Old Testament that expresses more than any other the creative forces that brought together the Hebrew Bible, that proclaimed and exalted the idea of God's rule in the earth, embodied the Jewish tradition, and consolidated the Semitic peoples in their political decline about that tradition? It seems to me that the book of Isaiah is such a book. It was in Babylon, in Babylon already overshadowed by the Aryan Medes and Persians, amidst a group of Jewish and Babylonian scholars, and not through any legendary Moses, that this tremendous conception of a people chosen to manifest One God to the world appeared, and it is in the book of Isaiah that it finds its culminating assertion. So I would choose that book to stand for all the Old Testament. I think, indeed, it is the quintessence of the Old Testament. It is the crown and inspiration of Judaism. It is the earliest complete statement of the unity of mankind under God.

**I**T IS not so easy to pick out the essential New Testament book. Clearly it must be a Gospel, but there are four Gospels and we must choose between them. But the critics tell us that three of these four Gospels derive from some common original, and that the Gospel of St. Mark is certainly the one most like that original. St. John's Gospel, they say, is a freshly written gospel story, more unified and com-

plete, more theological and later in date than the other three.

Now, here a certain amount of theological bias is inevitable. I have to tell the reader frankly that I am not theologically a Christian and naturally my judgment here is affected by that fact. I think that Jesus Christ was the greatest of teachers, and His particular doctrines of the Universal Fatherhood of God and of the Kingdom of Heaven have profound meanings for me, in which I believe entirely. But the theology of Christianity does not hold me. It would not be fair to the reader if I let him suppose that it did.

So I choose the Gospel of St. Mark, because that gives a greater proportion of the life and personality of Jesus and less doctrinal matter than the others. But I think a sound orthodox Christian would certainly prefer the Gospel of St. John and that he would also want to add to our list St. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians (which we may perhaps be permitted to count as one book). Even on my own ground a good argument could be made for these books. They contain in them the seeds of enormous controversies, which have strained Christendom to the breaking point and stamped upon it those exclusive characteristics which seem to bar out the possibility of any religious unification with the broader religious feeling of Islam and the farther East. But then I am heretic enough to think that Christianity went back from the teachings of Jesus to older and darker forms of religiosity when it began to think of trinities, sacrifices, and priests, and so I omit from my Ten any separate mention of the writings of both St. John and St. Paul.

I am making Isaiah and St. Mark each stand for a starry cluster of associated books, and later on I shall have to do the same by some book by Aristotle. But clearly all the difficulty would be solved



here if I could persuade myself and the reader that it was legitimate to set down No. 1, the Old Testament, No. 2, the New Testament, and still easier (and still less fair) to set down No. 1, the Holy Bible.

There are equal difficulties to those that obliged us to pick and choose among the books of the Bible when we come to ask what books have served to form and preserve the ideas sustaining the Chinese civilization. Even more than Judaism and Christendom is China a book-made and a book-preserved civilization and even more difficult is it to pitch upon *the* book in the Chinese case. Its great teacher, Confucius, did indeed write a book; but it is, we are told, a poor, bare chronicle, the "Annals of Lu," and the reality of his teachings is to be found in a number of books by various disciples. "The Great Learning," I am told, is the chief of these. I have never read any translation of it, but I feel that it has a strong claim to a place as the crown and representative of a group of creative works surrounding the figure of Confucius. So again, taking one bright star for the whole cluster, let us write down No. 3, "The Great Learning."

**T**HE Indian civilization, on the other hand, is not nearly so book-made as either the Eastern or the Western. It is more profoundly traditional. Buddha taught before letters had reached India; his maxims were memorized—and corrupted; and there is no Bible of Buddhism and no book to add to our list on his account. Of the Brahminic Sanscrit, epic and speculative literature which was being written down from oral tradition almost contemporaneously with the spread of Buddha's teaching, of the literature we call the Vedas, there is, to a Western intelligence, nothing of such outstanding power that we can put it beside Isaiah or the primi-

tive Gospel. It is a great and remarkable literature, but there is no evidence that it molded men, changed the direction of their thoughts, and shaped human destiny.

But a fourth book, that, in spite of

second only to the Bible. Its power lies perhaps in its simplicity of assertion and in what it denies and repudiates. In its refusal to have any dealings with priestcraft, sacrifices, and such like priestly mysteries; in its emphatic assertion that the

prophet was a man and not a god, and that the pilgrimage to Mecca was purely an observance for discipline, it is perhaps—what shall I say?—not the most iconoclastic book, but the book most preventive of idolatry and such like corruption that the world has ever seen.

**I**T HAS kept Islam together in a sturdy fellowship under Allah, a fellowship transcending race, color, and language, that makes the bonds of Christian brotherhood seem a futile sentimentality. People say that the Koran is saturated with intolerance, that it is full of self-sufficiency and sterilizes the mind. But the old story that the Library of Alexandria was burnt by the Arabs because "the Koran was enough," is now known to be false. On the other hand, we have evidences of a great outburst of scientific inquiry in the Arabic world in the centuries immediately after its diffusion. Possibly the Koran, like the Bible, may become a terrible engine of intolerance in the hands of fanatics, but it may be also that its hold over the heart and spirit is greater than its hold over the intelligence, and that for reasonable men, capable of gauging its literary quality, it is a guide to brotherhood rather than a restraint upon thought.

This blaze of the Arab mentality that followed the Arab conquests was no doubt directly due to the stimulus of the Aristotelian literature that the Moslem found still read and treasured in Persia. But the conquests that put the Arabs into a position that made their development of chemistry, arithmetic, astronomy, architecture,



H. G. WELLS

A writer of amazing power, penetration, and versatility, Mr. Wells has been an outstanding figure in the English-speaking world for more than two decades. Probably he is the most widely known and widely discussed individual now writing in the English language, and towns and cities, individuals and associations are still taking up arms for and against his "The Outline of History," of which more than a million copies have been sold. In many ways this is the most remarkable book ever published. It tells the whole history of the human race from the dim recesses of unrecorded time to the present day; it is full of keen and iconoclastic criticism, in which many traditionally great figures are unmade and new ones set in their places; it lends to every event of world importance the light of practical philosophy and bold criticism. This magazine has asked him to select "The Ten Most Important Books in the World" because in his exhaustive preparation for "The Outline" he made an extensive survey of the world's literature and its effect on the development and destiny of men. Mr. Wells—whose full name is Herbert George Wells—was born on September 21st, 1866. His first novel was published when he was twenty-nine; since then he has produced between fifty and sixty books, with an astonishing range of theme. Such early stories as "The War of the Worlds" were highly imaginative tales woven around the wonderful possibilities of science. Later he wrote other realistic novels, in which were discussed religion, marriage, education, and various topics of absorbing interest. "Mr. Britling Sees It Through," his war novel, was the greatest achievement in fiction of its period. Nearly a million copies of this book were sold

much feebleness and literary poverty, has to be inserted in our list is the Koran. This is indisputably one single book, the work of one man; and it has been a creative and cohesive power in the world

erature that the Moslem found still read and treasured in Persia. But the conquests that put the Arabs into a position that made their development of chemistry, arithmetic, astronomy, architecture,



decorative art, and speculative philosophy possible were achieved only through the unifying and inspiring drive of the new teachings in the Koran.

And this takes us back nearly a thousand years in time to the Greek scientific literature.

When we turn now to the creative expression of the Greek mind we find again the same difficulty in naming a definite book, or one or two definite books. Of course, when I speak of the creative Greek mind I mean the intellectual activities between the sixth and third centuries before Christ and not the Homeric epics. These epics, generally interesting, often delightful, in places extremely beautiful, sometimes puerile, and frequently very tedious, over and above the real pleasure they have given have been productive of an enormous amount of cant and forced enthusiasm throughout the ages. Let us not add to it.

But the significance of these men of Athens and Asia Minor and the islands, whose speculations and discussions mark the real adolescence of the human mind, cannot be made too much of. The general judgment of mankind has picked out two names for preëminence among them, Plato and Aristotle. Of Plato there is, to my mind, one outstanding book, the "Republic." It came early among his writings, but it is the most characteristic of them all. It was the first of Utopias. It is the most liberating book in the world. It asserts the completest release of human thought from traditionalism; it questions every institution; it is saturated with the faith that man can make his life and future what he will. It is easy and pleasant to read, and I do not know why it is not read more widely than it is. I read it first when I was a boy of sixteen on the Downs above Harting, in Sussex. It was one of the great events of my life, and when I recall

it that wide and varied prospect of the Sussex Weald comes back to me also, and a sense of fresh air and liberation and enlargement.

It is not nearly so easy to pick out a book that will stand for all that Aristotle was to mankind. He produced a literature covering the whole ground of human knowledge. His "Works" make a formidable list, shading off into students' notebooks, doubtful books, imitations, and forgeries. He reviewed our instruments of thought and the grounds of our beliefs. He discussed the spirit and constitutions of human societies. He made a systematic survey of the whole field of knowledge. He organized the systematic collection of new facts, and their critical examination. On the whole, I should reckon the last the greatest of his multifarious activities.

It was his crowning contribution to the life of our race. It led directly to the founding of the (Continued on page 88)

## Sid Says:

*These astronomical discoveries must teach us something—maybe it is this:*

**I** SEE by the papers that they have discovered a new star cluster indicating for the known universe a diameter of 2,100,000,000,000,000 miles.

Known by whom?

Why, by us.

And that is what amuses me. Who are we? Mighty small fry. So small that I doubt our capacity ever to discover or comprehend anything except other small fry. An ant might get some idea of the cupola of one of the hotels at the foot of Pike's Peak. But you know that an ant will never discover the whole Rocky Mountain range. And even if it did it would only be starting to learn. So with us. I can't get much exercised over our discovery of a new huge star. Any star we discover must be nothing but a speck, relatively, in the scheme of things. I am afraid that if we puny little creatures, with our weak little instruments, can "know" a universe 2,100,000,000,000,000 miles wide the whole thing must be an awfully small part of the main show. In other words, all of these discoveries just emphasize our own unimportance and comparative tininess. Here we are, on a globe which, if the whole thing went up in smoke some night, wouldn't make a blaze that would look like a five-alarm fire from the distance of Venus, the nearest planet. It would hardly be observed as far away as our Sun, and that is a very short distance—only some 90,000,000 miles. Why, they have discovered one star, Betelgeuse, the diameter of which is three times the whole distance between us and the sun! Stop and take that in. A star nearly 300,000,000 miles in diameter. Yet I contend that Betelgeuse must be relatively a peanut—if we little creatures can measure it.

We human beings and our discoveries must be about like potato bugs and their discoveries. I imagine that a hundred years ago the potato bugs may have

held a convention and exhibited a wonderful new telescope.

Can't you see them all gathered together out there in the garden—with old Doctor Ten-Legs giving a demonstration of the powerful new instrument. "Gather around, boys, and take a look. Marvel of marvels!" What they see is the haystack in the back pasture. It is 21,000 potato bug miles away. No such distance was ever dreamed of before.

A century passes. Again the potato bugs gather to witness the stupendous wonder of the ages, an instrument of such incredible power that through it they can see a distance of 21,000,000 potato bug miles. The bugs draw near, and Professor Stripe-Back Crawl, Ph. D., the demonstrator of the new telescope, shows them the greatest discovery of all time. The bugs take a look and gasp in amazement, for through the telescope they have looked millions of potato bug miles past the haystack—and discovered the barn on the next farm! Think of it—the barn! Probably within the next fifty years they will have discovered the town clock across the valley.

So don't get excited over what we have discovered about the universe. Probably all we have seen is the haystack in the back pasture.

The moral of these sad reflections is this: Everything is relative—everything has untold possibilities. You have seen no farther than the haystack into the possibilities of your job, or the development of your talents, or the refinement of your character. In other words—don't get the swelled head over what you have accomplished, or how much you know. It isn't much. Instead of sticking out your chest, go ahead with your study. See whether, before you die, you can't get a look past the haystack and maybe as far as Deacon Oldguy's brand-new windmill.





"It's Oliver," she says, running to me and throwing her arms about my neck. "He's calling for you . . ."



# Paying an Old Debt

A burglar's story

By Carroll John Daly

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PAUL MEYLAN

ONCE a criminal always a criminal, there's them that say that. Is it true? Search me. I'm not going to deny it. I ain't one to throw bouquets at myself. No sir, not me.

How did I start on the short and crooked? That's my secret. If I was telling it to a bunch of sob-sisters what use 'to hang 'round the prison I'd put it up to a sick wife or child. But I'm a bachelor. And I won't cry over it. I'll just lay out the truth. It ain't elegant and it ain't sentimental, but it's fact—gospel. I went up to the Big House first for another man's crime. I've been up a lot since, but not doing another's trick. Each time I come out a better man. I'd learned a thing or two and resolved to be more careful.

Now, how I happened to come honest: Mind you, I ain't giving myself a lot of credit, the thing come easy, sort a slipped on me. Perhaps there's a tear or two hidden away, but I ain't aiming to turn on the weeps. Perhaps there's a laugh.

I was young, not much more than thirty in years the last time I went up. But I was old in the game and had a record that many an old-timer might have envied.

I was sent to jail by a pal, a squealer, Spike Dawson. He swore me up for from five to twenty years. I don't know but if I'd 'a' had a gun I would 'a' made the chair right there in the court. But you don't carry guns to court. No more, anyway. But I did vow right there and then that I'd get Spike when I come out; that I'd carry my gun, hung in my sleeve, which was my way, for the rest of my life, if it took that long. That I swore.

How I made the Board believe I was a reformed man ain't no credit to me. But I done it, and that's how I come to serve the minimum instead of the whole of that sentence put on me by that double-crossin' liar Spike Dawson.

Six months after getting out finds me in Boston as free from money as a bluefish is from wings. But I'd done pretty well, considering, and was getting back some of my old-time color.

I didn't look none of my old-time friends up, being always one for going it alone. I'd learnt my lesson, and for all I knowed they might have put something else off on me. I never did take much stock in that "honor among thieves" stuff, and after that same little "honor" so nobly displayed by Spike had sent me up for a long spell I didn't take no stock at all in it.

I ain't one for the stick-up game, it being a little below my professional dignity;

but it was popular and easy now, so I picked out a nice spot on a quiet street, deciding to gather in a little loose change. Being without money is a bum stunt.

And now comes my falling in with Oliver and the beginning of the change.

It was about one o'clock at night that I spotted a fat guy turning into the dark street. It was the right time, too, for the cop wasn't due back for twenty minutes and cops never beat out a schedule.

Well, this gent I lamped was slow on his pins. Across his vest I catch the glimmer of a broad gold watch chain what I calculate would weigh into me for about twenty-five bucks.

I turned to tie my handkerchief over my mouth when I hear my prize give a snort. Looking up sudden I seen that two other lads have the jump on me. Yes, there's my meat with his mitts in the air and two cheap thugs about to take my watch and money.

NOW, I don't know just what was under my hat when I hopped out with my gun and ordered that team to beat it. I guess I was just mad. It ain't none to my credit that that pair of birds trotted when I give the word. It ain't none to my discredit neither. Fair's fair!

Well, that fat boy just gushed all over when that team of half-baked crooks did a double around the corner. He thanked me for saving his life and wanted the world to know it. After the oration he spilled I couldn't very well go on with the business of the evening. It was just my poetic nature.

It seems that he took me for a dick at first, and when he finds out I wasn't just doing my duty he starts all over again. Well, he gushes out after a while, and coming to a last gasp asks me what he can do to reward me. I asks you flat. Could I 'a' taken his watch then? He pulls it out, too, and looks at the time. It was gold and as big as a turnip. He never could know how near he was to parting with that family heirloom.

He asks me to call on him next day and I lays awake half the night wondering what I can make outa this millionaire. The next day I sees him and gets a laugh. He's like me. He ain't real. Just a butler; works for the Burton Joneses outside New York City.

The Burton Joneses. He gets off the name like it was a knock-out. But he reads me wrong. It don't throw me. I never heard of the party. Then he asks me what my lay is. He was kinda polite

and servant-like. "I'd like to ask you to dine with me—if I could," and that sort of stuff. I get his meaning. He's an English servant and takes me for a gentleman.

"I'm in the same line with you," I says, wantin' to do a square meal. "Use to be a sorta under-butler in London."

"Good!" he says, and grabs his hat, and out we go for a feed. Later he outs with his offer. The Burton Joneses are needin' another man. Sorta "upper" footman. I get the drift that the upper part is just his way of being polite. But the thing is funny and I'm just about to do a laugh when an idea strikes me. Why not?

So I stopped and thunk. I was pretty good at playin' character parts, and more than once I done a servant when I was tryin' to get a lay on a plant. So I toned down my language and drawled like an English duke.

"Just so, Oliver." Sweet! I should say so. But I didn't lose my head in dreamin'. Not me. I was feared Oliver might ask for a recommendation, so I beat him to it.

"I lost all my letters," I tells him. "Burnt in a fire." Then I thought I might just as well finish all question of them letters for good. "I wrote for others, but they never come. That's why I'm so stony."

The word stony got him. It's an old standby of mine when I wanta do the English.

Oliver was in Boston visitin' his sister. He tells me it was his first vacation in twenty years.

TWO days later we take the boat to New York. We room together and that old watch of his kept tickin' like the town clock. I'd lay there and listen to it and tell myself what a fool I was. Why not take the clock and Oliver's roll and do a double? Talk about temptation! "Get thee behind me, Satan," was goin' big with me that night. I got thinkin' of my luck and the funny position I grabbed, and just laughed myself to sleep. That's me—my poetic nature.

So we arrive at The Willows, what is the home of the Burton Joneses. There was four of them. Ma and Pa and two kids—a boy and a girl. The boy was away at school, but the girl was there. A pretty little slip of a thing about eight. Her name was Edna, but they called her Ed-die. Which hit her about right.

My, but they give Oliver the glad hand! It was just like grandfather returning.





Then there's another report, a sharp stab in my shoulder, and as Spike

And Eddie—she just crawled all over him. And then he begun to unload and give her things what he had got in Boston. And Ma and Pa just stood there and beamed all over.

Well, the Joneses were what you'd call new rich. Their money showed all over them. But it hadn't spoiled them none. And it hadn't helped them none either, if you're lookin' for class.

Old Jones was out lookin' for money, and gettin' it too. Mrs. Jones was out lookin' for society and not doin' so well. Altogether it was a tough job for Oliver. He was a sorta social instructor.

"They're fine people—none better," he tells me. "Mr. Burton Jones ain't much on society, but Mrs. Burton Jones is—

though like as not she'll do the wrong thing no matter how often I tell her." He shook his head a bit and moved his lips a little, which was his way of smiling. I think he must 'a' laughed a good deal inside, for there was many a laugh at the Joneses. Mrs. Jones sure was a card.

**T**HEY all liked him, and Eddie adored him. Mrs. J., the big amazon, was afraid of him. I seen it the third day I was there. She bawled me out for something I done wrong. Oliver comes into the dining-room right in the middle of it, and she stopped and grew kinda red.

"A lady never loses her temper," he says very quietly; "that is most important, madam, especially before the servants."

Ten minutes later, when Oliver was out of the way, I heard her send her maid upstairs for the book on etiquette. She was checking Oliver up. But that wouldn't bother Oliver none. He knew that book backward.

As for Old Jones—well, I seen him when he was giving a dinner: "Just see that it goes right, Oliver," was all that he said. It was all up to Oliver. He sure was the cheese, and on his say-so I started in as an "upper footman." I did the work and Oliver did the ordering and—watching.

But it wasn't such a bad life, and when I used to go into the garden and smoke my cigarettes I tell you it was the real thing. No worry—no danger. Then I took a step nearer that old home stuff and that sort





falls at my feet I remember that little wop and realize that I've been hit

of thing. I went in for a pipe—something I never could see before.

One day I was feeling so good and so foolish that I just up and told Oliver that it was my birthday. And darned if he didn't tell the kid, and she come across with a pipe. Maybe I smoked it 'cause Eddie give it to me. It's hard to tell, for I sure got a poetical nature. Child business and that sort of rot.

Now, I stayed out there about six months and was gettin' to be a first-rate servant. Why, if I was to write the way I talked no one could understand me.

What I enjoyed most was Eddie. She used to talk and beg me for a story. She kept asking about burglar stories and once, just to frighten her out of it, I up

and told her one. But this burglar business was too much like a voice from the past.

The way that kid lapped it up was a caution. Shooting and murder and diamonds, that was her middle name. I never met no one before what had so much respect for my trade. I seen I was in a fair way to cut Oliver out. His fairies and brownies couldn't hold a candle to my finished work.

**N**OW for that plan what was running through my head. I had my eyes on the diamonds what Oliver put away in the safe every night. Twice he let me do it while he was standing right by and counting them. There was a hundred thousand

dollars' worth of sparklers there at least. Sweet Potatie!

And I was a good servant. Talked, walked, and acted different. Twice I served judges at table and once a district attorney. Did my hands tremble as I passed the soup? Not so you could notice it.

I kept an eye on those diamonds. Why, the way Mrs. J. use to go out all diamonded up was a crime. I'd worry so that I couldn't sleep. It seemed like she was being careless with my personal property.

Now, there was another thing that bothered me at first. It was that gun in my sleeve. I had kept my vow, being superstitious, and (Continued on page 132)



# Nothing Could Keep This Boy Down

Born in poverty, forced as a child to sell matches and newspapers on the streets, kept for six years in a badly run orphan asylum, Aaron Sapiro lived to reorganize the asylum, and to fight his way to the leadership of the greatest agricultural movement of present times

*By Merle Crowell*

**A**ARON SAPIRO is a lawyer with more than half a million clients—composing about one tenth of all the people in the United States who make their living from the land. Since most of the half million are the heads of families, it is safe to say that Sapiro is the legal guardian of the livelihood of between two and three million human beings.

This sounds like an extraordinary statement, but it is even more extraordinary when you consider that two or three years ago this thirty-eight-year-old attorney was almost unknown to the public, save on the Pacific coast, where he was recognized as the genius of a new cooperative movement among farmers and fruit growers.

Since that time he has organized and become counsel for groups of farmers, whose memberships tap every state in the union, and who raise and sell every conceivable product, from milk to maple sirup, from potatoes to prunes, from berries to sugar cane. Seventeen states have changed old laws or enacted new ones to make these enterprises possible.

Cotton is the greatest single staple crop in the United States. In two years more than one hundred and fifty thousand cotton farmers in nine Southern states have signed contracts to deliver their entire crop for the next five or seven years to associations that Sapiro has organized. In a normal year the cotton raised by these growers is worth *two hundred million dollars*—which, incidentally, makes theirs one of the very largest business enterprises in the United States.

Less than two years ago Sapiro's first cooperative tobacco contract was signed. To-day he is the moving spirit of five such organizations, having more than two hundred thousand members, and raising and selling more than two thirds of the American tobacco crop. And these are only two of some three-score organizations that the dynamic Westerner has wound up and set going.

To his half-million followers Sapiro is a Moses leading them from the Wilderness to the Promised Land. His "six fundamental principles of successful cooperation"—which are designed to put farming on the strictly business basis of group production and group marketing—are to-day being quoted so generally that at least half of their protagonists have forgotten who worked them out in the first place.

A New York banker remarked the other day that Sapiro is just now the most

prune growers of California, whom he pulled out of one of the worst holes that a group of agriculturists ever found themselves in. If you were to write to him there, your letter might be forwarded to Canada, where he has been requested by the Minister of Agriculture to organize the dairymen of the Dominion. In the past two years Sapiro has spent less than nine weeks in San Francisco, where he has a home, a wife, and three children. The rest of the time he has been traveling and organizing.

A typical scene was enacted a few months ago in Abilene, Texas, where twenty-five hundred farmers followed Sapiro for more than a mile through the streets, trying to find a meeting place big enough to hold them. When arrangements were finally made to use the First Baptist Church, the biggest building in town, the crowd rushed there pell-mell for several blocks, so anxious was everyone to get a seat. Once the farmers were jammed into the church, they stuck there to the last man for three hours while Sapiro was expounding his gospel of cooperative marketing.

Sapiro does not claim to have originated cooperative marketing. California had a number of organizations of this sort when he was appointed counsel for the State Market Commission, in 1915. At that time he had been making a study of the subject for four years—as it operated both here and abroad. Taking the records of the California cooperative groups for a

basis, he analyzed each of them to bed-rock. By discarding the factors of failure and coalescing the factors of success, he arrived at a "model plan." Under his guidance several groups of growers got together and organized marketing combinations.

Up to this time, nineteen out of twenty of such organizations had been failures. Those fathered by Sapiro turned out, however, to be uniformly successful. Just how successful they were may be indicated by the fact that (Continued on page 136)

## Score Another for Uncle Sam

**W**HEN you read a story like this it renews your faith in the United States as a land of boundless opportunity. Any human being will have his ups and downs—he will run against inequalities and injustices; but a country that makes it finally possible for him to struggle through from the very bottom to the very top is essentially sound. So long as brains and character can continue to break down barriers and gain their uttermost goals, we need not fear for the future of the nation.

THE EDITOR.

sought-after business man in the country. This seems hardly an overstatement. One week he is straightening out problems for the Arkansas Rice Growers' Cooperative Association; the next he is organizing the potato growers of Maine; a fortnight later he is out at Tekoa, Washington, conferring with the officers of the Hangman Valley Timber Association, having stopped off en route for a session with another of his organizations, the New York Canning Crops Association; and within a few days he will be found in consultation with the





Photo by Pirie MacDonald

### *Aaron Sapiro*

**MR. SAPIRO** is the recognized leader of the coöperative marketing movement among farmers. He has organized, and is counsel for, scores of coöperative associations, with a total membership of more than half a million persons. Mr. Sapiro's life is an epic struggle against hardships and handicaps. Born in San Francisco thirty-eight years ago, he lived in the bitterest poverty until he was ten years old—when he was committed to an orphan asylum, whose archaic

routine might well have crushed all ambition and individuality within him. But the youth struggled ahead and led his classes in grammar school and high school. Following his release from the orphan asylum, he worked his way through college and law school—again leading his classes. While holding public office in California his sympathies were aroused at the injustices which crop growers had to combat—so he decided to dedicate himself to removing some of these injustices.





Photo by The Standiford Studio

*Judge Florence E. Allen*

IN JANUARY of this year, Judge Allen took her place on the Supreme Court of the State of Ohio, the first woman in the world to occupy that office. She was born at Salt Lake City, where her father was a teacher of languages in a Congregational school. After graduating from Western Reserve University, at Cleveland, Ohio, she studied law and in 1914 was admitted

to the Ohio Bar. She practiced law until 1919, when she became Assistant County Prosecutor. In 1920 she was elected Judge of the Court of Common Pleas at Cleveland, the first woman to sit in such a court. In 1922 she was elected to the State Supreme Court. In both elections she was an independent candidate, in competition with men of the regular political parties.



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I had stepped hastily back from the iron grill before the plain packing cases that contained so much wealth.

"But," I asked, "aren't you afraid? Don't you have an immense amount of trouble keeping all these things secret, and keeping them guarded? If anyone could get to this money, or, better still, get some of the dies, or even copy them, the possibilities of forgery would be beyond reckoning."

"We haven't had any trouble so far," replied Mr. Woodhull soberly. "We keep everything under lock and key, and well guarded, of course, by a complicated system of checking."

"BUT the people who work here," I persisted; "and in the other plants you told me of in Chicago and Ottawa. How do you account for a hundred years without a single betrayal of trust?"

"Training in fidelity," replied Mr. Woodhull. "Call it atmosphere. We try to get at the bottom of it because we are asked again and again why we never have a leak of information, how we can print stocks and bonds and send them out without a whisper of their coming going out before them, why no one of our people has ever betrayed the company in his own interest. I don't know, except that, as I know them, human beings are in the main faithful, loyal, and honest. Even the most ordinary business depends for its success on that, upon the good will of the people in it. No one can guard against the effects of bad will; nobody can buy good. Good will is something the workers give to a business or they don't give it, and without that one factor any firm can be wrecked at any time. We believe and we work on the principle that all anyone who works for us wants is a square deal, and that people can be trusted. Then we help all we can to make that true. No one in the company is bonded except in the treasurer's and the cashier's departments."

"From the officers down we look on our work as printing on paper, nothing more. I spoke to you of money to-day, but your visit is extraordinary; no one here speaks of the value of a bank note or of a stock or bond, we talk only of the beauty and quality of the workmanship. The amount each sheet is worth is printed upon it; but we disregard it. We handle money by millions as so many sheets of paper. In time it comes to mean just paper; if a sheet of bank notes is lost in one of the rooms we hunt for Sheet No. 145, not for eight bank notes of fifty dollars each. In time, we come to think of sheets of paper, not of money, and when that point is reached, temptation has gone."

"We check on ourselves, as we go along, and every scrap of paper, every mistaken print, every blurred piece, every damaged and rejected note is collected

with the perfect sheets, and every inch of paper issued has got to be there. Everybody in the plant helps to this end, cheerfully and willingly. It is easier as the years pass, because the traditions of a company as old as this carry themselves on in large measure."

"When a man comes here to work, no one lectures him on the traditions of the company, but the older employees soon make him feel that he is a part of a cen-



PHOTO BY THOMAS J. HENNING

Thirty-six years ago Daniel E. Woodhull took a job with the American Bank Note Company. The job was so minor it didn't even have a name. To-day he is president of the organization, which is the largest business of its kind in the world, with plants in Ottawa, Canada, Chicago, and also in New York City, where its executive offices are located. The stories of Mr. Woodhull and of the company he directs are very similar. Step by step the organization has grown, and step by step Mr. Woodhull has risen. Three thousand five hundred people work under this man who, as a boy just out of high school, started at the bottom. He had no pull; but he did have integrity, energy, intelligence, and patience. The combination of these qualities explains his fine story. In his opinion "It pays most men to stick"

tury and a quarter trust, and he lives up to it. He finds that he likes it. For most people are not only loyal and honest but they like to be. We know that people away off in China are trusting us, that Brazilians have faith in us, that the entire people of Canada look to us for all their paper currency and stamps, sent to them inviolate with all the protection we know how to give. Every man and woman who works here has that sense of responsibility to the work and to other people. In our force we have men and women who represent families that have been with us to the fifth generation; we have had

grandfather, father, and son working here at the same time, all just alike in this matter of honesty and loyalty."

"There have been many times in the past hundred years when just the exercise of the knowledge gained in the plant, put to personal use, would have brought big returns. I remember one such time some years ago: A certain great railroad had asked us to print an issue of stock. The utmost secrecy was to be maintained. The stock was to be delivered on Monday, but on Saturday we received a hurried order to get the stock to the company offices on that day. It was necessary to take three men into confidence in order to get the stock delivered. Those three men knew that the stock was out, and by trading on that knowledge they could have made quite a small pile of money. They did nothing. Why? Simply because they, like most men as I have known them, want fortune to come straight. That is the reason we can keep secrets here, and the keeping of them does not give us gray hairs. It is with us just as with any individual. You know you are honest, don't you? Yes, but you are mighty careful. We're just that."

THE man who heads this large and secret business certainly gives the impression of being free from any weight of care. If he has gray hairs after thirty-five years of service they are so few as to escape notice. An aggressive, active, well-muscled man of medium height, with an abounding enthusiasm, a ready laugh, and an unusual frankness of attitude, Woodhull came into his position so straight that not an employee in the company grudges him one bit of it. He came to the firm a boy of eighteen, with no friends, and no backing, to take a job at seven dollars a week. He is still called "Dan" by the older workers of the company when they are speaking of him among themselves.

"Dan came here a boy," one of them said to me. "He had no relatives or friends in the company, no influence. He was the handsomest, jolliest, most active boy I ever knew. He began by carrying the engravers' plates from one room to another; but he used to get all around the place, and then, after a time, he got on the order desk, and from there to be salesman, and then over to one of our foreign offices and back to be vice president. He was vice president nine years, and when our former president died he got the presidency. Nobody here but knows he worked every step of the way, and earned it."

I had a hard time getting Mr. Woodhull to talk about his rise in the company. "I don't mind talking about those years," he said; "only I can't see them as a hero story. I got ahead mainly by studying the operations of the business from start to finish, remembering everything I learned, and 'sticking.' I didn't believe once in (Continued on page 154)





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**H**ENRY WILSON dismissed his secretary from his private office with an imperious wave of a large hand, and Miss Florence Reynolds, unaccustomed to such summary treatment, gave him a look of dignified resentment as she left the room. Her employer did not see the look. If he had, it would have impressed him as much as her abrupt dismissal had impressed Miss Reynolds. Those two, in their association of the past year, had formed the habit of somewhat carefully considering each other's reactions. But this afternoon Wilson intended to wrestle with a Problem, and, though Miss Reynolds was deeply concerned in it, neither her presence nor her assistance at this stage of his reflections was desired.

It was the help of someone else he needed. The best way to approach that person, the best way to obtain that help, must be thought out now. That his mind might put its ablest efforts to the task, Wilson had waited till the day's work was practically done, the last afternoon mail cleared off his desk. He had now three quarters of an hour for consideration of the Problem—not a long time in which to upset the present status of three lives and make those lives over. But Wilson felt equal to the task. That is, he felt equal to it at moments. There were other moments when sick doubts overwhelmed him, doubts of the two whose lives he was about to readjust—doubts, doubts, and another feeling that, at times, amounted to an actual horror of himself.

He settled back in his big swivel chair, fixed his eyes upon the wall above his flat-top desk, and tried to think. But his thoughts, for once, acted like undisciplined things. Instead of the clear, consecutive thinking he had planned, a vision suddenly floated before him. It was the vision of a plump, middle-aged, matter-of-fact, plain little woman with a kind face, placidly swinging back and forth in a big rocking-chair, and mending a sock whose worn toe was stretched taut over a darning ball. Her lips moved as if she were singing to herself. A work-basket stood on a low table beside her. A huge mahogany bedstead loomed behind her. At her right were two big windows through which she saw stretches of blue sky. On the room's walls were several crayon portraits of old persons—rather dreadful portraits of well-meaning, gentle faces. On another wall was an elaborate framed design made of human hair—the hair of the owner's various relatives and friends. Crowded into the foreground and dimly showing in the background were several pieces of walnut furniture ornamented with carved grapes.

In short, the big bedroom was the sort of room which was found in half America's middle-class homes thirty or forty years ago, when the Victorian influence was at its height. It was the sort of room very rarely seen in New York, yet its present setting was New York, and not only New York but the East Seventies. It was the conjugal bedroom of Mr. Henry Wilson, and the plump, comfortable little woman who was now darning his sock was Mrs. Henry Wilson.

Henry Wilson exhaled a deep sigh. Undoubtedly the picture was correct. That was what Mary Wilson was doing this minute—rocking in her bedroom and darning his socks. The fact that the hus-



"When you want me, Mr. Wilson," she

## He Thought He

*By Elizabeth*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

band never wore these socks after they were darned did not discourage the wife's activity. Pretty soon she would roll her work into a neat ball, drop it into her work-basket, go down-stairs, enter the kitchen, and set about the preparation of one of Henry's favorite desserts. The fact that, by doing this, she would outrage the sensibilities of the Wilson cook, would not disturb her in the least. She had made Henry's favorite desserts ever since she had married him, a quarter of a century ago. She had made them when he and she were so poor that she had been hard put to it to get the materials for the pies and shortcakes Henry liked. In her judgment, the fact that he was now a very rich man gave her no excuse for ceasing this labor of love, nor was it any reason why she should discard the bedroom furniture they had used from the first, and which Mary's mother had used before her. Henry could carry out his new-fangled notions down-stairs, "as much as he'd a mind to."

Mary made that concession, as well as that of coming to New York City to

live. Indeed, she often tried to meet and approve of Henry's "new-fangled notions." She had even allowed him to have two servants—though the good Lord knew there wasn't more than work enough in the new house to keep an active woman like herself busy and happy. He could have the cook and the waitress girl if he wanted to be bothered with 'em around, but the best of the cooking and a lot of the cleaning would be done by the hands that had always done it—the hands of his wife. Everyone knew what servants were these days, and how everything they handled went to rack and ruin. So much from Mary.

Henry Wilson had heard her say it all a hundred times. He could hear her say it now, as she hummed and rocked and darned. In short, Henry Wilson, millionaire, was living in New York in 1922 very





said formally, "you will not ring. You will come yourself, and tell me you want me"

# Needed a New Wife

*Jordan*

HERMAN PFEIFER

much as Henry Wilson, modest young business man, had lived in Hanover, Massachusetts, in 1900. It was true he had a brownstone house which he had bought and moved his wife into without consulting her. Also he had some good furniture down-stairs, which he had also bought without consulting Mary, and a few really fine paintings whose prices, had she known them, would have given Mary the sensation she described as "a bad turn"—a sensation, by the way, which her husband was affording her with increasing frequency. For the rest, the Wilsons lived a life of compromise. Mary worked and Henry submitted to being made comfortable. Neither was satisfied.

Now, however, all that was to be changed. There were to be no more compromises for Henry Wilson. This fact, and all that went with it, Mary must be

made to understand and accept. She must be prepared kindly for the great change—kindly, but firmly and finally. Henry Wilson's great form settled deeper into his chair. His coarse gray hair, tousled by his big, nervous fingers, stood on end. He considered verbal leads, follow-ups, and counters. And as he considered, and led, and followed up and countered, the figure of his wife remained persistently before his eyes as she rocked and darned, and darned and rocked.

**WILSON** thrust his latchkey into the door of his house at nine o'clock that night with a face set to express the strength of his new resolution. He had telephoned his wife that he was detained at the office and would dine down-town, but that he wanted to have a talk with her when he came home. Though he had thought himself through with concessions, he had yielded to concession in these actions. He had invited that talk to tie himself down to it—yes, in fear of a cowardly backing out of it at the last moment.

Mary heard his latchkey and met him in the hall. That was among the objectionable things she did—listening for the sound of his latchkey, waylaying him in the hall, fussing over him when he came—trying to help him with his overcoat and even offering to take off his rubbers! To-night he gave her no opportunity for these ministrations.

"Go into the library, Mary," he said curtly. "I'll be along in a minute."

His tone was harder than he had meant it to be. He had simply meant it to be firm. The look she gave him aroused an amazing sensation in him. It was a sensation wholly unexpected. It almost amounted to physical nausea. For Mary's look was a look of fear. He had seen it in her eyes before, but had not minded it much. He minded it now, because to-night, at last, Mary had something to fear. She left him with a little flurry, with something of the effect of one scuttering out of sight. He hung up his coat and hat, drew off his rubbers and kicked them under a hall table. At the library door he hesitated an instant. Again that odd sensation approaching nausea had swept over him. He pulled himself together, set his teeth, opened the door, and walked into the room.

It was a beautiful room—a room in



which he had carried out his own ideas and his developing sense of beauty. Even Mary liked it, but that really meant no development on her part. She would have liked any room where he was—but her real choice, any time, would be the chamber of horrors up-stairs. The library's attractions included a huge fireplace, on whose andirons great logs were now burning. There was no rocking-chair in the room as a concession to Mary's taste. She had to content herself with a low easy chair, in which she now sat close to the great fender, with a bit of sewing in her hands. Her husband nodded, swung a big chair to the opposite side of the hearth, and sat down facing her.

"I'm glad we've got a fire," he said, trying to speak naturally. "It's a nasty night."

There was pathos in her quick response: "Yes, I lit it myself. I know you like a fire."

HER husband cleared his throat. Mary's hour had struck. There was nothing to be gained by exchanging commonplaces.

"Mary," he said firmly, and unconsciously his voice hardened again in its effort at steadiness, "you and I have got to have a show-down."

"Yes, Henry."

Her sewing suspended for the moment, she looked at him. He realized that she had not the faintest conception of what he meant to say. She was simply prepared for a disagreeable talk—for one of the innumerable and painful discussions between them which never led to anything.

"We haven't been getting on very well," he continued. "That's no news to you, is it?"

"I ain't complaining, Henry."

Mary had resumed her sewing, and her husband understood why. She did not wish to look at him.

"Perhaps not—but I am."

That impressed her. She stopped sewing.

"What about?" she asked, not brusquely, but almost wearily, as one going into action heavily and against her will.

"About a lot of things. Now, see here, Mary,"—Wilson drew his chair closer and looked at her steadily till she raised her head and met his eyes—"we're going to get right down to brass tacks. We're not going over all the old ground again. That takes up too much time and it doesn't get us anywhere. Each of us understands how the other feels, all right. My complaint is that you and I look at everything from different standpoints, and that I can't make you see my angle. You've had twenty-five years to see it, and failed. I want to move with the times. I want to live in accordance with the position I've made for myself in the world. I want to live the way my business associates live. I want to entertain. I want my house run the way it ought to be run."

"I guess your house is run all right, Henry," said Mary Wilson crisply. "I guess no one can say it ain't."

"A flyver runs all right, too, but I don't use one," said Henry Wilson. "I've bought a Rolls-Royce."

"Whatever a Rolls-Royce is, I s'pose it give you a chance to spend some money," was his wife's comment. It was an unfortunate one. Under it, the man hardened still more.

"You and I," he said coldly, "haven't spent one tenth of our income for the past ten years, notwithstanding all I've given to charity. Can you give me any good reason why we should hoard money?"

She whitened at that and her eyes dropped. With hands that trembled a little she again picked up her sewing.

"I'm as sorry as you be that we ain't got children to leave it to," she said in a

standing fact is simply this: We want to live in different ways. All right, let's do it. We've got enough. You live your way, and I'll live mine."

She laughed a little. There was relief in the sound. If that was all Henry wanted—

"I guess that's what we've been doing right along," she said cheerfully. "I guess that won't need much change."

"Oh, but it will. I haven't been living my way, Mary. My way is a big way. I want a big establishment, conducted on a big scale. I've always wanted it. I'm—going—to—have—it."

He spoke very slowly and distinctly, but even yet she did not take in his meaning. He felt an uprush of resentment against her obtuseness and the incredible complacency that nothing seemed to shake, for under it was the bedrock of her faith in him.

"Then I reckon you'll have to get someone else to run it," she observed good-humoredly. She had given him his opening, and he seized it.

"That," he said, "is precisely what I am going to do."

EVEN now it was his tone, rather than his words, that caught her attention. She was awakening, but she was not yet alive to what was coming.

"What do you mean?" she asked slowly.

"I mean, Mary,"—her husband spoke very gently—"that, with our different ideas, you and I can't go on together. I mean that hereafter you will live your life, in your way, anywhere you please, and that I shall live my life, in my way, here in New York."

It was out at last, but it was a long time before she took it in. Then her hands, still holding their neglected work, dropped limply into her lap.

"You mean—separate?" she said at last, speaking barely above a whisper.

"Yes, Mary, separate. I needn't tell you that you'll be a

rich woman. You will be able to do anything and have anything you want."

Henry Wilson did not like the sound that came from the opposite chair after this statement. It was not a laugh. Neither was it a sob. After it, there was another long silence. He stared into the fire, giving her time. Finally she spoke again.

"Who's goin' to take care of you?"

The question was so unexpected that he started and winced. And yet, why hadn't he expected it? It was, of course, the first thing Mary would think of and ask.

"I'll look out for myself," he replied stiffly.



"There, there," she was saying, "don't you take on so, Henry. I know it's hard for you too. You'll feel different by and by"

low voice. "I'd have welcomed ten, if they'd been sent to us, and you know it."

"I don't want you should think I'm reproaching you." To his deep annoyance, Wilson sometimes fell into his old vernacular when he was talking to his wife. One of his grievances against her was that she had refused to follow his example and improve her speech. Under the influence of the lapse his voice hardened as he went on.

"As I've told you, I'm not going all over the old ground again. We've done that too often. It doesn't help. The big, out-

(Continued on page 157)



# You Can't Kill These Fifteen Immortal Jokes

Human beings have always laughed at them and always will

*By Carolyn Wells*

CAROLYN WELLS is a famous writer of mystery stories, humorous verse, and general fiction. Next month she will begin in THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE a new serial novel entitled "Wheels Within Wheels." At present she is at work collecting material for a volume to be entitled "An Outline of Humor." This is really to be a history of humor. Because of the author's extensive study of the history of jokes we asked her to prepare this article.

THESE Fifteen Immortal Jokes have won their position by the said test of Time.

They are like the elements of the Universe; they may be analyzed, dissected, weighed, or measured, but they cannot be destroyed.

A true solution of the mystery of why a joke makes us laugh has yet to be found. To the mind of the average human being anything that makes him laugh is a joke. Why it does so, there are very few to know and fewer still to care.

Nor are the knowing ones in much better plight. A true definition of humor has been attempted by many great and wise minds. Like squaring the circle, it has been argued about repeatedly, it has been written about voluminously. It has been settled in as many different ways as there have been commentators on the subject. And yet no definition, no formula, has ever been evolved that is entirely satisfactory.

Aristotle promulgated a theory that is, perhaps, more generally subscribed to than any other.

This ancient thinker declared that all pleasure in laughing at a comic scene is an enjoyment of another's discomfiture. Yet it must be only discomfiture, not grave misfortune or sorrow.

If a man's hat blows off and he runs out into the street after it, we laugh; but if he is hit by a passing motor car, we do not laugh.

If a fat man slips on a banana peel and lands in a mud puddle, we laugh; but if he breaks his leg we do not laugh.

another that makes a joke, not the serious accident; and, though there are other types and other theories of the cause of humor, by far the majority of jokes are based on this principle.

From the circus clown to Charlie Chaplin, episodes of discomfiture make us laugh. Every newspaper cartoon or comic series hinges on the discomfiture of somebody. The fly on the bald head, the collar button under the bureau, the henpecked husband, all depend for their humor on

and though there are subtler jests the type we refer to has a grip on the risibilities that can never be loosened.

And the fifteen Immortals, by reason of their essential appeal, stand forth, invincible, unassailable, indestructible.

They are the universal subjects that are comic in all lands and in all ages. Age cannot wither them, nor custom stale their infinite variety.

Printing was not invented until the middle of the fifteenth century.

But no sooner was the printing press in good running order, than these jokes were set forth in black and white.

Ages before that, however, the Fifteen were handed down by word of mouth; there was never a time when they were not current.

Many stories told as new to-day may be traced back to the Middle Ages, to classic times, and to the earlier Oriental jesters.

Nor was that the beginning. As old as language, as old as any sort of interchange of human intelligence, so old are our Immortal Jokes.

Can we doubt those long days and nights in the Ark were enlivened with jests and good-natured railery? Can we think that during the forty years in the Wilderness nobody poked fun at anybody else?

And, having studied deeply the true inwardness of all the jests of man, past and present, we subscribe to the Immortal Fifteen as being the essential elements of Humorous Human Nature.

They are the jokes that have been laughed at since Time began, and will be laughed at so long as there is humanity on the earth.

They will be welcomed uproariously by each successive generation, and each new dawning sense of humor will respond to them as inevitably as the sunflower to the sun.

For, like the sun, they are eternal and they shine for all.

**I. Mothers-in-Law:** Just why a mother-in-law should be a joke, when the father-in-law is (Continued on page 111)

## The Funniest Story I Ever Heard

### Prize Contest Announcement

READ the yarns told by Carolyn Wells in this article—you will get dozens of laughs out of them. Most jokes, she tells us, grow out of the ridiculous discomfiture of others; but not all of them, as you will see. This collection of anecdotes will suggest to you your own favorite funny story. It may be a personal experience, a comical mishap that befell some friend, a yarn that has been told to you, or an absurd situation of one kind or another, real or imaginary. Whatever it is, write it out. It makes no difference whether your story is old or new. Tell it in fifty words, if you like, or tell it at any length up to four hundred words.

For the best letter of not more than 400 words we offer these prizes: \$20, first prize; \$10, second prize; \$5, third prize. Competition closes on April 20th. Winning letters will appear in the July number.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest cannot be returned, so make a copy of your contest letter if you want to preserve it. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

the trifling misfortune that makes its victim ridiculous.

An enjoyment of this discomfiture of a fellow man is inherent in human nature,



# Things People Look For In Buying a Home

The points that appeal to women, and those that attract the men—Some inside advice for home seekers and many interesting side-lights on human nature

*By L. Ward Prince*

**B**UYING a home is for most of us an event that ranks next to marriage in importance and solemnity. It reminds one of marriage in other particulars, too. My eighteen years of experience as a real estate man have taught me that it is no more possible to foretell what will appeal to a person in the way of a home than to foretell what will appeal to a person in the way of a husband or a wife. In both cases the final choice may be as much of a surprise to the chooser as to any of his friends.

Recently, for instance, a very wealthy man told me that he *must* have a house containing gas and inbuilt shower baths—and one that was so fresh and new that he wouldn't have to do any decorating. What he actually bought was a house in a community where there was no likelihood of gas being installed for years. Moreover, the house hadn't a single shower bath; it was fifteen years old, and it showed its age badly as the result of neglect.

Evidently this man—like so many young people who announce positively, and describe accurately, the kinds of husbands and wives they are going to select—must have found qualities that more than compensated for the lack of those he had specified. In this case, we never knew just what the compensating qualities were.

I recall another man, a retired manufacturer, whose mental processes were quite unfathomable. For two years he had professed to be looking for a country place where he could make his retirement complete. And for two years a big, broad-shouldered, good-natured salesman in a suburban real-estate office just outside New York had been showing him all kinds of attractive houses—without getting even a nibble!

Try as he might, this salesman never seemed able to obtain from his prospective customer anything definite about the type of house he wanted, or how much he was willing to pay for it. The only thing to do was to show him place after place on a blind chance. Once or twice, indeed, he had seemed mildly interested; but his interest proved only momentary.

Finally, one winter morning, after a

heavy snowfall, this customer made one of his numerous appearances at the real-estate office to find out what new places had been listed. The salesman who had been handling his quest was not in. One of his associates, however, got him on the telephone.

"That hard-boiled proposition!" he growled, from his safe vantage point at the

other end of the wire. "I bequeath all my rights in him to you. Take 'em and welcome!"

Although far from pleased at the prospect of wasting his time, the salesman put on as good a face as possible. He invited his customer to motor around with him to such places as had been listed since the last visit of the home seeker.

It was shrewd business for the manufacturer to look for a country place in the depth of winter, when buyers are scarce. He sat back complacently, while the salesman forced his car through three miles of snow-filled roads to a very attractive country estate that had recently been put on the market at a reasonable figure. The customer gave one look at it.

"Nothing doing!" he announced, in his best "hard-boiled" manner. "What else yuh got?"

It was on the tip of the salesman's tongue to answer, "That's all!" But he restrained himself, and explained that there was a fine place of three acres that had just been listed.

"But it is for sale furnished," he added, "and the owner isn't likely to take a cent less than forty thousand dollars for it, and it's probably seven miles from here, in the opposite direction."

"Lemme look at it!" ordered the customer.

When the car finally arrived at the new place the salesman turned rather perfunctorily to his passenger.

Despite its attractiveness and splendid location, there seemed no special reason to think that it would appeal particularly to a person of his exacting and unamiable nature. But after looking the house over for a moment, the man growled:

"Let's go in!"

Now this place had been listed only a day or two before, and no arrangements had been made for showing it. The salesman had taken a chance on driving over and, as luck would have it, there was no one at home. He rang and rang, and tried all the doors and windows. The house was as silent and tight as a tomb. Meanwhile, however, the manufacturer had been walking around the outside of the house. He came back with almost a smile on his face.

"Fine house!" he was exclaiming.



L. Ward Prince, who was graduated from the University of Michigan's law school in 1903 when he was twenty-one, is the head of Prince and Ripley, a leading brokerage house specializing in the real estate of Westchester County, which adjoins New York City on the north. With headquarters in New York, Mr. Prince's firm has branches throughout this territory. In the eighteen years he has been dealing in Westchester real estate, both as an employee of another firm and as the head of his own, his sales have amounted to \$25,000,000. During the World War he acted as the confidential agent of the United States Government in the purchase of several million dollars' worth of property for camp, storage, and manufacturing purposes. As an expert on realty values, he is frequently retained in the legal proceedings of great corporations, like the life insurance companies, and in public condemnation proceedings



"Fine trees! Fine arbors! Fine view!"

What an irony of fate! Finally to arouse the recalcitrant customer's interest and then not to be able to get inside! The salesman, however, was lean, lithe, and persistent—three things that served him well in an hour of need. At the back of the house he found a sliding panel through which the iceman filled the refrigerator, and just below it was another panel used by the milkman. The former opening was the larger, but the heavy refrigerator was backed up against it. So he decided to try wriggling his wiry frame through the smaller aperture. Despite the cold, he stripped off his outer garments, for he knew it was going to be a close squeeze. He struggled heroically, and a final shove from his now admiring customer pushed him through. Although he lost some shoulder flesh that he could ill spare, he congratulated himself on having been able to perform a stunt that would have been quite impossible for the big broad-shouldered salesman who had "wished" the prospect onto him. Once inside, he unlocked the back door and let the customer in.

**T**HIS enterprising bit of work resulted in an immediate sale—for the woman who owned the house was reached by telephone that afternoon, and that very evening the customer signed a "binder." And the lean salesman's commission was more than one thousand dollars!

But one of the most illuminating parts of the story is yet to follow. It shows that the first salesman was quite justified in his selection of the adjective "hard-boiled" as applied to the customer—and it contains a lesson that everyone who sells a house outright may well bear in mind.

I have mentioned already that the furnishings of the house were included in the sale. In consummating the deal, the buyer and seller agreed that the purchase price should cover everything in the house except the seller's personal belongings.

Now, one would think that it would be easy to determine what *are* and what *are not* personal belongings; but it did not prove so in this case! Even it appeared that the buyer was bent on claiming everything that by any stretch of the imagination could not be classified as a personal belonging. Trying to act as an umpire for the disputants that lean salesman had an unhappy time.

At one time the lady who was the seller—and it should be brought out that she was an elderly lady—became so exasperated by the buyer's claims that, dumping

out the contents of a bureau and revealing garments so intimate that they made the salesman blush, she turned on the buyer and exclaimed, "There! Perhaps you will say that *these* are not *personal* belongings!" Actually, both the buyer and the seller at length resorted to the employment of a lawyer, and no less than three wrangling meetings were held before compromises were reached, so as to keep the case out of the courts. Among the articles disputed over were the lady's homemade pickles and preserves. Here the compromise reached was that the buyer should take two jars of each kind of pickle and preserve!

Plainly, such disputes, however funny

sion that the average home buyer is unreasonable. Most people try to be fair in this, as in all other business dealings. I suppose, however, that it is the unreasonable human beings whom we real-estate folks remember longest.

I shall never forget, for instance, the case of a young man who offered \$10,000 for a house held at \$16,000. That was rather nervy to begin with; but the real beauty of his nerve appeared in his proposal that the owner should accept \$5,000 in cash, and take back a second mortgage for the balance of \$5,000—this second mortgage to be discharged over a period lasting five years.

"A second mortgage!" exclaimed the owner. "Are you sure you don't mean a first? Why a second?"

Finally it came out that this enterprising young man had been shopping around among those who had money to lend on real estate, and had discovered that he could borrow \$6,000 by giving a *first* mortgage on the house in question.

"So," said the owner, "you propose to give me \$5,000 out of the \$6,000. And what, may I ask, do you propose to do with the other thousand?"

"Oh," replied the young man, "I shall need all that for repairs and alterations!"

Though the owner of the house felt compelled to discourage such enterprise he readily agreed that if there were such a thing as lifting one's self by one's bootstraps, that young man was destined for a great career.

**A**NOTHER example of close figuring was provided by a man who set out to buy a house held at \$14,000. This house carried a second mortgage of \$2,500 and a third mortgage of \$1,700 in addition to the first mortgage of \$5,500, and had been leased furnished by the owner. The buyer readily gathered from the mortgages and the lease that the seller was in financial straits. He took advantage of this to beat down the price of the house (the furniture was not included in the sale) from \$14,000 to \$11,500. Then, figuring that the holders of the second and third mortgages had lent money to the seller

through friendship, and therefore would look upon the return of their money largely as a godsend, he got them to accept a ten per cent discount for immediate cash. But still he wasn't satisfied. When he bought the house, the lease on it still had a month and a half to run, and he tried to get the broker through whom the sale had been made to figure what part of the rent for the month and a half would represent the house and what part the furniture, so that he might compel (Continued on page 163)

## Tips for Those Who are Thinking Of Buying This Spring

**D**ETERMINE as nearly as possible what size and type of house you want, how much ground you could use, and the maximum sum you can afford to pay," says Mr. Prince. "Then seek out a broker who is worthy of your confidence, and give it to him. On this basis he may save you needless searching by pointing out anything in your requirements that may be clearly unreasonable.

"Deal with your broker as candidly as you would with a lawyer. If your income is limited, tell him what it is; for with this information he may be able to save you from undertaking too much. Remember that you must consider not only the first cost of the property, but the annual cost of carrying it. This carrying charge depends upon variables like taxes, insurance, and heating—things about which the right kind of a broker is fully informed. If you have put yourself into the hands of a reputable broker as his client, he will want you to look around until you are fully satisfied that you have found, from your individual viewpoint, the one best property in the locality he covers.

"Having found the place you want, you will then have to consider such questions as the right price, the character of the neighborhood, the restrictions there may be on the property, whether the street improvements are in and paid for, and, above all, the validity of the title. Here again the reputable broker will be able to give you valuable advice; but it will be for you to satisfy yourself, by due inquiry or negotiation, that the price and neighborhood are right. So far as restrictions, street improvements, and the title are concerned, you will need the services of one of the title guarantee companies or of a lawyer of recognized standing, preferably one specializing in real estate.

"In the last analysis, of course, the burden of the decision must rest on you. Do not decide, then, until you have all the facts. Remember, however, that in connection with any enterprise some chance must be taken, and when you have done your best to reduce your chances to a minimum, do not be afraid to decide positively and affirmatively."

they may appear on the surface, show the danger that lies in understandings of general nature, and thus point to the need not only of reducing agreements to writing, but also of having everything set forth *in detail*. I recall, in fact, that one big real-estate deal broke up in a general row when the time came to close it, simply because the seller had failed to specify in writing that a certain chandelier of a very special nature did not go with the house.

I do not want you to gather the impres-



# What Have You Got in Your Medicine Closet?

Practical advice about home remedies—What you may safely have and use—What drugs are dangerous in a household—Women use more drugs than men—How to guard against dangerous mistakes

*By Dr. John F. Anderson*

Vice President and Director of the Research and Biological Laboratory, E. R. Squibb and Sons

**J**UST after a good dinner, including hot muffins and a lemon pie, you settle down to your cigar with an absolute assurance that all is well with the world. An hour later you are not so certain. Something seems to be going wrong. You begin to realize that the source of uneasiness is in your stomach.

The minutes pass, the uneasiness becomes actual pain. If you are one of nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand, you march upstairs to the bathroom, open the medicine cabinet, take out a liberal pinch of bicarbonate of soda, wash it down with half a glass of water and go down-stairs again.

The pain is still there, but you know it is going to diminish rapidly. And it does. Half an hour later all is well.

Five years ago you would in all probability have taken a drink of whisky for the same pain. In pre-Volstead days alcohol was usually the first home treatment for ills of any kind, even among people who called themselves "temperance."

But with prohibition and the increased price of alcoholic drinks, plus the price of the prescription necessary to get them, the virtue of alcohol as a family medicine is becoming more and more doubtful in the mind of the man who foots the bills. Stomach aches that in the past yielded to whisky or gin are now almost universally treated to a pinch of bicarbonate of soda, the "best seller" of all drugs in the market to-day.

The firm with which I am connected alone put out over a million and a half pounds of bicarbonate of soda in the past twelve months, and in the refined form in which bicarbonate is sent out from a drug house it is used for medicinal rather than other purposes. And this firm is but one of many manufactur-

ing the same drug. It is impossible to estimate the total output or to say exactly what becomes of it all, but it is certain that a huge amount of it gets into the aching stomachs of American citizens. It does some good there, too, temporarily relieving the hyperacid condition common in stomachs, a result of the three great American failings: hurry, worry, and a faulty diet. Probably sodium bicarbonate

is the most practical drug found in the home medicine cabinet of to-day. After you have eased your stomach ache you can apply it to a mosquito bite, or a hive, spread it over a painful burn, dissolve it in water and use it as a throat wash, or, also in solution, use it as a wash for your tired feet.

Small wonder that it occupies first place in the American medicine cabinet.

Next to it in popularity comes Epsom salts, an old-fashioned remedy which is mounting in popular favor, with castor oil as a close third. These two perennials have almost replaced the family standby of a generation ago, calomel, and with good reason. Calomel was at one time second only to alcohol in its universal application for anything that ailed you. In those days there was no medicine cabinet. Dad had the whisky and so forth down-cellar, and Mother had a couple of bottles behind—and often in—the clock on the mantel, and the rest of the drugs fraternized with the preserves in the cupboard. But along with the intelligence in the use of drugs that gives them a white sanctuary in that abode of cleanliness, the modern bathroom, has come a better knowledge of calomel. Too many calomel addicts found their teeth coming loose and their gums receding, and other unpleasant consequences. To-day calomel is known as a dangerous drug and is rapidly becoming a back number.

Opposing these three most popular drugs—bicarbonate of soda, Epsom salts, and castor oil—is the rarest drug sold, hydrocyanic acid, one of the most deadly poisons known. You don't even have to take a dose of it to leave this world. One whiff of it, and away you go! You are literally gone before you can draw another breath. This



Dr. John F. Anderson, vice president of E. R. Squibb and Sons, New Brunswick, New Jersey, served for eighteen years in the U. S. Public Health Service, and for nine years in the government service as director of the Hygienic Laboratory at Washington. Seven years ago he joined the forces of E. R. Squibb and Sons, one of the oldest and largest manufacturers of drugs and biological products in the United States. He was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1873. He has studied extensively in America and abroad. His scientific writings include many discussions of the results of serum, toxins, and anti-toxins, based upon original investigation. His home is in New Brunswick



deadly poison is sold and used because it is the most efficient destroyer of insects and vermin that has as yet been found. The United States Government uses it at ports to exterminate rats and mice, which may carry the bubonic plague. In California it is released beneath orange trees. The trees are covered with white caps and the operator drops a pinch of the preparation into a prepared flower pot beneath, holding his breath as he does so and then running away while the mounting fumes kill every insect on the tree.

Not long ago in a hotel some of this acid was used to exterminate vermin in one of the bedrooms. Shortly after, a man and a woman, guests of the hotel, were found dead in a room directly above the one sprayed. Investigation showed that the deadly fumes had traveled up through a crack in the plaster running around the steam pipe. But hotels rarely handle this terrible drug. The way it enters your household is in peach pits. Children like to eat peach kernels. Look out for them. In twelve peach kernels there is enough hydrocyanic acid to kill an adult. In six there is enough to kill a child.

**T**HE drugs that find their way into the home as family remedies are inexpensive drugs. Epsom salts is not only second in popularity but holds first place as the cheapest drug on the market. The most expensive drug sold is thyroxin crystals, the price of which is one hundred and thirty-seven thousand dollars a pound! It is used in the treatment of disorders due to a lack of functioning of the thyroid gland.

The medicine cabinet in your home is indicative of the common ills of mankind. In addition to the left-over drugs from the prescriptions filled at past illnesses, the average cabinet contains sodium bicarbonate, castor oil, Epsom salts, liquid petrolatum, carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury tablets, hydrogen peroxide, boric acid, tincture of iodine, some lotions, calomel, cough syrups, throat washes, vaseline, headache remedies in the form of powders, tablets, or pills. That means it contains remedies for the most prevalent ills, which are constipation and indigestion, skin affections, coughs, colds, and headaches.

Liquid petrolatum, commonly known as mineral oil, is a new drug—which is not really a drug at all, since its action is chiefly mechanical. In the comparatively short time this oil has been on the market it has achieved an amazing popularity.

The firm with which I am connected alone sold over two and a half million bottles last year, and there are many other firms which put out a like product. It belongs with the laxatives, and is one of the very few drugs that can be taken for almost indefinite periods without ill results.

If quantity is taken into consideration there is no such thing as a "safe" or "harmless" drug. Common salt is very

in the death of the dogs. No good thing but can be abused by overdoing. Any drug can be dangerous if it is taken regularly day after day.

In the matter of taking drugs human beings are a reckless lot. Take the ordinary "headache" pills found in the ordinary medicine cabinet. Almost every cabinet has them, headaches being a universal ill. These pills are likely to contain acetanilid, which in too large quantities is always a dangerous drug, and the sufferers are likely to keep on taking more and more of the remedy, flying to the cabinet for every little ache or pain until this class of pain killers becomes the subject of more abuse than any other drugs used.

Bichloride of mercury, one of the most dangerous drugs and the cause of many accidental poisonings, is still found in most medicine cabinets. The firm with which I am associated recognizes this and puts out the tablets in the form of a coffin and colors them blue, in the hope that anyone taking a blue coffin-shaped tablet will at least think twice. The bottle containing these miniature blue coffins is made in corrugations, so that any foolhardy person who gets up in the dark to take a headache tablet will know at once by the rubbing of the little knobs that he has hold of a bottle containing stuff that is not good for him.

**C**ONSIDERING the many deaths which have occurred recently from accidental bichloride of mercury poisoning it is remarkable that men do not make a clean sweep of their medicine cabinets and clear the thing out, particularly as its value as an antiseptic is one that can be easily replaced with a much less dangerous drug.

While poisoning from carbolic acid (another antiseptic which appears in most medicine cabinets) is less frequent, mainly because the odor and form of the carbolic act as a warning, still this is another drug which can be replaced by one as safe and efficacious. Carbolic acid is one of the drugs that are going out of fashion. Time was when you smelled it the moment

you entered a hospital. The operating-rooms reeked with it. But go into a modern hospital and sniff as you will you won't find a trace of the old choking smell. Chloramine solutions, which are a form of Dakin's solution, have largely replaced carbolic acid. They could do the same in the home cabinet.

If any medicines ordered by your physician are dangerous when taken, except under (Continued on page 104)

## The Ideal Home Medicine Chest

**W**E ASKED Doctor Anderson to make up a list of the drugs and first aids that should make up the contents of the home medicine chest. Here are his recommendations:

**For indigestion and constipation:** Bicarbonate of soda, Epsom salts, castor oil, liquid petrolatum (often called mineral oil)

**For general disinfection:** For use on wounds, sores, cuts, eruptions—Tincture iodine, chloramine T., boric acid

**For use as ointments:**

For insect bites—Benzoinated cream

For itchy poison, etc.—Zinc ointment

For covering wounds that are healing, etc.—Chloramine T. paste

**For eye wash:** Boric acid

**For mouth wash:** Milk of magnesia

**For headaches, pains generally, colds in the head:** Aspirin

**For coughs:** Ammonium chloride and licorice tablets

**For nervousness, giddiness, nausea, as a harmless stimulant:** Aromatic spirits of ammonia

**For chafing of skin:** Zinc stearate, talcum, baby powder

**For applying ointments, dressing wounds, etc.:** Sterile cotton, bandages, and gauze

Add a clinical thermometer and you will have a practical aid in all common ailments.

"Let me hasten to say," concluded Doctor Anderson, "that these home remedies are in no sense cures for any kind of disease. They relieve, but they cure nothing. The home treatment of a disease is practically always a treatment of symptoms, which disappear under certain conditions while the basic cause remains. Chronic headaches yield to headache pills and tablets and to the aspirin I listed; but you cannot expect these drugs to cure you. They give temporary relief. In many cases, continued self-administered relief is dangerous. Eye strain may be causing the headache, and there may be an urgent need for glasses. Or there may be a tumor on the brain which requires special attention. On the other hand, the headache may be a symptom of a passing ill and the relief afforded by home treatment may not be needed again in months. No one ought to continue to take drugs for any symptom unless advised by his physician. Calomel, tonics of various kinds, fever remedies, remedies for rheumatism, and many laxatives are bad for the human system when taken for continued periods. Heart stimulants, such as strychnine and digitalis, or depressants, such as bromides, are dangerous when taken day after day. When we consider how many people do keep on with such dangerous drugs, the marvel is that they survive."

poisonous in doses of two ounces or more. But nobody is likely to keep on taking that much salt. Even pure water, regardless of temperature, has recently been shown by Dr. L. G. Rowntree, of the Mayo Clinic, to be highly toxic if taken in too large quantities. When given to dogs at the rate of a pint every half-hour it produced convulsions and coma. Keeping on with the water feeding, after the appearance of these symptoms, resulted





Nor was this the imagining of a jealous lover. Hadn't the girls seen her and Bassett having tea at the Claremont last week



# A Combination That Couldn't Be Beaten

A story of love and business

By C. H. Markey

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RALPH PALLAN COLEMAN

**K**ENNETH GILES, weary and depressed, trumped his partner's ace. It was his second palpable misplay of the evening, and the slender girl opposite him looked up with surprise and concern in her fine gray eyes—and with something of chagrin.

"Sorry, Alison," he apologized.

"It doesn't matter; but you usually play such a good game, Ken. Don't you feel well?"

"Just tired," he explained. "I've lost considerable sleep lately."

"Tired! Why allow yourself to get tired?" asked Mr. Raymond Bassett, a man verging on forty, as he pushed his chair back from the card table. "I never do."

"Never allow yourself to get tired!" exclaimed Alison Trenchard, the hostess. "Why, how can one help getting tired sometimes, with so many things always coming up?"

"Should one let the things that come up govern one, Miss Trenchard, or should one govern the things?" Bassett asked bluntly, with the businesslike air of a man who knows exactly where he stands on every proposition.

"We'll, I suppose one should do the governing," Alison admitted hesitantly. "But is it always possible?"

"Always!" boomed Mr. Bassett. "If one has sufficient will power. I make it a point never to go out two evenings in succession. To-night I'm playing cards. To-morrow night I'll stay at home and get in some profitable reading. I never accept an invitation unless I feel that I'll be repaid, either in entertainment or edification, for the time expended. A man's time and his health are his most valuable assets, and should be guarded as such."

A pause followed this oration. "No doubt you're right," Kenneth agreed, but without enthusiasm.

"Let's not get philosophical," laughed Miss Hammond. "Come on, Alison, and sing for us. Mr. Bassett will accompany you."

Mr. Bassett looked across at his hostess and bowed smilingly:

"With pleasure, Miss Trenchard."

Alison led the way into the drawing-room, and there, a little flushed, selected a song. Bassett confidently seated himself at the piano. A moment later the introductory chords died away and the girl swung softly, sweetly, into Kenneth's favorite ballad, a haunting melody of long ago.

While he leaned back in a great upholstered chair, with his eyes fastened

upon her, there was a strange, swelling tumult within him—a bitter-sweet uprising of pain and pleasure. And as Alison stood with the soft light from a shaded lamp glinting among the waves of her golden hair, outlining the delicate modeling of her brow and nose and chin, revealing her grace and youthful beauty, she was an enchanting picture. But it was not only her beauty that affected Kenneth Giles. This girl, who had been a "pal" to him as long as he could remember, had, in the last year, come to be infinitely dear, the one woman in the world for him. Now he felt himself surging with an ambition to do something splendid, something to make him worthy of her. Then, like an icy blast that chilled the hope in his heart, his failure of to-day, the bad news he had for her, recurred to him. And added to this was the danger of losing her.

**IT WAS** a very real danger. For the smug, polished, self-satisfied creature who accompanied her at the piano so excellently, and looked up at her with a peculiar intensity, was a rival to be feared. Never before had Kenneth had the opportunity of observing the famous Raymond Bassett at close range; and now that he had, he could not deny that the man had an interest-compelling personality. He could now see why wives held him up as a shining example to their husbands; why mothers did the same with their sons; why daughters exhibited their charms before him; why women everywhere sought him out, lauded and flattered him. Men, it is true, felt different toward this paragon. They gave him credit for having fought his way, unaided, from a newsboys' home to a handsomely-furnished suite in an exclusive club; from nothing to the position of district attorney, with the senate clearly in view; but they did not like him. They considered him an insufferable egotist—a cold, calculating creature whose every thought and act revolved around himself.

Fair-haired, blue-eyed, lovable Kenneth Giles felt this antipathy as he watched Bassett play. He was surprised and resentful at finding him here, in the Trenchard home. Still, it was just the sort of home that Bassett would worm himself into. And Kenneth was hurt that Alison, too, Alison of all girls, should fall under this fellow's spell.

The young people rounded out the evening with dancing. Ken's head ached, and he felt alternately chilly and feverish. Guiding his partner through a fox-trot was a painful effort. But Bassett, radiant and animated, taught the girls new steps.

"Allie," Kenneth said as soon as Miss Hammond and Mr. Bassett had left, "this has certainly been my off day."

"What's wrong? What's happened, Ken?" Fear of what she was about to hear, and sympathy for Kenneth, regardless of what it might be, were nicely balanced in the girl's tone.

"Well, in the first place I felt rotten, ached all over, had no pep, was absolutely wooden; and then Blake of the Morgan Metal Company chose this day of all days to give out his contract for a year's supply of coal."

"And you lost it? I mean, you didn't get it?" Alison asked breathlessly.

"No, I didn't get it," he answered slowly. Then, "Oh, Allie! It meant so much to us!"

His plural caused a rosy flush to spread over Miss Trenchard's face.

"And for a whole year I had counted on it! I'd planned just what I'd say to you when I landed this contract." He paused and regarded her tenderly.

"It's a shame, Ken, a miserable shame! You certainly had a right to think you'd get it. But wasn't there something else the matter to-night. Why were you feeling so bad?"

"Well, last night Agnes Hall was over at the house, and you know how it rained! The girls tried to get her to stay all night, but she wouldn't. And so of course I took her home in a taxi. I wish she didn't live clear across the city. And then when I came home I had to wait forever for a street car, and got soaked to the skin."

**"YOU** shouldn't have done that. You should have taken a taxi back." The inclination to protect, to mother, was strong in Alison.

"Gee Willikens, Allie! I'd spent a month's salary on that drive as it was. If a fellow ever hopes—I mean, a fellow just has to save sometimes, doesn't he?"

"So you got wet and took a bad cold and lost a big contract all because Agnes Hall wanted to spend the evening at your home?"

"Oh, say now, Allie, it's hardly fair to put it like that!"

"Those are the facts, no matter how you put it. But that only accounts for one evening. You said you had lost considerable sleep lately."

"You said it! The night before I took the girls (the girls were his sisters) to the theatre, and then on to the Royal to dance a while. That's their conception of a wonderful time. And the night before that we played bridge at the Bolland's. You know how late they keep it up!"





"Tired? Why allow yourself to get tired?" asked Mr. Raymond Bassett,

Alison stiffened. Norman Wainwright was Kenneth's best friend, and Norman was engaged to Edith Bolland. And Edith had an unmarried, unengaged younger sister, a brunette beauty, just the type to attract Kenneth. He and Alison were both fair. People often remarked that they looked enough alike to be brother and sister. An awkward, tense silence now fell between them, broken at last by Alison:

"Do you think that any of those engagements repaid you, either in entertainment or edification, for the—"

Kenneth's infectious laugh interrupted her query. "Good lord, Allie, you don't expect me to weigh every action, to apportion my time exactly with an eye to the gain, as Bassett does?"

Alison did not join in the laugh. For once she was unsympathetic. "Perhaps it would be well if you did," she answered seriously. "Mr. Bassett wouldn't let himself in for that—for that sort of thing."

Kenneth regarded her with surprise. "Why, Alison, you know that Agnes Hall, crippled as she is, doesn't get much pleasure out of life. Spending an evening a week at our house means every—that is, she seems to enjoy it."

"Certainly she enjoys it, and Felice Bolland, even though she isn't crippled, enjoys playing bridge, and—"

AGAIN Kenneth laughed; this time reminiscently: "I'll say she does! Felice plays the snappiest game of bridge ever, and she *does* enjoy it."

For the second time during that brief conversation Alison did not laugh, and Kenneth felt that they were out of harmony with each other. He groped for the reason. Then he found it. It was that man Bassett! Why in the kingdom had Marjorie Hammond brought him over? Marjorie was eternally getting enthusiastic over all sorts of queer people whom

she called celebrities. It was all right for her to entertain him—but for Alison, well, that was different.

"If Mr. Bassett should accept every trivial invitation that he receives he wouldn't be where he is to-day," she was saying.

"But, Allie dear, surely you don't admire Bassett?"

"I certainly do admire Mr. Bassett," she responded with unusual feeling. "He does everything, and he does it well: plays an excellent game of bridge, dances superbly, is well read, converses entertainingly, and is a successful lawyer."

"Yes, and is examined from head to toe every three months, and keeps a chart of his precious anatomy, and—"

"And plays golf expertly," put in Alison.

"Sure, and uses three different tooth brushes a day, and always takes his exercises, *his* exercises, that were especially





as he pushed his chair back from the card table. "I never do"

arranged for him. No hand-me-down, built-for-the-mob exercises for our distinguished attorney. You should hear him tell about himself in a speech."

Alison did not smile. Her sense of the ridiculous, that Ken thought so delightful, seemed to have deserted her. Strange that she couldn't see how absurd, what a prig, this fellow Bassett was.

"Ken," she said evenly, "you are well born, your family is not only estimable but charming, you've had a classical education, and have always had a good social position. Mr. Bassett has had none of these advantages, still—"

Kenneth went quite white. "Still, he's a success and I'm a failure," he finished the sentence for her. Then, without waiting to be disputed, he got to his feet, said "Good night," closed the door behind him, and with dignified tread, so unlike his usual buoyant manner of swinging along, left the Trenchard home.

Kenneth Giles, ordinarily so even-tempered, was furiously angry. So angry that he didn't realize how deeply he was wounded. So hurt that he didn't know how ill he was. Resentment and fever both blazed within him. His heart and his head ached. So Alison admired this coarse-grained, selfish—he could think of no epithet opprobrious enough to fit Raymond Bassett. Well, let her have him! He, Kenneth, would *never* call on her again.

BY THE time he had reached his home his mood had somewhat softened. He was determined to give up Alison; but he loved her so much! She was so sweet! But she hadn't been sweet this evening. What in the kingdom had possessed her! Not to want him to take poor, little, lame Agnes Hall home, or to escort his kid sisters to the theatre? That was so unlike Allie. That she might be jealous of Felice Bolland never occurred to him.

After a week's bout with the grip, Kenneth was a chastened young man. He admitted that Alison had been quite right in her estimate of him. He was a jellyfish, an easy mark, always following the path of least resistance, frittering away his time, accomplishing nothing.

And she was justified in her admiration of Raymond Bassett. And Bassett had the right idea! He did the important things. He went after the prizes, and he got them. Why shouldn't a girl like Alison demand that the man she marry have a little will power, amount to something? He'd been a presumptuous fool to think that all he had to do was to offer his magnificent self, and she'd flutter into his arms. Alison! who, as she had said of Bassett, did everything, and did it expertly!

There was her voice, her clear, sweet soprano voice that people went into raptures over. Of (Continued on page 168)



# "One of the World's Richest Men"—In Friends

That is what people say about James E. Gorman, president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad—In the stories told here of Mr. Gorman's boyhood, you will find the real secret of his ability to win friendship

*By Keene Sumner*

**Y**OU can't tell much about a man from the income tax he pays. A millionaire may be a crab; and a pauper may be a prince of good fellows. For there is more than one kind of wealth; and that which is measured in friendship is a better clue to character than that which is counted in dollars.

A man who has known James E. Gorman a long time described him to me as "one of the world's richest men, when it comes to friends." That alone would not have made him president of a great railway system—the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific. But if it hasn't been one of the most important factors in his career, then this man is mistaken, and I am, too.

His hosts of friends are a living proof of the fact that we like the people who like us. Ever since he was a boy, Gorman has *liked* people. He hasn't made a bluff of doing this because he thought it would "pay." But it *has* paid. It always does pay. If it is easy for you to like people, you are lucky. If it isn't easy—do it anyway.

Before our real interview, I had a preliminary talk with Mr. Gorman. He said it was "to prepare the patient for the operation." But it wasn't that, as I soon found out.

When he wants to he can make the best conversational barrage I ever heard. You sit there and listen and laugh, having the time of your more or less young life.

And then suddenly you realize that your hour, or half-hour, is up, and that you haven't got in a single shot! He hasn't been your target for one minute!

But when he does want to be direct, he gets straight to the point. He did it on this occasion by saying abruptly:

"When I was a kid my father used to put in a good deal of time, especially during meals, telling me how I ought to behave and what I ought to do. My mother, who had her share of the wonderful wis-

dom of mothers in general, would wait until the stream of paternal eloquence had subsided. Then she would look up, smile at me and say:

"What your father means, Jimmie, is for you to do as he *tells* you—not as he does himself."

"Now, I'm going to be honest with you," said the man who was once Jimmie Gorman. "If I should start in to preach to young men, I'd have to exhort them to

"With that understanding," he said with a smile, "do you still want an interview?"

"More than ever," I replied. "Because now I'm pretty sure you won't try to put over on me anything that is bunk."

We shook hands on that and settled on four o'clock as the hour for the "operation." It was one minute past four when the caller ahead of me departed and, through the always open doorway of Mr. Gorman's office, I heard a friendly summons to "come on in."

It was more than two hours later when his private secretary walked with me out to the elevator. Some men's private secretaries would have wanted to drop me down the elevator shaft if they had been kept at the office until almost half-past six. A private secretary's attitude under such circumstances is a straw that shows which way the wind blows. This one talked about his chief as we went along the corridor; and I gathered the impression that his boss was the kind for whom a chap would wait *all night*, if necessary, and not have a ghost of a grouch, either. That's something to think about, when the boss is a man you are trying to size up.

We had talked, Mr. Gorman and I, for more than two hours. And when we stopped, we still were talking about the boy, Jimmie, and the young man, Jim, of a good many years ago.

But I was glad; for the boy is father of the man,

and the James E. Gorman of to-day, president of a great railroad, with many thousands of employees, is the direct descendant of Jimmie Gorman, the boy. He is a good deal of a boy, even now.

"I was born right here in Chicago," he said; "over on the West Side, the oldest boy in a family of ten children. My name will tell you that my father and mother were from Ireland; and I'm a railroad man because my father was one before me. He was a (Continued on page 202)

## Why It Pays To Like People

**"IT CAME** easy to me to like people," says Mr. Gorman. "I liked the men I worked *for*; and when you like people you inevitably want to serve them and to please them. So I was eager and enthusiastic about my work. This made my employers friendly and kind to me.

"I liked the men I worked *with*; so I was glad to run errands for them and to help them out of a tight place when I could. They might have made things very hard and unpleasant for me. They might have resented the fact that a mere boy was given a position above their own. But I *liked* them. I *showed* them that I did. And as it is human nature for us to like those who like us, I got along finely with my office companions."

do as I tell them—not as I did myself when I was a young man. That doesn't strike me as a good text for a sermon, so I decline to preach one.

"There were times when I was a young fool. But I don't like to think of my early follies; and I'm certainly not going to talk about them, even to preach piously to other young fools. If you want to write anything about me that's bunk—" he shook his head and clipped out, "there's nothing doing!"





Photo by Moffett

*James E. Gorman*

**MR. GORMAN** has been connected with railroads almost continuously ever since he was a boy. At thirteen, "Jimmie" Gorman went to work as an embryo yard clerk for the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy road. He made his way up through the freight departments of the Burlington, the Northwestern, the Illinois

Central, and the Santa Fé, until he became freight traffic manager of the last-named road. In 1909, he went back to the Rock Island as first vice president, later becoming chief executive officer for the receiver. At the termination of the receivership, he was elected president of the system, which position he still holds.





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*Michael Mindlin*

THESE two young men—Mindlin is twenty-nine and Goldreyer is twenty-five—gave the old and experienced theatrical managers a shock this past season. Goldreyer got hold of "The Last Warning," a play which had been unanimously turned down by producers; and he and Mindlin scraped up a little money, put on the

*Michael Goldreyer*

play, and made it an enormous success. The story is not one of luck, however, but of courage, ability, and hard work. Both of these "Mikes" came to America as children, went to the public schools for a while, then got a job. The romance of their recent big success had a preface of more than ten years of hard work.



# The Two Mikes:

## A Romance of Broadway

The story of how two young men, almost unknown, and practically without any money of their own, took a play which nobody else wanted, put it on, and made it a success which has brought them a fortune

By Mary B. Mullett

ONE evening last October—it was Tuesday, the twenty-fourth—two young men were pacing nervously up and down in the alley back of the Klaw Theatre in New York City. From his post just inside the stage entrance, the doorkeeper occasionally peered out at them, then settled back, shaking his head sympathetically. A little after nine o'clock, he came out and said:

"Curtain's down on the first act."

Thereupon one of the two men hurried around to the front of the theatre; but the other one stayed in the alleyway until his companion returned. Then, after a brief conversation, they resumed their nervous pacing up and down.

At the end of the second act, the doorkeeper again came out; and again one of the young men hurried to the front of the theatre, to return in about ten minutes, apparently bringing important news.

But still they stayed where they were, walking and walking, until the doorkeeper appeared at the end of the third act. This was the signal for another excursion to the front of the house. And this time, when the younger of the two men returned, his dark eyes sparkled as he reported:

"Heywood Brown says it's a sure-fire hit, Mike! It looks like a winner; but I'm not going to get excited until I see the receipts!"

"Yes," said the other one soberly, "and wait until to-morrow night! Even if the critics like it, the public may not."

"No," agreed the first one. Then he added, with a laugh, "What do you think Vreeland of the 'Herald,' just said to me? He said, 'Well, it looks as if you two boys could afford to eat now!'"

The "two boys" were Michael Goldreyer and Michael Mindlin. They are not really boys, for the first Michael is twenty-five years old and the second is twenty-nine. But on the sunny side of thirty one

is still in the magic land of youth. It is a land where there are many dreamers of great dreams; where too, every now and then, some bolder spirit dares risk his all to make his dream come true. And how we love it, when his courage and his faith actually bring the prize within his eager reach.

"Good boy!" we cry. "You're a lucky dog!"

### "A Box-Office Mind"

ONE of my friends recently defined a big man as one who can keep his feet on the ground when his head is "in the clouds." This is usually a test of business sanity. It's fine to have visions—to be flushed with hope and optimism—to let yourself take a ride on the wings of constructive imagination. But don't forget that you must still have in reserve "the box-office mind," just as Mike Goldreyer, the young theatrical producer, had. When the critics were praising to the skies the play on which he had staked everything, he remarked soberly to his partner, "Wait until to-night; it's the receipts that tell the story."

Don't squelch your fancies; they are often very valuable—but never forget to keep one eye on the "box office" of your business. There's where you'll find out whether or not your imagination is paying its own way.

THE EDITOR.

But in our enthusiasm we forget to ask ourselves whether, after all, this "lucky dog" was depending on luck; whether he didn't have something up his own sleeve; and what it would have cost him if he had failed.

For instance, inside of forty-eight hours after the night when the two Michaels kept their anxious vigil in the alley back of the Klaw Theatre, all Broadway was buzzing with talk about their luck. They had taken a play called "The Last Warning," which had been kicking around in

practically every New York manager's office. They had put it on and made it one of the biggest hits in town. The achievement instantly became a romance of the Rialto.

But there is more to a romance than just the glorious climax. A lot of other chapters come before that, and it is these earlier chapters that make the climax possible. So that was the part of the story I wanted to get.

Both these Michaels were born in Russia, came to this country when they were children, and attended the New York Public Schools. When Michael Mindlin was fifteen he quit school and went to work for A. H. Woods, who was then producing plays like "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model."

Young Mindlin became assistant treasurer at the Thalia Theatre in the Bowery, a position which sounds very much more important than it really was. He did help to count the money and a few things like that; but, on the whole, he was the sort of general factotum which a fifteen-year-old boy would naturally be around a cheap theatre.

"As for our audiences," he told me with a chuckle, "the police officer on that beat used to say: 'If I should lock the doors when you get the people into your theatre, and then take 'em to court, half of 'em would get twenty years in the penitentiary and the rest of 'em ought to get more!'"

"I think the policeman was prejudiced," laughed Mindlin; "but if you gather the impression that our theatre was not attended by the élite, you will be absolutely on the safe side."

"It was to close for the summer; and I, with more nerve than knowledge, asked the owner to lease the theatre to me until Woods wanted it in the fall. Somebody had brought an opera company over from Italy, but it had failed up-town and the people were left stranded. I had an idea that if I could bring it down to the Bowery near where a lot of (Continued on page 214)



# Lost People

Each year 8,000 persons are reported missing in New York alone—  
Stories that show why people disappear; how they act and  
how they are found; curious cases and unsolved  
mysteries; runaway boys and girls

*By Captain John H. Ayres*

Chief of the Missing Persons Bureau, New York Police Department

SOME months ago, a well-to-do business man came to my office in the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters in New York, and informed me that his sixteen-year-old daughter, a pretty brunette with expressive brown eyes, had been missing since the morning of the day before. She had been sent to the bank by her father to make a deposit of two hundred and fifty dollars, but she had not been seen there.

Neither of the girl's distracted parents could believe that she had left home of her own accord, but thought that she must have been "kidnapped." Outside of a good description of their daughter, the information they were able to give to aid our search was very meager, consisting of this—she had never traveled alone, and she had never revealed to them any ambition to go on the stage or into moving pictures.

Locating this girl proved to be one of the most difficult tasks the Bureau of Missing Persons has had in recent years. Many people when shown a photograph or given a description are absolutely certain they have seen the person you are seeking. Consequently, when we began making inquiries, we found the trail not of one girl but of eight or ten. The real clue which enabled us to keep to the right trail we obtained at the very start when we searched the girl's room and found a great amount of reading matter which showed that she was a devoted follower of the careers of moving-picture stars.

Two discoveries convinced us that the

girl had left New York: We located a woman's outfitting place where she had bought a traveling suit and some underwear. Also, a ticket agent at the Grand Central Terminal remembered that a girl answering her description had asked him about hotels in Chicago when she was purchasing her ticket for that city.

on to serve as a waitress in the station restaurant of a little town in Arizona. She stayed there only four days, and then departed for Los Angeles.

Our search was immediately transferred to Los Angeles and Hollywood. The fact was readily established that the girl had not been employed by any moving-

picture producer. Also we learned that she had not given up hope of obtaining such employment, for she had told one man that she was determined to go on the screen, and that she intended to take employment as a "maid" and so remain in the city until she should get work as an actress. Thus it happened that just four hours after the girl had begun work as a "maid," and three weeks after her father had informed us of her disappearance, we found her in the home of the woman who had employed her.

Two years ago, a lawyer, Mr. Black, who represented a retired merchant, reported to me that his client's daughter, twenty-six years old, had disappeared from her father's home more than three weeks previously. At first, the father had suspected that his daughter had gone to an art colony with her art

teacher, a man considerably older than she was. The father had disapproved of their association.

When I asked the lawyer why he had not notified us of the facts in the first place, he said he had had little confidence in the ability of the police to aid in the search. He doubted still whether we could do anything, because he had "cov-



PHOTO BY EDWARD BRUCE

This scene takes place daily at 9 A. M. in the Missing Persons Bureau at Police Headquarters, in New York City. Capt. John H. Ayres, in command of the Bureau, is giving his staff of thirty detectives instructions and information concerning their search for persons whose disappearance has been reported by relatives or friends. "Missing persons" are reported to the department at the rate of from twenty to sixty a day—a total of 10,000 in a year. Of this number about 8,000 belong in New York, while the remainder are missing from cities and towns in all parts of the country. Three fourths of the total number of missing persons are boys and girls under twenty-one. Read in the accompanying article what Captain Ayres says as to the various reasons why people seek to lose touch with home and friends—and how the Police Department aids in finding them. Captain Ayres was born in Rome, N. Y., fifty-five years ago. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1889. Since he became a member of the police force, twenty-five years ago, he has served on many important special assignments. He was placed in command of the Missing Persons Bureau in 1918. Under his direction the bureau has reached such a degree of efficiency that of all the persons reported as missing not more than one in 200 remains unaccounted for at the end of a year.

In Chicago, we found that the girl had stayed a short time at the Y. W. C. A. under an assumed name. She had gone to work in the office of a company which operates a chain of station restaurants throughout the West; but this position she had kept only a week, and had then asked to be transferred farther West. With her expenses paid, she had been sent



ered" the case from every possible angle. "You say the artist is a successful man," I observed. "Can you tell me what dealer sells his pictures?"

"A Syrian, Mr. Z——," answered Mr. Black promptly. "He is also a dealer in antiques."

"Have you asked Mr. Z—— where the artist is spending the summer?"

"Why, no," said the lawyer; "I didn't think of that."

The Syrian antique dealer was familiar to me. No charge had ever been brought against him, but I had accidentally heard a bit of information which seemed likely to be useful. It was said that Mr. Z—— had at one time manufactured in the basement of his art studios the model of an ancient Eastern temple, and that he had sold the model to a wealthy woman for fifty thousand dollars on the representation that the model antedated the temple itself.

WHEN I informed Mr. Z—— over the telephone that I wished to ascertain the whereabouts of Mr. X——, the artist, and requested him to come to see me, he declared firmly that he was a busy man and would not have time. Then I mentioned the fact that certain information regarding the model of an Eastern temple had come to me and that, if he ever did find time to come in to see me, he might be interested in what I had heard. His attitude changed at once, and he asked to be allowed to come that afternoon.

In my office the antique dealer denied all knowledge of the whereabouts of Mr. X——. So I gave him a few more details as to what I had heard concerning the model of the temple, and I noticed that whenever the temple was mentioned, he wet his lips or crossed his legs, and seemed very uncomfortable. Expecting that something would yet come of this interview, I made no further move in the search. Four days later, Mr. Black, the lawyer, came in.

"Captain," he exclaimed, holding up a letter, "this is simply marvelous, almost a miracle!"

"Hold on!" I said. "I've found that the miracles happening around here are usually the result of using a little common sense. What have you got there?"

Then he showed me the letter. It was addressed to Mr. Black and signed by both the artist and the merchant's daughter. They told of their plans for study during the rest of the summer, gave the address of the art colony where they were staying in Canada, and concluded in this way: "Please do not bother Mr. Z—— any further. He knows nothing of our whereabouts."

More than ten thousand persons are reported to the New York Police Department every year as missing. Of these about eight thousand belong in New York, while the remainder belong in other cities and towns scattered throughout the whole country. Three fourths of the total number of missing are boys and girls under twenty-one. Scarcely one person in a thousand of those reported to us disappear involuntarily from any cause, such as mental derangement or "foul play."

Girls who are missing have usually left home because of a desire to go on the stage or in the moving pictures, or to

missing person is successful within a month. Only a very small percentage of the persons reported to us as missing—about one in two thousand—remain unaccounted for at the end of the year.

A few weeks ago a woman reported to me that her husband had been missing for nearly a month. "If only I knew he was alive," she said, "I could be happy, even if he would not come home."

The facts of the case indicated to me that her husband had "dropped out of sight" because of business troubles and debt. He was a man thirty-five years old, a member of a manufacturing com-

pany in which he had succeeded to his father's interest. During the father's lifetime he had always been the "boy" of the firm, without much responsibility. Since his father's death his two uncles in the firm had kept the "boy" from exerting any influence in the business, so that he remained practically an employee without a share in the profits.

This man and his wife, in view of the profits they had hoped to derive from the company, had begun living beyond their income immediately after the death of the man's father. Finally, the husband had found himself in debt to a host of small creditors for about one thousand dollars. When these creditors had become pressing he had believed himself disgraced, and had started on a trip to the Southwest with his wife's knowledge and consent.

FOR six weeks he had written home regularly. The last letter, which had come some four weeks previously, was written from San Francisco on hotel stationery; but he had told nothing of his future plans. It was a simple matter for us to determine that the man had, in fact, stayed a few days at the hotel from which he had dated his last letter; but we have found no trace of him since he "checked out."

To-day, this man's wife still believes he is dead as a result of "foul play" or

some accident; but I do not. I have found that very often men who have been proud of meeting their obligations promptly, as this man was, suffer great mental distress when they are pursued by creditors. They suffer with greater keenness if they have got into debt through some weakness such as extravagance.

My idea is that this man became more and more convinced that he was disgraced and finally began to look upon himself as a fugitive. It may be that he is now trying to carry out a plan of starting life over again in some place where he is unknown, with the intention of later settling up with his creditors and of bringing his family on to join him. (Continued on page 173)

## Children Conveniently "Lost" for the Afternoon

**D**URING the hot summer months," says Captain Ayres, "it is nothing unusual for us to have as many as twenty lost children from eighteen months to three or four years old, in the police substations on the East Side. I have no doubt that some of these children are intentionally lost for a convenient but temporary period. When an East Side mother wants to go to the beach and finds herself incommoded by one of her younger children, she sometimes adopts the plan of 'losing' it on a street corner, or of sending one of the older children out to lose it. Some member of the family waits to see that the child is found by a policeman, who promptly takes it to a station house. There the child remains until the mother returns from the beach to make anxious inquiries about her young one. I know of no way to prevent mothers from losing their children where the police can find them, but some day it may be necessary to conduct an educational campaign toward this end, for our nursery accommodations are strictly limited."

escape from irksome home or employment conditions. As a rule, the actuating motive seems to be a wish to escape from the restraining influences of the home and to secure liberty to follow their own impulses or desires, be such impulses or desires for good or the contrary. Our experience has shown that in most cases the result to the girl falls in the latter class. Boys usually start out in quest of adventure. The man who disappears when in his right mind usually does so because of one of three reasons, or a combination of these reasons: business reverses, extravagances that have placed him in debt, or family troubles. In the great majority of cases our search for a



# Extraordinary Experiences Of a World Traveler

A close call with a lioness  
The best country of all  
Questions people always ask me

An adventure with a charging rhinoceros  
Where you find the most delightful climate

Across the Atlantic 78 times  
The pictures folks most like to see  
The most dangerous country on earth

*By E. M. Newman*

**W**HAT do you think would probably happen in the heart of Africa if you took an afternoon walk, alone and unarmed, and met a lion? Circumstances alter cases. But it has been my experience that if the lion sees you first and has plenty of time, he scampers away as fast as he can go!

I have walked for fifteen hundred miles and more in the wildest parts of Africa without any weapon more dangerous than a lead pencil. Often I was alone, miles behind or ahead of my party. And more

than one lion has run at the sight of me, though I am not a dangerous-looking person. I am very certain that scarcely any wild animal seems as terrible to man as man must seem to wild animals.

That doesn't mean that an animal will never fight. On the contrary! Once in Africa I happened to be at the head of our party. We were in the jungle, and as I came around a big rock I saw on a ledge, directly ahead and about twelve feet distant, a lioness fast asleep. She did not hear me.

It was an unusual chance for a picture.

I put up my camera to take it. The click of the shutter woke her. Instantly she was on her feet, and leaped at me.

Fortunately, one of the hunters had come up with me from behind. He had waited for me to get my picture. But as she leaped, he fired. She fell dead at my feet. That was as close a call as I ever had with a wild animal, and I have spent a great many years photographing them, men, and scenery everywhere. Of course then I was glad to have something more effective than a lead pencil at hand!

I have managed in the past twenty years to get to every country in the world. In the line of my profession I have had first-hand experience with practically every kind of weather and scenery and tribe of the human race. I have been caught in a typhoon on the Indian Ocean, when our ship was whirled round and round, helpless to help herself. I was once overtaken by a dust storm on the Sahara Desert; all of us were buried in our tents, and we had to go for two days without food or drink. I have been within nine degrees of the North Pole and within twelve degrees of the South Pole. I have climbed nineteen thousand feet of a mountain that rises nearly five miles above the level of the sea. I have seen the tropics pretty well around the equator,



Below: A busy monkey is this, intent upon his mental task of picking fleas from a woolly dog. The dog is evidently enjoying the practice as much as the monkey, for it serves the double purpose of ridding him of fleas and saving him the necessity for scratching.

Mr. E. M. Newman, shown here in a Zulu ricksha in Durban, southeast Africa, has been four times around the globe, seventy-eight times across the Atlantic Ocean, has climbed the Himalayas to a height of nineteen thousand feet, and visited every country of the world. He is an explorer, photographer, and lecturer. His program is to travel six months of the year, spend one month in preparing lectures, and five in delivering them. Just after graduating in medicine Mr. Newman took a world tour, and the love for travel so gripped him that he never did take up the profession for which he was trained. He was born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1872. In the accompanying article he tells us it isn't so much the wild animals and savage people that are to be feared by the wanderer in uncivilized lands as the drinking water and the insects





from the Amazon to the Ganges and back again. I have crossed the Atlantic Ocean seventy-eight times.

Whether chance or irresistible necessity made me a world traveler is open to question. I was educated to be a doctor. But before I began to practice I took a trip around the world. It lasted two years. I found that I liked traveling and cared very little for medicine. As a result, I stuck to what I liked. I have been traveling, making pictures, and lecturing about my travels ever since.

**N**ATURALLY, I am asked a great many questions about my experiences. People have some queer ideas about the things to be done and found when a person gets away from his own land. Many imagine, for example, that the farther you leave home, the more dangerous the world becomes. I haven't found it so.

One day I was walking down-street in Lima, Peru, while an election was in progress. It was imprudent of me, for



Above: These tropical cats, known as cheetahs, are trained to hunt other animals. They are about the length of a leopard, but are taller and are wonderfully fleet of foot, for a short distance. They do not trail their prey, as does the dog, but run sight races with the fleeing game. The cheetah is distributed over nearly all of Africa, but is most common in the tropical jungles

Photo to left: Baboons digging a well. It is not a dry law but a dry season that is worrying these creatures. They are here seen digging for water in a parched river bed in Africa

Below: Native South Africans in full regalia for a religious ceremonial. The worship of primitive peoples is often highly ritualistic, and this picture is one of the hundreds taken by Mr. Newman revealing the outward form of the religious observances of African tribes



election and revolution, in certain South American states, are almost synonymous. The citizens on one side of the street were yelling "Viva Pierrino!" On the other side they shouted "Viva Bolano!"

Suddenly bullets began to fly in every direction. I ducked into a doorway nearby. The fight was a good deal like a tropical thunder shower: in fifteen minutes it was all over! I resumed my walk.

Dangerous? Slightly! But I doubt if the fatalities on that occasion were any more numerous than from street accidents, and bandits' pistols, and street cars in a city of equal size in the United States almost any day of the year!

I have already said that most wild animals, as I have found them, fear man more than man need fear them. Nearly all of them give a warning before they attack. The puff adder will strike you with its deadly fangs if you



step on it. An elephant stalked in elephant grass will charge you. But even the adder hisses before it strikes. And the elephant trumpets.

**T**HERE are, to be sure, man-eating lions. They are among the most feared animals of the jungle. What about them?

A man-eater is not nearly so bad as he sounds. He is merely an old fellow who has to let craft serve him in place of strength. Too feeble any longer to run his prey to earth as the young lions do, too slow to pursue and kill a hartebeeste, he is forced to stalk and fall on his prey when asleep. Some of these old lions stalk man in that way.

A charging rhinoceros once did give us some trouble. Two camera men in my party were filming him. Being photographed seemed to bore him as much as it does some people, and he headed directly for one of the cameras. The camera man kept on turning, relying





An African lioness asleep. But at the click of the camera shutter she awoke from her siesta and came within a second or two of putting an end to Mr. Newman's career. He slipped up on her, snapped the picture, and the next instant she was hurtling toward him. One of the hunters fired, and the beast fell dead at the feet of the photographer

on the hunter who was with us. But the hunter did not fire quite soon enough.

The rhino was almost on the doomed camera when the photographer jumped to one side. The hunter, watching the animal, fired. His shot went absolutely true, and the rhino crashed down dead on top of the camera.



In the course of an African hunt Mr. Newman's party came across these two rhinoceroses asleep. Motion picture cameras were set up, and a hunter ventured close to the huge creatures to make them charge. Because the wind was blowing toward the man the animals did not smell him until he was very close. Then they leaped to their feet and charged, crashing into one of the cameras. A rhinoceros is near-sighted and its eyes so placed that it cannot see well to either side. Therefore it is fairly easy to side-step him when he charges.

Photo in oval: Victoria Falls is second to the largest and, according to Mr. Newman, perhaps the most magnificent waterfall in the world. It is in Rhodesia, Africa. To the natives it is known as "Thundering Smoke" because of the great cloud of mist that rises after the river, nearly a mile wide, has plunged suddenly off a four-hundred-foot cliff.



The second camera man filmed the whole scene, and it made a great picture when we recovered the smashed camera from under the beast, saved that film, and combined it with the other. It required nerve in the camera man to stand his ground until the last moment; but of course he had confidence in the fellow with the gun.

Most dangers are those to which travelers lay themselves open through ignorance or the failure to take proper precautions. Several years ago I was in South



Above: A Congo village, in Interior Africa. These people have no paved streets, automobiles, baths, electric lights, or other accessories of civilization. But then neither do they have any housing problem, rent bills, traffic accidents, or income tax blanks to annoy them. The bits of clothing worn by the villagers show that the trader from the outside world has found his way to this primitive group.

To the right: The hippopotamus, one of the bulkiest of mammals, is native to Africa. Here is one of the huge creatures at bay. Just after this picture was taken the enraged animal bit a canoe loaded with natives, killing one of them and spilling the others into the water. They had paddled out to get a rise out of him.





America in company with a vice president of the National City Bank of New York. I was going to La Paz, the capital of Bolivia, which is situated 12,250 feet above sea level, in the neighborhood of Lake Titicaca. The vice president wanted to go too.

I advised him not to. He was a heavy-set man, with indications of a weak heart. The air pressure on the human body at normal eleva-



The African elephants in this picture look tame enough, but as a matter of fact not one of them has ever tasted peanuts or other confections which we toss to the big fellows in the circus. This wild herd was photographed by Mr. Newman from a blind. He hid himself and his camera and then for days and days he waited, finally getting this remarkable picture of the herd as it pushed along through the brush.



A warrior of the Kikuyu tribe, in British Equatorial Africa, displaying his idea of what a dress parade uniform should look like. His taste, obviously, runs to fuss and feathers, and such native cosmetics as he has used on his face serve to produce a fierce rather than a lovely expression.

tions is about fifteen pounds to the square inch. Ten thousand feet or so above sea level the pressure is reduced to about six pounds. My friend would not listen to me when I told him not to make the ascent.

"If you can stand it up there," he said, "I can too."

We took the train, and when we had completed the long, slow climb, he said to me with evident satisfaction:

"You see, I'm all right."

"But," I objected, "you've been sitting down all the time."

"Oh, I can walk around, too!"

He got up to leave the car, and fell dead on the platform!

If a man goes to the high mountains after he is fifty, he had better content himself with looking at them from a modest elevation, unless he is very sure of his physical condition. Up higher, if there



An African ant hill, forty feet high and sufficiently old to have fair-sized trees growing out of it. Mr. Newman is seen in the foreground gazing at this remarkable monument built by the indefatigable little insects. It is a community city, with passageways, store-rooms, chambers, nurseries, and so on.

is anything weak in him, it is likely to burst.

In getting the pictures that people want me to bring back and show them, however, there is only one thing I can do. I have to go where the pictures are. Fortunately, I have never been troubled with more than my fair share of timidity. The airplane has enabled us to get many kinds of photographs that were beyond us before. I got some splendid pictures from



An Egyptian stenographer. This man (on the left) is a professional letterwriter. His clients tell him what they want to say, he puts it in a letter, and collects a fee of some two cents for the service.

airplanes during the war.

Once I went up with d'Annunzio, the Italian poet and soldier. We flew over the Piave River and the Austrian front. It is an interesting experience to be fired at in the air. The Austrians tried to pot us, of course, and they did hit the wings in two or three places. But it was impossible while we were in the air, at least for me, to tell whether we had been hit or not. Shells were bursting all around us, and whenever one came especially close there was a sharp concussion and the plane suddenly dropped ten or a dozen feet. It was like walking along the street and falling into an unexpected coal hole! When we got back to earth I found some bits of shrapnel in my coat.

During the war the interest in all pictures of actual fighting was immense. There was only one way to get such pictures, and that was to go where they were fighting. I secured permission, and went with my camera (Continued on page 179)



# "How I Raised My Child— And Why"

*By Nina Wilcox Putnam*

**O**NCE in my life when a man said to me will you do something for me I said yes the first time, on account it was a lovely request. It come from the Editor of this AMERICAN MAGAZINE and he says say will you write me a piece about bringing up children or words to that effect, and I could hardly wait for him to get through talking before seconding the motion. It was a chance no normal woman could resist, and I am nothing if not normal, even though Normal School is one of the few places I have never been, but I understand it is the place where children are caught at the very wildest stage and brought back to normalcy.

Well, I am that way by nature and also because Life has christened me with a ax every time I tried to be otherwise. Which is what you call the school of hard knocks. And so being as normal as any woman is at any time, why of course I was enthusiastic to tell other people about my child and how to bring up theirs. Because it's a true fact, no matter how good friends you've got, if they have also children, or even one, why they can never seem to get interested in what you are telling them about your kid, but keep breaking in with remarks like that reminds me of what my Bobby said yesterday, and then they will insist upon telling it to you and when you hear it, why it is something which the thing you was telling couldn't possibly have reminded them of, but you have got to say how clever! So naturally I jumped at writing down all my favorite remarks about not alone my own young one, but also what ails the way the neighbors raise theirs. And the best part of it is, nobody can answer me back except maybe by mail, but not even that until I have completely finished and got through. Why, you can see for yourself, especially if female, that this was what our friends the French call some bon chance!

Well, now, I have got a very original plan about dragging my child up to the place where he will be capable of hauling himself on to a ripe old age, and believe me, ripe will be right if he keeps on going the way he has commenced. Well, anyways, this scheme of mine is quite the gnat's nightie, as the saying goes, and in order you should understand it even against your will, why we will have to

commence at the beginning, which is, as a person might suppose, the usual period previous to Junior's well-staged entrance into this Life's as you might call it drama—or comedy, which some of it fortunately is.

As a matter of fact we might go even backer than that, because the most unusual thing about my kid is that I really wanted him. I got the idea, see, and with me it's always no sooner said than done within the limits of human endeavor. And although I am a busy woman, why after being as much married as a childless woman ever is, which is only about 33⅓%, why after being that way for nine years,

opportunity to spill a few horrid truths, the net receipts was to the general effect that babies was little angels with the beauty of a Zigfield chorus, the perfume of a spring day, and the charm of a dollar more in the bank than you thought you had.

Well, in spite of all this female cooing, or maybe because of it, I felt there must be a catch some place. And there was. The baby was the catch. Not that I didn't love mine right from the word go and often experienced a interval where just to hold him made the rest of the plot worth while. This usually occurred when he was asleep. But on ordinary occasions, when he was making sure his lungs was still there, or—well, you know what they do—anyways, when he was on the rougher end of the job, I would often think well I certainly went through a lot to get him, and now I have got him, what am I going to do with him? And more than once if the nurse hadn't been looking, why I might of dropped him down the well if there had been any well. As there wasn't I never did, and on the whole have not regretted it except at times when he won't eat his dinner or puts molasses in his hair or something.

Well, my mother and my mother-in-law had a crazy idea they knew something about raising children on account they had several each, and they wanted to make sure I got the benefit of their knowledge, although why on earth they should expect me to believe they knew anything about how to bring up a child when they must of known I had seen the children they had done it to, is more than can be explained. Why, one

of the principal tropics of conversation on many an otherwise dull evening in our house had been for me to tell my then husband just where his mother should of raised him different.

And as for what had happened in Mommer's home, well, modesty forbids I should say a word, but outside of the dresser-mirror I didn't see that Mommer done so very well, either.

Well, when I pointed out their well-established ignorance it didn't make no impression on these two grandmothers, and for once in their life they got together on a subject and good land how they would pick that subject up when he had ought to of been left lay and cry it out!

## Fathers and Mothers, Please Copy

**A**ND that is about all the rules I have got about bringing up a kid," says Mrs. Putnam, "and so I have only got to tell the last half of the title, which is why I have brought him up. Well, the answer to that is, because I have a hunch that he may do some of the things which I have fell down on, later, when I have fell down for the last time. Because having this kid, that I helped make, actually speaking and thinking and moving about, is one of the chief miracles which prove the existence of God to me, because you can bet your sweet life no human ever made anything so wonderful without divine help. And I did it because I wanted to be a real woman, and a woman with no child is an old maid even if she has a living husband and four divorce certificates. Then again I did it because I wanted someone to love without having to put on the brakes every now and then the way a person has to with a husband, on account otherwise he might get too sure of you. And also because I like to think I contributed at least one American citizen to a country which needs more Anglo-Saxon ones; and if he don't make good, why I will lick the pants off of him. And then again I raised him because I like to make things—real things, and the more difficult they are, and the harder to produce, why the better I enjoy making them, even if I do crab a lot about how overworked I am, and etc.

"And also, I needed somebody to educate me and bring me up right, and believe me, there is no one can do it like your own kid will. If you have not already proved this, get yourself a copy of my special parent's outfit, consisting of two pairs of ear muffs, two sets of shock absorbers, an encyclopedia and a good strong common desk ruler, and take a chance! It pays!"

I wanted a child of my very own instead of picking one out ready-made at some Findings-Is-Keepings Asylum or some place, even if having a personal child did take up more time, and cut into business hours considerable.

Well, when I got this big idea, see, I felt like I was the first one ever thought of it, and the family treated me in a way which confirmed this suspicion strongly. What with two elderly ladies nominated for grandmother at the same time, and a flock of married girl-friends who had something on me by several years, meaning kids all the way from one to ten, why you can imagine I got slipped an earful. And while of course a lot of them took this



What was even further, they wanted he should have a celluloid doughnut to chew on, get fed whenever he was hungry, and be rocked to sleep. Well, believe me, with all them antiscientific methods going on I come near going cuckoo, and if anybody around that nursery was to be rocked to sleep it should of been them two Bolshevik grandmothers, and I mean rocked in the usual sense, meaning stones. Because if anybody in my house was going to break the rules of modern infant-care for the sake of a bit of old-fashioned comfort, why I decided it would be me.

Well, of course I and my husband had both grew up in spite of our mothers, and so our Junior also managed to survive them through the first year, which they all assured us would be the hardest, excepting the second year. And at about this time he commenced showing a few signs which even his father had to admit were of intelligence.

**N**OW it's a peculiar fact, but when Junior slept somewhere around twenty hours a day and lay in his crib the rest of the time talking Esperanto to himself, I used to long for the merry time when he would be big enough to romp around with me some. But just as soon as he begun to show a little ambition in that direction, why I commenced to long equally for them dear departed days when he could be parked in his crib almost indefinitely. And right here was where I had a head-on collision with the modern ideas on raising Cain and being Able, if you get me.

You see, when I got this bright idea to have a little sweetheart in our home, I also got all the books on the subject, and while Junior was completely helpless, why I could put into practice "The Modern Mother" @ 1.75 Net, and was able to put most of the dope out of "The Scientific Panhandling of the Infant" over on him. But just as quick as he commenced running around on all fours and saying Baa as good as any sheep you ever listened to in your life, I seen that "Self-Expression And The Growing Child" was no more good to me than a last year's time-table, and I wished I had my money back, and decided that all the book was fit for was to give away to our village library.

As for what was alleged to be the more advanced book, called "Auto-Suggestion as Applied to Children," well believe me, Junior sprung an auto-suggestion of his own the very first time I took him down-street with me, he picking it out instantly in the toy-shop window and creating as you might say, a murder-scene until I went in and bought it for him. And it was finding out that these books was the bunk forced me to have another idea by which I do not mean a second order like you think I do, but I mean a thought about this big original theory regarding children which I am telling you of—in time.

Now one thing a parent soon comes to notice in connection with raising their child is that each year you say well, this year is the worst, once it is over why the next year will be a whole lot easier. And so on up to the age when he comes home to tell you he has joined the police force

Nina Wilcox Putnam, who has extracted so many chuckles from the American public, is shown here basking in the Florida sunshine and watching her six-year-old son, John Francis, as he attempts to lasso a roving cat. John Francis is the real hero of this article in which Mrs. Putnam tells of the despairs and delights of bringing up a healthy, mischievous American youngster. In another five years he will have reached the age at which his precocious mother embarked on her literary career—for Mrs. Putnam has written stories and verse since she was eleven. What is more remarkable, even her earlier efforts were published. Among the latest of nearly a dozen books are "West Broadway," "It Pays to Smile," and "Believe You Me"—all written in her amusing lingo. In addition, Mrs. Putnam has written scores of magazine articles



CLARENCE, SUBTROPICAL, FLORIDA



instead of the ministry like you had always hoped. In other words, a child is a endless chain of trouble right up to the time when you are now too old to enjoy your freedom, and a person had better realize this right from the start and make the best of it. Because believe me I know there is a best to it. One smile and a kiss from those innocent-looking little lips will wipe out all the stolen jam in the cupboard and none knows it any better than me.

But just the same I am not one to add any lies to the cheap sentiment already on the shelves about the beauty of having kids and the comfort they are, when I know for a positive fact that for every comfort they give you, they will see to it that you get two midnight walks, or else

fly-paper in your bed, or something, and it is high time the public come down to earth and the true facts about kids, and laid off this conspiracy of Bunkum to lead on the younger set. For the facts of the case is, Kids is a terrible bother. But I don't really see how we can do without 'em!

Well, granting then that it is a good thing we should have children in the community, and by the way I may remark it is a pity that the American kids do not as a rule equal the foreign per capita of the same—well, anyways granting we have got to have them, and that they might as well be accepted as a good thing, the next big question is how will we bring them up to be as little objectionable as human beings ever are? Because it seems a kid is not born human—not civilized anyway, and civilization has got to be crowded into him by hook or crook—mostly crook.

**A**T THE age of one annum or less Junior commenced to show all the traits of the darkest African savage that ever existed in any travel-book yet written, including considerable skill at scalping and a appetite for glass beads, watches, and small hardware that amounted to a vice. From what I heard the neighbors say, I expect this is not so original in Junior as it then seemed to me. And their words was confirmed when I give the poor innocent his first birthday party which occurred on his third one, on account I thought well, by now he has got some incipient social instincts, I think I will ask in a few of these mothers around town to see how good I make ice cream, and incidentally we will watch our little (Continued on page 185)



# Captain Jackson Gives In

The story of a stubborn lighthouse keeper

By Hortense Seymour Hart

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PERC E. COWEN

**W**E WERE convalescing, my other half and I, from the "flu," when Mrs. Wiggin came. She was a Down-Easter, right from the State o' Maine, typically "sot" as to convictions, spare as to build, and high-pitched as to voice. Her nursing she had learned by mail, after Alvin, her husband, died; but working she had learned from life itself. Our baby was her especial charge, and after little Anne was tucked away for the night she would join us. Before we were up and about again we had heard many histories, among them her own.

The wind was whistling one night as we were sitting down after dinner.

"Now, listen to that wind," said Mrs. Wiggin. "Who'd think it was 'most April! It's because you're so high. I mind the winter I was in the lighthouse—"

"Lighthouse? Were you a lighthouse keeper?" exclaimed the male member of the group in simulated surprise.

Her blue eyes flashed scornfully. "Well, I guess you don't know much about lighthouses! I was housekeeper."

"And was he young and handsome?" egged on my husband.

"Handsome! He was the ugliest-tempered, stubbornest old devil ever set foot on this earth. Says I to him, more than once, when he was flyin' off, 'Ezra Jackson,' said I, 'you can't down me; I was brought up to just such a one as you.'"

"That was the year after I was dress-making outside Bangor. Such a year! Sickness and death! Land! Seems 'sif I lived ten in that one!"

"But where was the lighthouse?"

"Ever you hear of Satick's Point up north of Freemanville? Well, I don't know's I wonder. It's a small light, but it stands in a wicked place." And then she told us this story:

**S**ATICK'S POINT runs out about a half-mile from shore, a sort of island. On quiet days you could holler across and make yourself heard, providin' there was anyone to hear you. In the summer, there was plenty, because the hotel was open. I did most of the cooking there one summer.

Sometimes we called across for supplies, but 'most always for tobacco. Stella would bring it over. Stella? His girl. I was coming to her. Why, that man would most like to have a fit if he didn't have tobacco for that pesky stub pipe of his. That very fall we had a storm that kept us on the island for four days, and his tobacco give out. There he was, 'most sixty—and, as I said to him, old enough to use a little self-control. But no! He stomped up and down, a-growling and grumbling.

Finally I said, "Ezra Jackson, I declare

if you don't make me sick, acting so. I'd be ashamed," I says, "a gray-haired man, to be such a slave to a habit."

With that he turned on me and hollered, "Habit! Slave to habit! You're a slave to soap!" says he. And off he went again, pacing and muttering how I was always washing where 'twan't necessary.

The sea was still running high under a stiff wind when he made up his mind to go after some tobacco. Stella and I argued and reasoned with him, but 'twas breath wasted. He shoved off into the cut (that is what we called the piece of water between us and the shore). For 'most an hour he tossed around. The Cap'n could

handle a boat—was cap'n of his own schooner for years—but the cut's full of rocks.

**T**HE rollers slat him this way and that, but he finally made a landing and we could just see him making for the store. Bimeby he came out, with someone we rightly guessed was Gil Haskins. He kept lighthouse one year. I'll tell you about him sometime.

Gil told me afterward he was trying to get Cap'n to stay on shore, but Cap'n said, "Who'd tend light? Two fool women?"

Stella and I, we began to watch again.



"I'll never give you up, Stella, not in a hundred years; but I am getting impatient. . . . I'm saying it again before Miss Wiggin sa's there'll be no question about my feelings!"

Perc E. Cowen



The breakers would come rolling around and smash right on him. Time and again we thought he was swamped, with water sucking away from the rocks and taking him along; then all of a sudden there he'd be struggling on. Well, finally he had eased the dory in, and was standing up taking out the oars, when there come a wave that near stood the dory on end. In a second it righted and drove in to us, but it threw him flat across the seats.

We managed to haul him out and get him to the kitchen. Then he give way, wet as sop from head to foot, beard a-dripping, right on my clean kitchen floor. What do you suppose he'd done? Broke four ribs!

I says to him. "Well, Ezra Jackson, you're paid for your stubbornness. The Lord hath chastised you with broken bones."

STELLA and I got him to bed and I got out my lessons and went according to directions. When the doctor came, he said he couldn't have fixed him better. He never come but once after, didn't need to; but it was weeks before the Cap'n tended light again. That was when I tended it myself.

Stella wasn't any good to help. Timid about it—took after her ma. Her ma hated the water or anything to do with it. What she ever took to him for—though I reckon he'd ha' been called handsome enough then.

I've clumb those tower stairs. They went 'round and 'round, and, land—wasn't it hot when you got up there! Those lights eat up the air. But the heat wa'n't so much from the light as 'twas from the lenses.

Well, I was going to tell you, all the time the Cap'n was laid up, he was fussing about Stella. She was awful pretty, had lovely curly hair, sort of light brown, except when she stood in the sun; then it was full of gold threads. Her eyes were blue. Not like her pa's. His was blue, too—but did you ever notice how folks that loves the sea has eyes like it? His was blue and green all at once, and some days when it was stormy they was sort of gray. They always looked deep and cold, like when you look down and can't see bottom. When he was young his hair was sort of yellow—I can't just describe it, but you'd know it belonged on a sailor. It was as if the wind couldn't disturb it, it was curled so tight. I often thought he was like the ocean—cold and unfeeling.

But Stella was just the opposite. Her hair was soft, and her eyes just like cornflowers, with dark brown lashes that curled up at the end. No wonder True was took by her. True Christian Blaine, his name was. His ma was a Methodist, same as me.

Ezra Jackson didn't have a particle of use for anyone who wasn't something to do with the sea. And True, he allowed once in Ezra's hearing he'd like to go out West. The Cap'n was disgusted. Besides that, Sarah Blaine once had told him that

of believed her, because he never spoke to her again.

Stella had been seeing considerable of True that summer, because she'd been helping at the hotel. He didn't come across to the light point much—Stella wouldn't ask him. It put the Cap'n in the doldrums to see them together.

But when the old man was laid up I said to her, "If you want your beau over of an evening, or to supper, have him," I says, "like other girls. What some don't know, don't hurt 'em."

I knew the Cap'n would be piping mad if he caught on, but I was on to his notions. He didn't want Stella ever to get married, because he figured he was getting on and would have to retire on a pension before long. He intended to settle right down in Satick's Point and have Stella keep house for him till he died. He set a store by Stella, because she was like her ma, who was the only one ever dare stand up to him.

Cap'n was jealous of the sight of anyone who set eyes on his girl, but of course he specially hated the sight of young Blaine. True was always at Stella to get married; but she had her pa's stubbornness some ways, as well as her ma's loyalty. She loved her father, cranky as he was. Seems she told True once she'd never marry without her father's consent. True made the mistake of laughing at the idea. It made Stella that stubborn he couldn't budge her.

She kept on seeing True just the same, though. Whenever her father knew it he'd about take the poor child's head off. She'd stand with her pretty mouth in a straight line and her chin in the air. But sometimes, when he'd get so worked up, she'd feel sorry for him and say, "Father, I'll never marry anyone without you're willing," and then go to her room, white as chalk.

SOMETIMES he would start on me then, and like as not I'd say, "Pooh, pooh, Ezra Jackson! Don't fly at me with your nonsense! You can't go against nature. Young folks is bound to turn to each other. I did and you did, and Stella might do worse."

Sometimes he'd go on how True was a farmer and had a bad-tempered mother (bad-tempered, mind you), and was no match for a cap'n's daughter. He'd waggle his head and say, loud, so she would hear, "I'll never give my consent, never."

Well, I started to tell you. When he was sick, lying there all bound 'round like I had fixed him, he was always fuming and stewing about Stella; 'sif he knew he was missing a trick, as he said. It was October, but the weather was still clear, so often Stella would bundle up and sit on the stoop with True. Her pa's room was on the other side of the house. He was suspicious, though.

When there was a social or anything in the town, Stella was always invited. He hated to have her go, for she had to stay all night and he'd go through the same performance every time—how he wouldn't have his girl staying with shore folks, as if she didn't have a home.

"I guess she won't suffer none by it," I'd say. "She's got to have some fun, outside an old man and woman. She'll up and leave you," I'd say, "if you ain't reasonable."



The tower was awful high, 'count of the island being so low, and many's the night

his sulks and tempers was what hastened his wife's being took. I guess he must half



That always made him haul in his horns some; but he'd say, "She'll never leave." The thought made him nervous just the same.

My, but I was busy those days. Even Cap'n had to admit I done a good job.

Often toward twilight, I'd say to Stella, "Why don't you come up and see how good the light tower looks?"

She'd sort of smile, and admit, "I don't really know, but I hate the feeling of it. I like my feet right on the ground."

She did seem to love the earth. Not much like him. He didn't take a particle of interest in the flowers she raised in boxes. But he—he'd stand looking out to sea.

Once he said to me, "In those days, Jane Wiggins, there wasn't one could come nigh me, not one." I've thought more'n once it would have been better for everyone if he'd gone down with his ship in the last storm he weathered. Man like that has no business coming to shore to die like ordinary folks.

**W**ELL, the time come when he was up and around again. The hotel had been closed since September, so Stella was home 'most all the time. True was in Portland, and wasn't home except Sundays. Even at church, Stella didn't get much chance to see True, because her pa took a pious spell and went 'most every Sunday with her.

All the other young men used to be dancing around Stella like bugs around a posy, and one of them, a mate on a schooner, her pa favored more than the rest. But Stella had made her choice.

Finally I got sick of staying home every Sunday, knowing Ezra went just for spite, so I up and said, "I'm going to church next Sunday, Cap'n."

"I'll go with you," says he.

"Nonsense. What if it should blow up and we couldn't get back? Stella can't keep light."

Upshot was that Stella and I went after that. We could handle the dory fine in ordinary weather, or even in a bit of a blow.

One Sunday, True says, "Stella, why can't I come to see you?"

She looked at him hopeless-like, then she straightened up: "I'll ask Father this afternoon."

"Tell him," says True, "I've got something to ask him."

I made off to be reading the notices, but, land, they didn't mind me. They knew where I stood.

True says, "I'll never give you up, Stella, not in a hundred years; but I am getting impatient. I've got my chance to go to Texas next summer, and you must go with me. I'll never change my mind about you. I'm just saying it again before Mis' Wiggin, so's there'll be no question about my feelings."

"And you stick to it, True Blaine," I exclaimed, "because if it's right you should have Stella, and I'm convinced it is, the Lord will see that her pa gives in." With that he kissed her and came down to help us off.

Ezra was waiting at the boathouse for us, with eyes like ice. But he never said a word till we got in the house.

"You're late," says he, as we were taking off our wraps (it was awful cold).

"A little," says I.

Then he turned on Stella. Such an ugly face I never see—white as ashes and a red spot on each cheek. "Who pushed you off?" he demands.

She glanced at me, with them identical spots on her cheeks her pa had. I knew she wanted to manage it herself. "True Blaine," she answered.

"True Blaine. What right has that land-lubberin', dago-faced boy talking to a seaman's daughter?" His voice was a blast and he was shaking all over.

She bit her lip to keep steady, and replied, cold as a nor'easter, "He has the right because I give it to him."

"You!" he bellowed. "Who are you to be giving rights? Who's cap'n here? Are you commanding this ship or am I?" He was working himself up just like he used to when he was young. "Bringing shame on me. My girl behaving like a common—"

Stella drew herself up, and her hand come down on the table with a whack that made the lamp jump. "Stop!" she says, and her eyes was blazing. His mouth dropped open—dumfounded he was. "Stop! That's a lie and you know it. I've been a good daughter to you. I've lived all my life by the sea, hating it, for your sake. I've stood your tempers, and taken your hard words because you were the only one in the world I had to love. Well, there's another now. I love True Blaine. I'm asking you as a decent girl to a decent father: can True Blaine come here next Sunday afternoon to talk to you?"

He had calmed down some, but he was still shaking. "I'll never give my consent to your taking up with that fellow," he said. "Never. Put your thoughts on a seaman, and perhaps we'll see."

She answered, "I've made my choice," and without another word into her room she marched and shut the door.

**H**E SAT down, white and exhausted. "She'll get over it," he whispered.

"Over it," I snorted. "Shame on you for a stubborn old man! Over it, indeed. She's like her ma, Stella is, and once she made up her mind she wouldn't change it for parent or preacher. You ought to thank the Lord that Stella's set on someone who'll be good to her."

He was looking out toward the sea, all green and white with little scudding waves. Once he whispered, "Annabel," then he muttered, "Never!" and swore between his teeth.

When the next Sunday come I announced, "I'm going to church. Coming, Stella?"

"No," says she, lifeless-like.

As soon as I got things slicked up and the table set for dinner I started off. They both come down to the dory with me, and just as I was climbing in Stella handed me an envelope.

"Give this to him," she says.

"Who?" snaps out Ezra, but stops short at one look she flashes him.

After church, True come up. "Where is she?" he asked, and for answer I gave him the letter. As he read it, the color mounted up his cheek. I looked at him inquiring, and he held it out to me and says, "Read it."

It read like this:

DEAREST TRUE: It's no use for me to think about getting married; I have thought and

prayed, but I know in my heart that no one will look after him if I don't. I can't leave unless he's willing. Do not think I don't love you, because I do and always will. I will never forget you and I hope you will always be happy.

Your loving but hopeless

STELLA.

True smiled a grim sort of a smile, and said in that patronizing way men has, "Poor little girl! Mrs. Wiggin, I'm going West in July, and Stella's going with me if I have to take her by main force. But I'd give anything if that old codger would give his consent, for Stella's sake. I don't care. Why she's so set on sticking by him—"

"Well, Stella's loyal, and she'll be just as loyal to you when she's your wife. And mark my words, the Lord'll bring it about that he'll give his consent if that's all that's necessary. If He don't, I'll aid and abet the kidnapping idea."

**I**T WAS more than a month before any of us went to church again. Storm after storm come up, with snow and sleet, and it kept Cap'n and me both humping to tend light. Stella puttered around, helping where she could, knitting and sewing—and looking. When Cap'n looked he always turned toward the open sea; but she always looked toward land.

It come a beautiful spring. The summer folks were all up early to open the houses, and lots of them painted. That put the notion in Cap'n's head. He come home one day with paint galore and a jug of washing fluid to stew up all the sheets and underwear and clothes. Seems Ella Adams—she'd come back to tend store through the summer; regular social butterfly she was and a widow, too—seems she told him how 'twould fix everything up all white. "Yes, and eat 'em to nothing," I says.

Anyway, Cap'n painted the dory and the sheds and finally started on the cistern that held our drinking water—mostly rain water. Just as he got to the top the wind took his cap, and in reaching for it he pushed the paint pot right in the cistern. I was that provoked.

Ella insisted on the Cap'n's borrowing all the gallon jugs in the store, and with what we had at the light there was a grist of them. Every day or so we had to go across to the town pump and fill them up. He was so busy, he was real good-natured, and let Stella go over evenings quite often. No one ever mentioned True, except once when the Cap'n remarked he was glad Stella had got rid of her foolish notions.

Well, one day my kitchen sink got stopped up, and it was that dark underneath and cluttered up with empty jugs I couldn't do a thing with it.

"Jane Wiggin," says Cap'n, "women can't be expected to adjust matters requiring mechanical skill." With that, he peeled off his coat, got out his wrench and under the sink he goes with matches. He pushes all the water jugs aside with one sweep of his arm, and how he did puff and tug at the drain. He was wringing wet when he got it off.

I was hanging out curtains when he come out of the house a few minutes later, white as a ghost, and the drool running out of his mouth.

"Done for, Jane," he mumbles in a thick voice. "Whole glass washing fluid.





Cap'n had heard his voice and was standing in the sitting-room door looking like a thundercloud. True said, "Cap'n Jackson, I'll come right to the point: I'm here to ask your consent to marry Stella three weeks from next Sunday"

Thought I was drinking out of a water jug," he explained.

My heart stood still for a minute and my eyes swum. Then it came to me from the back of my brain what my lessons said: "Keep your head." I was making for the egg box when it flashed through me that the Lord had sent an answer to my prayers for Stella. "Ezra Jackson," I said, as I poured the white of an egg into him. "I can save your life, but it's on a condition," I says. "If you come through this alive, I demand you give Stella your consent to marry True Blaine."

I was calm by then, and all the time I was talking I kept putting white of egg in him. His eyes was bloodshot and he was fair writhing. When I had give him five, I says, "Do you give me your solemn promise as a cap'n and a sailor?" And he groans and nods, "Yes."

**H**E NEVER would of been afraid of going down at sea, but death by poison on land was too much for him. I give him all the olive oil he could swallow, and then I mixed up some mustard water. He was pacing up and down, clutching his beard.

When I offered it to him, he waved it away and let on he couldn't take anything more.

I never argued, but run down to the sheds. There on shore was a man cranking a car. I hollered across, "Git Gil Haskins." In no time Gil came a-running and I shouted, "Get a doctor, Cap'n's swallowed poison."

There wasn't a boat in sight on his side, but Gil never hesitated. The stranger started for Doctor Emery and Gil dashed right in the channel, on the rocks and off the rocks, plunging (Continued on page 103)



# Is Your Office Cluttered Up With Frills and Titles?

Many able men and promising businesses are kept from real achievement by drifting into silly, top-heavy systems and fussing with empty honors

*By D. C. Wills*

Chairman of the Board, Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland

**N**OT long ago I called at a large bank and asked for a vice president, giving his name. The guard to whom I spoke evidently did not know whether the man was connected with the shop. He referred me, very politely and without moving from the spot, to the information desk a little distance away. I presume I should have noticed the desk at first, although it was not as visible as it might have been.

The information man directed me to an enclosure where a gate was watched over by a third man. I gave the keeper of this gate the name of the person I wished to see, and he sent a boy to inquire of Mr. So-and-so's secretary whether he could be seen. Why the keeper of the gate neglected to have the boy speak first to the secretary's stenographer, instead of disturbing the secretary herself, I do not pretend to know. It may have been that the stenographer was out of the city!

However, it is perhaps unfair for me to complain of the treatment I received. I had the privilege of pressing all the buttons with which the outer office was equipped. I learned how they worked. That knowledge might be useful sometime. And in the end I was led into the presence of the vice president!

Now, to me this incident is typical of the frills that mar lots of business enterprises to-day. And it indicates an all-too-prevalent weakness in executives who fail to accomplish as much as they ought to. There are four tests that I always apply to a man who is being considered for some important position. I ask: Is he more concerned about the *work* attached to his job, or about the frills in which the job is wrapped? Is he always try-

ing to decide whether a certain act will have a good effect on others, or is he satisfied to know that it is *right* and ought to be done? Does he think more about *where* he is going to work, or *what* he can make of himself and his job? Is he more anxious about the number of people he will have under him, or about his opportunity for *doing something worth while*?



Mr. Wills has been associated with banks for the past thirty-three years, his positions ranging from messenger to president. To-day he is chairman of the board of the Federal Reserve Bank of Cleveland, an office he has held since 1914. He was born fifty years ago in Pittsburgh, and at the age of seventeen, having been graduated from high school, he secured his first position with the Mechanics National Bank of that city. At the time of his appointment to his present post he was president of the Citizens' National Bank of Bellevue, Pennsylvania.

All of these points are important, but I am inclined to think that the first is the most important of all. More executives seem to get tripped up nowadays by getting their feet tangled in red tape than from any other one cause. By red tape I mean that sort of thing I found in that bank—and just to show the contrast to it I will tell you about what happened to me

in another bank I had occasion to visit.

Shortly after the experience mentioned, I went to this other big bank. There I was greeted by a good-natured, efficient individual, who seated me in a comfortable chair, handed me the morning paper, made me feel he had known me from my youth up, and delegated a young man to find out whether my bank officer friend was in and would see me. In the meantime, he seemed interested in me, conveying the impression that only by an act of Providence would I be prevented from seeing my friend; and I scarcely knew I was waiting. I couldn't help commenting to myself on the vast difference in this reception, and you may be sure that it left me much more amiable.

I have been brought up in the banking business, and my knowledge and observation lead me to conclude that in the second bank there was probably not as much costly machinery as in the first. I am pretty sure it was better managed and more profitable.

Of course, it's easier to follow a system than it is to *get down and work*. Somewhere, Roosevelt tells of a bureau chief in the War Department who was exasperated beyond endurance by the emergency calls and extra-routine demands occasioned by the Spanish War.

"Oh, dear!" he exclaimed, "I had this office running in such good shape—and then along came the war and upset everything!"

Getting a department to run smoothly and making it accomplish something are different things. Sometimes the more smoothly a department or organization runs the less it accomplishes, simply because it cannot meet emergencies. It ignores them. But emergencies, taken ad-



vantage of, are often the profit-makers of business.

This love of procedure and super-system seems to be getting almost the run of an epidemic in some quarters. Sometimes it may be confined to the outer office. But usually, if you find it there, it is reflected also in the accounting methods, the correspondence, and every other activity of the institution. Most of us like to think that we are very businesslike. But there is such a thing as making so much effort to *appear* businesslike, that we actually are *unbusinesslike*.

As I have said, my working experience has been wholly in banks. I started to work as a messenger when I was seventeen years old. That was in the Mechanics National Bank at Pittsburgh.

I'm not sure just how it was done, but in some way the idea was conveyed to us that the object of employing people in that institution was to get certain necessary work done; I think most of us understood that we were not engaged to overawe the public, nor to make a display of any private prerogatives. We were supposed to serve our customers, presumably with the object of helping the bank to make a profit. Perhaps the reason we got these ideas into our heads was because the boss was usually on hand, practicing them!

FOR thirteen years I continued with that bank, shifting from one job to another and learning the business. By the time I left for a better position in another bank, I had pretty well absorbed the atmosphere and fundamental ideas of the place, and they were all for facts and getting work done—not for frills. At one time or another I have occupied most of the desks and official positions in different banks, but I have never seen any good reason to change these ideas.

They were homely enough. For example: Anything that makes it more convenient—simpler, easier, quicker, less costly—to get work done, ought to be encouraged; anything that does otherwise ought to be discouraged. The big thing is the work itself; when a man is advanced to a higher position, it is done with the idea of giving him not more prerogatives and liberties but the chance to do bigger work and more of it.

But a business, like an individual, unless a strict watch is kept, is likely to let habits become hard-and-fast. Routine becomes the master instead of a servant, as it should be. The object to be accomplished is lost sight of in the manner of accomplishing it. It is all well and good

to have a way of doing things, a fixed procedure, a standard routine. But we are one and all in continual danger of slipping into some routine that outlasts its usefulness, so that finally we go through the motions of doing business without actually getting down to business.

At one time I was closely connected with the affairs of a philanthropic organization. It always needed money. Such organizations usually do.

In the old days, when the secretary found the exchequer running low he put

has an assistant in charge of the card file, and she runs it in a thoroughly automatic manner.

That seems to be at the bottom of a good many of the evils I am talking about—the loss of the human, personal element. The secretary, like some other executives I have known, is trying to let a *plan* take the place of a *man*. Periodically the assistant takes the cards out of the file and addresses form letters to the subscribers, asking those who owe to send in the money. If the first letter doesn't

bring the cash, the assistant tries a second one; that may be followed by a third and fourth, and perhaps a fifth; after that the names of subscribers still delinquent are put into a "dead" file.

If the secretary *does* make a personal canvass among certain important subscribers, it is no longer in the old informal manner. He makes a ceremony of it and sends in an expensively engraved card. You may believe me when I say that the shrewd business man observes that card the very first thing. Subconsciously he concludes that a part of his money must be going to keep the secretary in style, instead of for philanthropic purposes. Most people are not especially interested in keeping somebody else's balloon afloat!

WITH the added machinery and rigmarole, it costs a lot more to collect each subscriber's dollar now than it used to. The secretary, engrossed in maintaining the dignity of his position, is deluded with the belief that his plan and set of records, guided somehow by the law of averages and blind luck, can accomplish as good results as personal effort. They never do.

I remember a man who was asked to take charge of a certain department in an organization like that. The department had always been a lame brother, requiring frequent subsidies from the general treasury. This man came, not asking what his prerogatives and authorities were to be, but prepared to *do the job*.

He went to work at a second-hand desk. He sat in a second-hand chair and there was a second-hand rug on the floor. But he wasn't thinking about those things. He spent no time wondering whether his callers appreciated his greatness or admired his taste in office furnishings. He had his mind on the job. He did it, and he accomplished something that nobody had ever thought possible before—he ran the department *at a profit*.

If you depend too much on a mere plan yourself, the people who work for you will do it too. They (Continued on page 190)

## Passing the Buck in a Big Organization

**P**ASSING the buck is one of the evils that is likely to result in a big organization," says Mr. Wills. "This man or that gets to thinking that his time is very valuable. He wants to impress people with his importance. He feels that he must no longer be bothered with a lot of details. He begins to delegate, loses his sense of proportion, and after a while he keeps so busy trying to do nothing beneath him, that he literally does nothing at all!

"I begin to mistrust a man as soon as he begins to place an excessive faith in procedure, or system, or routine—call it by any name you please, 'red tape' if you want to! Very soon after he starts on that tack he is also likely to stress something else that is often carried to excess—I mean titles.

"A lot of people lay a great deal of store by titles. Very often, in standardizing or putting a concern on an up-to-date basis, or introducing efficiency methods, or revamping the existing set-up on some other pretext, the question of titles receives long and serious consideration at the hands of the gentleman performing the operation.

"Most of us protest that we are genuine democrats and don't care in the least about titles and decorations. But I doubt if we can get away with it. To look at some businesses, an impartial observer would have to conclude that we are the most title-loving people in the world. Did you ever notice how it pleases the prominent citizen to be called 'Colonel,' even if he received the handle for nothing more than being a member of the governor's staff for one year? . . .

"Now, I sum it up in this way: One can function under any title. We will do well if we pay less attention to titles. In our zeal to create and exalt them, we are likely to put the emphasis where it does not belong. It's not a question of what your position is. The question is: What are you, yourself, doing in it and with it?

"I have known men who were much more interested in knowing *where* they were going to work, and whether they would have a private office to themselves, and whether their business cards would be handsomely engraved, than they were in knowing *what they would be expected to do*."

on his hat and went down the street. He called on friends of the organization and explained the situation. If they had pledged aid, he drew their attention to that fact. He got the money.

Things are run differently now in that organization. The frills have begun to be uppermost. And the organization needs more money than ever!

There is an elaborate card file of subscribers. That is all right. But the personal element has vanished. That is *not* all right. The secretary's stenographer



Be especially careful between Friday and Monday—more glasses are broken then than in all the rest of the week

# Look Out for Your Glasses!

Strange stories of breaking, losing, and finding them again—Interesting and helpful suggestions about eyesight and eyeglasses—By using the tests accompanying this article you can tell whether your eyesight is good or not

*By Paul A. Meyrowitz*

A New York optician of 35 years' experience

**A** MAN and his wife, on their way to keep a dinner engagement with friends in Washington Square, New York, recently boarded a Fifth Avenue bus at Ninety-sixth Street, and took seats on top. The man was wearing eyeglasses which were attached to a silk cord fastened in his coat lapel.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of Sixty-fifth Street, the man drew his wife's attention to a flowering shrub in the park, and, as he did so, his eyeglasses were snatched from his face.

"Now, what do you think of that?" he exclaimed. "I've lost my glasses!"

His wife looked at him reproachfully, and said:

"How could you be so careless, John? If you would only tie the cord in your buttonhole more securely the wind couldn't possibly blow them away."

"I wasn't careless," said John, "and the cord was fastened. I believe it must have caught on an overhanging branch of the tree we were passing under. I felt the yank. Maybe if we went back to look, we could find them."

"Nonsense, dear," returned John's wife. "They're broken, anyhow, and you'd only make us late to dinner."

One of the topics at the dinner table that evening was the loss of John's glasses. Had they been blown away by the wind, or had they caught in the tree as he claimed? The verdict went against him.

That evening John and his wife returned home the same way they had come—on top of the bus. A little below Sixty-fifth Street, John said to his wife, "Please watch now, dear, and I'll show you the tree I think we were under when I lost my glasses. Now! . . . That's the tree! Are you looking? See how low the branch hangs! And there—by Jingo! There are my glasses hanging by the cord! The electric light's shining on them as plain as anything!"

With that John made a dive down the bus stairs, his wife calling after him that it was silly to think of leaving the bus to

climb a tree in an attempt to recover his glasses. But John had a good idea. He explained to conductor and motorman what he wanted. Then the bus was backed up under the tree, and John, exulting, plucked his eyeglasses off the limb and triumphantly placed them astride his nose.

"My dear," said John, "I don't know whether I am more pleased at recovering my glasses or at having my veracity vindicated. Please note that I am now securely fastening this cord to my lapel."

John was so struck by the unusual circumstances of the loss and recovery that he came in the next day to tell us about it, and we agreed with him that his experience was unique of its kind. Customers very often tell us of curious experiences they have had with their glasses, how they broke or lost them, or of acci-

dents which *ought* to have resulted in broken glasses, but didn't. Many people have told me of losing their glasses, but few who have actually lost them, and not mislaid them somewhere at home, have ever told me of *recovering* them.

Lost glasses seem to exert a strange fascination over the finder, who seldom makes an effort to return them to the owner, even though they are found in a case containing the name of the owner or the optician who sold them. The finder usually tries them on to see how well he looks in them. Sometimes he decides that he ought to wear glasses himself, and he gives those he has found a trial. There is hardly a chance that the lenses are suited to him, but even so I have known many people to keep on wearing glasses they had found until their sight was badly injured.

Many women lose their glasses when shopping in department stores. They may leave them on the counter where they have been examining materials or, having finished their inspection of goods, they start to slip them in a pocket, but instead let them slip down the outside of the coat or dress to the floor. Both men and women who carry reading glasses with them seem to have an inclination to leave them behind in restaurants where they have dined. They use their glasses in looking over the menu, then lay them down beside their plates. Upon leaving they forget to pick them up, and when they return for them the glasses are generally gone.

You probably realize, if you wear glasses, that they are usually broken by the most trivial accidents; but it often happens that a man goes through the most serious kind of an accident without damage to his glasses. A man I knew was hurled ten feet out of an automobile which collided with a telephone pole. He was picked up unconscious by other members of the party, but his eyeglasses were still on his nose and they were not bent or chipped in the slightest. A few days after he got out of the hospital he ran into a man on the street, and the force of the collision was enough to

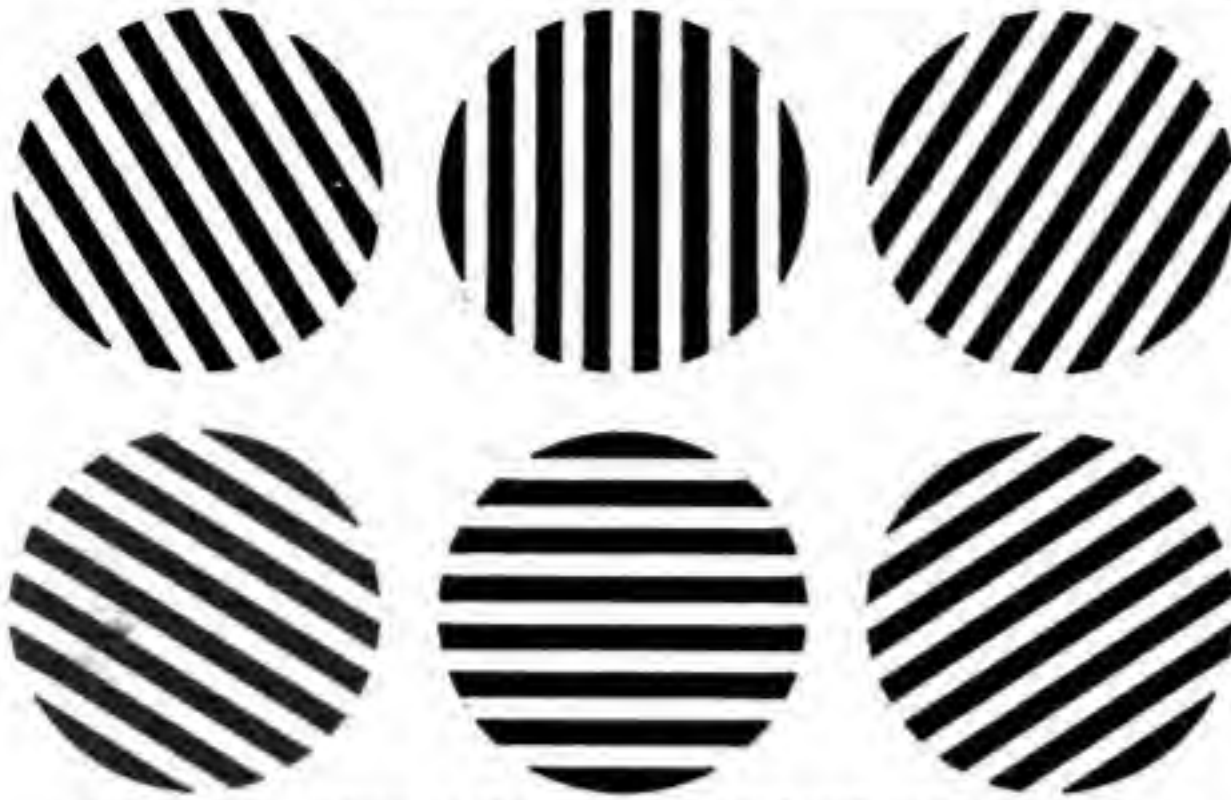
## T D E C F

Have someone hold this page at a distance of twenty feet from where you are standing. Then you should be able easily to read the large letters on the line above. Make the test with each eye separately, and you may find that one eye has better vision than the other. Anyone who cannot read the letters easily with either eye alone should consult an expert refractionist. Remember, however, that good vision does not always mean easy vision. There may be optical defects that cause headaches and other disturbances, even when such defects are not indicated by less than normal vision

Due to be placed on strings or staples where powder or other high explosives are loaded, should always remain attached to the engine and under the direct control of the engineman until finally placed in position. Other cars must not be allowed to strike a car containing explosives and such a car must be placed in a yard or at a station where it will be subject to no little handling or possible. Under no circumstances should a car be cut off and run to under control of hand brakes (except that where cars are placed on or taken out of a spot string and it is impossible to keep the engine attached,

The average person holds his reading matter at a distance of about sixteen inches. At this distance, with normal vision, you should read without strain the fine print above. Compare this type with the printed columns on this page, and you will see how much smaller it is. The regular type used in this magazine is of such size that it minimizes the possibility of strain, and the quality of paper is such that it does not lend itself to reflections which interfere with your ease of vision





Hold the illustrations on this page at arm's length and look at them with one eye at a time. Does one of the balls appear darker than the others? If so, it indicates astigmatism; that is, the cornea of the eye, which is like a watch crystal, is curved more in one direction than another. Rotate the illustration, and you may notice that the ball which was most distinct becomes less distinct—and that some other ball becomes darker as it is brought into such a position that its lines now run in the same direction as did those of the ball which was darker at first.

break one lens and to cut his face slightly.

Glasses are usually broken through some kind of carelessness. Many people let them fall when putting them on or when cleaning them. Others make a practice of carrying their caseless glasses in a pocket, and break them when leaning against a table or bending over a chair. One of the commonest stories we hear in explanation of broken glasses is this: "This morning I laid my glasses on the shelf in the bathroom. When I got out of the tub and reached for them I knocked them on the floor." Men very often break their glasses while shaving, by hitting them with the back of a razor.

**YOU'D** be surprised at the number of people who drop their eyeglasses from their noses at the dinner table. If they are rimless lenses and strike against the edge of a soup plate or upon the silverware they almost always break. One lady said that her eyeglasses dropped in the soup and did *not* break, though the accident soiled her hostess's tablecloth. She was so embarrassed by the incident that in putting her glasses back on her nose she dropped them again. They fell to the floor and this time they did break.

Many people break their glasses by improper handling while cleaning. Just suggest to any one of your friends that his glasses need cleaning, and then watch to see how he does it. You will see that he holds them by the nose piece in one hand, while he wipes the lenses with a handkerchief in the other. Some day, when cleaning his glasses in this manner, he will hold the frame a little too rigidly and he will move the lens a little too much—and the lens will break off at the screw hole. The same little accident has happened to thousands of persons.

If you want to know how to clean your glasses properly, watch your optician the next time he is adjusting them. You will see that he uses but one hand for the operation. He cleans the lens by rubbing it with a cloth which he holds between the

thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and while polishing the lens he is careful *not* to keep hold of the nose piece. That is the proper way to clean your glasses to avoid breaking them. To avoid scratching the highly polished surfaces, always use a soft cloth. The scratches from a harsh cloth tend to make the lens opaque.

One Monday morning some months ago, a lady came in with three pairs of broken glasses—her rimless spectacles, her eyeglasses, and her shell-rimmed reading glasses. "Here they are," she said, "or what's left of them. I stepped on two pairs and sat on the third."

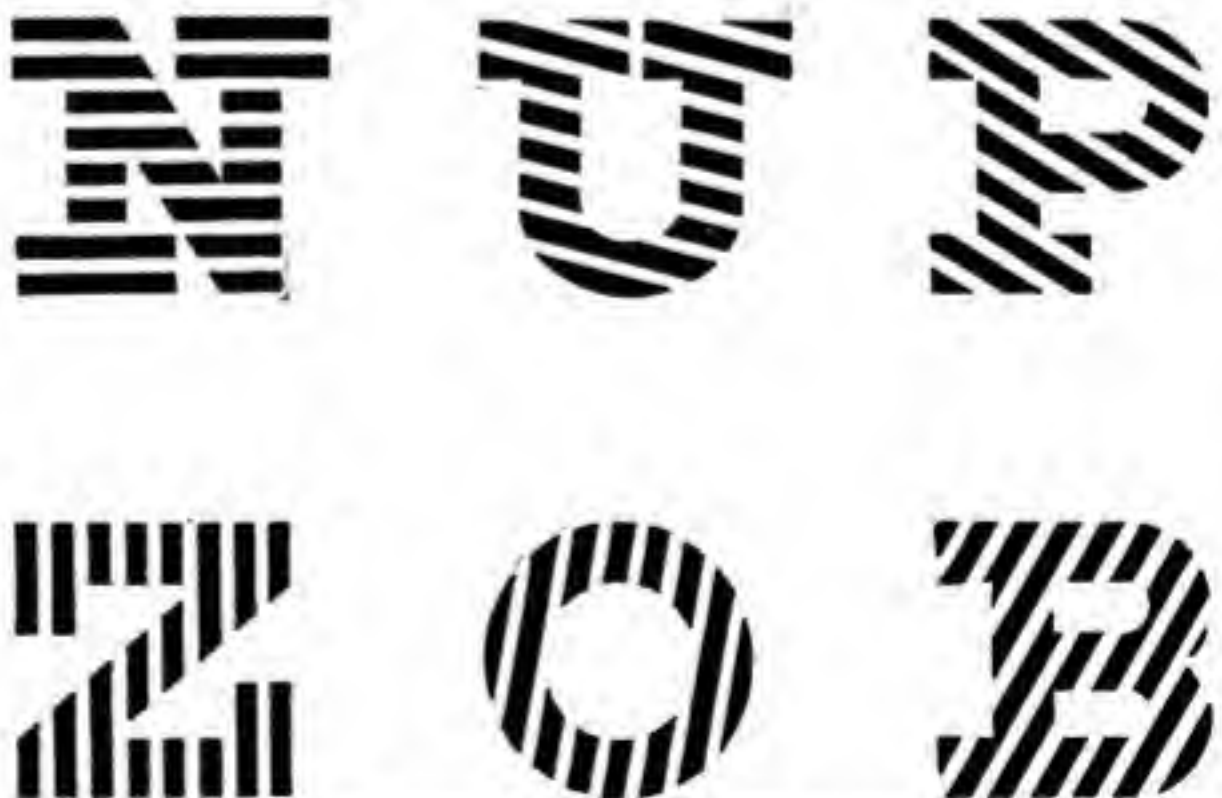
While reading her Sunday newspaper, she had dropped some of the sheets on the floor and on top of them had placed her

spectacles and her eyeglasses. Presently, inclined to doze, she had taken off her reading glasses and laid them beside her in the easy chair. On awaking she got up to look for her glasses, and walked on those that were concealed under the paper. Then she sat down again to think over what she could possibly have done with her reading glasses. When she remembered, she found she didn't have a whole pair of glasses to her name.

**MORE** glasses are broken between Friday afternoon and Monday morning than in all the rest of the week. This is because people are engaged in active sports over the week-end; but the reading of Sunday newspapers has a lot to do with it, too. I venture to forecast that a thousand newspaper readers in the United States will break their glasses this coming Sunday, and all the accidents will happen in just about the same way: A man will read his paper until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, then he will throw the sheets on the floor beside the lounge and doze off. Presently, sound asleep, he will roll off the sofa, and when he wakes up he will realize that his glasses are sadly in need of repair.

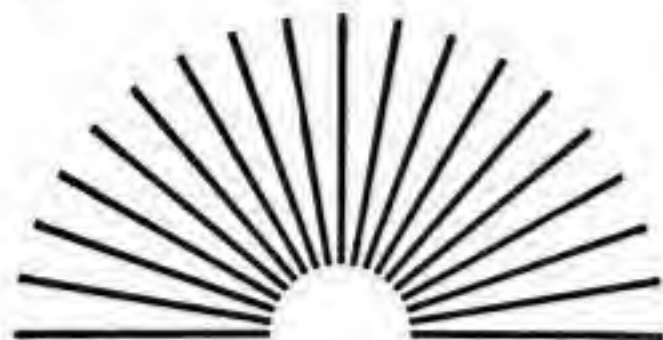
One of our customers came into the store the other day, and said, "I must tell you of my good luck: I was leaning out a fourth-story window, and when I drew in my head I knocked off my eyeglasses. They landed in the awning on the first floor. I climbed up with a ladder to get them and found they had not broken. They're just as good as ever."

Then I told this man what I think was the most remarkable luck of the kind that ever happened. One evening, I was standing by the window of a room on the eleventh floor of an apartment hotel in Fifty-seventh Street, New York, when the maid opened the door, letting a draft blow through. At that moment I was cleaning my eyeglasses. They caught in the fringe of the curtain, were jerked out of my hands, and fell out the window.



To the astigmatic eye certain letters in this illustration will seem more distinct and blacker than others. To correct this defect, what is known as a "cylinder" lens is required to correct the abnormal curvature of the cornea. Remember that people who have but slight defects are the ones who usually suffer from headaches and nervous disturbances due to eye strain. Small errors can be overcome by the eye muscles, but the strain tells severely. Anyone who has eye-strain symptoms, even though his sight appears normal when tested by vision charts, should consult a refractionist.





With normal sight every line and all portions of an object are correctly pictured without strain. The lines and letters in this "normal" picture on the left should appear equally black and be clearly focused. To the right is a picture which shows how the lines and figures on the left appear to a person suffering from a pronounced degree of astigmatism. Notice that only the oblique lines are clear. Such distortions cannot be overcome by muscular effort. Eyes affected in this way not only see objects distorted, but they have greatly reduced vision. The eye tests on these pages were arranged at the request of this magazine by the Eyesight Conservation Council of America, of New York. School boards, health departments, or individuals having use for vision charts and literature pertaining to conservation of vision may communicate with this organization



The next morning, thinking I might at least salvage the gold nose piece, I hunted around in the area back of the hotel, but found no sign of it nor of any broken glass. I was about to give up the search when I looked up and saw my glasses hanging on the point of a fence picket—unbroken! The nose piece had straddled the point of the picket nicely and the spring had cushioned the force of the fall. I wore the lenses for months afterward, and I still have the frames.

When a man who has only one pair of glasses loses or breaks them, then he not only appreciates the value of his sight but also the advantage of having extra glasses. The other day a man from Chicago broke

his glasses by colliding with another man when he was getting on a street car. He came in with the broken pieces and implored us to make new lenses for him in the shortest possible time.

"I'm in a bad fix," he said; "I've been in New York for two weeks, and have been so busy I haven't had a minute to myself. I'm planning to take the midnight train to Chicago, and this evening I was going to the theatre; but if I don't have my glasses I won't be able to see a thing."

**IT WAS** then one o'clock. I promised the man that he could have his glasses at five o'clock, because we have a rush-order department especially for the service of

people who get into the kind of trouble he was in.

"But did you ever stop to think," I asked him, "that it would be a sensible thing for you to have an extra pair in your traveling bag? You wouldn't think of being without an extra suit of clothes; yet you have only one pair of glasses, and when you break them you are practically a disabled man."

"I guess I never thought about it in that way," he said, "and I've broken my glasses rather frequently, too. While you're about it suppose you make me up two pairs of glasses." (Continued on page 210)



This picture represents what the eye sees with correct vision. Many people who do not wear glasses fail to realize that their eyes give them false pictures of everything they look at. Compare the picture above with the one at the right

The scene below is the same as the picture at left, but the lens of the camera was made to record it just as it appears to a person with an extreme degree of astigmatism. Lots of people see everything distorted just as in this picture, but do not know that they need glasses. When a person has gone for years seeing things distorted, as in this picture, and finally has his sight corrected by glasses, he is apt to complain that his glasses make objects look unnatural, and he is likely to misjudge distances. After getting proper glasses, he actually has to "learn" to see things correctly





# Three Wonderful Dogs

The true story of Frank, Bryan, and Buck—three great hunting dogs possessing extraordinary intelligence and striking individualities

*By Samuel A. Derieux*

**T**HE dogs I am going to tell about were not prize-winners. They never heard of field meets. They lived far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife, in a town where men hunted birds as they play golf in other towns. They were well-known characters. George Kirby's Thad passed home every morning on his way to business—when he wasn't hunting he hung around George's law office—and sometimes dropped into our back yard to wag his tail. Frank Thompson's Joe loafed around Thompson's hardware store, and was a great favorite with the children because he would let them ride him. West Harris's Frank had a home five miles away, but he regarded Doctor Nott, Mr. Allen, and my father as belonging to him, and he often came to stay with us in town. Ownership of Frank was a technical matter.

These dogs belonged to the landscape; they were intimate parts of the community. Men talked about them as they now talk about their score at golf. They borrowed them from one another as they now borrow golf sticks.

In such an atmosphere I was brought up. My father was a hunter and I was raised with a gun in my hand. I know a thing or two about bird dogs. The three I have selected to tell you about in this article were the finest I ever knew. I am proud to be the biographer of Frank, Bryan, and Buck.

Frank was a big, broad-chested Llewellyn setter, his coat satiny white, with one black spot on his flank, and another black spot that covered one ear and half his head, giving him a truculent, chip-on-the-shoulder expression, such as might be given to a powerful, handsome man who walks down the street with a beaver hat cocked on one side. His eyes were fierce and proud, his bearing aloof, and, toward other dogs, dangerous. He was an individual, was Frank, strong, self-reliant, truculent.

His origin and youth were shrouded in mystery. West Harris, hunting in the mountains twenty miles from town, ran across some mountaineers chasing rabbits with him, paid them five dollars and

brought him home, for West knew a high-bred bird dog when he saw one and just a glance at Frank was enough. But now let's go a little further back. Two years before, some Northern men who had been hunting in those mountains, on leaving the country ran for a time an advertisement in the local papers offering a liberal reward for a Llewellyn pup they had lost. This pup, so rumor ran, was a grandson of Gladstone, a famous dog who sold for some ten or twenty thousand dollars. It seems that they never found the pup.

Sometimes we would wake up early in the morning to find him in the back yard—he had come during the night. Old Aunt Cindy, the cook, had opened her cabin door and "dar he was!" She would bring him in the house with her just to show us who had come, and he would make the rounds of beds and cribs, looking affectionately into half-awakened eyes, bushy tail wagging, long ears thrown back—stately old chap, with such an air of dignity as I have never seen in any other dog or man.

I remember the honor with which he was treated, the breakfasts that were got for him, the warm place by the fire that was his. He came to town always in winter, during bird season; never in summer, which season he spent in the country. Like a wealthy and independent old bachelor was he, with no ties to hold him, but honored wherever he chose to go. His coming meant a hunt; we had to seize the opportunity when it presented itself.

And after these hunts he would lie before the living-room fire, waiting for his bed to be made up on the back porch. It must be a good bed, too, or he would leave. He preferred a light-colored quilt.

He had no use for other dogs. Toward our own he was decent, but that was all. The same independence he showed elsewhere followed him into the field. When birds are shot down a good dog retrieves them—that is, brings them to you in his mouth. This Frank would never do unless the bird fell in a canebrake or in a river, or some other place inaccessible to you. Then he would plunge in, retrieve the bird to the

shore or to the edge of the brake, lay it down and go on about his business.

Another thing: If he thought, after cursory examination, that it would be useless to hunt a field, no amount of commanding, entreating, or threatening could make him hunt it. He was a bit deaf in middle life, for thousands of guns had been fired over his head, and this deafness he would use to his own ends. I have seen him gallop past two men, both of them yelling themselves red in the face, gallop past as if he had (Continued on page 76)

## How Buck "Put One Over" On Mr. Derieux

**P**OOOR old Buck—there was one dish which he would incontinently steal, and that dish was salmon," says Mr. Derieux. "Let my wife fix up a salmon salad, put it on the table, and leave the room. When she got back the plate would be clean, and Buck would be lying before the fire, unashamed, licking his chops.

"Not only that, but he took advantage of me one day. Down the hill from our house was a clear running stream, with a rock on the shore. Here, when we didn't have a servant, I used to skin and clean the birds I had killed, wrap them in a cloth previously provided for the occasion, and bring them home. Now, in dressing them I would put the hearts and livers on the rock beside me, where Buck also sat, and at intervals tell him to 'hie away,' which meant he might eat them.

"At dusk one afternoon, engrossed in my task, I put two birds already cleaned on the rock, and Buck suddenly looked at me. I forgot I had put birds, and not hearts and livers, there, and told him to go ahead. The roar of the stream kept me from hearing the crunching of bones, and when I looked up Buck had eaten both birds. He showed no shame. The look in his eyes was bold and challenging, as it used to be. He had simply taken advantage of a technicality!

"I don't mean that he was a thief; he wouldn't steal anything but salmon; and I never had him take advantage of me again—though I never gave him another chance."

Anyway, Frank came to live among us—the greatest bird dog, my father said, and West Harris said, and Doctor Nott and Mr. Allen said, that ever went into the field. I mention them all because, in a way, they all owned him, for until his declining years Frank never acknowledged a master but spent his time going from one of these men to another. West Harris lived five miles north of town, Mr. Allen five miles south, Father and Doctor Nott in town. According to his whim, Frank came and went, and no man detained him.



# Dot Joins The Ladyslipper Club

A story of the high cost of society

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

**E**VERYBODY, I suppose, has an ambition. Father wants to be the exalted grand commander of his Lodge, Mother would like to live in Chicago, Will always wanted to be a sailor until he was one. My ambition was to join the Ladyslipper Club.

You always think of ambitions as something to work for for years, and then maybe not get until you're too old and feeble to enjoy them. That is why it almost took my breath away to have mine come true just three weeks after Will and I were married. On account of a misfortune to Mrs. Carstock, I was asked to join the Ladyslipper Club.

It was a tremendous honor. Dulcie Lane and Rosemary, Howard Merton's wife, were the only two others of the old Montrose crowd who belonged. The other members were the Hill crowd, wives of officials of the Harvester Company, which has just come to Montrose. They come from Chicago and have cars, mostly, and maids, and dinner at night even when there isn't company, and everything like that. They are not, of course, as Will's mother pointed out, the good old families; but I think it would be safe to refer to them as the Smart Young Married Set of Montrose.

The Ladyslipper was a three-table bridge club that met every Friday, and Dulcie and Rosemary nearly died of the honor of being asked to join. And when, just three weeks after I was married, I was asked, too, through the misfortune to Mrs. Carstock, words failed me. It is very seldom that you realize a life ambition just three weeks after you begin to have it.

What happened to Mrs. Carstock was this: She had kept resigning, not being a very good bridge player to start with and also being the kind who can't keep her mind on the game. This irritated Mrs. Curtis, who organized the club and paid for the pins and everything. Anything which irritated Mrs. Curtis always irritated the others, too, Mrs. Curtis's husband being the vice president of the Harvester. They didn't want to put Mrs. Carstock out exactly, so they didn't know just what to do about it.

"Then Mrs. Curtis thought of a peach of a way," Dulcie told me. "She suggested that they drop the club, disorganize, you know. Everybody but Mrs. Carstock was in on the secret, so they all agreed right away. They all gave their pins back to Mrs. Curtis, she having paid

for them, and said good-by. The next Friday, the other eleven met at Mrs. Curtis's and organized again, and Rosemary and I got them to ask you to join."

This is the way the honor came to me. The pins were beauties, too, silver, and made in the shape of a ladyslipper.



"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't let's shed



"I feel kind of funny about this pin," I told Will. "I just know it is the one that belonged to Mrs. Carstock, and it seems kind of like—like—"

"Like taking clothes off a dead man," suggested Will gruesomely.

It really did seem that sort of thing, but, after all, anybody who renigs oftener than just once in a while should have been prepared for the worst in any bridge club.

At the first meeting, which was at Dulcie's, we drew lots to see who should entertain when. To my delight, I drew number twelve, the last of all.

ALAS, could I but have looked ahead and seen how much better it would have been for me to draw a small number, and entertain among the first!

At Dulcie's, we had played just for fun, and had tea and cake for refreshments. Then at Mrs. Laidlaw's she had a prize and served sandwiches, too. Naturally, Rosemary, who had to entertain next, had to give a prize, too, and, wanting the

Hill crowd to see that the old Montrose bunch weren't slow, she had stuffed olives, also.

It was Mrs. Bennett's turn next. Mrs. Laidlaw and Rosemary had given just packs of cards for prizes, so when Rosemary won it at Mrs. Bennett's I expected she'd get another pack; but Mrs. Bennett brought out a mayonnaise bowl and ladle that never cost a cent less than two dollars.

"I feel mean about taking it," Rosie told me on the way home, "because it was Mrs. Bennett who won my dinky pack of cards."

And yet, heaven knows, Rosemary had thought she was doing everything that could be done when she had olives.

The next week, Mrs. Curtis entertained and, to my surprise, she invited us all to luncheon first. Mrs. Crowley, whose turn came next, I knew would follow suit and have us to lunch, too. Right then I began to get uneasy and wish I had drawn one of the earliest turns. Entertaining was getting flossier and more expensive

with each week. Goodness only knew what it would be by the time it got to me!

Will and I keep house on a budget, and I am very conscientious about sticking to it. In order to be conscientious, you also have to be very forehanded, so I began at once. That week we hadn't happened to have any company or even go to a movie, so I took the Entertaining and Amusement money and laid it away against my time to entertain the Ladyslipper Club.

"When does your party come off?" Will asked. "Next week?"

"Oh, no, not for two months."

"Well, for the love of Pete! You aren't beginning to save up two months ahead, are you, just to have a bunch of girls in to play cards in the afternoon?"

"It's like fire insurance, Will," I explained. "You pay for that long before you have a fire."

"Oh," said Will. But he still had a puzzled look.

Mrs. Crowley's lunch was much fancier than Mrs. Curtis's. She had place cards, hand painted, and salted almonds. Will's father gave him a two-dollar commission extra that week for renting the Hartley place, and Will wanted to put it with the five dollars that we had saved up toward buying a Songola sometime in a million years, one of the little ones that you can turn up the living-room rug and dance to, when you have company. I thought of Mrs. Crowley's place cards.

"No, Will," I said sensibly, "we'll just put that two dollars aside. I'll need it when I entertain the Ladyslipper Club."

"Great gosh!" said Will. "What are you going to have—a barbecue?"

I said nothing. There are some things you can't explain to any man.

BEFORE I was in the Ladyslipper Club, I had, I now realized, been almost unsophisticated. I had thought that once you got into society your troubles were over. I suddenly realized that getting in was no harder than staying in after you got in. I never realized how uncertain even an assured social position is until I saw what happened to Rosemary, who thought she was secure in the Ladyslipper for life. I didn't think so much about Mrs. Laidlaw that it happened to first, because she, you might say, brought it on herself.

Mrs. Laidlaw and Mrs. Curtis got to arguing about a hand, and Mrs. Laidlaw spoke a little sharply. Mrs. Curtis said:

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't let's shed any blood over winning a pack of cards!"

Mrs. Laidlaw kept still then, her husband being Mrs. Curtis's husband's assistant. But she brooded over the matter. That night she called up Dulcie and said that Mrs. Curtis had said that about "winning a pack of cards" on purpose to be nasty, because when she, Mrs. Laidlaw, had entertained, she had given nothing but a pack of cards for a prize.



any blood over winning a pack of cards!"





On my way up-stairs I heard Mrs. Curtis tell Mrs. Oats to come to her house next Friday night. It was true, the flaming hope was a certainty—it wasn't a reprieve, it was a pardon!

She said that to me, too, and she must have to a lot of the other members, because after a while it got to Mrs. Curtis herself. She called the rest of us up and said it was perfect nonsense, she hadn't meant a thing by what she had said, and didn't we all think the club would be better off without anybody quite so touchy in it? We all said we did, but nobody wanted really to put Mrs. Laidlaw out. So at the next meeting Mrs. Crowley suggested that, as it was getting along toward spring, maybe we'd better disband the club.

Everybody agreed right off quick, so Mrs. Laidlaw couldn't say anything. We all gave back our pins to Mrs. Curtis, said what a nice club it had been and other

polite farewell remarks. The next Friday afternoon we organized again, taking in Mrs. Reed and giving her Mrs. Laidlaw's pin.

I MET Mrs. Laidlaw that Friday afternoon out walking with her baby when I was on my way to the Ladyslipper meeting. It seemed terribly sad to me: There, just two weeks ago, that woman had been in society. I turned and looked after her forlorn figure and thought of what the man said about the murderer who was about to be executed; and I said to myself:

"There, Dot Aldrich, but for the grace of God, goes you!"

Not that I would have been as tactless as to quarrel with Mrs. Curtis, but I

might easily have been in Rosemary's shoes. All that Rosemary did was to win the prize five times running. Mrs. Curtis mentioned it to Mrs. Crowley, and Mrs. Crowley spoke of it to Mrs. Oats, and they all thought it looked queer. Dulcie and I, having known Rosemary for years, told them that she had always been a good player and, besides, she had had good hands.

"Oh, I don't say she cheats, or anything like that," said Mrs. Curtis hastily.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Oats, quickly, "nothing like that."

There was a queer little silence. Then Mrs. Oats, whose husband is efficiency man for the Harvester company and who knows a great (Continued on page 72)



# Tips on How to Write Letters

By Ad Man Davison

AD MAN DAVISON is E. B. Davison of New York. He is an expert on the writing of mail advertising campaigns, is author of "The Master Letter Writer" and numerous other publications on the handling of business correspondence.

**W**HEN you sit down to write a letter, obviously you want that letter to produce a certain result. This is true, whether it is a business or a personal letter. Outside of its mere practical effect, there is a deep gratification in having written something that won your point.

Suppose you are writing a sales letter. You want it to land an order. There must be no ifs or ands about it, you tell yourself. The letter has got to do the work. Therefore, you should straightway focus your mind on the reader's wants, and not your own.

Don't forget that the man who will read your sales letter is interested primarily in things that concern him. This is but natural and human. He is a regular business man, wound up in his own interests. So the letter which starts off appealing to that very much alive self-interest is most apt to make him sign on the dotted line.

Some good books have been written about sales psychology, and also some bad ones. We are likely to overdo this kind of thing. The less so-called psychology introduced into letter writing, the more common-sense study of plain human nature, the better. The person who is a real judge of human nature can write rings around your commercial psychology man when it comes to making people buy things or getting replies to his letters.

But to get back to the sales letter you are writing: You will agree that, after all is said and done, the most important thing about that letter is—the vital force that makes the reader act. Much depends upon the way your letter opens. Your first impulse is to put over a barrage of arguments about your goods or your proposition, whatever it may be. It is only natural that you're "full of your merchandise," so to speak. But experience has proved some things about letter writing that cannot be banished with a mere gesture of indifference. For instance, one is about the over-generous and reckless use of superlatives. Take it

easy, don't chloroform them altogether—but use a mild sedative. He writes best who is sparing with superlatives. They often act a bit like dynamite. They blast many a hopeful sale partly because they have become such an indiscriminate factor in the business letter of to-day.

Suppose you first take careful aim at the reader's desire for more profit. That's a great deal more interesting to him than the most enticing description of your goods. And the thing to do, of course, is not to talk about that which is most interesting to you, but that which is most interesting to him.

Mind, I do not assume that he must be a grasping person with no other thought than his eternal profit. But the merchant in him, we must remember, is foremost. His business instinct is always on the job.

exactly what I would do if I were you.

Think back a moment. Can't you remember letters you have received that started out in the very manner suggested? Somehow they got you to reading, somehow you were led on, somehow they made you stop and think. And often you wrote back, asking the price, or for more information, or you sent in your order then and there.

This letter about barn paint achieved a brilliant record as an order-getter:

DEAR SIR: That barn of yours! Think of it a moment—the storehouse of your farm. It holds the rewards of your season's labor until they're marketed. A mighty important building, you'll admit.

You wouldn't feel safe if it were not protected against fire; yet it is a fact that more barns are destroyed by paint neglect than by fire—and paint's a whole lot less expensive than insurance. It is the cheapest form of protection for you.

A run-down barn may require \$150 to \$200 to repair, when \$10 or \$15 spent for paint in time would have avoided most of that expense.

Everlasting Paint is strong and lasting, good for sides and roof, combining two important features for you—durability and economy.

You feel a fine sense of safety and saving about this barn paint once you use it. In your town Everlasting is sold by Wilson and French. See them to-morrow. It will preserve your property and your peace of mind.

Cordially yours, —

One of the hardest letters to write I believe is the letter that applies for a position.

When we look for a position, we are usually eager and sometimes in an awful hurry. We hear of a vacancy or see an advertisement that looks promising. We want the job, and as a rule want it badly. So we are likely to sit right down anywhere and dash off a

hurried application. Very naturally, we forget all about the appearance of the letter. The chances are that we are even careless about our English, and often, in our haste, we do not spell correctly. Sometimes we go to extremes in carelessness: we use a hotel's stationery without being the hotel's "guest." Or we use a cheap writing pad and an indifferent envelope that doesn't match.

Of course the employer doesn't know how hurried and worried we were when we wrote. He really ought to make excuses for the poor appearance of the letter, we seem to (Continued on page 194)

## Mr. Davison Tells in His Article Why This is a Good Letter

**D**EAR SIR: I have just read your advertisement. You evidently want someone who understands what are the real duties of a secretary. He must

- transcribe your dictation accurately, promptly,
- "proof read" his letters for possible errors,
- receive your callers politely, civilly,
- separate the important ones from those who should wait or come again,
- open and assort your mail,
- make a list of your engagements, reminding you of them at the proper time,
- keep your personal accounts,
- keep your business to himself.

My experience covers eight years of stenographic and secretarial service, with knowledge of bookkeeping. Age, 25 years. Unmarried.

Let me come and see you. I feel confident of fulfilling your requirements. My telephone is Main 6000.

Yours very truly,

It is often a very simple matter to set off the fuse that ignites the buying impulse. You can do it, not by dwelling too strongly on how good your merchandise is but by showing how good a business builder it is for him; not by revealing how badly you want the order but by showing how badly he needs the goods; not by reverting to canned selling arguments but by painting a picture in his mind of better business and more satisfied customers.

You will say it is hard to put aside your regular selling arguments entirely and think only of his wants, desires, or likes and dislikes, in your letter. But that is





"Oh," she sighed, her eyes resting mournfully on Laurel's back as she stood before the sink, "it just almost kills me to see you doing work like that, Lollie"



Her mother! Her wonderful mother! And they had called her  
"That woman!" "That awful creature!" "That damel!"

# Stella Dallas

The story of a great love

By Olive Higgins Prouty

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. SIMONT

STELLA kept her eyes steadfastly fastened upon an urn spilling over with geraniums on the terrace outside when she spoke again. "How's Stephen now?" boldly she started out.

"I think he's well," smoothly Mrs. Morrison replied.

"I suppose you see him now and then?"

"No. The last few times Laurel has visited me, Miss Simpson has brought her and taken her away. Stephen and I haven't met for two years."

"Oh, that so," Stella looked back at Mrs. Morrison. Gracious! What had happened? The shiny look had all gone from her eyes and the light from her expression. She looked gray, ashen, and old, terribly old.

"Look here, Mrs. Morrison," Stella went on. "I'm not going to beat about the bush any longer; I've been thinking a good deal lately of the advantages to me if I got things fixed up between Stephen and myself. But before I do any more thinking, I want to find out how things are now between Stephen and you."

Helen's clasped hands tightened upon her knee, but she showed no feeling when she spoke.

"Mrs. Dallas," she said, "I don't want to be unkind; but self-denial, our duty to others, the toll that must be paid for mistakes, separation from each other—nothing will ever destroy that which exists, even though without form or expression, between Stephen and me."

Stella looked puzzled: "But what I want to know is, if Stephen was free, if I stepped aside, the way he suggested, would you two get married?" (Might as well come right out with the nub.)

"We would," Helen replied.

"Are you sure?"

"I'm sure."

"But you haven't seen Stephen for two years."

"I know, I know. Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Dallas. But the truth is best. I think you want it."

"It's what I came for."

"It's what I shall give you, even though it costs me Stephen himself."

"Well, the next thing I want to get clear is: if you two did marry, what about Laurel?"

"If we did—" Helen drew in her breath quickly. "Why, if we did—if we did—"

"Yes, if you did, what about Laurel?"

Helen let her breath out ever so carefully, ever so carefully drew in another.

"Oh, Laurel! Laurel is yours, Mrs. Dallas. A child is always her mother's, I think."

"You mean, Laurel would keep right on making her headquarters with me, the same as she does now."

"Why, of course. I am a mother, Mrs. Dallas. Once, I was the mother of a little girl. My little girl would be just Laurel's age now. As long as I live I shall never be guilty of robbing any woman of her only little daughter."

Stella glanced down at her shoe, out upon the terrace, back to her shoe again, cleared her throat, then boldly raised her

stop to ask, that Laurel was yours. Gracious, she's enough like you—dark and slim as a smokestack, and you've been her model for years, as far as ways and manners go; and when you begin to do things for her—like giving her, well—a coming-out party, or something—you know she's seventeen now—why then, the invitation cards, 'Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, and Miss Dallas' would read right, don't you see. I've thought it out. And later, if one of the nice young men in your circle fell in love with Laurel, and married her, why then again it would read right in the papers and society columns, where those things are printed. And the same way," Stella pursued, warming to her subject, "at hotels and places when you have to register—that is, if you should travel with Laurel in Europe, or California. Laurel

really ought to travel. It is so expensive, I couldn't manage it myself, what with all the private lessons in riding, and skating, and dancing and music, and heaven knows what not. "You'll find she's quite up in those things. Oh, really," earnestly, eagerly she hastened on, unaware of the increasing wonder and surprise in Helen Morrison's wide-open eyes, "really, if you do want a daughter of your own to take the place of that baby you spoke of that died, I'll say this, I don't think you'll ever be ashamed of Laurel. She takes after her father, and if you're crazy about her father, why, it popped into my mind, that—

honestly I can't see a trace of me in Laurel. Nobody can. She's so refined, and sort of elegant in her ways. Oh, you needn't have a minute's doubt about what sort of a success Laurel will make if you should bring her out in New York society sometime. Why, if that girl didn't have me shackled round one foot everywhere she goes, she'd just soar. And another thing I want to make clear to you, don't be afraid I'll be appearing at embarrassing moments. I won't ever. I've got some common sense, thank heaven. I know what sort of an impression I make, too."

There was no mistake about the tears in Helen's eyes now. She rose, went quickly over to Stella, sat down on the arm of her chair and put her arm about her shoulders: "I see! I understand!" she exclaimed softly.

Beginning Next Month

*A serial novel*

WHEELS

WITHIN WHEELS

*The story of a double mystery*

BY CAROLYN WELLS

eyes to Helen's: "But if the woman didn't want her daughter. I mean if she couldn't have her very well, if it was inconvenient—"

"Don't you want Laurel, Mrs. Dallas?" Helen exclaimed.

"Oh, of course, I want her; but, you see, she's a great expense now, and I haven't many maids—no one to leave her with. I'm quite tied down by her, and—"

"Oh," broke out Helen, and again her eyes were shining. "I'd love to have Laurel! I'd love to have Laurel, even if I had her without Stephen."

"No, that wouldn't do," said Stella, hard and practical, her eyes shining too, but not with tears—with triumph. "If you were married to Stephen your name would be Dallas then, and Laurel's name would be Dallas, too. Don't you see? And everybody would think, who didn't



Stella stiffened. Nowoman had ever understood before. She had never understood herself. The undercurrent of her life had been flowing beneath the surface waters, unnoticed, unobserved, for years, wearing a deeper and deeper channel, gathering strength and power in its hidden course. But not until Mrs. Morrison put her arm around Stella had anyone looked down through the flotsam and discovered the crystal waters underneath.

"Everything shall be as you wish," said Helen. "Everything. Travel and parties, and friends—everything that to you means happiness for your child. I'll treat her as my very own, but she will always be yours. You will not lose her. You shall see her often. We'll arrange that. Oh, I wonder if I could have done so big a thing for my little girl."

STELLA dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief through her veil, struggled to her feet, dabbed her eyes again, bit her lip hard. Good gracious, she mustn't break down and bawl like a baby.

"I'm an awful old fool sometimes lately," she murmured.

"Don't go. Sit down again, please. We've so much to talk about. I've got so much to learn."

"No, I can't. Laurel thinks I'm in Milhampton, and I must hustle along to Boston to-night, or she'll get suspicious. You've got my idea. There's no need of staying any longer. You tell Stephen I'm ready to get the divorce any day now, and the quicker the better. Only tell him, for goodness' sake, don't put that man Morley Smith on it. I don't believe I could meet that excrescence and be decent to him. Every time I think—but never mind. That's all over. Oh, by the way, one thing more: When Laurel is down here this September visiting you, don't tell her what's up. I can't stand long-drawn-out good-bys. I may mention I'm getting a divorce, but I sha'n't tell her what for. Don't let on a word till we're ready to shoot. You and Stephen get married, have Laurel down for a Sunday. I'll send her clothes on afterward. Something like that. I've thought it out. No soft-music, sob-stuff for me, thank you."

Eyes still big with surprise, heart still pounding with wonder, Helen gazed at Stella. She saw all the crudities, she heard all the crudities (how Stephen must have suffered!); she was aware of the cheapness, the unloveliness; but oh, there was beauty too—beauty that awed and silenced her.



Helen and Stephen stared at her. They

Unaware of Helen's deep contemplation, Stella inquired abruptly, "Is this the living-room?"

"Yes, this is the living-room."

Stella gazed at the high dignified walls silently a moment. "I can just see her in it, entertaining her young friends, walking around on that terrace with Richard Grosvenor—he's somebody your sons know, a young man that is just crazy about Lollie—walking along in her slow, grand way under the big aristocratic-looking trees down there; yes, it will suit her fine. That's why I wanted to come out—to see

what it was like. I walked by your city house last night. It was closed, but I could get an idea. I suppose you think that's funny, but I've picked out Laurel's clothes so much—" She stopped. "I couldn't see some of the other rooms, could I? I'll never be here again, and, well—you know, it's sort of nice to be able to think of a person in a house, or a room you've seen yourself, when they write. I thought Laurel and I might write."

"Of course you'll write. Oh, it will only be as if she were away at school or college, having all the things you want her to





had never felt the steel in Laurel before

have. Come out into the dining-room. Come out into the garden. Laurel loves the garden. And then come up-stairs. The violet guest-room is hers. Come up and see her pretty valanced bed."

STEPHEN sat in his office, fifteen floors above the sidewalk and street thermometer, that registered ninety-five. He sat in the gentle breeze of two silently revolving electric fans, placed slightly above his head. He sat in front of his desk in a big chair with his elbows on its arms, and his hands folded. He was dictating, gazing

out of the high window toward the northeast, with a look in his eyes as if he saw a hundred miles away.

To-day, as Stephen sat and gazed, searched and selected, he was aware of the heat, aware of the rumble of the city outside, aware of the loud, insistent pound-pound-pound of a riveter at work near by, aware of his own fatigue, too. He sighed deeply now and then. When Stephen was tired, and gazed out of the high windows in the direction of the green lawns and white beaches of Long Island, there was a Helen between every careful phrase that

he spoke. At a quarter of one that day, or thereabouts, Stephen raised his wrist and glanced at his watch.

"Time for one more, I think, Miss Mills. Pretty hot, isn't it? Can you stand it? All right. Ready."

He was attacking a difficult second paragraph when there was a repressed burr at his side. He frowned, turned away from his engrossed contemplation of the space outside his window, and reached for the telephone, supporting it upon his chest as he leaned back again and spoke into it.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Long distance. Green Hills, New York, Mrs. Cornelius Morrison," the operator in the outer office announced.

IT WAS as if a current of electricity passed through Stephen. Though he didn't move a hand or foot, Miss Mills observed his sudden alertness, the sudden tightening of the muscles around his jaw and cheek bones. Discreetly she turned away.

"Connect me," she heard him say. Then he turned to her. His eyes were like spots of phosphorescence. "We'll finish that later. I'll call you." He nodded toward the outer office. She rose. "Please close the door."

Alone, Stephen leaned forward, placed the telephone on the solid foundation of his desk, drew his chair close to it, jerked himself to the edge of the chair, crouched over the telephone eagerly, cupping his hand over the transmitter.

Helen's voice sounded clear and sweet, as if she were in the very room beside him. He hadn't heard her voice for two years.

"Hello."

"Hello, Helen."

"Is it you, Stephen?"

"It's I, yes. What is it? Are you all right?"

He caught her little laugh.

"Oh, yes, yes! I'm all right. I called you up to find out if you had an engagement for to-night."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, have you an engagement?"

"No. Of course I haven't. But—"

"Then could you come down this evening?"

"Helen, what has happened?"

"Nothing awful. Could you?"

"About eight o'clock?"

"Yes, eight o'clock. All right. But Helen, please—"

"Eight o'clock to-night, then. Good-by."

She had sent for him! Helen had sent for him to come to her! At one o'clock, at half-past one, at (Continued on page 146)



There are tips here for salesmen, advertising men, editors, preachers, actors—everybody who is anxious to find out what people want

# A Man Who Draws a Crowd Because He Knows Human Nature

The story of W. L. Stidger, of Detroit, who understands how to reach folks through their eyes, their ears, and their hearts—he describes here some of the methods he uses to “get the people coming”

*By Allison Gray*

**T**HERE'S a preacher in Detroit who has written a book called “Standing Room Only.” A queer title for a parson's book! But if you interpret “queer” as meaning “unusual,” this particular parson—the Reverend William L. Stidger, known to hosts of his friends as “Bill” Stidger—is about as queer as they make 'em.

He was a newspaper man before he entered the ministry. While he was still in the high school at Moundsville, West Virginia, he began to work as a reporter. After he left school he became sporting editor and later city editor of the local paper. Then he joined the staff of the Wheeling (W. Va.) “Intelligence.”

All of this happened before he entered Allegheny College. There, and at Brown University, he paid most of his expenses by reporting. During those years of newspaper work, he “covered” everything, from a double hanging to a college commencement. As training for the ministry, it sounds “queer.” But “Bill” Stidger declares it was the finest ever.

“I wish every theological student had to serve at least a year as reporter on a daily newspaper before being allowed to graduate from the theological seminary,” he said to me. “It would teach him to know life; and a preacher needs to know that, more than anything else. In fact, every man and every woman needs that knowledge.

“In my newspaper work, I got to know

all kinds and conditions of people: crooks and clergymen and chorus girls; high-brows and low-brows; good people whom society labels ‘bad,’ and bad people who bluff the world into calling them ‘good.’

“A man may say that he doesn't need to know all these specimens of human nature because he doesn't have to deal with them. A woman may say that she couldn't learn

be a submerged clergyman in a crook. And I guess,” he added with a laugh, “there's a bit of the prize-fighter hidden in some of us preachers.

“Whatever success I have had as a minister is largely due to the fact that I have had contact with all kinds and conditions of people. I am constantly studying them. In my business as the

head of a church, I must do two things: I must get the people to come to the church. And when they do come I must make them believe in the gospel I am there to preach.

“I am literally ‘in business.’ I am ‘selling’ the religion of Jesus Christ. I believe in the ‘goods’ I am selling. I know I can make other people believe, if I can get them to come and let me tell them about it. But I can't sell the Gospel of Christ by talking to a lot of empty benches. So my first big aim is to fill those benches.

“A preacher once said to me: ‘I would do anything to get folks to come to my church! I'd stand on my head. I'd play dead dog. I'd climb a pole. I'd use pictures, dramatics—anything to get the crowd to come! I've got a message. But what good does it do

anybody if I don't have a chance to deliver it?’

“I know he wouldn't really do anything to draw a crowd. Neither would I. But I will do anything that is legitimate; anything which, from my knowledge of human nature, I think will attract and interest people and also prepare them to respond



PHOTO BY J. WELLS CHILSON, DETROIT

William L. Stidger is pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Church, in Detroit, Michigan. He prides himself on being “a regular fellow,” a friend and comrade to his people. He began newspaper work when he was a high-school boy and continued it as a means of paying his way through college. He says it is splendid training for the ministry because it teaches a man to know all kinds of people. St. Mark's is his third pastorate. In each case he has tackled a church which was struggling for existence. And in each case he has made the church a strong one, morally and financially. He believes in advertising and has a keen sense of how to do it effectively

anything from them that would be useful to her, because she doesn't have to meet anybody but her husband, her family, and her friends.

“But I want to tell you that every human being has a lot of latent possibilities within him. There is something of the madonna in every magdalen. There may



to the message I have for them."

That Doctor Stidger does know what attracts and interests people is proved by his record. He is now pastor of St. Mark's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Detroit. This is his third pastorate in the nine years of his ministry. In each case he has gone to a church which, figuratively speaking, was sending out an SOS call for help. And in each case, he has changed the SOS signal to S. R. O.—Standing Room Only.

**I**N OTHER words, his churches have been packed and hundreds have been turned away. Some people say he is sensational; that he uses "vaudeville methods." He doesn't agree with them and neither do I. He draws crowds, simply because he knows what appeals to our interest. He understands the human heart, the human mind, and the human body. And he believes that we have got to understand *all three*, if we want to "get the people coming" to us.

For instance, he knows the power of advertising. He thinks it is just as necessary to advertise religion as to advertise rubber tires. The first church of which he became pastor was Calvary Methodist Church, in San Francisco. It was a beautiful little building that had been erected out among the sand hills, on the theory that if the church was put there it would draw a congregation.

On the morning after his arrival the young preacher hunted up the janitor in charge of the church and went over to take a look at it. He found that a lot of sand had drifted in around the windows and doors, and he mildly suggested that it would be a good thing to get rid of this.

"Sure!" said the janitor.



PHOTO BY J. KELLY CHURCH, DETROIT



Every Wednesday night is "Food, Faith, and Fun Night" at St. Mark's. The picture at the left shows the crowd that comes for the "Food" part; a supper attended by several hundred, including many family parties. This is followed by the "Faith" part—the prayer meetings. The picture above shows only one of these meetings. Several of them are going on simultaneously in different assembly-rooms, the crowd being divided into Adult, Intermediate, Junior, and Primary. Afterward comes the "Fun" part, consisting of games in the basement gymnasium. The picture below shows a Sunday-night audience. It often numbers three thousand persons. In the accompanying article Doctor Stidger tells how he draws these crowds.

tor. "I'll sweep it out. But," he added grimly, "you'll find you'll need plenty of sand in this job."

**IT DIDN'T** take very long for Doctor Stidger to decide that the janitor was right. The first Sunday he preached to a congregation of only six persons! For several months that was the average attendance.

"I thought I knew what the trouble was," Doctor Stidger said to me. "The church was there—but the people *didn't* know it! The average person can pass a building every day in the year without being really conscious of it. There were plenty of folks in that district, I was sure, who would come to the church if I could wake them up to the fact that it was there."

"Now, here is something you may not have thought of: Night is a good time to advertise. Why? In the first place, night is the time when people are not occupied with their pressing affairs. They have time to look around them. They will notice things then that they don't even see when they are hurrying along in the daytime. During (Continued on page 124)





The author of this article is—so far as we know—the world's biggest buyer

# Experiences of a Buyer

Last year we bought \$411,000,000 worth of retail goods—To do this we had to study your likes, dislikes, habits, and prejudices—As a result I may be able to tell you some interesting things about the people in various parts of the United States

*By Alfred Fantl*

A FEW months ago, a lady of Bloomington, Illinois, while turning over the leaves of a book of poetry into which she had not looked since girlhood, came across a pressed rose. What pleasant

reminiscences it evoked I do not know, but I do know that the lady said to herself: "There! That is just the color for my new georgette!"

Taking the flower with her as a "sample," she went to a department store and asked for georgette in just that shade of rose-pink. Instead of telling the customer that rose-pink georgette was not to be had, the clerk called the buyer for his department, and the buyer, finding that the customer particularly wanted that very color, promised to get it for her without fail. So the rose was sent to my headquarters in New York and I was advised that the store wished to fill the order for one of its regular patrons.

Two of my assistant buyers, specialists in silks, searched the New York market, but nowhere could the desired shade be found. Consequently, we bought white georgette, had it dyed the exact shade of the pressed rose, and forwarded it to the department store. When the material was delivered the customer was delighted and wrote to the proprietor complimenting him upon the unusual service.

Back of the pains taken to fill this order there is a very sound principle. When you go to a store and ask for some article which cannot be supplied, the chances are that you will go elsewhere in quest of it. Then, the store where you went first sustains a loss which is known as the "missing sale," and it sus-

tains a still further loss if, as a result of this first purchase elsewhere, you cease to be a regular customer. This is one of the reasons why many department stores throughout the country make a practice of having what is known as a "resident

originally set. Her trousseau had to be prepared in great haste, and the young lady's parents consulted the manager of a local department store. "All you have to do," said the manager, "is to give me the sizes, and I will undertake to have the trousseau here within two weeks."

An order for a trousseau to cost six thousand dollars was then telegraphed to me. My buyers immediately went into the market for hats, shoes, dresses, lingerie, and the complete trousseau was delivered in El Paso by the date set.

Some time ago a man went into a department store in Chicago and chanced to remark to the salesman in charge of the motor accessories that he was thinking of buying a certain make of French automobile which is not sold through any agency in the United States.

"I'd be glad to order it for you," said the salesman promptly.

"I don't know how you're going to do that," laughed the customer, "but if you can deliver the car inside of two months I'll take it. If not, I'll buy it when I go to Paris and bring it back myself."

Within a few hours an order for the car had been delivered to the makers through one of my buying representatives in Paris. The car was actually delivered to the customer in Chicago at the end of six weeks.

One day in January two years ago a lady in Reno, Nevada, went out

for a stroll, taking along her poodle. The weather was chilly, and she noticed that the poodle seemed to be suffering from the cold.

"Nice little Puggsy-Wuggsy," said the lady, "we'll go to the store and buy you a sweater just like mine."



PHOTO BY VICKS BROS.

ALFRED FANTL

Alfred Fantl is known as the world's biggest buyer. He acts as buyer in the New York market for 159 department stores and specialty shops, located in all parts of the country. Each of the stores he represents does a business of at least \$500,000 a year. The total retail value of the goods purchased by Mr. Fantl for these clients last year was \$411,000,000. While Mr. Fantl buys all kinds of merchandise required for the regular trade of his clients, he likewise executes any order an individual customer may place with one of his clients. No matter whether an individual customer in Boise, Idaho, or Ontario, Oregon, wants a particular shade in dress goods, an exotic perfume, or a foreign make of automobile, the want can be quickly supplied by the local store through the resident buyer in New York. Buying the vast quantities of merchandise required by his clients, Mr. Fantl employs forty-three assistant buyers, each a specialist in some one line of merchandise. He also maintains a large corps of assistant buyers abroad, fifty in Paris, twenty-eight in Berlin, and sixteen in Vienna. Mr. Fantl was born in Carlsbad, Bohemia, in 1866. When nineteen years old, he came to the United States to work as shipping clerk in a department store in Savannah, Georgia. After sixteen years' experience in buying and selling every line carried by the Savannah store he became merchandise manager for a department store in Brooklyn. He began as "resident buyer" in 1906, when he represented two clients—a store in El Paso, Texas, and another in Los Angeles, California

buyer" in New York. Besides purchasing goods to be carried in stock, the resident buyer fills all kinds of special orders.

Recently the date for the wedding of a young lady in El Paso, Texas, was advanced several months ahead of the one



At the department store where the poodle's wants were made known no dog sweaters were carried in stock, but dog blankets were shown the customer.

"But I want to get a slip-on sweater for him just like mine," she explained, opening her coat. "Could you get me one?"

"I don't know whether they are made or not, but I'll try," said the clerk.

The lady gave her order for the slip-on sweater and then, to protect Puggsy-Wuggsy during the chill interim, she purchased a dog blanket. When the order for the sweater reached us, we found that it was necessary to have it made specially as it called for heather mixture with a black and purple border.

When Puggsy - Wuggsy appeared on the street in his new slip-on sweater, the other dogs of Reno seemed to regard his comfort and stylishness with envy. There was immediately a demand for slip-on sweaters for dogs big and small. To meet the demand we had to have three dozen more made in small, medium, and large sizes.

A MAN in Terre Haute, Indiana, who wanted to give his married sister a fine bull terrier as a playmate for her children, laughingly said one day to a floor walker in the department store, "In which aisle will I find bull terriers?"

"Not in stock," said the floor walker; "but we'll be glad to order one for you."

As a result of the jest I received by telegraph one of the few orders I have ever had for dogs. The following day there appeared in a New York newspaper this advertisement:

Wanted: A Boston bull terrier with pedigree to eat everything and especially fond of children.

I had an idea that an advertisement reading that way would attract considerable attention. It did. More than a thousand dogs were offered to fulfill the specifications. In the end I had to employ a dog fancier to make the best selection. Finally, we shipped to the Terre Haute department store by express a very fine blue-ribbon specimen of terrier with a most admirable pedigree.

Late last spring a public-minded citizen of Peoria, Illinois, decided that he would give himself a treat by taking a hundred boys of his city to spend the summer at a camp in the Adirondacks. It was rather late then, as he thought, to make adequate preparations, but he went to the manager of a department store to inquire as to the possibility of getting prompt delivery of the necessary camp equipment. He was much surprised to learn that the

department store could deliver the equipment to him in the Adirondacks without any delay. The order was sent through my office and the entire equipment—tents, cots, bedding, cooking utensils, collapsible boats, even flashlights and vacuum bottles—was, in fact, delivered at the site of the camp within two weeks.

Years ago it was the rule for dry-goods and department stores to send their buyers to New York whenever stocks were to be purchased. Recently, however, many

fashion publications the people in the smaller towns are constantly in touch with changing fashions. They do not want to wait for New York or Chicago to be through with a style before trying it out themselves. From experience we know that styles in dresses, millinery, necktie fabrics, and sports clothes, which are seen on Fifth Avenue for the first time to-day, will be worn in Boise, Iowa, and Phoenix, Arizona, not much later than tomorrow.

As resident buyer I represent 159 stores, which are located in all parts of the country. Each of these stores does a business of not less than \$500,000 a year. Thus, my organization represents a tremendous purchasing power, the retail value of the goods we bought last year amounting to \$411,000,000.

It would be impossible, of course, for an individual to buy the goods required by all these stores. I have forty-three buyers, each a specialist in some particular line, such as piece goods, ready-to-wear garments, men's furnishings, children's wear, underwear, shoes, house furnishings, jewelry, stationery, leather goods, and toys.

BESIDES being specialists in these lines my assistants and I have to be specialists about *you*—the people who are going to select or reject the things we buy. We have to know your likes, dislikes, habits, and prejudices. As a result I may be able to tell you a lot of interesting things about the people in various parts of the United States.

A man in my office here in New York the other day said he would have to leave in a hurry because he was just starting on a trip to San Francisco, and on his way to the station he must buy a hat. I happened to know that he had not been West before, and so I asked him what kind of hat he was going to buy.

"A derby," he said. "That goes anywhere, and it does not take long to pick it out."

"Better buy a soft felt hat," I said, "or you may be lonesome when you get out West."

This man, like many Easterners who have not traveled much in the United States, was surprised to learn that very few people along the Pacific Coast and in the Middle West wear derbies. The fact is, however, that seventy-five per cent of all the derbies made are sold in the states along the Atlantic coast.

More umbrellas are sold in California during the rainy month of December than are sold in any other one state in two months. You may (Continued on page 220)

## The Man Who Wanted 365 Neckties

"THE largest sizes in men's and women's shoes," says Mr. Fantl, "are worn in northern Minnesota. Not infrequently we have to place special orders for men's shoes in size 14 and for women's in size 12. The largest dress ever made, I believe, except possibly for some circus fat lady, was one we had made to order for a woman who lived in the same region. She was six feet three inches tall, and her chest measure was sixty-two inches.

"More brightly colored socks and neckties are sold in California than in any other state. It is my impression, however, that the brilliancy of the hose worn in Seattle is second only to that worn in San Francisco.

"The other day a man went into a store in San Francisco and looked over the entire stock of neckties. When he had finished, he had laid aside twenty.

"Are these all the colors you have?" he asked.

"Did you want more?" asked the clerk in surprise.

"The time has come," returned the customer, "when I can afford to have a different-colored necktie for every day in the year, but all the stores I have visited are short of colors. My idea in wearing neckties would be to begin at one end of the spectrum, red say, and day by day advance one shade toward the other end until I reach the last gradation in violet."

"The result of this conversation was that we received an order for the year's supply of neckties. Finding it impossible to buy enough different shades to fill the demand, we had a manufacturer make them in crêpe that had been dyed according to the customer's specifications. There were neckties in thirty different shades of red, forty different shades of blue, twenty-five shades of green, and so on. The year's supply cost the Californian a trifle over five hundred dollars."

stores have found that it is impossible to supply the wants of the people of a progressive community unless they are represented by a buyer who is in New York all the time and in close touch with market conditions and changes in styles. The people in the small towns and cities want the same opportunity to get "bargains" that the people in the large cities have, and they are also very keen about having new styles in wearing apparel. Through the moving pictures, newspapers, and



# INTERESTING PEOPLE

## 21 Years of Begging—for Other People

MARTHA BERRY sat opposite me, talking rapidly, almost feverishly, about "the cause," to which she has given more than twenty years of her life. I had known about it before, and had been interested.

She wasn't asking me for money; she was just telling me the story of her work. But suddenly I was conscious of the note of weariness in her soft Southern voice, and I realized how many times she must have told that story with the hope that it *would* bring in money.

But when I said something about this she gave me a startled look, as if I had surprised a secret. Then she said slowly, "Can you understand what it means to have been *begging*, for *twenty-one years*? Always to be planning, hoping, praying, that people will give you money?"

"In the course of a year, I talk to hundreds of people and write thousands of letters. I don't come out bluntly and ask for money; but the plain truth is that I am always hoping to *get* money! I have been doing it—and *hating* the doing—for twenty years. If I live twenty years longer, I suppose I shall still be doing it.

"Of the money raised in this way, I never take a penny for my own use. I pay my expenses out of my personal income. I wouldn't beg *once* to get a million dollars for myself! But I will beg—by implication at least—a hundred times, if necessary, to get five dollars, or *one* dollar, for the work I am doing."

This work, for which Martha Berry has given her time and sacrificed her pride—has it been worth the cost? She was born in Georgia; was educated by private tutors and at a fashionable boarding-school; traveled in Europe; knew the ways of "good society," because she herself belonged in that class. She might have lived a life of ease and pleasure.

Twenty-one years ago, she fitted up a little cabin across the road from the family home. It was on a tract of two hundred acres which her father had given her.

This cabin, which had been her playhouse when she was a child, became a sort of private retreat where she could do her reading, sewing, writing—and dreaming.

One Sunday she overheard some children talking outside this cabin and found that they were from Possum Trot, a tiny settlement about eight miles away. When she asked them what they usually did on Sunday afternoons, they replied: "Noth-

ing," and she began to dream of a school where they could live and could be taught *how* to live.

Out of that dream has come what Theodore Roosevelt called "one of the greatest practical works for American citizenship that has been done." It is known far and wide as the Berry Schools. Miss Berry gave it the two hundred acres she had received from her father. She

planned the first building, paid for it herself, and, at the end of the first year, had about thirty boys living there.

Last year about seven hundred boys and girls, young men and young women, were enrolled. Hundreds of graduates have gone out of Berry School to become useful citizens. Large tracts of additional land have been acquired and three distinct schools, with a total of ninety buildings, are maintained. A staff of seventy-five men and women is employed. Several model farms are conducted, the work be-

ing done by the students.

Not all these students are from Georgia. Some have come from other states and have gone back to their homes to set up new centers with the same ideals and purposes. But all the students have been poor, without advantages, and without the means or the opportunity to obtain them. They work their way through the Berry Schools; but, even so, there are expenses that must be met. It is to meet these expenses that Martha Berry tells and retells the story of the "cause" to which she has given her life.

The schools are incorporated. There is a board of trustees composed of prominent men in various cities. There is a comparatively small endowment

fund. And the whole institution is a monument to the woman who not only dreamed a fine dream, but took her dream on her shoulders and carried the load up the long trail to its realization. That is what most people *won't* do with their dreams.

The school is supported by thousands of small contributions; chiefly those of from five to twenty-five dollars each. It has



In the upper picture Miss Berry is shown with one of the graduating classes. To the right and left are students and the faculty. Lower picture: Miss Berry tries her hand at Myrtle's plow. Myrtle, sixteen years old, was the sole support of her family. Even with the old mule's help, it was a tough job

in'." So she invited them to come again the next Sunday, promising to tell them stories. They came; and she did tell them stories—from the Bible.

Before long she had organized several Sunday-schools for other settlements back in the hills; and she had been appalled by the poverty and ignorance in which these young people lived. She realized how little could be accomplished by this once-a-



been praised by men like Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson; by United States senators; by members of Presidential cabinets; by judges, educators, preachers, business men, philanthropists. And it is all due to the tireless effort of one woman. No, that's wrong! Not "tireless" effort; but

effort that goes on and on, in spite of being tired. And always there is the hopeful looking ahead to a sufficient endowment. Over four thousand students, most of them boys and young men, have been graduated from the school at Mount Berry, that being the name of the post

office. Of this number, 62 per cent are trained farmers; 10 per cent are school-teachers; one per cent are ministers and social workers; seven per cent are housewives; the remainder are chemists, lawyers, machinists, and so on.

MARY B. MULLETT

## Blind, He Repairs Autos and Leads an Orchestra

**T**HE career of W. C. White, of Boyles, Alabama, may easily be called "unique," for, though he is totally blind, he works by day cheerfully overhauling automobiles, cleaning transmissions, and putting on tires, while at night he plays the piano and manages an orchestra.

When a child of three years, the future mechanic fell against the sharp corner of a table, his injury causing him to lose the sight of one eye. Two years later he became totally blind. White realized the need and importance of special training when still a boy. He went to the School for the Blind, at Talladega, Alabama. His chief study was music, and at the end of the tenth session he returned to his home not only an accomplished musician but with that self-confidence and ambition to succeed which is so necessary for competent work, and for which the ability market is ever open. To-day, he is not only pianist and manager for an orchestra made up of violin, drum, and saxophone but is also manager of the White and Wallace Garage, at Inglenook, just a few miles out from Birmingham, Alabama.

In spite of his blindness, Mr. White says he "can put on a tire or repair an automobile as easy as falling off a log."

"I have been an automobile mechanic for five years,"

he said; "for the past three years in this one place. I did not study this business before entering the garage but just gradually picked it up, and while I cannot drive an automobile on the open road because of my blindness, there is very little about a car that I do not understand and cannot do."

While there are many other men working in the garage with Mr. White, they do not in any way assist him, as one would imagine. He has a place for all his tools, parts, and equipments, and it is no trouble for him to find what he wants.

"The men in the garage," said Mr. White, "never move anything after I put it down. Fixing automobiles comes just as natural to me as playing the piano. Music is my delight and vocation. My

orchestra has been organized only about three months, and we have as many nights devoted to practice as to engagements. The other men in the group are not blind like myself, and for some reason our orchestra has never been given a name. We play for numerous events, but dances take the lead on the list of our engagements."

In 1914, during the baseball season, Mr. White was business manager for a ball club. While taking no active part in the game, he is very fond of the sport. When he wants recreation he takes a swim or a walk, and occasionally sings.



W. C. White, though totally blind, repairs automobiles, leads an orchestra, writes his own business letters on a typewriter, and manages a baseball club. His blindness was caused by an accident in childhood, but he has never been despondent over this handicap. His ambition to be self-dependent has carried him over every obstacle, and he says he has found happiness in music, and his versatile career

Another link in the chain of Mr. White's versatile occupations was added when he learned to operate the typewriter. He writes his own business letters, having learned to use the machine without the aid of an instructor.

It is interesting to note in connection with this story of what Mr. White has succeeded in doing for himself, that social workers say the improvement in the condition of the blind throughout the United States in recent decades is due to the great courage blind people display in overcoming obstacles. According to census reports there are about eight blind persons in every ten thousand of population.

Great credit is given them for the eagerness with which large numbers of them have seized the opportunities offered

them, or made opportunities for themselves.

Mr. White agrees with what is generally supposed to be true—that blind people are more likely to be cheerful and happy than deaf people. The reason for this seems to be that deafness cuts you off from social intercourse with the world at large more than blindness does.

He is far from exhibiting any conceit over what he has accomplished in spite of obstacles. He believes that any other man who realizes that he can achieve happiness only by keeping his mind and hands employed could accomplish as much.

One thing he wished especially to emphasize for the benefit of any blind person, and that was this: "When a blind man has trained himself to do one difficult thing well, he should not rest on his laurels. He should pick out another goal, a still higher ambition, and try to achieve that. This will keep him from running any chance of being self-centered or moody, as sometimes happens when a man settles down to a merely comfortable routine. In this way, too, he may hope to keep out of the mediocre class."

Mr. White will never be placed in the mediocre class. He is the epitome of the man whose ambitions have soared far above hardship. Overcoming discour-

agements that would have made many a man stagger he has persistently "smiled" in the face of every obstacle. Of a bright, sunny disposition, he radiates optimism.

"There is no cause for despondency when one loses his eyesight," he says. "I have convinced myself that blind men can live happily. It is a great satisfaction to be depending upon one's self for clothes and sustenance. There are always other compensations to be found, too. I find mine in music, for it seems that the loss of sight has made me especially sensitive to this art. To do one's duty each day—that's the big thing! Many of us crave to do great things; but my garage work and the orchestra are the things that principally keep me busy," he declared with a smile.

MAY TERESSA HOLDER



## He Found Out What Armadillos Are Good For

**W**HEN Charles Apelt left his native land he was running away from a trade that he disliked. From childhood he had been a basket maker. He said, "I will go to America, where I can own many acres and be a farmer. Baskets will never enter my life again."

If, though, on the eve of his departure he had sought the services of a seer, the wise one might have forecast his future partly in these words: "I see a small quaint animal. It inhabits only the regions you seek and the countries to the south. It will cross your path. Do not ignore it, for it will bring you wealth. Also, a peculiar-looking basket is associated with this odd creature, and is destined to influence your life."

But no one read his future. So with a single purpose—to be a farmer—he came to America, went to southwest Texas and became the owner of a farm in a charming valley where a bonny stream raced unceasingly between the mountains. Several years passed while Charles Apelt tilled the soil, and with his family lived happily amid their pleasant surroundings, near the little town of Comfort.

Then one day the quaint little animal literally crossed Mr. Apelt's path. Early one morning he was following a trail along the base of a mountain and the queer-looking creature raced out down the hillside. Mr. Apelt grabbed a stone and gave chase, landing a body blow with the stone, but without effect, because the body was covered with armor, only the head and feet being exposed to attack. A second attempt with a stone struck the head, and the animal was killed. Mr. Apelt took a look at the first armadillo he had seen. However, at that time he did not know its name and had never even heard of it.

It had been the custom of most of the settlers in that region, in the early days, to do some trapping; and it was a matter of routine to skin everything killed and stretch the hide to dry and make ready for market. When Mr. Apelt returned home with his strange victim, he took off the hide or, rather, the coat of mail formed by the connected bony plates. He tried to flatten it to nail it up to dry; but this kind of hide would not flatten. He gave up the task for the time being, and in the afternoon returned to tackle the job again. In the meantime the sun's rays had been playing upon the armadillo's coat, and it had curled up into a half-oval shape; the tail, a bony structure, had

formed a half circle over the open end of the shell. Mr. Apelt looked at the object with interest. There was something about it reminiscent of his boyhood days, and gradually there appeared in his mind's eye a picture of an artistic, silk-lined

basket formed out of this shell from the body of the odd little animal.

There was born that day a new industry. He inquired as to the history of the armadillo, and found it had migrated to Texas from the South American countries.

A few expeditions into the mountains showed him that armadillos were not numerous; but as time passed he caught a few and formed their shells into baskets, which he disposed of through the curio stores in the Southwestern cities and along the border.

Mr. Apelt's original idea was that the animal would multiply rapidly throughout the hills, and time justified this opinion. He found the armadillo population growing by leaps and bounds, so he kept men working to supply the

raw material for the peculiar factory he had set up. The men go out at night, because usually the armadillo is abroad only after dark.

To-day Mr. Apelt keeps about fifty men and as many dogs—just any sort of a dog—busy in the mountains in the "producing end" of the business. The dog is muzzled so that his teeth will not scar the armadillo's coat of mail. When the dog encounters one, a catch-as-catch-can battle takes place, during which the hunter gets in a blow with a stick on the head of the little animal.

Strangely enough the demand for armadillo baskets has extended in a limited way to all parts of the world since Mr. Apelt began making them. It seems that almost anyone who sees this peculiar product is at once interested in it; then, upon learning something of its history and hearing about the animal that furnished the "raw material" that person is disposed to have one, either for his own use or to exhibit to his friends. At any rate whenever Mr. Apelt sends a basket to a new purchaser he is almost certain to receive several additional orders from the same neighborhood. Mr. Apelt has received orders from New Zealand, Australia, from nearly every country in Europe, and from many out-of-the-way places of the world.

It has not been hard to create a market for this unusual product and, with the exception of the war years, he has had an extensive, almost world-wide, trade. The marketing end of the business is now taking up so much of his time that factory details are left to subordinates.

In the industrial world he stands alone. He has created a prosperous business out of one of the most peculiar ventures any man ever made into the manufacturing field.



Down in Texas they say, "God made the armadillo, but Charles Apelt found out what the armadillo was good for." He converts the hide of these queer armor-plated creatures into baskets. The top picture shows an armadillo in his natural make-up, while the center picture shows how art transforms the creature's shell into something useful. The third picture shows Mr. Apelt and one of his armadillo-hunting dogs





## *The rich purée of tiny, sweetest peas*

Smooth, wholesome, inviting pea soup! What a delightful and refreshing dish it is! It's a soup that everybody likes both for its delicious flavor and its generous, satisfying nourishment. The very name "pea soup" is a promise to your appetite. Do not disappoint it. Campbell's delights the taste on edge for pea soup that has the real flavor and richness. The puree is richer still for the fine butter which is blended in. The delicate seasoning gives just the right appetizing touch. Once taste it, and you will serve Campbell's every time you have pea soup!

### **Cream of Pea**

If you wish a Cream of Pea that will be your pride, just follow the simple directions on the label for making it with Campbell's.

**21 kinds      12 cents a can**

# **Campbell's SOUPS**

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# Dot Joins the Ladyslipper Club

(Continued from page 58)

deal about averages and such things, said:

"Of course though, as Herford says, 'You can't fool the law of averages. If you think one thing and the law of averages shows another, you're wrong.' Now, I think as much as either of you that Rosemary Merton is a nice girl and a good bridge player, but I ask you—does it fit with any law of averages for the same person to win a prize *five times in succession*?"

Mrs. Curtis admitted that Rosemary was a nice girl, but it did look queer. Dulcie and I didn't say much, but the rest must have talked it over, because at the next meeting Mrs. Curtis said they thought it had been a mistake to reorganize the club so near spring and they guessed we'd better drop it. So we gave back our pins to Mrs. Curtis, said what a nice club it had been and so on. I had a queer suspicion that this was not a real disbanding for anybody but Rosemary. Sure enough, on the way out Mrs. Oats whispered to me to come to her house at the regular time next Friday.

**P**oor Rosemary! Her social life was over, nipped in the bud, so to speak. And all because she was a good bridge player. As I used to try to explain to Father when I was still in school, it doesn't do a girl any good to be smart.

I told Will about the sad affair at supper that night, and instead of being sympathetic he laughed.

"Gosh!" he said. "So they put the skids under Rosie!"

"There's nothing very funny about being dropped by the only smart crowd in Montrose, Will," I said.

Will, however, kept right on laughing.

"Gosh!" he repeated. "And they call it the Ladyslipper club!" He helped himself to some more potatoes *au gratin*. "Wonder which lady they'll slip next," he observed speculatively.

That idea, put, of course, in a less crude form, was, as a matter of fact, in my own mind, too. It had entered at the first time that the club disbanded. I realized right then and there that whenever that club disorganized it boded no good for somebody. I specially hated to have Rosie go; she and Dulcie were the only ones in the club that I felt free and easy with. When I was with the rest I had to remember to refer to Will's father's flivver as a "motor," and everything like that. I felt something the way they say you do on a high mountain where the air is a little too rarefied to breathe easily.

Socially, I was certainly on the mountain peak. Here I was, at a mere nineteen, married, a member of the Ladyslipper Club. But I was uneasy. I was beginning to realize that life in the Ladyslipper Club was uncertain. While you were in it, you were on the pinnacle of social life, but you never knew what morning you might wake up and find that you weren't in it. I would think of Mrs. Carstock and Mrs. Laidlaw and poor Rosemary, who was merely too smart for her own good, and certain proverbs that I had heard all my life would come back to me like a banshee wailing around a house before a death,

proverbs like "The higher you climb, the farther you fall," "The higher, the fewer," and others of a like apprehensive tone.

I did everything I could to keep a good firm grip on the pinnacle, so to speak. It was fearfully hard. There was the matter of clothes, for instance. Everybody wore such beautiful dresses to the meetings, and never wore the same dress right along, as would have seemed only natural to me. I did the best I could. I worked for days and days on a dress, embroidering it in raffia. Mother helped me with the fitting and I thought it looked lovely. Then I wore it to the Ladyslipper and had my heart almost broken with disappointment. Mrs. Curtis said:

"My, Mrs. Horton, what a pretty dress! You certainly are clever with your needle!"

So the dress that I thought looked so lovely must really have looked as though I made it myself! I was so blue that night that Will said to cheer up, and we'd take in a movie.

"No," I said firmly. "I don't want to spend any money. I've got to save every penny I can toward entertaining the club. If my clothes do look homemade, I don't want my party to."

"I'll be glad when you get that blame party off your chest," said Will. "I hate to see all our social life for three months going into one hen party."

I felt very guilty, for I knew, though I didn't mention it to Will, that as soon as this party was over I should have to start saving up for the next. Why, Mrs. Oats's prize must have cost five dollars! And after the next I'd have to save for the next, and then the next and the next. It was unfair to Will for him to have to give up all his future social life for a club that he couldn't go to.

**T**hen something happened which relieved my mind greatly: The Ladyslipper Club decided to meet Friday evenings instead of afternoons, and have the husbands, too. It wouldn't cost any more to have an evening party for twenty-four, I thought, than a luncheon for twelve. And then I wouldn't feel so selfish, because Will would be getting his share of the fun, too.

To my great disappointment, however, it didn't work out that way at all. Will didn't get his share of fun. He insisted, in fact, that he didn't get any fun at all. For Will, you see, doesn't like bridge. Father says it's because he doesn't play bridge, which is a nasty way to put it, though I have to admit that Will is better at Five Hundred or Wild Canfield.

That first night, when he was playing with Mrs. Oats, he raised her spade bid three times, and then, when he laid down, proved to have no outside suits at all. She was nice, but some way Will got the impression that she considered it a grave error on his part, and it preyed on his mind. He talked about it all the way home.

"Never mind, Will," I said comfortingly. "I'll borrow Mrs. Curtis's 'Aid to Auction Bridge,' and you can study it so

you'll never make any more mistakes like that."

"I will not study any dog-gone book," said Will. "If I've got to work as hard as that to enjoy myself—why, I might as well be boning up on real estate law, or something that might get me somewhere. If I've got to ruin one evening a week enjoying myself, I'm not going to ruin the other six studying up to get ready for it."

It seemed to me that there was a shade of irritation in Will's voice, so I dropped the subject. It added another uneasiness, however, to the Ladyslipper Club for me. Now I had to worry about Will's playing. He couldn't get it out of his head that a bridge party was a place to have a good time. Whenever I would be playing at one table and hear Will at another, bidding or doubling or something, I would be so apprehensive that I could hardly play my own hand. I would feel miserably certain that he was doing something ill-advised.

**T**hen came that hideous meeting at Mrs. Reed's. Father had given me a birthday present of a trip up to Kathie's, and I had just got back Friday evening, in time for the party. I was taking off my hat and coat up in Mrs. Reed's room just as Mrs. Oats and Mrs. Crowley were going out. Mrs. Oats said to me:

"Well, you must win the prize to-night, as this is the last meeting of the club."

"The last meeting?" I said, bewildered.

"Yes, we're disorganizing," she said.

And as they went out the door I saw her wink at Mrs. Crowley.

I went down-stairs simply sick with fear. It might, of course, be a real disorganizing, but anybody who had seen what I had might well be skeptical. Had my time come at last? I had been away for a week—I had no idea of what had gone on in my absence. What had I done—what *had* I done? I had been so careful. Maybe it was my clothes. In spite of all my care, maybe they looked too homemade for the Ladyslipper Club. Maybe it was because we didn't have a car—still, neither did Dulcie. What had I done—what *had* I done?

It was a miserable evening; I couldn't remember what was trump. All through refreshments I sat eating meringue whip with one hand and worrying with the other. It occurred to me to wonder if all the society women in the world do the same thing, eat meringue whip with smiling faces and fearful hearts, wondering with each rich mouthful if the skids are under them.

Everybody was so blithe but me. At the next table sat Dulcie, gayly flirting with Will and Mr. Curtis. I didn't mind her flirting with Will—when you've known a girl like Dulcie all your life, you get to know that her flirting doesn't mean anything—but her light-heartedness was a dagger in my heart.

All the next day I hoped and prayed that somebody would drop in and tell me to come to Mrs. Cushman's next week as usual, but nobody did. Of course I couldn't call up and ask anybody else. I was so nervous and miserable by night



# VALUE

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that Will said I was losing the old disposition, and to have a heart and not gloom around the house so. The next morning, when it seemed to me that I couldn't face another day, Mrs. Cushman called up.

"We're meeting at my house next Friday night," she said.

My heart leaped like a rubber ball.

"I thought the club was disorganized," I said, relief simply singing within me.

Mrs. Cushman laughed. "It was," she said; "but we're reorganizing."

"Who," I asked curiously, "is not to be with us in the reorganization?"

"Dulcie Lane."

"Dulcie!" I gasped.

Mrs. Cushman giggled, and as though this was explanation enough for any reasoning human, asked:

"Didn't you see her *flirting with Mr. Curtis*?"

Before she hung up she said casually, "Oh, by the way, come at half-past six. I'm having the club for dinner first."

**MY FEELING** of joy and relief burst like a pricked bubble. For there was only one more person to entertain before me, and I knew but too well what would happen. She would have the club for dinner, too, and there would be nothing for me to do but likewise.

Twenty-four people for dinner!

Surely stronger hearts than mine have quailed at such a doom. With prices what they still are, the mere food necessary for human sustenance for twenty-four people is nothing to be treated lightly by one who keeps house on a budget, and is also conscientious. If it were just twenty-four of our old crowd, where they are all old friends, and think nothing of lending you napkins, or helping clear off between courses, the expense would be something.

But a dinner for the Ladyslipper Club and their husbands! They all have maids and bouillon cups, and stacks of silver that matches, and everything of that kind. I should have to have a fancy dinner, beginning with fruit cups and ending with salted almonds; but that wasn't all. I'd have to hire old Katie to do the cooking, and somebody else to wait on the table. There would have to be cigars for the men and candy on the bridge tables afterward, and prizes and— Suddenly I felt sick and scared.

What if something should go wrong with the dinner, in spite of nerve-racking precautions! It wouldn't seem just a funny joke the way it does with your old crowd. This didn't seem like giving a party at all. I felt more the way I used to when I knew I had to have a back tooth pulled.

The worst of it all was that I felt Will was not sympathetic. Most ordeals ahead, I would have felt that he was standing right beside me and would do anything, from freezing the ice cream to wearing his dress suit. But this was different. He didn't seem to have any idea of what a serious matter entertaining the Ladyslipper Club was.

"It's bad enough," he said, "to have to put every penny we might have had any fun with into one dog-gone party, without having you act about as cheerful as though you were getting ready for a wake."

I said no more, but it hurt my feelings terribly to feel that Will was going back on me just when I needed him worst. It

gave me a strange feeling of being deserted, all alone in the world. Even if I lived through entertaining this time, there would be the next time and the next and the next, looming ahead all my life. At the rate things had gone so far, by even the next time, entertaining might have come to mean giving a ball for five hundred people. It was just like a snowball rolling down-hill, getting bigger and bigger till it was big enough to crush you. I saw all my life ahead spent getting ready to entertain the Ladyslipper, and recovering from having entertained it, sprinkled along the way with the smaller worries of getting the proper clothes to wear, and watching my step, to strike just a happy medium between playing too well and not playing well enough. And sometime, try as I might, and advance in business as Will might, sometime perhaps the time would come when I could no longer keep the pace. Then, all in one puff, a lifetime of struggle and worry would go all for naught.

I suddenly realized that I was downright unhappy. The real cause was deeper than worry. I got to thinking of Will never having any fun at all, having to sink all his pleasures into the Ladyslipper Club, which was really no pleasure at all to him or, in fact, to me, either. After a little while, he might get all out of the habit of standing by me in things, he might get to feeling hurt and abused and—you often hear of such things—perhaps in his hunger for a little fun, even running with low companions. I suddenly realized what a terrible toll being in society takes of its victims.

**MRS. HUTCHIN'S** dinner was a sad affair to me. It was a wonderful dinner—to my horror, she had *two* maids waiting on the table—but I didn't enjoy it at all. I was unhappy to start with, and, some way, with neither Dulcie nor Rosemary there, I felt queer and lonesome. I got to thinking about the parties our old crowd had, when the boys would form a "bucket brigade" to the kitchen and pass out the dishes between courses, and how we nearly had hysterics at Dulcie's when her freezer sprung a leak and the ice cream was full of salt. Salty ice cream when one was entertaining the Ladyslipper Club would be cause for suicide.

I kept getting homesicker and homesicker for our old crowd, where everybody's known everybody for years and doesn't think anything special of Dulcie's flirting or Rosemary's playing a good game of bridge. Your old crowd knows your faults all right, but, somehow, they've got used to them. As Will once said, he believed that if he took up murdering on the side the bunch would gossip their heads off about it, but wind up by helping him dispose of the bodies, and saying, "Oh, well, it's just Will Horton's way. He always was rough."

During the last hand of bridge that night, Will made an awful mess of his, but I scarcely realized it. I was trying to get up my nerve to say casually, "Well, you must all come to our house next week at half past six." It sounds easy enough to say, but it was like jumping off for a dive, easy, but so hideously final.

All the money I had saved and scrimped for weeks wouldn't be near enough—I dreaded to go in debt, but we would have

to. Will would get more and more dissatisfied—and in time he might even get to not liking me so well! Oh, it was awful! And there was no way out. It was my turn. I had gone to the other eleven parties. If it bankrupted us and even eventually wrecked our marriage, there was no way out. I should have to entertain the Ladyslipper Club. The feeling of the utter, despairing inevitability of it finally nerved me with courage. I cleared my throat.

"You all must—" I began. But nobody paid any attention to me. Mrs. Curtis was talking.

"It seems to me," she was saying, "that it is getting too warm now to keep on with the club any longer—what do you all think about disbanding?"

**THOSE** old familiar words! I could hardly believe my ears. I know now how a man about to be electrocuted feels when he gets a reprieve. As though in a daze, I heard it go on, the old, oft-repeated conversation, everybody saying what a nice club it had been, and good-by, and so on. I even, as if in a dream, found myself saying good-by, too, and handing Mrs. Curtis my pin. I tried to act casual and indifferent, but I am afraid the frantic hope which flamed within me must have shown on my face.

And then! On my way up-stairs, I heard Mrs. Curtis, who thought I had gone on into the bedroom to get my hat, tell Mrs. Oats to come to her house next Friday night. It was true, the flaming hope was a certainty—it wasn't a reprieve, it was a pardon!

There could be no doubt. If it had been anybody else who was being left out, I would have been told, because it was my turn to entertain next. It was probably Will's wretched playing that had done it. I didn't know—I didn't care. When you are handed a million dollars, you don't worry about where it comes from. Our financial future, our happy married life, which had been teetering on the very brink, were saved! I was out of the Ladyslipper Club.

Will put his arm around me, walking home in the moonlight and said not to care. He thought I was feeling bad.

"I'm not feeling bad," I said; "I'm figuring. I believe that money we've saved for the Ladyslipper Club will just about pay for the Songola."

"Great gosh!" said Will. "Do you suppose it will? I didn't expect to get money enough for that in years."

"We never would have," I said, "except by the sheer desperation I've been in. Yes, I know there's enough. We'll get it and have the old crowd in next Friday night, and dance."

"And play Wild Canfield," said Will ecstatically. "And wear my old patent leather slippers, and have just ginger ale and cake—"

"Will," I said, "we might play bridge—" And when he looked at me fearfully, I winked. He pulled me under a tree out of the moonlight and kissed me.

Suddenly, I don't know why, I remembered Mrs. Laidlaw, the day I saw her on the street with her baby, just after she had been dropped from the Ladyslipper Club. But this picture of her didn't seem tragic and forlorn to me now. I'll bet she was drawing the first long breath she'd drawn in months.





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To start, you throw the lever forward. To reverse, you pull the lever backward. And when the car is running in high gear—which is about ninety per cent of the time—the lever is in a forward position, out of the way, where it does not interfere with passengers, robes, or luggage.

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That is why the gear-shift of Dodge Brothers Motor Car is *different*.

DODGE BROTHERS

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# Three Wonderful Dogs

(Continued from page 55)

heard no sound whatever, and make for the next field. And I have heard my father say that in no instance could he recall where birds were found in a field old Frank had passed up. He knew! He knew! He knew!

He was never part of the dog life of the town, from which he held himself proudly aloof. Aloof is not the word, either. Gentle and kindly toward people, he was fierce toward all dogs, except those smaller than he. Any small dog could rush out at him, yapping at his heels, and he would trot on past without even a single hair of resentment rising on his back. But with dogs his size or bigger, he would fight any time for anything. He was the only bird dog I ever knew who would rather have a fight than not.

What fierce eyes he had! What a mighty warrior he was! He whipped a big brindle bulldog that was the terror of the town. I saw that epic fight. The bulldog rushed, Frank side-stepped, then quick as lightning he cut his flanks into ribbons. Sometimes he was on his enemy's back, ripping his hard neck, leaping lightly off, and awaiting the next rush. The owner of the bulldog dragged him, raging and bleeding, away. Frank didn't have a scratch!

He was best hunted by himself, for he was jealous of other dogs and would pick fights with them during the lunch hour. Most bird dogs are fairly generous toward one another. I put it down as his weakness that Frank was lacking in such magnanimity. He needn't have been jealous; the honors of the hunt belonged to him always. I must say this to his credit, though: In the field he was fair. Bird dogs back-stand one another—that is, if one finds birds, the others come up behind and point him. A jealous dog will sometimes push ahead of the dog that has found the birds, to create the impression that he did it. To my knowledge Frank was never guilty of this. He was fierce and quarrelsome, but he was ethical.

**A** BIRD dog usually reaches his zenith at about six years of age, from which time his pace slackens. He sometimes makes up for his diminishing vigor by "bird sense" as it is called—which is nothing more nor less than knowledge, gained through much experience, of where birds are most apt to be at certain hours of the day and under certain weather conditions.

At eight years of age, at ten years of age old Frank was still going strong. Not until he was twelve, as nearly as we could compute—not knowing his exact origin—did his pace slacken in the least. Not until he was fourteen did his powers desert him.

Then the streets of our town saw him no more; he lived the rest of his days with Mr. Allen in the country. He still followed us on our hunts in that section of the county, but we had to help him over fences and across ditches. We never made him stay at home—it would have broken his heart. No man who had known him in his prime but was willing to slacken the pace of his hunt for him, to

get down from his horse and help the old fellow across some barrier.

To see him lying under a tree in Mr. Allen's yard you would never have thought him old. His coat, unusually fine-spun and curling like a spaniel's, kept to the end its satiny gloss; there was a poise and dignity to his noble head, and his eyes never grew dim. It was only when he rose, eager to greet you—for his affections increased with his years—that you saw the Llewellyn was stricken with years.

Toward the end he took to baying the moon all night long, and no one raised a window to rebuke him, for he had won his right to this weird indulgence. I have often wondered what mysterious longing or unrest he poured forth to that distant and burned-out planet that shone down on the woods and fields he had ranged so often.

**A**T LAST came the morning when Mr. Allen drove to town, and hurried around to the garden where Father and I were working. His stout, ruddy face was grave, and we wondered what calamity could have happened. Straight to Father he came and the two hunters looked into each other's eyes. After a moment Mr. Allen spoke:

"Derieux—Frank's dead!"

Bryan was an Irish setter. He was a tall, long, rangy fellow with a silken bronze-red coat, very handsome and stylish; the swiftest dog I ever saw, and an athlete every inch. He knew nothing of town life; the plantation was his home.

I don't know what else to call Bryan but a fanatic on the subject of hunting birds. All hunting dogs love the sport; it was Bryan's passion. The sight of a gun or hunting coat, the click of shells in a pocket set him crazy. He would leap up into your face, barking in a rage of eagerness. He would rush round and round the house. He would refuse to eat. We were compelled to practice deception on the mornings set for hunts. We would not put on hunting togs until after breakfast, and by being careful to show no signs of our intentions he would take time to eat his breakfast and digest it!

Once in the field, so great was his speed that I have seen other dogs jump up above the straw to watch him, under the impression he was on a sight race with a rabbit. This phenomenal pace, which he could maintain all day, coupled with the longest nose I ever saw, swept all the honors of the hunt before him. There might be several other dogs along, but Bryan found the coveys.

Coveys consist of from ten to twenty quail, and on being flushed they scatter into woods or canebrakes. To point these single birds without flushing them takes caution and pains. Bryan was not cautious; he took no pains. Having found one covey, his mind went straight to another. He positively refused to retrieve. He had a single-track mind, and that mind ran to birds in the mass—to coveys. Here, in my experience, Bryan was without a peer.

In contrast to Frank—I blush to say it

—Bryan was a coward. He not only would not pick a quarrel, but he would employ every means compatible with dignity, and some not compatible with dignity, to avoid one. He would bluff his way through if he could, and he knew how to maintain a fierce bluff. I have seen him at sight of another dog paw up sand like a bull, while his hair rose on his back and he emitted the fiercest growls. But let that dog approach with a belligerent expression, and Bryan would get on the other side of my legs. Many times have I been humiliated by that weakness in this magnificent animal.

I have never been able to figure out why one dog is courageous and another not. Bryan was never whipped by man or dog when he was young. On the other hand, Buck, the dog I shall tell about next, before he was full grown was so chewed up by two bulldogs that we despaired of his life. Yet Buck never showed a yellow streak—just as soon as he got well he went looking for those bulldogs. Courage in dogs, as in men, seems to be an innate quality, which is present or not present according to some law I am not familiar with.

Also, unlike Frank, Bryan was not ethical. So great was his jealousy of other hunting dogs that he could not be depended upon to back-stand them. He would push ahead of the dog that had found the birds. I know these were great weaknesses, no one regretted them more than I; but as a true historian I must set them down, remembering all the while what a brilliant dog he was in the field—what a genius!

**A**S HE grew older he developed another prima donna trait—a strong sense of personal dignity, easily offended. You had to handle him carefully or, however much he loved the hunt, he would go home! Once my brother and I were hunting some three miles from home when he got his feelings hurt. We had shot down several birds, merely wounding them, so that they ran off into the thick patches of grass and there hid. We had no other dog with us, so we called Bryan to find the birds for us—something which with his sense of smell he could have done in a minute or two. He refused to come; my brother went to him, caught him by the collar and compelled him to.

But he refused to look for them, and my brother, thinking that a good whiff of them would make him forget his grievance poked his nose into a plum thicket where we knew a bird was hiding. Bryan sat down on his haunches, a sullen expression on his face, and refused to budge. We begged, we pleaded with him, to no effect. He would not even look at us. Finally we decided to let the matter pass, and went on our way, calling him. He sat still where he was. We went out of sight over the hill, still calling him, but he would not follow. At last we shot four times in quick succession to create the impression we had flushed birds. Bryan did not come. It was a glorious morning; with the dew from melted frost sparkling on





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A Palmolive enthusiast met a doubter in a Pullman washroom.

"I made a great discovery," said the enthusiast. "I sent for a free tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream, and it is amazing. It does exactly what they claim."

"I'd do the same," said the other. "But I have a shaving soap I like and they can't fool me."

### *We told you so*

That's what we have already said. Every man is using a shaving soap he likes, and he can't be fooled.

In spite of that, mark this:

Millions of men have changed to Palmolive after making this ten-shave test.

Tens of thousands have taken the pains to write their voluntary thanks.

And this new-type shaving cream, scarce three years old, now holds the pedestal place.

### *The five reasons*

That's all because we did this:

We made a shaving cream which multiplies itself in lather 250 times.

That acts in one minute, without hot towels, without finger rubbing.

That does not dry, but keeps its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face.

That supports the hairs for cutting, because the bubbles are so strong. With weak bubbles, hairs fall down.

That leaves the skin soft and smooth—due to those supreme cosmetics, palm and olive oils.

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We are world-famed soap chemists. We've made several great creations. One of them—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We made up and tested 130 formulas to attain for you the utmost in a shaving cream.

Please do us the kindness to test it. You owe it to us and yourself. Cut out the coupon.

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An exclusive advantage no other towels can have.

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It is so easy to have clean hands with ScotTissue Towels. Buy a carton of 150 towels (40c in U. S., 50c in Canada and even less by the case of 3750 towels). Your stationer, druggist or department store can supply you. Or, we will send, prepaid, the towels or \$5 outfit, upon receipt of price. Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels for 10c.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

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# ScotTissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"



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the broomstraw we had counted on a big hunt. And now the hunt was off, for in quail shooting man is practically helpless without a dog. There was nothing for us to do but go home.

Half a mile before we got there Bryan passed us in the road. He did not look at us, did not wag his tail. When we got to the house he was lying on the porch, and as we came up the steps he still lay there, without a glance at us.

In his domestic relations about the house he had a fine trait, common to big dogs, but more developed in him than in most. There were a number of children, white and black, around the yard, and they could crawl all over him, pulling his ears and tail, ramming their fists in his mouth, yanking him around and pommeling his ribs. Toward them he showed no impatience whatever. He would get up and walk away when things got too bad. Of course they presumed on it, but he didn't seem to mind. This is one of his fine traits that I like to dwell on, in view of the less admirable ones which, as a biographer, I have noted.

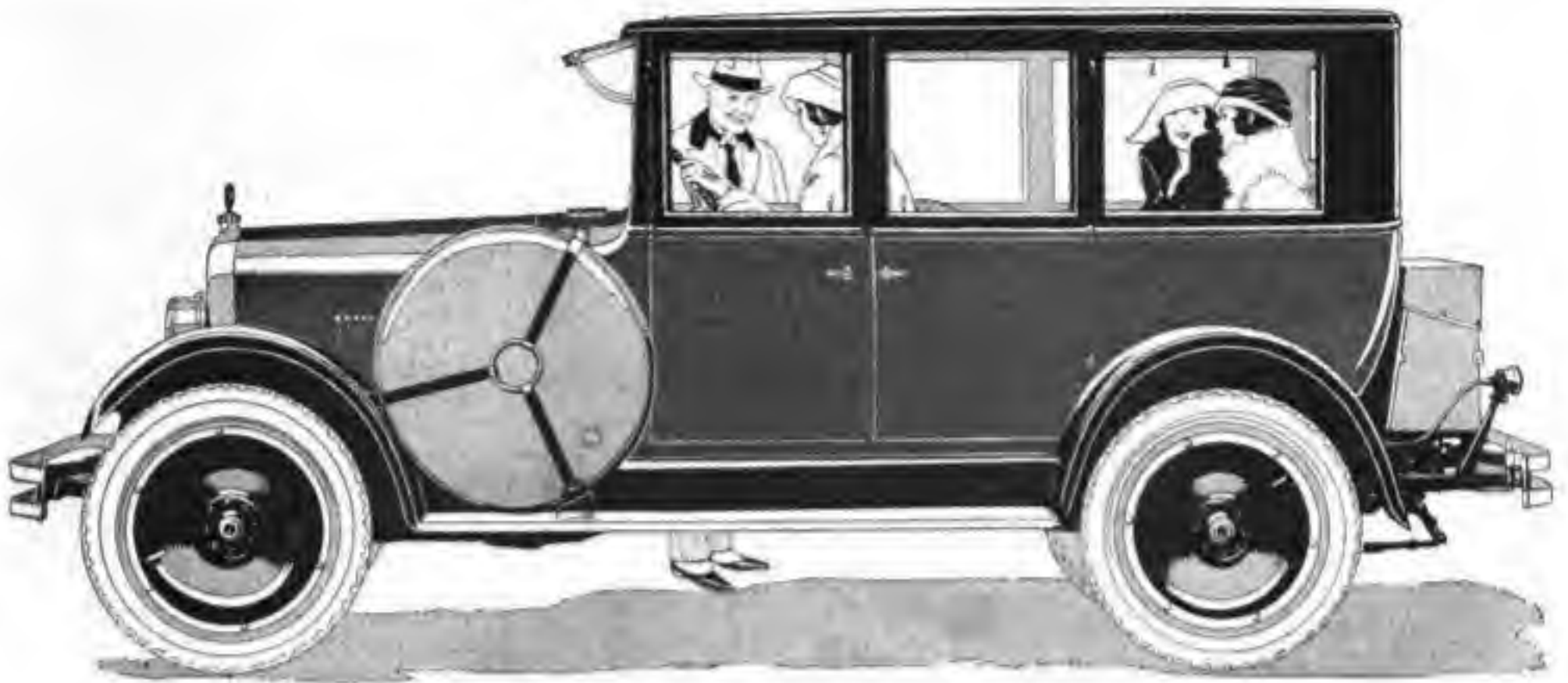
Bryan was a genius. Old Frank was more methodical, more dogged, but without so great a spark of divine fire. No prospect of a hunt could daunt Frank's healthy appetite for breakfast. You had to pick Bryan's food. He was finicky; no hunger could induce him to eat a pone of cornbread, unless you broke it up and put gravy on it, whereas old Frank would swallow it in two gulps, and then go off and drink a generous supply of water, to wash it down. Frank was the sturdier soul of the two; Bryan more the dreamer. I can see him now, sweeping through an extensive level straw field, swift and strong, head high like a swimmer, the sun glistening on his silken red coat, his mind on one thing and one thing alone—that covey of birds somewhere ahead.

BUCK was a pointer, black as a crow's wing—one of the few black pointers I ever saw—and named by my youngest brother, who had just finished reading Jack London's "The Call of the Wild." He was sent me, half trained, by my father at a time when ill health compelled me to live for two years in the country.

I had seen him a time or two when I was at home. I hadn't thought very highly of his looks; there was an irresponsible wild something in his eye, and his color was against him. He had climbed a ladder once, jumped from the chicken coop to the cow shed and thence into the alley, and left for a week or more for parts unknown. The reason he wasn't allowed his freedom, as most bird dogs are, was that he would get into trouble—chasing neighbor's chickens and cats and overturning garbage cans. One neighbor who had hunted with him said he was a fool. I never thought that. The dome of his head above his ears was notable. But I had thought him a wild, harum-scarum fellow, analogous to the young chap who is expelled from college for playing poker and painting the president's cow blue.

On the trip in the express car he broke his chain and plunged out of the door. He was recaptured with difficulty by the express company and delivered to me at the destination. I met him, brought him home and fed him. That night he left, and turned up four days later. A neigh-





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*Sparkling Style—Rare Driving Ease!*

**P**ICTURE it at your own door—the dash and vim and fascination of it! Here is the embodiment of all that critics conceive as style: sweeping lines, spirited appearance, faultless appointments.

Open the door. Enter. Cozy luxury welcomes driver and passengers always. Sides and seats are upholstered in the finest grey broadcloth. Deep, costly cushions rest buoyantly on nested coiled springs. Etched dome light, taffeta shades, silvered fittings, complete ventilation, a trim heater that bids defiance to the bitterest weather, are ever dependable servants of your comfort. In any season, anywhere, you find the longest day's drive unfatiguing. The farthest tour is a relished recreation.

No closed car for five is roomier—none better outfitted. Full nickeled drum-type head and side lamps. Nickeled motometer. Full nickeled radiator. Carried forward at left are cord tire, tube, rim and waterproof cover. At the rear is a stout and spacious trunk, with lock and rack. Aluminum body-rails combine protection and adornment.

Double-bar spring bumpers front and rear are full nickeled. Adjustable windshield visor. Cowl ventilator. Automatic windshield wiper; rear-view mirror; combination tail-light and automatic stop-light. Smart disc wheels, as shown, are furnished at slight added cost.

Certainly no car confers such rare ease of handling and driving! Powered for the most masculine service, its pronounced appeal is to women. Gowns are kept ever clean and dainty; storm, wind and rain forever banished. For the theater trip, social call, country club jaunt, the long journey—this Special Six Sedan is a companion pre-eminently well groomed.

No resistance meets foot or hand in Jewett driving. Gears shift fast as hand can move. You cannot “clash” or jerk the car. Accelerate from 5 to 25 miles in 7 seconds. Women, however inexpert, discover that here is indeed a driving ease delightful to the frailest hand.

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*Lighter, handsomer, better—the finest electric cleaner for the home ever devised by the industry's oldest and largest maker*

All that has been learned in building those more than a million Hoovers now rendering superlative satisfaction the world over, is embodied in this wonderful new light Hoover.

The result is an electric cleaner such as the world has not seen until now.

It utilizes, of course, those three vitals of thorough cleaning—beating, sweeping and suction—but in a manner which widens the range of cleaning efficiency and gives a greater power to increase the life and beauty of floor coverings of all kinds.

Despite its great superiority, this new Model 541 is obtainable at the same moderate price as its celebrated predecessor, the Hoover Special.

Do not, therefore, buy an electric cleaner until you have had an opportunity to judge this latest Hoover.

*Have an immediate home demonstration—no obligation. Phone any Branch Office or write us for names of Authorized Dealers. 17c to 23c a day soon pays for a Hoover.*

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# The HOOVER

*It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

bor told me he saw him in the next county, a long way from home, running rabbits with a disreputable collection of hounds and curs. I tied him up after that.

I have said he was only half trained, and more than once I despaired of finishing the job. He seemed an absolute incorrigible, as some animals, as well as some people, are. In the first place, he hunted so fast and so far away from me that he was almost useless. Indeed, he hunted absolutely for his own amusement, and didn't care a rap whether I went along or not. My commands, importunate, then angry, were as the idle chaff that the winds blow away. He didn't have even the decency of old Frank, who at least pretended not to hear.

Another thing: A bird dog, when he approaches birds which he has located by scent, comes to a point. The hunter then advances, the dog remaining steady in his statuesque attitude until the hunter is at his side, or directly behind him. Then at a word of command, "Hie away," the dog flushes the birds and the hunter shoots them while they are flying.

Now, Buck would point the birds with as much style as you ever saw. Then, before I got within range and without awaiting the order, rush into them, and I wouldn't get a shot. He wouldn't do this every time, but about half the time.

**MY MORALS** began to suffer. The ordinary parlor variety of English could not meet the emergency. I knew it wasn't nervousness that made him flush birds, for his nerves were made of steel. It was that thing I had seen in his eyes. I began to doubt whether he was a pure-bred hunting dog. Father said he had the papers, that his family tree was all that could be desired. But I wondered whether something hadn't happened the genealogists didn't record.

To the patience of my wife, who hunted with me sometimes, more, far more than to my own, Buck's salvation was due. We had left the house one afternoon on one of those fine golden days that come like a benediction during Southern winters. "Buck's got the devil in him to-day," I told her when we left. "Something is going to happen."

He flushed the first covey. I let that pass. He flushed the next one. I let that pass. Then I shot down a single bird that fell across a creek and told him to go "fetch." He went after the bird, brought it to the edge of the creek, looked at me, then calmly laid the bird in the water, and with pricked ears, as though it were a comical sight, watched it go floating off down-stream.

You are to remember the state of mind I was already in. I leaned my gun against a tree and plunged across the creek. There I cut a switch and approached him. He sat on his haunches, ears thrown back, eyes a bit green. I got hold of him and cut him with the switch. He broke loose, and before I knew what had happened I was bitten through my leggins and almost to the bone.

I have said I left my gun across the creek leaning against a tree. I started for it, but Buck evidently saw murder in my eyes—for it would have been murder—and when I wheeled round he was gone. A hundred times I have been thankful that I left the gun behind.



## "Companions of Spring—"

It's the season for pleasure, for color, for the good things of life. People who know the best in sweets will often have a friendly argument as to which is the most attractive package in Whitman's famous Quality Group. But you will never hear any difference of opinion about the goodness of the sweets. In all of these packages it is the same Whitman's—famous since 1842.

**The Sampler**—best known of all candy packages—quaint, original, unique in its make-up, the favorite from ten leading packages of Whitman's.

**Salmagundi**—latest member of the group—luscious chocolates in an art metal box prized as a keepsake as well as for its charming contents.

**Pleasure Island**—romance in chocolate—pirate's sea-chest freighted with treasure from the Spanish Main.

**Fussy Package**—for fastidious folks—nuts and nut combinations enriched with Whitman's far-famed chocolate.

**Super Extra Chocolates**—the Standard package of sweets which first made Whitman's reputation.

**Library Package**—book shaped—odd—luxurious—an eloquent volume of sweet thought and good taste.

Seek the Quality Store in your neighborhood which has been selected as Agent for Whitman's Quality Group—usually a drug store.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN  
& SON, Inc.  
Philadelphia, U. S. A.







## A Bouquet From Japan

*What Mr. Hayashida learned about Ford economy as he drove from Moji to Kagoshima*

A RECENT letter from Japan closes: "This is the first time that we experienced a true value of Ford car."

The letter is signed by Mr. Kumaichi Hayashida, proprietor of the Hayashida Jidosha Shokwai Tammon-kwan-dori, Kagoshima, Japan.

The local translation says also, "We used Gargoyle Mobiloil 'E' in our trial trip of Ford car on the 2nd May, between Moji and Kagoshima, and we found the lubrication satisfactorily giving much more power to the engine than we imagined and its swift run gave us a keen pleasure. We arrived at Yatsushiro after a long run since we rushed through Kumamoto on that day and reached Kagoshima early next morning."

The trip covered about 250 miles. Mr. Hayashida had made the same trip many times before—with other oils. He found that with Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," his oil consumption was reduced 50%.

Japan, Siam, England, Africa, Australia—all know Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" and the surprising economy it gives in Ford engines.

Here is an oil which meets with scientific exactness every lubricating requirement of your Ford engine. That is why it is so cheap to use in spite of the fact that there are other oils which sell for less per gallon. A 5-gallon can of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the most useful utility you can put in your garage.

IN BUYING Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, be careful to purchase in original package. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Ford. If you desire another make of car, send for our booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

### DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York	Boston	Chicago
(Main Office)	Detroit	Pittsburgh
Philadelphia	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Indianapolis	Des Moines	Dallas
Milwaukee	Rochester	Oklahoma City
Buffalo		



**VACUUM OIL COMPANY**

My wife and I sat down and she dressed the wound. While we were at it we heard a noise behind us. Crawling contritely on his belly came Buck. He did not come to me but to my wife, and with her between us, looked around at me, ears dropped, eyes begging everlasting pardon. My wife put her arms around his neck.

"Speak to him," she pleaded.

And that was the turning point in old Buck's life. Never again was I called upon to raise my hand against him. The transformation was complete and lasting. He lost none of his fire; he was not cowed; he kept his independence in the field and out of it until the last.

I am not going into his virtues as a bird dog, though they were many. He never, except accidentally, flushed another covey. He did not have the speed of Bryan; but from that day his change of heart was complete and he was absolutely reliable. He was as good in single birds as in coveys; he was a perfect retriever. He dropped no more birds in swift running creeks. He would bring them to me when I was on horseback, rear up on the saddle and hand them to me.

SHORTLY after the conversion he developed a trait that is most unusual, and admirable from a practical hunter's viewpoint. He just worked it out in his own head.

Dogs range far ahead, covering from five to ten times as much ground as the hunter; and it frequently happens that, having found a covey of birds in woods or high straw, and pointed, they become lost for hours from the hunter who is looking for them.

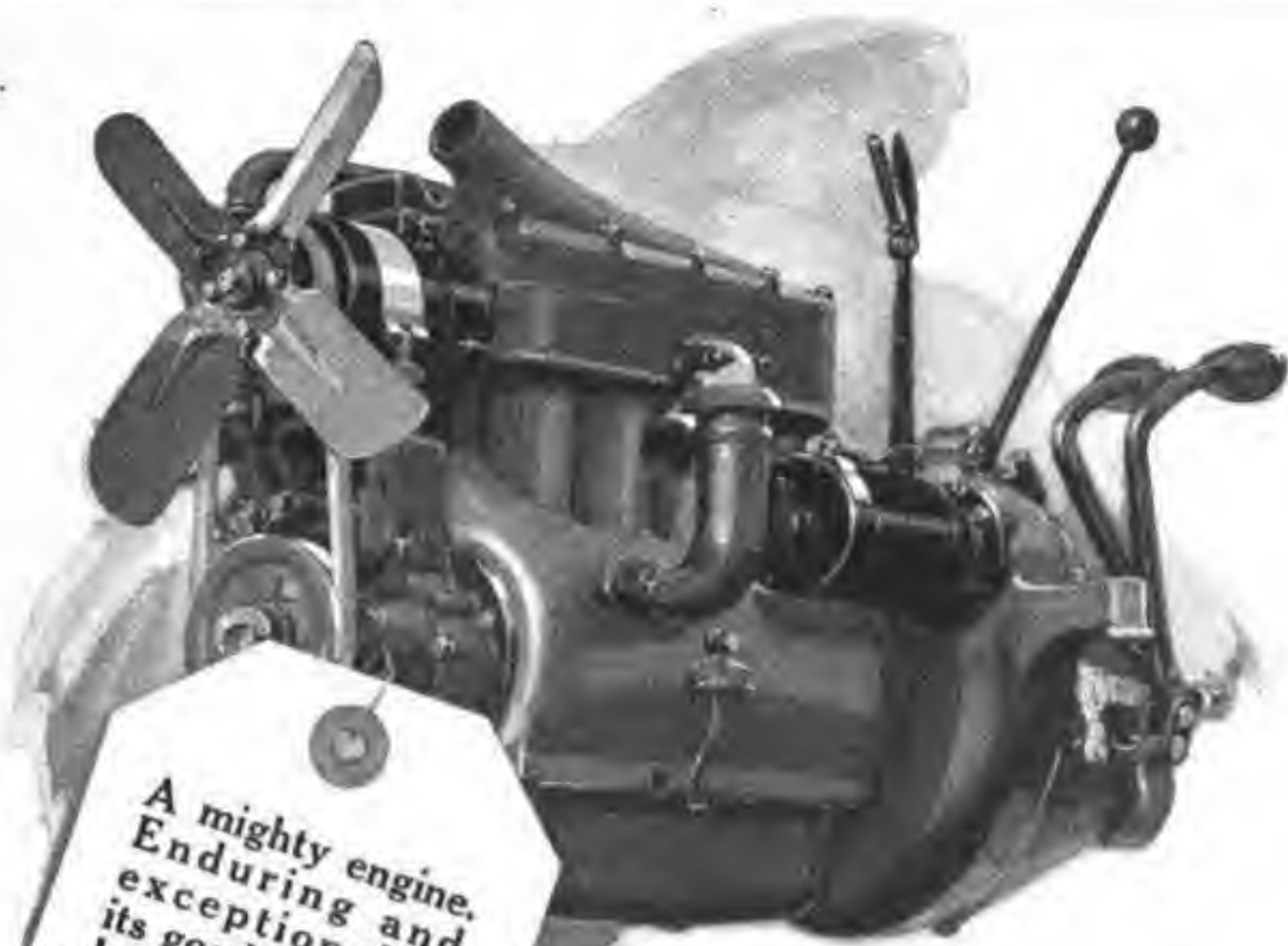
One day I had lost Buck and was looking for him, calling him. Suddenly he appeared from out of the woods, ran to me, and showed by signs that he wanted me to follow. Straight he led me through a patch of woods into another field. There he came to a dead point. He had located these birds, backed off from them and come to me.

And this was his practice from that time on. He got so that when I was writing at the house, he would run up on the porch, scratch at the door and, opening it, I would find him there with glowing, eager eyes. He would run down the steps, looking back. I would get my gun and he would lead me to the birds. Thus I could sit at home and hunt at the same time!

Over and over he did this and the temptation to leave my work and follow him was too great for me to stand. In regular hunts this trick of his saved hours of time. Mr. Wright, my hunting companion, and I could ride along the road and never get down from our horses until Buck came to us with the announcement that he had found quail. It was an invaluable trait, and so far ahead of what the average dog can do that it would, I am told, have ruled him out of field trials. Such is the price one has to pay for going ahead of his race!

It is strange that this wild, headstrong Buck should have been toward other hunting dogs the most magnanimous dog I ever knew. He was absolutely free from jealousy, in the field and out of it. He hunted very sturdily and independently, but seemed glad when another dog located birds. I hunted him a time or two with a considerable party and was proud of his courtesy and generosity.





A mighty engine.  
Enduring and  
exceptional in  
its goodness. Re-  
leasing its amaz-  
ing power quickly  
and smoothly for  
the pick-up. Set-  
tling down to the  
long pull with de-  
termined, tireless  
strength. Fresh-  
ness and volume  
of power undimin-  
ished after months  
of hard driving.



In every one of its manufacturing processes, the good Maxwell receives precisely the same high-principled treatment which is accorded a car produced to sell at three times its price. It is built under the close and continuous direction of a group of men who have been associated with some of the largest and finest achievements of the industry.

The good Maxwell engine incorporates high-priced quality and features throughout—Three extra large crankshaft bearings; full pressure lubrication to main and connecting-rod bearings, through channels bored in the crankshaft; all rotating and reciprocating parts, even to the fly-wheel, minutely balanced; pistons light-

weight alloy, of the split skirt type originated by Maxwell. A transmission fit for duty in a truck. A rear axle as fine in construction, and as modern in design, as an axle can be built today—Gears chrome nickel steel, spiral cut; straddle pinion bearings; extra large ball bearings for wheels; heavy gauge pressed steel, tubular housing.

*Prices F. O. B. Detroit. Revenue tax to be added. Touring, \$385; Roadster, \$450; Club Coupe, \$465; Sedan, \$485; Four Passenger Coupe, \$1435.*

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICH.  
MAXWELL MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

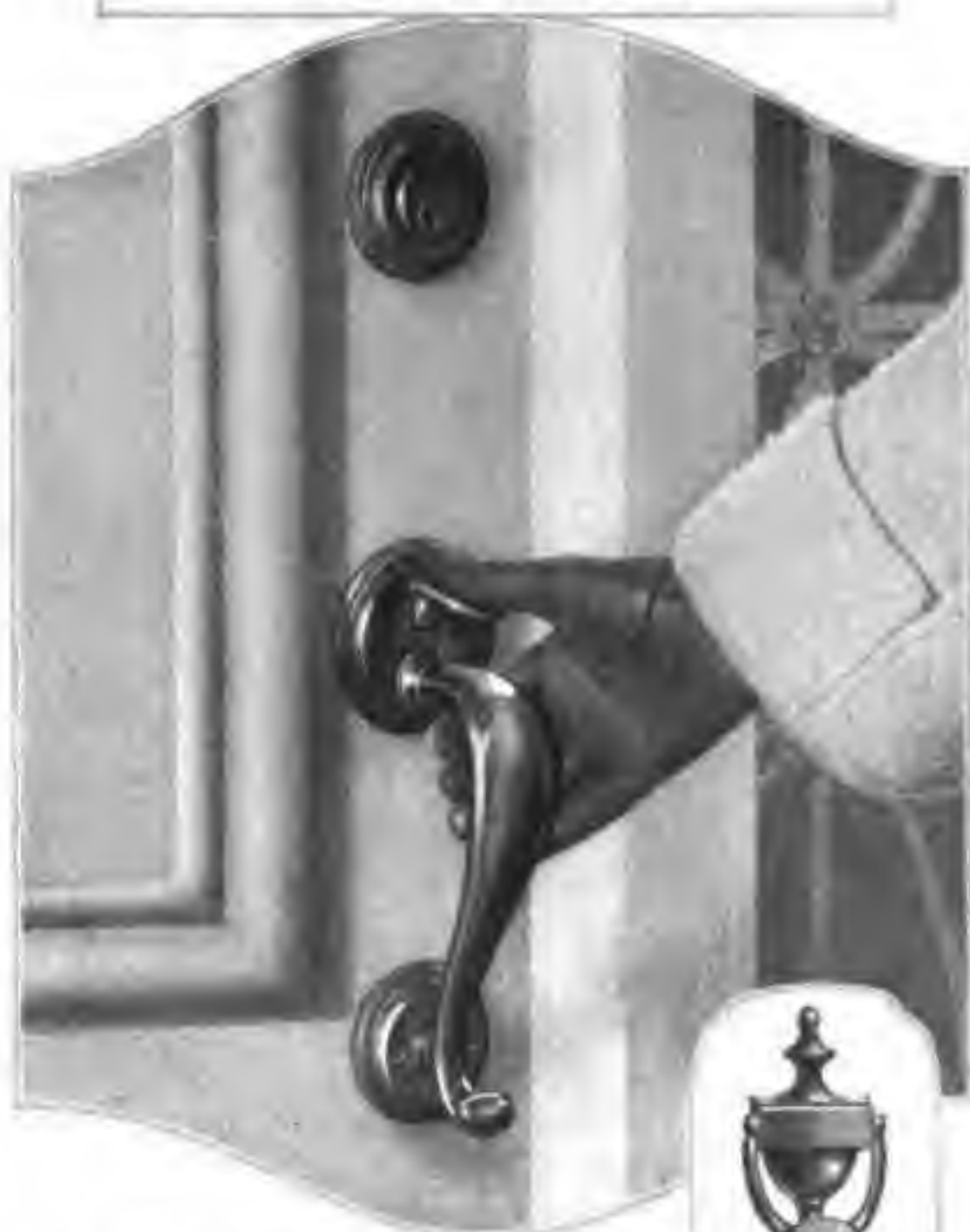


**The Good**  
**MAXWELL**



# SARGENT

*Locks & Hardware*



*"Lift up the latch  
—walk in!"*

**H**OSPITALITY radiates from the Colonial doorway when each detail is gracefully and genuinely in keeping. Latches and door handles are manufactured by Sargent & Company to harmonize with all Colonial doorways, whether Dutch or New England in style. These handles may be used on one or both sides of the door, connecting with the Sargent Cylinder Lock that provides complete security. Their cordial gleam of welcome comes from the finest solid brass or bronze. They are beautifully designed—as lasting and as satisfying as the home.

For every door and window in every room in your house there is the proper Sargent Hardware. And remember that it offers you the utmost in security and lifelong service.

Send for the Sargent Book of Designs and select with your architect just the hardware needed for your home.

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**COLONIAL  
KNOCKERS**

These knockers are the finishing touch in decorative hardware for the Colonial door. They come in several designs—each quaint and beautiful and each made of solid, time-resisting brass. Put both Sargent latch and knocker on your Colonial doorway.

**SARGENT  
DOOR CLOSERS**

close all doors silently and surely and keep them shut. A small size, most reasonably priced, is convenient for the door within the home that must be closed.



He was a one-man dog; that is, he would follow no other hunter but me. But to visiting hunters he was always courteous. Some dogs will bring dead birds only to their master, no matter who killed them. Buck would bring the bird to the man who killed it, if he knew. From the unpopular dog who in his youth had chased chickens and cats and overturned garbage cans, he came to be a favorite with everybody who knew him. There was something big about Buck. Maybe his wildness, as in the case of some men and women, was a sign of generosity.

A more fearless dog never lived. I could give half a dozen instances of Buck's willingness to fight and of his prowess. I had as soon doubt Frank's courage as Buck's. In fact, I don't know but that there was a steadier, colder quality about Buck's bravery. I never saw him tremble in a quarrel. Most dogs were instinctively afraid of him. He had a remarkable eye, very dark and steely, and when he was enraged few dogs could meet it. I have seen it proved over and over again, when dogs rushed out at him from farmhouses. He would stop in the road and stand very steady, head and tail high. They would come up to him, look into his eyes and turn away.

"They can't stand old Buck's eye," Mr. Wright used to say.

**P**ETTING and soft words embarrassed him, made him tuck his tail as if in shame, and turn off. But he loved for me to grab him with a strong grip by the loose skin of his neck, at which he would start away with mock ferocity and grab my wrist, his eyes glowing with pretended anger. Once or twice, my wife said, when nobody else was around, he came to her and put his head on her lap. But so rare were these occasions that she would tell me of them—when he wasn't listening! I think it would have humiliated him had he known she told.

He was very watchful of her, and more than once, when on account of the ruggedness of the country, I left her far behind, he refused to hunt further until she rose from the log on which she was sitting and waved him on with her handkerchief. Also, when I had to leave the cabin, as I did occasionally for a trip of a day or two, he stayed very close about the house, challenging everybody who came near, inspecting them closely if they were strangers, and keeping himself between her and them.

But you will think that after his conversion Buck, unlike others, had no canine or human frailties, or that he was my favorite—as perhaps he was. Some of his former wildness clung to him. The pup is father to the dog. Most hunting dogs have a high sense of honor about their master's food and property. I have come in late from a hunt with Bryan and taken my supper up-stairs, Bryan following, then, putting the supper on the hearth to keep it warm, gone out to wash my hands, leaving him in there when he had not yet been fed and when he was ravenously hungry. I knew he would not even put his nose close to my food, though his chops dripped with hungry saliva. I have known other bird dogs equally trustworthy in this particular. In fact, it is the rule with the well-bred, well-trained ones. Poor old Buck—there was one dish



# Saved \$800<sup>00</sup> a Year

—and Got All **THIS** Besides



**KILLEEN-BUICK COMPANY**  
BUICK AUTOMOBILES AND SUPPLIES  
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January 16, 1923

Burroughs Adding Machine Company,  
Detroit, Michigan.

Gentlemen:

Since we installed our Burroughs, we are handling our affairs more with one less person than with the old method, making a saving of \$800 a year.

Our customers' statements are now posted daily showing the name of each item and the price charged, and these statements are in the mail the same day we close our books. Our figures are always readily accurate.

We keep a perpetual inventory of the different lines of goods we handle and are able to take off a balance sheet and financial statement, also statement of operations covering sales, gross profits, constant expenses and net profits by departments within a few minutes' time.

We postponed buying this machine for three or four years, which we regret very much as we feel that it would have paid for itself several times over simply by giving us a better knowledge and control over our business.

We would not now be so late to our old method.

Yours truly,  
KILLEEN-BUICK COMPANY  
*Charles E. Killeen*  
Pres.

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Other car and accessory dealers and garages are as enthusiastic about the Burroughs Simplified Accounting Plan as the Killeen-Buick Co.

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always know exactly where we stand every day."—Calavada Auto Company, Inc. (Ford Cars and Fordson Tractors) Reno, Nevada.

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# Are you to blame for the big repair bills?

**Most automobile repair bills are due to careless lubrication.**

**If your car is not Alemite-equipped, have this system installed at once. The cost is low in comparison with the savings it effects.**

**If your car is already equipped with Alemite, the system is helpless unless you use it regularly.**

## ALEMITE

*High pressure lubricating system*

Get in the habit of having your car Alemite-lubricated every 500 miles. That is the way to make your car last longer, keep repair bills down and eliminate squeaks and rattles.

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The Alemite Lubricating Spring Cover encases each spring in a flexible armor of lead-coated, non-rusting steel.

Filled with lubricant by means of the Alemite Compressor this cover retains the lubricant, keeps out water, dirt and grit and adds much to the life and easy riding qualities of the car.

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which he would incontinently steal, and that dish was salmon. Let my wife fix up a salmon salad, put it on the table and leave the room—when she got back the plate would be clean and Buck would be lying before the fire, unashamed, licking his chops.

Not only that, but he took advantage of me one day. Down the hill from our house was a clear running stream with a rock on the shore. Here, when we didn't have a servant, I used to skin and clean the birds I had killed, wrap them in a cloth previously provided for the occasion, and bring them home. Now, in dressing them I would put the hearts and livers on the rock beside me, where Buck also sat, and at intervals tell him to "hie away," which meant he might eat them.

At dusk one afternoon, engrossed in my task, I put two birds already cleaned on the rock, and Buck suddenly looked at me. I forgot I had put birds and not hearts and livers there and told him to go ahead. The roar of the stream kept me from hearing the crunching of bones, and when I looked up Buck had eaten both the birds. He showed no shame. The look in his eyes was bold and challenging as it used to be. He had simply taken advantage of a technicality!

I don't mean that he was a thief, he wouldn't steal anything but salmon; and I never had him take advantage of me again—though I never gave him another chance.

**H**E LOVED to run with low company, with the hounds and mongrels that roamed the woods. I guess he was quite a hero among them. One of the things strictly forbidden a bird dog is to run rabbits. Bird hunting is a gentleman's sport—rabbit hunting is not. And to run rabbits demoralizes a bird dog, just as it demoralizes him to tree 'coons and 'possums. These creatures are left to hounds—a bird dog is a specialist.

Buck wouldn't chase a rabbit when he was hunting birds. Just one longing glance at that bobbing white tail, and he would go on about his business. But bird season over, and a period of idleness come—the devil finds plenty for an idle bird dog to do—Buck would join forces with the mongrels and, forming a pack, scour the woods. Sometimes he would be gone for days, and would come back from the dissipation as lean as a rail and with the old wild look in his eyes.

Across the road from our house was an extensive forest. One morning—it was Sunday, too—I heard far in these woods the sounds of a chase, and going around to Buck's kennel found it empty. Consequently, I entered the woods, located the chase, and hid in a thicket. Presently a red fox darted across an opening before me. Followed an interval before the pack appeared. I think every dog for miles around was running in that pack, and Buck was in the lead!

I called him and he came to me, panting and embarrassed, but good-natured. On the way home he turned now and then to listen with pricked-up ears to those disreputable friends of his. My sympathies were all with him, but to allow him to run with such company meant his moral degradation. A little more of such company as he was running with, and salmon would not be the only thing he would take.





The name of Sir Christopher Wren—builder of St. Paul's Cathedral in London—is associated with all that is worthiest in English architecture. While the ashes of the great London fire were still alive, Wren set to work to rebuild the city. Speaking of his monumental achievement, St. Paul's, he said, "It is the work of the builder to establish a nation, draw commerce and make people love their country."

## Building to an Ideal

**A**S the stone is shaped to man's enduring use by the master builder, so, in the Firestone Cord, has material been fashioned to contribute to that vital need in human progress—transportation.

And just as Wren, the great architect, toiled over his plans, rejecting even royal opinion if it did not meet his own high standard, so has Firestone maintained quality in the face of all obstacles.

The Firestone ideal of Most Miles per Dollar preceded the actual building of the tire and this vision of what a good tire should be reached

its highest fulfillment in the Firestone Cord.

Its acceptance by so great a number of car-owners has come because the *name* it bears is synonymous with quality. But in the last analysis, *results* are the determining factor in any success and the performance of this tire has already made it a dominating influence in the automotive field.

To Firestone builders a tire is much more than a product of rubber and cord—it is an essential in modern social and commercial life, a factor in present-day progress because it facilitates swift, economical transportation.

*Most Miles per Dollar*

# Firestone





## Where the Presidents bought their hats

THESE two brown Windsor chairs in the hat store of Charles Knox saw "distinguished service" for fifty years. It was here President Lincoln sat, and General Grant.

And in the fifty years that followed, every American President, and many other leaders in our nation's life, made use of these chairs when they bought their Knox Hats.

But not one of the Presidents who have worn Knox Hats received better style or more courteous service than you will receive in any shop where Knox Hats are sold today, from San Francisco to New York.

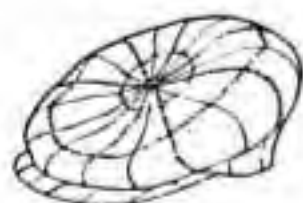
*In leading stores throughout the country wherever the Knox Coat of Arms is displayed, you are assured of style, quality and courteous attention.*

NEW YORK  
Fifth Ave. at 40th St.

SAN FRANCISCO  
51 Grant Avenue



The intangible something that gives the Knox Fifth Avenue Soft Hat its character is its combination of unmatched style and perfect workmanship. \$7.



On the most famous golf courses of America you see Knox Caps on the heads of men who are as precise about correct dress as they are about correct form. \$2.50 to \$5.00.

# KNOX HATS

FOR MEN  
AND WOMEN



With middle age, though, came sobriety and dignity. He lay around the yard when we were not hunting, or dozed before our fire at night, or watched us as we moved about the room, a fine look in his deep, agate-brown eyes. I have surprised this look when he was watching us and did not know we were watching him, and have been thrilled and startled by the benignity and generosity of it. The wildness had given place to a steady, unobtrusive, unlimited devotion to the two of us. And more than once I thought of that afternoon when, could I have got my hands on my gun, that look would never have been.

We took him with us when we moved to the city, and there he was stricken in his prime, of black tongue, a disease that in the last ten years has killed off many of the fine bird dogs of the South. The best veterinarians I could find attended him, but finally there came the afternoon when the doctor said there wasn't a chance for him; that he was suffering very much; that a hypodermic would end his life without struggle and without pain. I nodded, left the doctor, and came into the house—a hundred fields of glistening straw in my mind, a hundred wooden coves with autumn leaves sifting down, a hundred log fires with Buck dozing in front.

My wife was sewing in the hall, and when I told her she laid her work aside and ran quickly up-stairs. I heard the hum of the doctor's car as he took his departure. Maybe because of that afternoon when I reached for my gun, old Buck, of all dogs I have known, has the surest place in my heart. Not that altogether, either. He was the noblest Roman of them all, the most generous, the most magnanimous.

## The Ten Most Important Books in the World

(Continued from page 11)

Museum of Alexandria; all the great Hellenic achievements in physical science and surgery in the third and second centuries before Christ sprang directly from his initiative. The Arabs got their scientific impulse from him through the Greek books preserved by the Nestorian Christians in Persia, and by the literature left in Persia by the refugees from the schools of Athens when this last stronghold of pre-Christian thought was broken up by Judaism. And of all Aristotle's writings upon natural science we may perhaps take his "Physics" or his "History of Animals" as the best expression of his insistence upon the gathering and criticism of real knowledge, which was his supreme gift to the world. Of the two I would put the "History of Animals" first, and make that the sixth of our ten most important books. This again is a star which stands for a cluster, and it makes the sixth book upon our list. I do not see how we can omit any of these six, but we are left with only four vacant places for all the books of the last thousand years. (Admittedly this is an absurd inquiry.)

Now between the middle of the thir-





# Have you the courage to start over?

By William C. Roberts

I ADMIT very frankly that I didn't—not until it was almost too late. It is not easy to "start over" after you have been working in one position for a number of years—small as that position and its salary may be.

I used to wish, sometimes, that I had been more fortunate in my choice of a business when I first started to work, or that I had studied a little when I was younger and had fewer responsibilities.

I knew that I had just as much natural ability as many of the men who were getting ahead of me. And yet, somehow or other, Opportunity seemed always to pass me by.

Sometimes I blamed it on myself—sometimes I thought that other men had more influence or pull with the firm than I had—sometimes I overestimated the part that Luck plays in a man's success.

Then one day I met Jim Bartlett!

Now, Jim Bartlett was my best friend. He was a successful business man and he talked straight from the shoulder. There was no mincing words when he started analyzing my capabilities and telling me what I ought to do.

"Bill," he said earnestly, "the trouble with you is that you have fallen into a rut,

You work hard enough, but you haven't any definite goal.

"It may sound brutal for me to say this, but there's only one reason why you aren't getting more money, and that is because you don't deserve it. You've never made any effort to improve yourself after working hours. You've never trained yourself to handle larger responsibility."

"But what can I do?" I asked helplessly. "I have a wife and child. I'm too old to take chances."

"Too old?" fairly shouted Jim. "Too old? Why, if anything, you're too young!"

"At 35, Henry Ford was working in the mechanical department of the Edison Electrical Light & Power Co., for \$150 a month. At 38, John H. Patterson, who founded the National Cash Register Company, was the proprietor of a small and none too successful country store. At 25, George Eastman, president of the Eastman Kodak Company, was earning \$1400 a year as a bookkeeper in a savings bank. At 22, Edison was a roaming telegraph operator—out of a job—too poor, when he arrived in New York, to buy his own breakfast.

"Success wasn't handed to these men on a silver platter, Bill. They worked for it and worked hard—not only during the day, but at night, when the average worker was

lazing around the house or shooting pool. And you've got to do the same thing if you ever want to get anywhere."

FIVE years have passed since I had that conversation with Jim Bartlett—five important, eventful years.

I remember going home that night to a frugal supper and telling my wife of my conversation with Jim. I remember putting my head in my hands and thinking harder than I had thought in years.

Then my wife entered the room silently, and coming up behind me, placed one hand on my shoulder.

"Have you made your decision?" she asked.

It was a simple little question, but there was something in her tone and in the tender, trusting way her hand lay upon my shoulder that sent a thrill clear through me. There could be only one answer to an appeal like that.

"Yes, Mary, I have made my decision," I said—"a decision that is going to change our lives. The past is gone—dead—forgotten. But To-day is here and To-morrow is yet to come. I'm going to show Jim Bartlett and the world that I've got the stuff in me to succeed—and succeed big."

It was a brave speech for me, but somehow I knew that I was making a prediction that was sure to come true. So it came about that that night, before I went to bed, I cut out the familiar little coupon I had seen so often and mailed it to the International Correspondence Schools.

I tell you frankly that I had no idea that the course would be so interesting—so easy—so fascinating—so profitable.

Six months after I started studying with the I. C. S., I received my first promotion and an increase in salary—inside of a year I was assistant manager of my department. A year later I was made manager and I have held that position for more than three years.

JIM BARTLETT claims most of the credit for getting me out of the rut and I am glad to give it to him. He *did* start me thinking in the right direction.

But Mary and I both know that just "thinking" wouldn't have helped me very much if I hadn't sent in that coupon when I did and started studying in my spare time.

Take the advice of a man who has been through it all and send in this coupon today. It is a little thing to do—it will take only a moment of your time—but it may be the means of changing your whole life.

## INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 7470-C, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet "Who Wins and Why" and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Business Law                   | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenography and Typing |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Accountancy (including C.P.A.) | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Service          |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines                            |
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**N**EARLY three-quarters of a century stretch between the great bulky Waltham of Civil War days and the light, thin, though equally sturdy model of today. And yet a series of common ties binds the old to the new. Each stands for the supreme achievement in watch-making of its day. Each represents the highest degree of accuracy and dependability of its period. And most important of all, each bears a name that throughout the years has guaranteed watch quality to the world—WALTHAM!

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*Colonial "A", Raised Gold figure dial, 14 karat carved case. Riverside, 19 jewel movement . . . \$175.*

# WALTHAM

THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH

teenth and the end of the fifteenth century there was a mighty reawakening of the human mind, and I have at least four books competing in my mind to express this renaissance. I have already committed myself to the very debatable assertion that Roger Bacon was one of the Six Greatest Men in History. His greatness lay in his ideas and writing, and so it may seem incumbent upon me to give something he wrote as the seventh book on my list. Yet I hesitate to do so and finally I decide that I will not do so.

His writings were manuscripts; to this day they are manuscripts; England is too indifferent or too illiterate to translate and issue a good edition of the thoughts of one of her two greatest sons. He had such a vision of what was needed in the world for education and fruitful knowledge as no other man has had, but he wrote passionately and badly. He was, very largely, ineffective. I cannot assert that the creative urgency of his spirit was ever properly embodied in a book. And on the other hand, there was another thirteenth-century book that did release enormous new forces in the world, albeit it lacked altogether the reach and depth of Roger Bacon. This other book, which shall be put seventh in this list, was the "Travels of Marco Polo," which first opened the great world of farther Asia to the European imagination. From the literary point of view this book is of little account, but it sent Vasco da Gama to India and Columbus to America, and it turned the flat little world of ancient history into our round modern world. In Seville I have seen the copy of the Travels that Columbus possessed, with annotations in the margin that Columbus himself had made.

**O**NE able critic of my choice of the Six Greatest Men quoted two names as possible alternatives to my Roger Bacon. One was that universal genius Leonardo da Vinci. But while Roger Bacon shines like a star in the night of the thirteenth century, Leonardo was living in the brightness of the fifteenth. No doubt his "Note Books" show a wonderful curiosity and penetration, but I cannot put him on a level with his wrathful, lonely, and altogether wonderful predecessor. And for quite parallel reasons with those that exclude Roger Bacon's manuscripts from the list of the most important books, must we exclude the "Note Books" of Leonardo. They are private meditations, and they are still but incompletely given to the world.

But the other name that was set up against my choice of Roger Bacon gives me a book. This was Copernicus. He lived in the beginnings of printing. The first copies of his great achievement, "The Revolutions of the Heavens," were brought to him as he lay paralyzed upon his deathbed. It struck at the dearest vanity of mankind. It showed that the earth was not the center of the universe, but a mere planet among the planets that go about the sun. That realization marks an epoch in the growth of the human mind. I must count that book as No. 8.

Eight books; two more vacant places remain, and we are not yet in the beginning of the sixteenth century! I can see a dozen worthy candidates for consideration. I am much divided between "The New Atlantis," which formulated the conception of a House of Science, incessantly



COURTESY OF DR. J. C. S.  
—and then he bought a Philco  
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had through the failure of ordinary batteries? We would be glad to hear from you.



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\$23.50 9½ in. high, 21½ in. long. 8 day. Two Tone Chime. Harmony half-hour strike. Rich mahogany finished case. 6 inch porcelain dial, silver bezel with gold plated sack. Convex glass.

## Just the two of us at home

**W**HAT is more companionable than the musical tick-tick-tick of a happy-faced clock?

And surely nothing in the house is more satisfying than the clock that "tells" the time with a joyful voice—and *tells it honestly.*

There is a superiority about Sessions clocks that you will note immediately. There is a "look" about them that's attractive. There is a "tick" and a "strike" to them that indicate reliability. Precision is a part of their being. It is the clock that you want in your home.

Superior clocks at fairest prices have been the Sessions ideal for 50 years.

Ask for a Sessions clock—by name—at any jewelry or department store. "Friendly Clocks" is a little book we have written for you. Write for it.

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MYSTIC  
\$14. 21 by 10 inches. Hand carved, mahogany finish case, 6 inch ivory dial, gold plated sack, convex glass. 8 day. Hour and half-hour Chime and long strike.



# Sessions Clocks

**DEPENDABLE AS TIME ITSELF**

inquiring and criticizing and publishing, that should continually extend the boundaries of human knowledge, and Newton's "Principia," which brought the whole material universe within the domain of natural law. Rather reluctantly I must see Newton squeezed out of our list. The book that replaced unorganized by organized scientific research, and did so much to insure the unending continuity of scientific inquiries must, I think, take precedence even of Newton's glorious analysis. And yet I cannot call "The New Atlantis" a very great, nor a very well-imagined or well-written book. It is indeed the hardest task in the world to make Utopias gay reading, though Swift could make the negative Utopias of Gulliver bitterly entertaining, and the "Republic" moves freshly to its end.

More's "Utopia" itself is a drearily dull book, and few there are who struggle through it. It has not of course the impenetrable tediousness of Harrison's "Oceana," but only the make-believe of the literary people can find brilliance or excitement in the Utopia of either More or Bacon. But "The New Atlantis" is at least short, and it contains the essential ideas of the modern scientific process, the organized collection, publication, and criticism of fact. Quite possibly it was the sole invention of Lord Verulam, but it is much more probable that his greatness was rather to understand and give publicity to the ideas of his friend Gilbert of Colchester, the experimental philosopher. But of the supreme importance of the book itself as the seed of the Royal Society and most European Academies there can be little dispute. Like the rod of Moses, it strikes the rock of human capacity, and thereafter the waters of knowledge flow freely and steadily.

**C**ERTAIN other books, though they are books of great moment, must also, I fear, be excluded from our ten. There is, for example, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations." That is still most living and readable, and it marked the beginning of a rational and unprejudiced treatment of the economic life of the world. But I do not know how far it was an original and creative book. Adam Smith had French precursors and inspirations. I know practically nothing of that seventeenth and eighteenth century literature of social, political, and economic science in France. I do not know what I ought to know of it, but clearly it was a very important literature indeed, and as I do not know it I cannot judge how far Adam Smith was really the great original he seems to me to be. But anyhow, for a reason immediately to be stated, there is no place for him or his sources.

Another eighteenth-century name that holds me in doubt is that of Immanuel Kant. I am held in doubt for much the same reasons as those that hold me back from any confident judgment about Adam Smith. But here it is not a question of his origins but his influence. I do not know my way about in the literature that is involved. I do not know where to place him, because I do not know the threads of suggestion and influence that link his work with the main lines of thought in the nineteenth century. He seems to me to have been one of the greatest originals among men, to have abolished limitations



# Mother and Child doing well

**Every year—**

These glad tidings are sent out by more than two million proud fathers in the United States. They are sent from the bedsides of the two million or more happy mothers who have had competent care.

**Motherhood is Natural—**

and where the mother's health has been safe-guarded before the coming of her baby and where she has had proper care at its birth, the happy report follows: "Mother and child doing well."

But what of the thousands of unfortunate mothers—who have no pre-natal care and who, when their hour comes, are in careless or incompetent hands.

**20,000 Such Mothers Die Needlessly—** die needlessly every year in the United States. "Put just one of these mothers in a vast hall. Let her die publicly, where thousands can see her, and observe the outcry. Imagination fails!" So writes a great editor.

## Two-Fifths of the Deaths from Childbirth

are the result of ignorance or criminal carelessness. The medical name for the direct cause is Septicemia. Septicemia is infection, caused by germs on attendant's hands, on instruments, on linen, or on some other article used in caring for the patient. Soap and water alone cannot produce the cleanliness necessary. Hands must be made antiseptically clean. Instruments must be sterilized (boiled). A little everyday knowledge and scrupulous care in each case—Septicemia is prevented—and these mother-lives saved.

5000 mothers die yearly from bodily neglect before their babies are born. The mother's body is working for two. This puts extra strain on the kidneys and other organs. Precautionary examinations by a physician show whether the kidneys are in good working condition, and care reduces danger from convulsions to a minimum.

Multiply that one dying mother by 20,000 and you get a picture that not only fires the mind beyond the realms of imagination, but one that stuns by its brutality—for most of these deaths are needless deaths. *They can be prevented.*

**10,000 Men Killed—**

When this news was flashed from the front during the Great War, our entire nation was hushed to tears and bowed its head in grief. Yet twice that many mothers die every year from childbirth here at home!

Millions are working for World Peace—working to save the loss of life in war. Then why permit the unnecessary sacrifice of mother-lives

—the choice lives of our Nation?

**Mothers in every part of the country need help—**

What shall the answer be? Husbands, physicians, hospitals, communities must ensure absolute cleanliness and provide skilled care.

More women in this country between the ages of 15 and 44 die from the effects of childbirth than from any other cause, except tuberculosis.

From its very beginning in 1909, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's nursing service considered the care of policy holders, before and after childbirth, as one of its chief obligations.

From January 1, 1922 to December 31, 1922, Metropolitan nurses made over 700,000 visits to policy holders in maternity cases, not

only giving pre-natal care but after-care to mother and child and teaching the mother how to care for the baby when the nurse's visits were no longer necessary.

The death rate among Metropolitan policy holders from child bearing has been reduced, while the death rate among women lacking the visiting nurse service has actually increased.

Results obtained by the Metropolitan, together with the fact that wherever public and private agencies are working, the maternal

death rate is being reduced is an indication of the possibilities when every mother shall have pre-natal care and proper attendance during and after confinement.

The company is ready to send a simple but scientifically prepared booklet entitled: "Information for Expectant Mothers". Your request by letter addressed to Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York, will bring this booklet without charge or obligation.

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**



# SIMMONS

TRADE MARK

# CHAINS

The panel at the right shows the links twice enlarged. Notice their strength of detail.

## The Securing of Watch Chain Value

TO give you real value, a watch chain must be more than beautiful, for beauty is sometimes temporary. It must serve you faithfully through the years—continually worn, much handled, yet never losing its beauty or playing false to its duty of securing the watch.

Wear a Simmons Chain to secure the maximum of watch chain value! It is made by a special process of drawing gold, green gold or Platinumgold over a less expensive base metal. Thus it becomes the more durable and beautiful and surprisingly reasonable in price—\$4 to \$15.

There are many styles of Simmons Chains to meet your preferences and requirements at work, dress and play. Each is made with finished craftsmanship. See them at your jeweler's.

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and opened out new worlds. It seems to me that ideas about the validity of human beliefs, and about such things as space and time differ in the pre-Kant era from those in the post-Kant era as a brick wall differs from a glass partition. You can see through them now, even if you cannot for effective thinking get through them. His "Examination of Pure Reason" (which people for some unfathomable reason either mistranslate as the "Critique of Pure Reason," or leave only half translated as the "Kritik of Pure Reason" comes close to our Ten. Yet it was not the whole of Kant, hardly more than the "Natural History" is the whole of Aristotle. It is the star that stands for the cluster.

Kant's mind, I think, wasn't in the eighteenth century at all, it was mooning ahead somewhere about the twenty-fourth. He was not a very expressive man, and again and again it is only when his work has been laboriously rediscovered that the explorers find from some dropped phrase or fragmentary essay that, instead of having pushed into the virgin wilderness, old Kant has been there before them. He anticipated certain discussions of the effect of the tides upon the length of the world's day, by a hundred years. We work a way through war and bloodshed, slowly, so slowly! to the realization that there is no peace, no future for mankind except through the political unity of mankind in a world republic. Kant said it. Never a commanding idea has this world of to-day brought to me that he has not anticipated. The fundamental importance of universal history as a basis of international ideas has come to me with the effect of a great discovery. He knew that universal history must be the basis of the political ideas of a happier world.

RECENTLY, and under the sway of Sanderson of Oundle, I have been more and more confirmed in my belief that the world can only be reconstructed (and that it can be reconstructed) by remaking it in the schools. Here is our best field of work, our surest, freshest hope. Yet a century and a half ago Kant had said that, he had said quite plainly that we must educate not for the present world but for the world that is to be. I begin to doubt at times whether I shall ever come to see any truth that Kant did not see. If when I die I receive the greatest surprise of my life and find myself immortal, I know that the first person I shall see in that stupendous new world will be this little Scotch Prussian, walking by, perfectly at home, with an air of having said so all along. Yet—and here is the real question of his importance—how much did he help us to discover and realize? Or is it that, as we come up to things, we just find that almost unhelpfully—so dry was he and so obscure—he has been there?

Another book that I am constrained to put aside by the limitation of my question to ten books only, is Marx on "Capital," in spite of its enormous influence during the last quarter of a century. I do not say it is a good book, but I insist it has been a very important one. Indeed, I should call it a bad book—evil rather than bad. It has given the socialist and labor movements of our modern civilization a narrow, bitter self-righteousness. Marx has played to insurgent labor the same rôle that Herbert Spencer with his individualistic





## A Million Miles from Dull Care

**S**OMEWHERE far beyond the place where men and motors race through canyons of the town—somewhere on the top of the world—there is a peak which dull care has never climbed.

You can go there light-hearted in a Jordan Playboy—for it's always happy in the hills.

A car for a man's man—that's certain.

Or for the girl who loves to take the open road with top down, in the summer time.

Lighter than any on the road, for its wheelbase, rare in beauty and supremely balanced, as a fine car must be—distinctive as only a car of personality can be—the Playboy is an apt companion for all Americans who dare never to grow old.

Strangely we have always underestimated the Playboy demand.

We have never built enough.

But we never will—you may be assured.

There's too much real fun in building a few less than the people want.

It's friendly, human—you know—to want to have something the other fellow can't get.

Frankly, the Playboy is built for those admirable people of good taste, who know how to distinguish high quality from extravagance—those rare individuals to whom experience affords the possession of the pride of economy, which is just another name for common sense.



# JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Cleveland, Ohio





## Refreshment without risk

**W**HEN you feel worn out and nerves are a-jangle from the daily grind—that is nature's danger signal. Good food, a *wholesome* hot drink and rest are the only safe ways to restore vigor and freshness.

A good hot drink, such as Postum, that contains no treacherous stimulant, is one of the surest, safest helps in relieving fatigue.

The genial warmth of this famous cereal beverage, its delicious flavor and "body" give immediate satisfaction. Tired nerves are soothed—not stirred up at the expense of vital energy.

Postum *tastes* like coffee but it does not contain a particle of coffee. Coffee is likely to let you down; but Postum comforts and satisfies without any disagreeable after-effects.

Postum is the world's household drink that every member of the family—young and old—can enjoy.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully 20 minutes.

# Postum

FOR HEALTH

*"There's a Reason"*



doctrines, played to the selfish financier and industrial entrepreneur; both justified the characteristic class impulses of the people they flattered, and both discouraged that generosity which alone can save the world. They are the twin evil spirits of our age. But vast as has been the disastrousness of Marx, I still cannot count his book among my ten. There is a far stronger claim for Darwin's "Origin of Species." Of that book we may say it completed the disillusionment of mankind. It is the end of twenty-five centuries of adolescence, the coming of age of mankind. With that book man ceased to live, self-centered and limited, in a childishly conceived world made for him and culminating in him, and entered upon a full realization of the greatness, terrible-ness, danger, and beauty, the limitless possibilities and endless adventure of life.

**T**HAT completes my choice of ten. The reader will remark that I have glanced at Homer and the Rig Veda only to dismiss them, and that Shakespeare and Goethe, Euripides and Virgil and so forth are not even named. But I was not asked for the most beautiful or the most perfect or the most moving books; I was asked for the most important. I was thinking not of delights but powers. And just as I declined to think of Shakespeare, that most lovable, humorous, melodious, and understanding man, as one of the Six Greatest Men, so do I refuse to consider his plays or any one of his plays as of supreme importance in human affairs. Had there never been a Shakespeare the world would have been very much what it is to-day; some of us would have lacked a dear friend and the forcing-houses of "refinement" would have had one tedious cant the less.

And if a young man or a young woman were to ask me if I thought the reading of these Ten Most Important Books advisable, I should make a very guarded reply. I should say, "Read all you can of the original Gospel as it is preserved for us in the existing Gospels, read the 'Republic,' for it is not too long and still quite a contemporary book, and if you are a Jew or want to understand the Jews—and I do not see how you can understand the world if you do not understand them—read Isaiah. But the 'Koran' you will not want to read, because it is practically unreadable; look into it and see what it is like. Read about Confucius rather than explore the text of his sayings. The 'Travels of Marco Polo' makes interesting but not absorbing reading nowadays, and it is by no means 'generally necessary for salvation.' It has done its work. And Aristotle and 'The New Atlantis,' the 'Revolution of the Heavens' and the 'Origin of Species' are all now so digested and absorbed and incorporated in the body of modern thought and science that there is really no particular urgency for the ordinary educated man to study these originals at all. It is well to read them; it is well to get as close as possible to these great originating books, but it is not vitally important to do so. The Ten Most Important Books does not mean necessarily the ten most important books to read. But this is opening a fresh question, the question what a decent citizen of to-day should read, and that I hope to be able to discuss in next month's AMERICAN MAGAZINE."





## WHAT SURPRISED THE CHEF

### *Real Cream in Cream Soups*

"You don't mean to tell me," exclaimed a noted chef, who was visiting the "Home of the 57," "You don't mean to tell me that you put *real cream* in your cream soups!"

His specialty was cream soups. His exclamation of surprise came when he saw the great cans of real cream, fresh from the dairy, waiting to be made into Heinz Cream Soups.

"Of course!" was the reply. "What else?"

"But I never use cream in my cream soups—or even milk. It isn't necessary. Nobody notices the difference."

He was told, however, that real cream was necessary for Heinz Cream Soups.

*Doesn't the label say  
"Cream"?*

When a Heinz Soup is called "Cream Soup" it is because it is *made with real cream*.

When Heinz Beans are called "Oven Baked" it is because they are *really baked in dry heat ovens*.

"Pure" means *pure*, and there are 57 Varieties of HEINZ pure food products.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY  
57 Varieties







## Doctors know the value of ARCOLA warmth

DR. T. W. POSEY, Bowling Green, Ky., who warms both his home and garage with ARCOLA, says: "We never have less than 70° temperature throughout the house; three of our neighbors have installed ARCOLA after seeing how splendidly ours worked."

Dr. Sidney A. Dunham of the Parkside Sanitarium, Buffalo, N.Y., writes: "My ARCOLA is proving very satisfactory and economical. It requires less attention and produces more heat than any other system I

have ever seen. I consider it excellent for the health of patients. It has been in use here four years without repair."

Your doctor, too, will tell you that hot-water warmth is the healthiest and best for your home. Your Heating Contractor will tell you that he can have ARCOLA installed, and furnishing hot-water warmth to every room in your home, in less than a week.

See him today. And send for the finely illustrated book which explains how ARCOLA pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

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*IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need*

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CHICAGO



## The Most Wonderful Dog I Have Ever Known

### FIRST PRIZE

#### Brought Help to a Trapped Sheep

**A**KINSMAN of mine, Mr. Roland Sperry of New York State, bought a shepherd dog with the intention of training him to handle a small herd of sheep. Because of a belt of white hair around his neck, the dog was named Ring.

Ring grew up about the place but had never received any lessons in sheep herding. He had, however, been taught to drive the cattle and the horses back and forth from the pasture.

One day the master of the farm was some distance from the house working in a field when Ring came running to him. The dog acted curiously. He tried, obviously, to make the man take notice of him, and paid no attention to Mr. Sperry's efforts to be playful. Finally, the man became uneasy, thinking perhaps something had happened to his invalid wife. He hurried home, Ring running in front. At the house all was well, except that the dog continued to leap up, whine, and try to lure his master on. A tuft of sheep's wool showed in Ring's teeth, and upon discovering this Mr. Sperry was astounded, fearing that his fine dog had become a sheep killer.

But he decided to follow the dog and see. Into the woods he was led and, picking his way across the trunks of newly-cut trees, the man, as directed by the dog, came upon a sheep caught fast in between two fallen trees and wedged there by an accidental adjustment of the boughs. Ring had tried to extricate that sheep; he had gnawed bark off the trees, scratched around in the ground, and finally had taken hold of the sheep and pulled backward, thus getting the wool in his mouth.

All this being useless, Ring decided to go for his master, for he had learned that a man can do many wonderful things which dogs cannot do. L. B. S.

### SECOND PRIZE

#### Found His Way Home, From New York to Texas

**B**OSCO is a collie. He is still a young dog, but nevertheless a wise one.

We had been wondering what we should do with him when we went off for our summer vacation, for it so happened that, according to the plans we were making, we could not take him with us. A friend of ours who was very fond of Bosco suggested that he take him on an automobile trip to New York. Our home is in Texas, and this friend was to make the long trip by motor. He said the dog would be good company. That settled it, and so on the first Friday in March Bosco and this friend departed.



## What is the secret of good-natured children?

**T**O BUILD child health and happiness, natural foods are the most helpful—especially cereals. Of all cereals, oatmeal is best. But it makes a difference which kind of rolled oats is used.

*The superiority of H-O is due to an exclusive process of Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting the oats in the old-fashioned way.*

Thorough Steam-Cooking in closed kettles at 250 degrees, dextrinizes the starch and makes the oats digestible. Pan-Toasting over live coal fires at 650 degrees, produces that delicious H-O flavor.

H-O oats are plump, curly and brown—exclusive characteristics made possible only by the Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting process.

Oatmeal made from H-O (Hornby's Oats) has distinctive color, flavor and texture, unlike any other oats.

For free trial package, write the H-O Cereal Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y., Department "C."





## The Ties You Like to Wear

JUST the fact that they are Cheney Cravats is more than enough to make you *like* these new Spring ties on sight—for you know what "Cheney" means in ties.

They offer you patterns and colorings that are unusually smart—cut and style that are up-to-the-minute—and an easy-tying material that is wrinkleproof, wear-proof and holds its shape well.

Especially sturdy are Cheney Tubulars, famous for their long life of good looks. Your favorite haberdasher has them.

CHENEY BROTHERS  
NEW YORK

*Makers of Cheney Silk*

*Availbail Jacquard  
—a colorful English  
Twill—and a smart  
Glenallie—each  
in bright, original  
shades.*

# CHENEY CRAVATS

It took the tourists full three weeks to reach New York. Bosco was given a comfortable kennel at the house where my friend was stopping. Everything reasonable was done for him, but he was not content. Homesickness seized him—love of the wide spaces of Texas, the smells of the prairies and the warmth of the Southern sun lured him. He was housed better than ever before, but it wasn't *home* to him. He became restless and finally ran away. Efforts to find him proved futile, and our friend notified us of our loss.

One day in August, a little more than four months later, my baby brother was playing in our front yard. He felt a dog's nose nudge him, and turning he stood amazed! "Bosco!" he shouted at the top of his voice, "Bosco!" and running as fast as his little legs would carry him he called to Mother that Bosco had come home.

And so he had! His beautiful coat was matted with burrs and mud; his feet were sore, the nails being worn off; his tongue was dangling and his graceful body was lean and lank. No wonder, for he had traversed the miles from New York to Texas, and in some way unknown to us humans he found the way south and west and home.

P. K.

### THIRD PRIZE

#### Saved His Master From Enraged Bull

OUR family dog came to us a stray puppy on our old Minnesota farm. As chief chore boy it fell to my lot to be his sole trainer and companion. For me he would travel clear across the farm to bring the cattle, and would unerringly separate the steers and young stock from the milk cows, bringing only the latter at milking time.

Once I had sent him nearly a mile away for the cattle, then feeding in the corn stalks. I was amazed to see him hesitate after the herd was started home, and then cross the road into a neighbor's pasture and start that herd also. He seemed to be trying to cut out some animal from the herd, and pretty soon he succeeded.

When the cattle came up I scanned the bunch to discover the stray member, but to my astonishment found that the wanderer was our own bull, that had jumped into the neighbor's pasture. Old Fido had noticed his absence and had located him mixed in with some forty-odd cattle.

Another time I was milking in the sheds, and Fido came to the door making sounds of great excitement. I knew something was wrong. I heard a thud and a sound as if the breath had been driven from someone's body. With a bound I reached the door, and was frozen with horror to see my father prostrate on the ground and the bull—he had no horns, happily—maneuvering so as to throw his weight upon the almost helpless man. With a little remaining strength Father wiggled now this way now that to escape the impact of the bull's head.

For a second I stood motionless, but Fido flashed out into the yard, made a leap and grabbed the infuriated animal's tail close up to his body. This unexpected attack surprised the bull and gave Father a chance to crawl into the shed. E. H. P.



# \$50000-in Prizes For Users of Valspar

Nearly everybody knows about Valspar and millions are using it. This wonderful waterproof varnish has proved its worth and quality under circumstances and conditions that are nothing short of amazing.

Thousands of unsolicited letters have reached us from people wishing to relate unusual Valspar experiences. These letters furnish overwhelming testimony of Valspar's marvelous durability and its astonishing resistance to water, heat, acids, alkalis.

And we are convinced that thousands of other Valspar users have had experiences just as interesting. We want to know of these incidents. Accordingly we are offering several thousand dollars in cash prizes for letters telling of experiences with Valspar.

## For Instance

That you may understand exactly what we have in mind, we give the following actual experiences as examples:

1. C. K. Perry of Marshfield, Oregon, wrote about a Valsparred dining room table which as the result of a fire last July, was drenched with water mixed with lime and charcoal. The under part of the table (which was not Valsparred) turned white as snow—the Valsparred top, when washed, was found to be in perfect condition.
2. Mr. J. H. Audibert, of Fort Kent, Me., varnished four axe-handles, each with a different Varnish-Stain including Valspar Varnish-Stain. He writes: "The cheapest stain looked all right and dried quicker, but after putting all the handles in a pail of ashes mixed with boiling water, I found the Valspar was the only one that stood the test."
3. One stormy day last November, Mrs. J. B. Kirk of Hackensack, N. J., had to leave her car out in the driving rain and sleet. (Fortunately, her husband had put two coats of Valspar Enamel on it the Spring before.) "After the storm," she writes, "it looked like an iceberg and I thought the finish would be ruined. But the ice and water didn't hurt it at all and today the car looks as fine as when the enamel was first put on. Our garage man marvels at it, because his own car, which he refinished with another make of varnish, looks so shabby and dull."

**Valspar Colored Varnish-Stains.** All of these can be freely washed with hot water and soap; they never turn white; they resist the action of acids, alkalis and oils. They are very durable; they don't chip, crack or peel. They dry in any weather—dust-free in two hours and hard in twenty-four.

## About the Uses of Valspar

Clear Valspar is, of course, used for finishing floors, all kinds of indoor and outdoor woodwork, furniture, boats, refrigerators, linoleum, and for the many other uses of varnish.



Valspar Varnish-Stains possess the same qualities as clear Valspar, but you stain and varnish with one stroke of the brush. They come in six permanent colors. Absolutely waterproof and very durable, they are unequalled for finishing floors, front doors, porch furniture, and all other woodwork that requires staining.

Valspar Enamels answer the need for a really waterproof enamel. They are made from the finest pigments carefully ground in clear Valspar, thus combining Valspar durability with exceptional beauty of color. Valspar Enamels are absolutely unsurpassed as an automobile finish and for wood, metal and all other surfaces where enamel is used. They come in 12 standard colors.

## What Can You Tell Us?

If you know an instance where any (or all) of these three forms of Valspar has proved its durability and waterproofness under unusually severe conditions of wear, or under some extraordinary circumstance, we ask you to write us about it. And if you have photographs which add interest to your story we will be glad to receive them.

It makes no difference which form of Valspar has been used—it makes no difference what kind of a Valsparred surface it is. Just tell us the facts.

## Requirements and Prizes

There are no restrictions, no intricate qualifications. Write your letter in ink and use *only one side of the paper*. These are the only requirements—with the understanding, that the incident told about actually occurred prior to the first announcement of this contest. And that we shall be allowed to use for publicity purposes as we see fit any letters submitted.

\$2000 will be awarded to the contestant who sends the letter that the judges agree is the most interesting of all. 5 prizes of \$100 to those whose letters stand next in interest—ten \$50 prizes, one hundred \$10 prizes, and two hundred \$5 prizes will also be distributed—more than three hundred (300) prizes in all.

The judges of the contest will be Mr. Lawrence F. Abbott, President of The Outlook; Miss

Every Live Dealer in the United States Sells Valspar

## SPECIAL DEALER WINDOW DISPLAY CONTEST

In addition to the contest described above, which is open to everyone, including all dealers, there will be a special contest for dealers only.

**\$1500 IN PRIZES** for photographs of the best Window Displays of any or all of the following—Valspar, Valspar Varnish-Stain and Valspar Enamel. Only those dealers who have Valspar in stock or have ordered same at the time of the first announcement of this contest are eligible.

Prizes will be awarded as follows: First prize \$250; 5 prizes of \$100 each; 5, \$50 prizes; 10, \$10 prizes, and 80, \$5 prizes—101 prizes in all. All letters and photos must be received by April 30th, 1923.

## List of Prizes

### Prizes for Valspar Experiences

1st prize \$500.00  
5 prizes of \$100.00 each  
10 prizes of \$50.00 each  
100 prizes of \$10.00 each  
800 prizes of \$5.00 each  
316 prizes in all—Total value of prizes \$3,500.00

### Prizes for Valspar Dealers

1st prize \$250.00  
5 prizes of \$100.00 each  
5 prizes of \$50.00 each  
10 prizes of \$10.00 each  
80 prizes of \$5.00 each  
101 prizes in all—Total value of prizes \$1,500.00

Contest Closes April 30th

**VALENTINE'S VALSPAR**  
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

Martha E. Dodson, Associate Editor of 'The Ladies' Home Journal'; Miss Gertrude B. Lane, Editor of the Woman's Home Companion.

We suggest that letters do not run more than 250 words in length, but length or literary style will have no bearing on the award of prizes.

All letters must be received by April 30th.

Address your communications to Valentine & Company, Prize Contest Department, 52 East 31st St., New York City, N. Y.

## Write Your Experience Now

Let us hear what you know about Valspar. Don't consider your experience as too trifling or commonplace, write us about it. Not everybody can relate a startling occurrence, and it's more than likely many of the prizes will be won by simple, matter-of-fact stories.

Don't let this chance slip by. A few minutes spent in writing your letter gives you a splendid chance to win a substantial prize. Send us your story. Send it today.

Prize Contest Department  
**VALENTINE & COMPANY**  
52 East 31st St., New York

## Unique Qualities of Valspar

Valspar is made in three forms—Valspar Clear Varnish, Valspar Colored Enamels and

Save this page—and work for a prize





\* After tobacco has been properly aged, blended and packed, the sooner you smoke it the better it is.

\* *fresh*  
from the  
factory

means that Tuxedo is now delivered to your dealer in small lots—even one dozen tins, if necessary.

The cartons are dated, showing the last day it can be sold. This is

**something  
entirely new**

A guarantee that Tuxedo is fresh wherever—whenever—you buy it.

No dealer—anywhere—should sell you a tin of Tuxedo that is not “Fresh from the Factory.”

Buy a tin of Tuxedo today. Try a pipeful and see how good fresh tobacco can be.

*Now*  
**15¢**



Guaranteed by:

*The American Tobacco Co.*  
INCORPORATED



## Captain Jackson Gives In

(Continued from page 49)

and slipping and swimming. I had our boat unhitched. He took her and going back, beached just as the doctor appeared. When they got to the kitchen there was poor old Cap'n in agony.

"White of egg," ordered the doctor.

"Had five," said I.

"Oil?" and I nodded.

"Mustard water?"

"Ready, but he won't take it."

"Can't, can't," whispered the Cap'n.

The doctor just took his beard and yanked his mouth open, and down it went. Well, it wasn't long before he threw off the poison. Seemed as if he'd turn inside out. Then the doctor fixed him up and ordered him to bed. While we were undressing him, Doctor Emery said, "Ezra, Jane Wiggin saved your life, to-day. Don't you ever forget it."

Stella was about crazy when she got home. She stayed with him all the time.

A week later I see Anna Blaine in the village, and she told me True was coming home the next Sunday for the first time in weeks. "He says he's going to see the Cap'n about Stella," she said.

The doctor was making his last visit the next day. When I was bringing him across, I said to him, "Doctor Emery, would you mind mentioning again to-day how 'twas me that saved his life?"

So when he was leaving, he said, "You can thank Jane for your life, Cap'n. We'd 'a' had a new keeper if it hadn't been for her."

Cap'n and I exchanged a glance, but we said not a word.

THE next Sunday, who should come rowing across the cut but True. No one saw him but me, till he knocked at the kitchen door. Stella opened and her face was a picture when she see who it was. He walked right in and kissed her before she could say Jack Robinson. Then he remarks, offhand like, "I'd like a few words with Cap'n Jackson."

Cap'n had heard his voice and was standing in the sitting-room door looking like a thunder cloud. True said, "Cap'n Jackson, I'll come right to the point: I'm here to ask your consent to marry Stella, three weeks from next Sunday. I've got a good position, and I love her and she loves me. I want to take her West."

At that word "West," Cap'n most exploded. He went out the door and walked round and round the island.

True says, "If he won't give in, you're going to come anyway, Stella. I've made all the arrangements—got the license, and our tickets too."

Stella was wavering between anger and admiration when the Cap'n came in. He spoke to Stella in the gentlest voice I ever hear him use.

"Stella," he said. "Stella, I've been hard and stubborn sometimes; but I loved your ma and I love you. Circumstances," he says, with a look at me, "all seems to point to my giving you to True Blaine. God help him if he don't make you happy. Don't ask me to stand up with you—I won't do it. But I give my con-



## What about the men?

AN intelligent young woman in Cleveland sat down to her typewriter during noon hour the other day, and wrote us the following:

"Gentlemen: Please hand this letter to the man who attends to your advertising.

"I have been a lot interested in reading what he has to say about Halitosis (unpleasant breath) because it all hits so close to where I live eight hours every day.

"It's the man I work for who is the offender, and I am simply hoping and hoping every day that he will see one of your advertisements and that it will do him some good! You see I don't dare mention it to him.

"I'd clip out one of your advertisements and hand it to him if I didn't need my present job as badly as I do.

"If you have any suggestion, I'd be glad to have it.

Yours truly, G. S."

\*\*\*

So there you are, Miss G. S. If

this advertisement helps you out, we'll all be happy.

The insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) is that you, yourself, rarely know when you have it. And even your closest friends won't tell you.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis comes from some deep-seated organic disorder that requires professional advice. But usually—and fortunately—halitosis is only a local condition that yields to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

This halts food fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath "sweet, fresh and clean." So the systematic use of Listerine this way puts you on the safe and polite side. You know your breath is right. Fastidious people everywhere are making it a regular part of their daily toilet routine.

Your druggist will supply you with Listerine. He sells lots of it. It has dozens of different uses as a safe antiseptic and has been trusted as such for half a century. Read the interesting booklet that comes with every bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.



She wrote this during her noon hour

For  
HALITOSIS



use  
LISTERINE





A.F.B.A. HOUSE No. 628  
at Park Ridge, Illinois

This is one of the ninety-six  
attractive designs shown in  
"Face Brick Bungalow and  
Small House Plans"



## Basic Values in Home-Building

FACE Brick combines that strength, durability and beauty which meet the requirements of both good taste and the thrifty purse. Other materials have their merits and make their appeal, but looking at the home-building problem on all sides, no other material approaches Face Brick in the structural and artistic values it offers—permanence, comfort, safety from fire, economy, and beauty. Every home-builder will find it worth while to investigate Face Brick before he builds. The facts are given in "The Story of Brick." For your copy, address, American Face Brick Association, 1736 Peoples Life Building, Chicago, Illinois.

### Send for these booklets:

"The Story of Brick" is an attractive booklet with beautiful illustrations of modern homes, and discusses such matters as Comparative Costs, Basic Requirements in Building, The Extravagance of Cheapness, Financing the Building of a Home, and kindred subjects. A copy will be sent free to any prospective home-builder.

"Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" embrace 96 designs of Face Brick bungalows and small houses. These houses are unusual and distinctive in design, economical to build, and convenient in floor plan. "Face Brick Bungalow and Small House Plans" are issued in four booklets, showing 3 to 4-room houses, 5-room houses, 6-room houses, and 7 to 8-room houses. The entire set for one dollar; any one of the books,

twenty-five cents. We can supply complete working drawings, specifications and masonry quantity estimates at nominal prices.

"The Home of Beauty" contains fifty designs of Face Brick houses, mostly two stories, representing a wide variety of architectural styles and interior arrangements. These houses were selected from 350 designs submitted in a nation-wide Architectural Competition. Sent for 50 cents. We also distribute complete working drawings, specifications and quantity estimates for these houses at nominal cost.

"Orienting the House" is an illustrated booklet, with a sun dial chart and explanation for placing the house with reference to light and shade. Interesting to any prospective builder. Sent for 10 cents.

sent—though I might just as well of died then as now," he adds, with a black scowl at me, as if 'twas all my doing.

Stella and True was so overcome they didn't hear half he said. They both thought True had scared the old man into it. I never told 'em 'twas just the will of the Lord working through Jane Wiggin, as He has many's the time. Even Cap'n took great credit for his kindness, and give them five hundred dollars for a wedding present.

Mrs. Wiggin drifted off into oblivion with her memories, and was roused only by my question, "What's become of the Cap'n?"

"Him? Laws, if he didn't marry Ella Adams that very next fall—or rather she married him, I'll tell you about it sometime."

## What Have You Got in Your Medicine Closet?

(Continued from page 29)

special conditions, make the family safe by pasting on the outside of bottle or box a piece of sandpaper. Sandpaper can be detected in the dark and will warn anyone to drop that bottle. And the fools who will go into a cabinet in the dark and take a dose out of an unseen bottle are to be found in the best of families.

If I were to add to my list of home remedies it would be the name of a drug not yet generally known, because it is comparatively new, but one which deserves a place. It is a tissue extract called thromboplastin and is used to stop minor hemorrhages. It takes thromboplastin just one minute to stop a bad nose bleed, and when this drug is better known it will undoubtedly be valued as a home remedy.

SOME people "just can't take" certain drugs. If you can't, there are forms of disguise that make the taking of almost any drug agreeable. If you have a revulsion at the notion of some drug that you know is going to do you good, have it put up in some form that you like. The old-timers sneer at this pleasing of a patient; they prefer the days when we held the children's noses until they gasped for breath and so swallowed the castor oil.

But any modern physician knows that flavor and appearance are factors in the successful administration of drugs. If the flavor is agreeable to the patient, it puts the patient into a more favorable condition for the action of the drug and actually aids absorption. Tasteless castor oil, castor oil put into capsules, tablets with coverings of chocolate, licorice, peppermint, or sugar, are just as effective as the distasteful raw drug, and to most people much pleasanter to take. If your children fight about taking remedies, have those remedies put up in agreeable form.

Practically all human beings take drugs. Even the people who deny taking "medicine" have their pet aids to health. Hardly a man or woman but takes some drug internally at least once a week, and the folks who fly for relief for every little ache take drugs every day and often many times.





The crate on the left is one of several crates designed by a Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineer for a Detroit Automobile concern. It replaced the crate shown on the right.

The advantages of the new crate are: saving in lumber, reduction in size and weight, lessened labor cost, greater strength.

Another instance of what Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are doing for shippers every day.



## How Scientific Crating Cuts Down Freight Bills

**S**HIPPERS today find no joy in the subject of freight rates. So the ability of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers to cut tons from freight bills has brought their services into national prominence.

The story of the crate pictured above is characteristic of what scientific crating is accomplishing.

**T**HE new crate, designed to carry an automobile fender, weighs 36 pounds less than the crate it replaced—a reduction in weight of 54.5%. This saving is chiefly the result of using a lighter weight wood. Yet through proper design the new crate is stronger.

The concern for which this and several other crates were designed, estimates a reduction in its freight and express shipping weights of 2,000,000 pounds per year, representing a saving of from \$10,000 to \$15,000.

The new crate requires 3.3 feet less lumber—a saving of 17.9%.

It is two inches less in length and height—an economy in storage and car loading.

The foreman of the shipping room says his men can make two of the new crates in the time required to make one of the old design.

Shippers who have adopted scientific crating report other advantages in addition to factory savings. Good packing insures safe delivery of

merchandise. It eliminates damage claims and speeds up collections. It decreases sales resistance and so gives the salesman a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

Many large concerns are utilizing the service and the facilities which this organization makes available to the industrials of the country.

**T**HE services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

For crating purposes, this organization supplies from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of crating lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities ample for any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser Engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 4th and Robert Streets, St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



**WEYERHAEUSER FOREST PRODUCTS**  
**SAINT PAUL • MINNESOTA**

*Producers for industry of pattern and flask lumber, factory grades for remanufacturing, lumber for boxing and crating, structural timbers for industrial building. And each of these items in the species and type of wood best suited for the purpose.*







## Men's Teeth

Should also glisten.

Shall women take all the care?

A large percentage of the women you meet have white teeth nowadays. Men like the charm. They like the smiles that pretty teeth engender.

But don't you know that women also like such evidence of care?

Careful people the world over use a new teeth-cleaning method. It means whiter, safer, cleaner teeth. You owe yourself a test.

### Film is the cause

The cause of dingy teeth is film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

Food, tobacco, etc., discolor film. Then it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film. Teeth which people don't like to show are made unsightly by that film.

### Troubles follow

Film also causes most tooth troubles. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

### Now we combat it

Now people who are well-advised constantly combat that film. Dental science has found two ways. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it.

Able authorities proved those methods effective. Then dentists everywhere began to urge their use.

A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. The name is Pepsodent. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it. Now it has come into world-wide use, largely by dental advice.

### Fights acid, too

Dental research found two other things essential. And they were both embodied in this new-day dentifrice.

Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus Pepsodent, with every use, gives to Nature's tooth-protecting agents manifold effect. And these results are bringing to millions a new dental era.

### It's easy to know

You can easily prove that these effects do come, and know what they mean to you.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

What you see and feel will very soon convince you. Make this test in justice to yourself. Cut out the coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free

1029

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 820, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

a day. Women are probably the biggest drug users, not because they have more illnesses than men but because they are apt to worry more about an illness, and so seek relief.

Country folks specialize on patent medicines rather than on pure drugs, and if there was ever a perfect illustration of the power of advertising it is seen here. The mail of country dwellers is full of patent-medicine circulars, and the country people read them, and buy. If sent to city dwellers they usually glance at them and throw them away, time being limited and the drug store handier.

One precaution which few people observe is not to mix drugs freely in the human stomach. A man runs to a medicine cabinet for relief from a headache and takes a dose of some kind of pill, and it fails to work to his satisfaction. A half-hour later he takes a second pill but of a different kind. And an hour later he takes a third dose of a third variety. The stomach takes from one hour to three to empty, so that this man probably has pills one, two, and three all in his stomach at the same time. What the results are going to be no man can tell without analyzing each.

**QUEER** things happen in our internal regions when we get to mixing things. Cathartics which are saline in character will prevent the absorption of some other drugs, which will then be of no use to the patient at all. Certain drugs taken too closely will react to form poison. Other drugs will counteract each other and form inert substances that pass through the body with no effect whatever. Or two drugs taken closely may counteract each other in physiological results. The patient absorbs them both, but as they counteract each other he is just where he was before taking any drug at all.

Some vegetable drugs contain considerable tannic acid. If another drug packed in a gelatin capsule is taken soon after any of these, in all probability the gelatin will fail to dissolve and the capsule will lie in the stomach and do nothing. Drugs containing iron salts, followed by tannic acid, either in a drug or in a cup of tea that has boiled or has been brewed too long, result in a formation of ink in our insides. It probably won't do us much harm, but it certainly will do us no good.

If you feel you have to have a second dose of a home remedy, take a second of the same kind, and don't mix it too freely with your food, or other chemical combinations may result. This often explains why at some times drugs relieve and at others they do not. At the "other times" they have found something in the stomach which counteracted their effect.

Read the directions on the drugs you buy. One would think it unnecessary to issue such a warning as this, but if people take pills in the dark, without being certain of what they are taking, just as surely will they trustingly take a drug without finding out the dosage. If there are no directions on the drug you buy, ask your druggist to put them on. He knows the average dosage and can advise you. Then take the drug exactly as you are told to take it. If it is to be taken with water, do not take it dry. The water is not intended to wash the drug down; it is often necessary to the action of the drug. Usually it assists in the passage of the drug through



# GET THIS NEW AND BETTER TIRE

*Important improvements make the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread especially desirable*

Here, in brief form, are the reasons why the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread is the greatest tire Goodyear has ever made:

The new type tread on this tire is made from an improved rubber compound, extraordinarily dense, tough and long-wearing.

This tread is semi-flat instead of round, giving broader road contact and affording increased resistance to wear.

The powerful, clean-cut blocks are reinforced at the base by heavy rubber ribs, knitting the whole tread design into a firmer unit and resulting in a smoother-running tire.

The blocks which line the tread on either side are beveled at the outer edge, relieving the carcass from vibration as wear proceeds, and resulting in a more even

distribution of the load over the carcass, and a better seating of the tire in ruts with consequent less strain in the shoulders of the tire.

This new tire has a heavier and tougher sidewall, assuring utmost resistance to curb and rut wear.

It has a stronger bead designed to fit more snugly to the rim.

The more uniform pressure secured in the double molded process by which it is made insures a better union between the plies of the carcass and between the carcass and the tread.

In design, materials and workmanship, the tire is representative of the highest Goodyear standards.

If you are genuinely interested in tire economy you will want this smoother-running, longer-wearing, improved Goodyear Cord Tire.

You can get this new tire now from your Goodyear Service Station Dealer.

*Goodyear Means Good Wear*

# GOODYEAR

Copyright 1923, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.





*She says:*

**Q·R·S**  
**PLAYER ROLLS**

*are Better*

**Because**  
**— they possess**  
**human interest**  
**and produce**  
**human music**

the stomach, so that it reaches the intestines sooner, and in the intestines most drugs are absorbed and become of some use to you. Some drugs may have disastrous effects if lodged in the stomach in solid form. Epsom salts, or sodium phosphate, another popular purgative, depend for their effect upon the amount of water taken with them.

If you are administering drugs to your children, remember that the dosages printed on drugs are for adults. People very frequently give children the drugs which have been purchased for themselves. There is danger in this, as the action of some drugs in children differs widely from the action in adults. Opiates, formerly often present in cough medicines, are totally unsafe for children, and aspirin, which I placed on the list of family remedies, should have the dosage reduced two thirds, if given to children at all. Any drug administered to a child needs special directions, and any druggist can mark the line beyond which it is unsafe to go.

**K**NOW these things before you take or administer any drug. Most people of to-day realize that the manner of using a drug is about as important as the kind of drug to use. Intelligence in the use of drugs has increased greatly in recent years, partly because physicians are franker with their patients and partly because of the educational campaign in the interest of health that is being carried on everywhere by the medical profession, boards of health, the United States Government, and the public-school system. The biggest improvement in drugs by which we have all benefited is their purification and the substitution of milder for more dangerous remedies.

"Shot-gun" cathartics, that took a lot out of the human system in more ways than one, are now replaced by mineral oil and Epsom salts; opiates such as paregoric, which used to be taken generally by children, and by a good many grown people, have practically disappeared. There is a new understanding of antiseptics which has resulted in the more general use of the kinds that kill only bacteria and not our tissue cells. Old-time antiseptics often killed our natural means of defense along with the bacteria causing the ill. The chloramine T. solution mentioned for the home cabinet is one of these newer antiseptics, the value of which was proved in the treatment of the wounds of soldiers during the World War. Chloramine T. will do the work that carbolic acid and bichloride of mercury formerly did, and it is not a rank poison.

Impure drugs may not produce the full effect counted upon, because inert material replaces a part of the drug. You cannot determine a dosage unless you can count upon purity. Impurities in drugs may cause decomposition, making them actually poisonous. Some preparations of sodium phosphate in an impure state contain arsenic, and accidental deaths from this cause were occasional some years ago. And often impurities mean common dirt, which we do not want in our systems through drugs any more than in food, in which we would not tolerate it. A generation ago pure drugs were very rare, but to-day drugs sold generally are much better than a generation ago, and high-class drugs are usually pure.





"Save the surface and  
you save all" — *Paint & Varnish*

**"I'm glad we did it.**

It should have been painted  
three years ago. Let's never  
neglect it again."

**H**OW glossy and clean it looks in its new  
paint! How fresh and immaculate!

Better yet, the paint has actually given  
the house a new lease of life. You talked  
of having it painted, three years ago. A  
house can depreciate sadly in three years.  
Now that it is painted, a big load of  
worry is off your mind.

After all, it costs more not to paint than  
to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check  
them. Paint and varnish **NOW**, or you'll  
pay far more, later, for repairs and re-  
placements. *Don't put it off—put it on.*

For expert advice on the painting of your  
property, call on your local painter. Or  
talk with your local paint dealer. Save the  
surface and you save all.

#### SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN

307 The Bourse, Philadelphia

A cooperative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Industries  
whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify  
practically every kind of property.

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*Smooth*

"Have used one blade 75 times. Still shaves better than a new blade," writes a Brooklyn man. Unusual? No—most Twinplex users get 100, one man got 2007 shaves! Twinplex actually improves a new blade and greatly multiplies the smooth shaves it will give. A few turns strop both edges at once. Sold everywhere. Twinplex Sales Co. St. Louis, New York, Montreal



\$3. A model for each make of single edge blade.

***Twinplex***  
***Stropper***

FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



\$5. A model for each make of double edge blade.



## You Can't Kill These Fifteen Immortal Jokes

(Continued from page 25)

never mentioned in humorous connection, is a puzzle indeed. But nevertheless a fact. As innate in the Human Intelligence as love of mother is the jest of a mother-in-law. Nor can we feel sorry for the victim of this joke, for it is only too probable that she brought it on herself. One of the earliest known stories puts it this way:

As Mr. Caveman was gnawing at a bone in his cave one morning, Mrs. Caveman rushed in, exclaiming, "Quick! Get your club! Oh, quick!"

"What's the matter?" growled Mr. Caveman.

"A saber-toothed tiger is chasing Mother!" gasped his wife.

Mr. Caveman uttered an expression of annoyance.

"And what the deuce do I care," he said, "what happens to a saber-toothed tiger?"

The Japanese are noted for their almost idolatrous respect and affection for their ancestors, yet even they have a proverb, "Be civil to your mother-in-law and she will come to your house three times a day!"

This is really the same jest as that which tells of a wife who stipulated her mother should pay them two visits a year. To this her husband agreed, but to his dismay the visits were each six months long.

"What is the penalty for bigamy in this state?" a lawyer was asked.

"Two mothers-in-law," he replied.

2. **Whiskers:** Why are whiskers funny? Again we are confronted with an unanswerable question. Human hair is not funny, unless missing or false. A bald head gives rise to mild jests and a wig is humorous.

But whiskers are an accepted joke. Hierocles, an ancient of the Fifth Century, was the first known to make a definite collection of jokes.

Among them is the story of the man who went to the barber to have his beard trimmed. "How do you want it cut, sir?" asked the barber. "In silence," was the reply. The gist of this has been the backbone of hundreds of stories since; and the hero of the occasion has been said to be, and doubtless was, one well-known man after another, the latest on record being Sir Herbert Asquith—as attested by his wife.

But, unlike some other jokes, whiskers are funny in and of themselves. Whether they be the long, flowing plumes of Lord Dundreary, the formal landscape whiskers of the New England Poets, the chin whiskers of our own Uncle Sam, or the neck whiskers of Horace Greeley and Peter Cooper, they are one and all provocative of involuntary smiles.

Then there is the bushy type, called "Man climbing out of a fern dish," and the dressy varieties of Van Dyke, goatee, and imperial.

With whiskers, as with many things, it is a case of the more the merrier; and the more voluminous the whisker, the funnier it is on the face of it.

Without whiskers where would be the

## One Hundred Ways You Can Brighten Up Your Home—



THERE are many ways to make your home more artistic, cheery and inviting. Our book on Home Beautifying gives a hundred practical suggestions for refinishing and keeping your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum in perfect condition. Use Coupon below.



## JOHNSON'S Paste - Liquid - Powdered POLISHING WAX

EVERY room needs the brightening touch of Johnson's Polishing Wax. It will rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum and give your home that fine air of immaculate cleanliness. Johnson's Wax imparts a velvety, artistic lustre of great beauty and durability.



YOUR Linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. Johnson's Wax prevents cracking and blistering—brings out the pattern and color—protects linoleum from wear and makes cleaning easy. Leading linoleum manufacturers recommend it.

### Paste-Liquid-Powdered. A Form for Every Use

Johnson's Wax is conveniently put up in three forms—Paste, Liquid and Powdered. Use *Paste* Wax for polishing floors of all kinds—wood, tile, marble, composition, linoleum, etc.

Use Johnson's *Liquid* Wax for polishing your furniture, piano, woodwork, linoleum, leather goods and automobile.

Johnson's *Powdered* Wax makes perfect dancing floors.



**Insist on Johnson's Polishing Wax—For Sale at all Good Stores.** Our Book Tells 100 Ways to Brighten Up Your Home. Use Coupon Below.



### Book on Home Beautifying FREE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. A.M. 4, RACINE, WIS.

(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. I understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

My Dealer is \_\_\_\_\_

My Name \_\_\_\_\_

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*A friend*  
**Unguentine**  
UN-DWEN-TEEN  
*—quick!*  
*in need*

## If you know Unguentine this message is for you

**T**HIS is the first public message about Unguentine. It is addressed to you who *know* this "friend in need". Doesn't its name shine out like that of an old standby?

Remember the burn that ceased to hurt and rapidly healed when you used Unguentine

—or the nasty cut it caused quickly to be forgotten

—or the bruise that lost its soreness so surprisingly

—or the irritated skin that calmed down and was restored to health and smoothness?

Perhaps it was your physician who first used Unguentine in your home. With thousands of physicians today, Unguentine is the "first thought in burns", and is widely used for surgical dressings. Perhaps it was your druggist who called your attention to it, for nearly every druggist the country over *always* keeps Unguentine. Perhaps it was a friend.

Thirty-one years ago, Unguentine quietly began its alleviating and healing work. Since then it has proved a tried and true "friend in need", to veritably millions of people.

Your friendly recommendations have spread its use. For its purposes it is unsurpassed.

To keep a tube on hand is wisdom.

Get it at your druggist's—he knows what Unguentine will do.

*To relieve and to heal*

BURNS • CUTS • BRUISES  
 IRRITATIONS • FROSTBITE • SUNBURN

and many other kindred conditions.

Price thirty-five cents

FOR more than a third of a century the Norwich Pharmacal Laboratories have produced and long marketed the highest quality pharmaceuticals. These have been placed at the service of the medical profession and through its members and dispensing pharmacists, at the service of the public. The name "Norwich" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation.

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Laboratories—NORWICH, NEW YORK  
 New York Chicago Kansas City

**NORWICH**

charm of Sargent's "Frieze of the Prophets"? Or the Smith Brothers on the cough-drop boxes? Or Michael Angelo's Moses? Or the Mormon Elders?

An influential citizen was walking down Main Street, his long whiskers prominently displayed.

"Please, sir," said a small miss of his acquaintance, "what do you do with your whiskers at night? Do you sleep with them inside the covers or outside the covers?"

"Bless my soul, I don't know!" replied the startled man. "I never thought about it!"

A week later the little girl met him again, and to her surprise his chin was clean shaven.

"Why, Grandpa," said she, "where are your whiskers?"

"You little nuisance!" he cried. "You kicked up a fine bobbery with your question! I had never thought what I did with my beard at night. But when I came to think about it, I put it under the covers, and it felt queer; then I put it outside the covers, and it felt queer; then I twitched it back and forth till it near drove me crazy! And then I got up and cut the blamed thing off!"

3. **The Lame Excuse:** The two best-known manifestations of this Immortal Jest are the man who telephones his wife he is detained at the office and the office boy who wants the afternoon off to attend his grandmother's funeral.

"I say, Mummy," asked little Tommy, "do make-believe stories always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always. Sometimes they begin, 'My dear love, I have been detained at the office again to-night.'"

Little Gladys awoke about two A. M. "Muvver," she begged, "please tell me a fairy tale?"

"It's too late, dearie; Daddy will soon come in, and he'll tell us both one."

An exceedingly lame explanation was that of the man who was surprised by a call from his wife at his office.

"Why, Jim, you told me that your stenographer was a scrawny, homely old maid!"

"Yes, yes—but, you see—she was ill to-day, and sent her granddaughter in her place!"

4. **The Bride's Housekeeping:** From the time Adam's rib was shaped and set up on end and began to keep house for him, there have been jests about the little bride and her inexperience.

Said a young husband, cautiously, "It seems to me dearest, that there is something wrong about this chicken à la King."

And the bride, with a smile of superiority, returned, "That shows all you know about it! The cookery book says it's perfectly delicious!"

The devoted bridegroom returned home at dinner time to find his beloved one in tears.

"What's the matter, honey-pie?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm worn out! You said you liked broiled rabbit—and I thought I'd have one for you—and I've worked at it all the afternoon—and I haven't got it half picked yet!"

5. **The Fat Man:** To make a joke about the fat man is painting the lily. Everybody laughs at him, even though he





## Will you accept these 4 Volumes of Kipling *FREE!*

*An experiment in human nature*

**T**he most gripping stories of the age have come from Kipling's pen. He has you out of the commonplace. He carries you with an absorbing realism into the Realm of Romance, into a world that teems with life in its strangest and most unexpected places. And now four volumes of his works are offered you free.

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There is nothing to pay for these four volumes of Kipling, now or later. This offer is, frankly, an experiment. The only condition is that you accept them NOW—for the offer is made in return for your cooperation in taking advantage promptly, instead of waiting, of an opportunity that has come to be known as

### "The most amazing book bargain ever offered"

Several hundreds of thousands of people have already taken advantage of this opportunity, without the special inducement of these four free volumes of Kipling. But who would not consider a set of thirty great masterpieces of literature, at the price of \$2.98 for all thirty, a decidedly worth-while value?

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Here are the best works of such immortal authors as Shakespeare, Stevenson, Emerson, Poe, Coleridge, Burns, Omar Khayyam, Marlowe, Lincoln, Washington, Oscar Wilde, Gilbert, Longfellow, Drummond, Conan Doyle, Edward Everett Hale, Thoreau, Tennyson, Browning, and others. Each one of these great books is complete; they are NOT extracts. The binding is NOT paper or cardboard, but a rich, limp cloth, tinted in antique green and bronze, and embossed. It is not leather, but looks like leather, and will wear five times as long. The paper is of fine quality; the type large and clear. Each volume (3 1/4 inches by 4 inches) fits conveniently into a pocket or purse, making them ideal companions for travel or spare-time reading.

### How it can be done

It is not too late to see, without purchasing any other thirty book set, how it is done, at the surprising price of but \$1.00 for all. The secret is that these books are printed on a special process, a million at a time, and one edition more before another immediately if we want to build up before the hands of skilled workmen who make these volumes. For a moment, therefore, these books are sold at a special price, and this is the chance.

We want to know, however, that many people intend to have these four free volumes, and in order to keep our skilled men busy, we are making this experiment in human nature, to see if we can induce people not to procrastinate. It is worth our while, in other words, to offer something valuable for your prompt cooperation. That is why we now offer, for a limited time, these four volumes of Kipling free. They are in exactly the same size and binding as the set of thirty books.

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Neither description, nor illustration, can do justice to the beauty and character of these books. We should prefer to have you see them—so we ask you to let us send you a set for examination, together with the four free volumes of Kipling. You need not send any money now. Simply mail the coupon. When the books arrive pay the postman only \$2.98 plus postage; then examine the set, decide in your mind what these volumes are worth. If you have the slightest doubt of your bargain, return them at any time within 30 days and your money will be refunded immediately.

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Please send me on approval the 30 volumes of the De Luxe edition of the Little Leather Library (and the four volumes of Kipling free). I will pay the postman \$2.98 plus the postage upon delivery. It is understood, however, that this is not to be considered a purchase. If the books do not in every way come up to expectations, I reserve the right to return them any time within thirty days, and you agree to return my money. It is understood that \$2.98 plus the postage is positively the only payment to be made on this set.

Note: We have had made a special set of hand Hammered Copper Book Ends to fit this set. Regular \$2.00 value, our price only 40c. If desired place X in this square ☐

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(Outside U. S. \$3.50 cash with order.)





## Some telephones you may never have heard of

**I**N the clouds or in the depths of the earth, men will always need to talk together—and there are telephones which enable them to do it.

Not the familiar instrument on your desk or wall. Special needs have demanded special types. To help develop these, a skill gained in 46 years of making telephones has been called into play.

Western Electric is the oldest and largest manufacturer of telephones in the world.

*Western Electric*  
Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment



**IT HELPED WIN THE WAR.** Telephones like this played an important part in reporting enemy movements along the Western front. For peace or war, the opportunity of airplane telephones to render real service helps to make our job of producing them an interesting one.



**"TUMPS OUT OF ORDER."** An emergency call from a mile below ground. The mine telephone has warned in time to prevent many a disaster. Western Electric people like to think of this help when they are making the *hourdroids*.



**STALLED A HUNDRED MILES FROM NOWHERE.** Conductor happens in on the street with a portable telephone to call for help. Used by trainmen, porters, too, to report accidents, here is another Western Electric product which is *unusually*.

**LINE SPEAKING TWO FEET AWAY.** Every syllable heard and distinct. The Public Address System makes it possible for speakers to talk to tens of thousands. The remarkable product of the telephone genius and the magnanimous skill carries a message to *the masses*.





does nothing humorous. Or, rather, everything he does is humorous. If he makes love, if he rides a horse, if he eats his dinner—his simplest, most normal actions are funny. Dickens's fat boy or the fat woman of the circus is funny only because they are fat—for no other reason.

But of course jokes about fat people are inevitable.

A story, true or not, is told of one of our ex-Presidents. Desiring to stop a through express train for his sole convenience, he wired the conductor, "Will you stop at a way station for a large party?"

The answer was affirmative and the train stopped. The single passenger climbed aboard.

"Where's the large party?" growled the conductor.

"I'm it," smiled the passenger.

Of course, this Immortal Jest also includes the gentler sex.

A dear old lady, by reason of her stoutness, found it more convenient to back off a street car.

Seeing her, the conductor thought she was getting on, and courteously assisted her inside the car.

At the next block she arose again, and began to back down the step. A would-be passenger coming up at the moment, politely gave her a helpful push, and she found herself again inside.

At the third attempt, she announced plaintively:

"Please don't push me in—I'm four blocks up and three blocks over now! And it's dinner time!"

**6. Old Maids:** Perhaps no jest more forcibly exemplifies the discomfiture of its victim than the spinster joke. In the olden days, before the present emancipation of the sex, women were far more sensitive on this subject; but all ages have jollied the woman who does not get married.

A hackneyed formula is the eagerness of the spinsters to accept a supposed proposal.

Said the man: "Elizabeth, would you like to have a puppy?"

"Oh, James," said she, "how delightfully humble you are! Yes, dearest, I accept."

Another, a tongue-tied young man, sat for hours without speaking a word, when spending the evening with a lady.

Finally she said with a languishing sigh, "Yes, John, I will." And he found himself engaged to her!

"I wonder how many men will be made miserable when I get married," said a languishing old maid.

"I'll tell you," was the unkind retort, "if you'll tell me how many you expect to marry."

**7. Seasickness:** Probably the earliest of our race didn't make seasick jokes, because, like the "Ruler of the Queen's Navee" they never went to sea. But as soon as the first hollowed-out log was successfully launched on a bounding billow, the seasick jokes began. For no one with the divine spark of humor in his soul could refrain from laughing at the plight of the victim of *mal de mer*!

The Cretans claimed their locality one of the seasickest on the map, just as in these later years the English Channel and the trip to Bermuda share the honors. And few can deny that if the discomfiture of others is the root of all laughter,

# Old English Wax



## Free to you!

You will receive a can of Old English Wax free if you buy an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* now. Does two things—it waxes, then polishes the floor. It's a great improvement over any weighted brush, which does not apply the wax, but merely polishes. Lasts a lifetime. Just mail the coupon below.

**"You put  
the wax in here"**

**The way to have beautiful floors  
is open to everyone**

More and more people are learning of the simple, inexpensive treatment that makes floors beautiful.

Here is the way: Finish your floors with Old English Wax. As you wax and polish them, the floors will take on a mellow lustre—a hard, lasting finish that cannot be scratched or show heel-marks.

After the first waxing, an occasional "touching up" of the spots walked on most frequently is all that is necessary.

## The new, easy way

Many people still use a soft cloth to apply wax and polish the floor, and it will always be a good way. But with the Old English Waxer-Polisher, the work of waxing floors on hands and knees is made unnecessary.

Just as easily as you push a carpet-sweeper, so can you use the Old English Waxer-Polisher. It waxes and then polishes the floor. The only device of its kind. It's quicker, easier, and uses less wax.

## Costs less than other finishes

Old English has a high percentage of hard, high-grade, imported wax, so it goes farther, lasts longer, and therefore costs less than most other finishes.

THE A. S. BOYLE CO., 1622 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio  
Canadian Factory: Toronto

Manufacturers of wax finishes exclusively for over 25 years

## For linoleum floors

Use Old English Linoleum Wax, liquid, a special wax that polishes, preserves, and beautifies linoleum. Recommended by leading linoleum manufacturers.

## For dancing

Merely sprinkle Old English Powdered Wax lightly over the floor. The dancers' feet will put on the polish.



## Send for this free book

Filled with information about the treatment of floors, woodwork, furniture, linoleum, etc. Shows how easily and economically you can have permanently beautiful floors. Every housewife should have this expert advice, which is based on over 25 years' experience. Mail the coupon now.

Paint, hardware, drug, housefurnishing, and department stores sell Old English products.

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1622 Dana Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."  
☐ Send me, all charges paid, an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* with a can of Wax Free at the special time-limited price, \$1.50 (Denver and West, \$4.00; Canada, \$4.50; Winnipeg and West, \$5.00), which I enclose.

Name.....

Address.....



## You Can Be The One in Five That Does Not Pay



### Watch your teeth— and care for them

Do you know that four persons out of every five past forty, according to irrefutable dental statistics, and many thousands younger, are afflicted with Pyorrhea?

Has Nature warned you, with tender, bleeding gums, of Pyorrhea's presence or coming?

Can you afford to take chances, to wait, when your teeth and health are menaced and the odds are so overwhelmingly against you?

Go to your dentist for advice. Have him inspect your gums and teeth regularly. Undoubtedly, he will tell you to brush your teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Pyorrhea is the foe of teeth and health alike. When it strikes, the gums recede, the teeth loosen or must be extracted, and infection often spreads throughout the system.

Forhan's For the Gums, in turn, is Pyorrhea's foe. When used in time and used consistently, it will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress, and in addition, keep the teeth white, the gums firm and the mouth healthy.

It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is used and recommended by the foremost dentists. Buy a tube today. It is pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

*More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea*

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



seasickness is sublimely qualified to rank as the theme of one of the Immortal Jests.

One of the best is the story of the seasick pair on the deck of a liner. She lay back in her steamer chair, with an expression of utter indifference to all things mundane and an appearance of being in the last throes of desperate nausea. The man crouched beside her, his head in her lap, and clutching at her hands in his agony.

"Can I do anything for you, madam?" asked a solicitous steward.

"No—just let me alone—"

"But your husband there—perhaps I can do something for him?"

"He isn't my husband—I don't know who he is— Oh, let me alone!"

Another tells of a wife who, on leaving her sick husband to go to the dining-room, said, "George, shall I tell the steward to bring you some dinner?"

"No," he groaned; "but I wish you'd ask him to take it on deck and throw it over the rail for me."

An appropriate steamer gift to a friend is a neatly framed motto to hang in his stateroom. The legend to be: "You cannot eat your cake and have it too!"

8. **Boarding-Houses:** This is a prolific subject for jests, for landlady and boarders are continually trying to bring about one another's discomfort. As there is continual strife between them concerning the price paid and the accommodations received, naturally they are moved to sarcasm.

"How did you find your steak, sir?" asked the landlady of the new boarder.

"By the merest chance, ma'am! I just happened to move a little piece of potato, and there was the steak under it!"

A canvass of the boarding-houses all over the country shows the following surprising statement: If you could seat all the boarders in the United States at one table they would reach.

A story of an affable boarder is of the man who had just been assigned to his tiny hall bedroom.

"And, now," the landlady said, "as to your bath hour. We have only one bathroom, and we have to make a schedule. Mr. Jones's time is seven-thirty. Mrs. Smith's time is eight. I have my bath very early, and I see two others have eight-thirty and nine. H'm, . . . I don't see just when I can arrange for you—"

"Now, don't worry, ma'am. I'm most accommodating, I assure you. Your time is nine!"

9. **The Gold Brick:** Human nature dearly loves to get something for nothing, and it is the discomfort of those who, over-eager to do this, are cheated, that makes the foundation of the Gold Brick joke.

Actual gold bricks may not have been used until the later centuries, but the principle is as old as the grasping soul of sordid man.

The picture that comes first to our mind is the old, white-whiskered countryman with his carpet-bag, arriving in the city. The innocent and unsuspecting old codger falls victim to the wiles of the sharpers.

Variations on this theme are numberless, and later stories turn the tables so that the supposed greenhorn is really cleverer than the would-be swindler.

A man in peasant dress was walking the streets of Paris with a bewildered air. A



## Chart of Recommendations

(Abbreviated Edition)

THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of both passenger and commercial cars are specified in the Chart below.

A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"  
 B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"  
 BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"  
 E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"  
 Arctic means Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when freezing temperatures may be experienced.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Automotive Engineers, and represents our professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF AUTOMOBILE AND MOTOR TRUCK	1922		1923		1924		1925		1926		1927		1928		1929		1930	
	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price	Model	Price
Alfa Romeo																		
Apparatus	(Model)																	
Back	All Other Models																	
Back	All Other Models																	
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## Sets a New Mark in Closed Car Value

### *All-Year Utility at Open Car Cost*

The Coach will cost you less even than the open model of any car to which you compare Hudson in quality, performance and reliability.

Yet see how fully it meets your closed car requirements. With the long, carefree service that only a superlative chassis can give, it provides all essential closed car utility and comfort.

#### *The Coach Met Instant Success*

It took buyers by storm. More than 30,000 Coaches are now in service. With the Coach you get the famous Super-Six chassis, of which more than 140,000 are in service. Official tests mark it one of the truly great automobiles.

And with its new and improved Super-Six motor you get the best Hudson ever built. It has a smoothness unknown to earlier models. Its reliability and endurance excels even those Hudsons which have registered upwards of 100,000 miles of service.

#### *You Will Like It*

Respecting its good looks and substantial quality you need no other assurance than Hudson's reputation as the world's largest builder of fine cars. The Coach has a sturdy simplicity. It is delightfully comfortable. It is built to stand the hardest kind of service.

Come ride in the Coach. See if it does not fully meet your closed car needs at a saving of \$800 to \$1200.

Speedster - \$1425      7-Pass. Phaeton - \$1475      Coach - \$1525      Sedan - \$2095

*Freight From Detroit and Tax Extra*

Canadian Price: F. O. B. Windsor; All Duty, Sales, Excise Taxes Paid  
Speedster - - \$2125      7-Pass. Phaeton - - \$2200      Coach - - \$2275      Sedan - - \$3100

# Hudson Coach \$1525



passer-by saw him and asked him what he was looking for.

The peasant showed a package, addressed to a certain man, and a note on it declared that it contained ten thousand francs. He asked the other to read the address for him, as he was illiterate.

"Why," said the other, "how fortunate that I saw you! This letter is for me. I will take it."

"Good," said the peasant; "but you must give me the hundred francs I was promised to deliver it."

The other willingly gave him the amount he asked for and the peasant went his way.

On breaking the seal the new owner of the packet found only sheets of blank paper inside.

Any kind of confidence game comes under the head of Gold Bricks.

10. **Feminine Garrulity:** Although epitomized in the character of Mrs. Caudle, the eternal chatter of the eternal feminine has always proved a fruitful source of jest. Nor is the chatterer greatly discomfited by the opprobrium heaped upon her. But, nevertheless, it is productive of witty stories.

There is the story of the man who hadn't spoken to his wife for five years. "Why not?" he was asked. "I was too polite to interrupt her," he replied.

A countryman took his wife to see a doctor. Greatly interested, he saw for the first time the process of taking a patient's temperature. After the session was over, he sneaked back and whispered, "I say, Doc, how much will you take for that thing you put in her mouth?"

Another doctor met a couple in his consulting-room. "Which one of you wants to consult me?" he inquired.

"I, sir," said the man.

The doctor turned to the woman. "Put out your tongue," he said.

"It's him as is the sick one," she demurred.

"Put out your tongue, madam," he repeated and, overawed, she obeyed.

"Now, keep it out," he ordered, and proceeded to examine into the man's case.

11. **Marriage:** From the records we gather that earliest man didn't observe the ceremony of marriage, at least not as we do now. But the jest is the marriage relation, and whether Caveman or twentieth-century Benedict, the connubial state has always been, and will ever be, the subject of fun and raillery.

The Joke *par excellence* is the historic Punch's: Advice to a young man about to marry—"Don't." The wit of this lies in its brevity as well as its cynical philosophy.

A maid who left a good mistress to get married made an unfortunate match. She returned later to visit the lady, and she was in a distressing state. One eye was swollen shut, her lip and cheeks were cut, and three teeth had been knocked out. She lisped, and her right arm was in a sling.

"My goodness, Norah," cried the lady, "so your husband beats you!"

"Yis, mum."

"That's dreadful! Can't you leave him?"

"No, mum."

"Oh, well, then you must make the best of it. It might have been worse."



RADIOLA RC takes but half an hour to install. If you don't know the address of your nearest RCA dealer, write us and we will tell you. We shall be glad to send you our free illustrated booklet that tells all about every Radiola.



This symbol of quality is your protection

Tonight, thousands of homes will be "listening in" with a RADIOLA RC. Half way 'cross from coast to coast, it picks up joy, gaiety, and education from the world's own theatre.

There will be music, solos, lectures, political orations, organ recitals. From Newark, Kansas City, Schenectady, Detroit, Chicago, Springfield, Atlanta, Los Angeles. From stations near you—and from far.

The nearby broadcasting stations can always be counted upon—but the romance is in getting the far-away messages. RADIOLA RC is famed for its long distance performance. It is a simple compact receiver. You turn a knob and tune in. With a loud speaker, you can flood the whole room with voice and music from many parts of the country.

"There's a Radiola for every purse"

\$25 to \$350, according to type, range and purpose for which the receiving set is intended.

**Radio Corporation of America**

Sales Dept., Suite 2090  
233 Broadway  
New York

District Sales Offices  
10 So. La Salle St. 433 California St.  
Chicago, Ill. San Francisco, Cal.

Carelon C. Jones, of Glenn Summit, Pa., writes about his Radiola RC: "You will be pleased to know that I have listened to programs broadcasted from the following stations: Pittsburgh, Newark, Buffalo, Schenectady, Detroit, Indianapolis, Cleveland, Chicago, Springfield, St. Louis, Kansas City, Denver, and Atlanta, in addition to many other stations."





## Bring Spring Inside the House Now!

**F**RESHEN up your home. Increase its attractiveness. Add to its value. Bring Spring inside your home *now* with Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes.

The floors, the walls, the woodwork, the furniture! What a joy to bring new beauty to all the old familiar things—to restore all their original attractiveness! No need to wait longer to paint and varnish and renew inside the house.

You can do it now with Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes. There is one for every surface, inside and outside the house.

There are thousands of Acme Quality dealers. They can give you helpful suggestions—tell you just what finish is best for each surface you want to renew and protect.

If you do not know the Acme Quality dealer in your town, write to us. We will be glad to send you his name and our literature.

**ACME WHITE LEAD & COLOR WORKS**  
Detroit, Michigan, U. S. A.

Boston	Buffalo	Chicago	Minneapolis	St. Louis	Kansas City	Pittsburgh
	Cincinnati	Toledo	Nashville	Birmingham		
Fort Worth	Dallas	Topeka	Salt Lake City	Portland	San Francisco	Los Angeles

**Paints—Enamels—Stains—Varnishes—for every surface**

"Oh laws, yes, mum. Why, I might not have got married at all!"

"Is your wife entertaining this season?" asked one senator of another, in Washington.

"Not very," was the frank reply.

12. **John Barleycorn:** Under various names, in various countries, in dry or wet times, the subject of intoxication has always been a legitimate butt for a joke. The earliest records refer to man's intemperance, and there is no doubt intemperance existed long before records did.

A good old standby is the story of the ship's mate who was addicted to his grog. The captain sought to shame him by writing in the log, "The mate was drunk to-day," each time the misdeed occurred. The entries were almost diurnal; but the mate got back at his superior by writing one fine evening, "The captain was sober to-day!"

A witness being asked whether the defendant was ever drunk, replied: "Well, I won't go on record as saying I have seen him drunk. But I will say that I have seen him sitting in the floor, making grabs in the air, and saying he'd be hanged if he didn't catch that bed next time it came 'round!"

A recent personal read thus:

A gentleman with a bottle of Vermont would like to meet a lady with a couple of bottles of gin. Object, cocktails.

The Southern Colonel entered the hotel dining-room and said, grandly, "Bring me a Kentucky breakfast."

"What is that, sir?" asked the astonished waiter.

"A big steak, a quart of Bourbon whisky, and a bulldog."

"Y-yes, sir. B-but what do you want of the bulldog, sir?"

"To eat the steak!" snapped the Colonel.

13. **Thrift:** Admirable quality though it be, yet the exaggeration of thriftiness causes great glee to the observers thereof. Without doubt the Scotch are noted for their economy, even parsimony, and this causes the best thrift stories to be tacked onto that long-suffering race.

One of the very earliest jokes in London "Punch," since quoted wherever the tongue of man wags, is of the Scotchman who visited London for the first time, and afterward told of its fearsome extravagance. "I hadna been there but a few hours," he said, "when bang, went sixpence!"

"Yes," said the generous-minded man, "if I had a herd of cows, I'd give one to the minister and one to the doctor, and one to each of my neighbors. And if I had flocks of chickens I'd give several to each of my friends, also. And if I had ducks I'd share with my fellow farmers—"

"What about pigs?" asked a listener.

"Huh!" was the irate retort. "Why, I've got pigs!"

A Scotchman and his bride-to-be looked appraisingly at the array of wedding gifts already received.

"A fine haul," she opined.

"Aye," he agreed, "But so many o' them from freens nae marrit yet!"

14. **Children's Sayings and Doings:** If Adam and Eve were really our first parents, then the sayings of little Cain and Abel were the first to be laughed at.





## *Kodak as you go*

All roads lead to pictures—the quiet lane just as surely as the busy highway.

With your Kodak tucked beside you, you have only to pick and choose—and press the button.

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up  
At your dealer's*

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City***





## Satisfaction's Lowest Price

**I**T IS our conviction that the New Overland provides comfortable, reliable, trouble-free *creditable* motoring at the lowest cost for which such motoring can be had.

The Triplex Springs (Patented) absorb shock and side-sway, ease the passengers and prolong the life of the car. The powerful Overland motor returns twenty-five miles and more to the gallon of gasoline. Timken and New Departure bearings are liberally

used in front and rear axles. The geared steering mechanism protects your arms against road strains.

And the good looks of the New Overland commend it everywhere. The hood is higher. The lines are longer. The seats are lower. The finish is finer—the result of nineteen hand operations.

You will find satisfaction in the New Overland. Drive it and realize the difference.

*Touring*

*Roadster*

*Coupe*

*Sedan*

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO  
Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The New

**Overland**  
TRADEMARK REG







## Your Choice 75c a Week



No matter what your occupation, one of the home study sets listed below will quickly fit you for a better job and bigger pay. Any set you select will be sent for seven days' examination, and if you decide to buy you may pay the rock-bottom price at the rate of **only 75c a week**. But you must act now! We cannot guarantee these reduced prices for any great length of time.

These books are the work of recognized authorities. They are written in plain, easily understood language, by recognized authorities, and contain hundreds of photographs, diagrams, tables, etc., that make difficult points as simple as A-B-C. Handsomely and durably bound in half or full Morocco leather (except as noted), and stamped in gold.

### Pay-Raising Books At Greatly Reduced Prices

<b>Business Management</b> , 8 volumes, 2500 pages, well illustrated. Was \$52.50. Now \$21.80
<b>Carpentry and Contracting</b> , 5 volumes, 2138 pages, 1000 pictures. Was \$37.50. Now 19.80
<b>Civil Engineering</b> , 9 volumes, 3000 pages, 3000 pictures. Was \$67.50. Now 34.80
<b>Electrical Engineering</b> , 8 volumes, 3000 pages, 2600 pictures. Was \$60.00. Now 26.80
<b>Automobile Engineering</b> , 6 volumes, 2600 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$45.00. Now 21.80
<b>Machine Shop Practice</b> , 6 volumes, 2500 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$45.00. Now 21.80
<b>Steam and Gas Engineering</b> , 7 volumes, 3300 pages, 2500 pictures. Was \$52.50. Now 24.80
<b>Law and Practice</b> (with reading course), 12 volumes, 6000 pages, illustrated. Was \$97.50. Now 49.80
<b>Fire Prevention and Insurance</b> , 4 vols., 1500 pages, 600 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now 14.80
<b>Telephony and Telegraphy</b> , 4 volumes, 1728 pages, 2000 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now 14.80
<b>Sanitation, Heating and Ventilating</b> , 4 volumes, 1454 pages, 1400 pictures. Was \$30.00. Now 14.80
<b>Drawing</b> , 4 volumes, 1678 pages, 1000 pictures, blue-prints, etc. Was \$30.00. Now 14.80
<b>Employment Management and Safety</b> , 7 vol., 1800 pages, 540 illustrations. Was \$52.50. Now 24.80

## Send No Money Shipped for 7 Days' Trial

Yes, we'll gladly ship any set right to your home or office upon your simple request. Pay only shipping charges when the books arrive. Don't send a penny until after you have used them seven days, then remit only \$2.80 or return them at our expense. Pay balance at the rate of \$3.00 a month—75c a week.

Act now—while these splendid books are being offered at 20% to 50% less than regular prices. This offer is open to every person within the boundaries of the U. S. and Canada. Grasp your opportunity—fill in and mail the coupon NOW!

American Technical Society, Dept. X-154, Chicago

American Technical Society, Dept. X-154, Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me set of \_\_\_\_\_

for 7 DAYS' examination, shipping charges collect. I will examine the books thoroughly and, if satisfied, will send \$2.80 within 7 days and \$3 each month, until I have paid the special price of \_\_\_\_\_. If I decide not to keep the books, I will return them at your expense and owe you nothing. To insure prompt shipment fill out all lines.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

REFERENCE \_\_\_\_\_

EMPLOYED BY \_\_\_\_\_

## A Man Who Draws a Crowd Because He Knows Human Nature

(Continued from page 65)

the day, for instance, you may motor by a billboard without giving it a thought, because there are so many other things for you to look at. But if that billboard is illuminated at night, you can't miss it! It fairly leaps at you out of the darkness.

"I knew this, so I determined to make people notice my church at night. At first I thought of putting up an illuminated cross. But there was nothing novel about that. Plenty of churches had illuminated crosses. Then I thought of a 'flashing' cross, one where the lights flash on, first at one side, then at the other. But other churches had flashing crosses. I needed something which people would not only see but talk about.

"Finally I thought of a revolving cross. I never had heard of one; but I called in an electrician, told him what I wanted, and within a few weeks there was a revolving cross on the tower of my church. That was one of the few absolutely original ideas I have used; for I freely admit that I get ideas anywhere and everywhere I can find them.

"That cross was an advertisement. And it was an advertisement of the right kind, because it did more than merely attract attention. It told *what* it was advertising! The cross is the one thing which has never been used except in connection with high and holy things. It means nobility of service. It means sacrifice and salvation. And as it turned and turned, sending its beams in every direction, that cross of my church seemed to say: 'Come to me! You—and you—and you!'

"From the night the revolving cross was dedicated, the church was filled every Sunday. And the collection that was taken up the night of the dedication paid the entire expense of making and putting up the cross.

"PEOPLE repeat glibly the saying: 'Advertising pays.' But if it is to pay *permanently*, you must not promise, in your advertising, something that you can't deliver! For instance, in the newspaper ads of my present church I constantly appeal to a certain trait of human nature. There is a lot of truth in the saying that 'Nothing succeeds like success.' People want to go to the successful store, the successful play; they like to read the best sellers among books; and they like to go to the popular church.

"It is a natural instinct with everyone. We all think it is pretty safe to conclude that if a whole lot of other folks like a thing we will like it too.

"It was because I recognized this fact that I advertised St. Mark's as 'The Big Church with the Big Crowds.' You will almost always find in my ads some suggestion that the church draws a lot of people. I use sentences like these:

"We promise no seats after seven o'clock.

"All seats free as long as they last.

"Last Sunday we had to put in 600 extra chairs!

"Our best seats are gone by seven o'clock.

"But, mind you, I wouldn't use that suggestion if the facts did not justify it! Our evening services *are* crowded. People do come early, especially in winter, in order to get good seats. We often *have* to put in 600 extra chairs. And we do turn away people. With these facts to back me up, I use a crowd to help *draw* a crowd. Because I know that people like to go where the crowd goes.

"One woman said to me: 'St. Mark's is not only the Big Church with the Big Crowd; but it is a church with a Big Heart.'

"That gave me another idea. Everybody likes a big heart. It means friendliness and warmth and cheer. Could I guarantee that people would find these at St. Mark's? I knew I could; so I began to advertise 'The Big Church with the Big Heart and the Big Crowds.'

"HERE'S another thing: People like to be comfortable. In San Jose, one hot day, someone said to me, 'Why, this church is as cool as a cave.' Immediately I said to myself: 'There's an idea! I'll see that the church is *kept* cool this hot weather, and I'll use that fact to draw people.' Here is a copy of an advertisement I put in the local paper that week:

### THE "COOL AS A CAVE" CHURCH WELCOMES YOU SUNDAY

#### FEATURE PROGRAM

##### A

Illustrated Preliminary Sermon  
(Ten Minutes)  
"YOSEMITE—GOD'S DREAM  
COME TRUE"

##### B

Sermon in the Morning  
"THE COOLING RIVERS OF THE  
BIBLE"

##### C

Sermon in the Evening  
"THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS  
OF THE BOOK"

##### D

THE ARGALL QUARTET  
Dressed in white ducks, will sing

Big, bright, cheerful, hopeful services  
that you will enjoy

"You see, everything in that advertisement was based on a study of human psychology. Just let me analyze it for you. 'Cool as a Cave.' Wouldn't that sound good to you in hot weather? I'll bet it would! And the church 'welcomes you.' Of course everybody likes to be welcome; but there is still another suggestion in that phrase. It doesn't tell people it's their *duty* to come. Tell a human being that he ought to do something 'as a duty,' and he instinctively rebels. So I didn't tell people they *ought*



# See the Children Safely to School

*for Economical Transportation*



Why worry about the safety of your little ones on the highways or crossing city streets on the way to school?

The low price and small upkeep of a Chevrolet is cheap insurance against such risks.

Then, too, driving the children to and from school gives mother or big sister pleasing relief from household duties, and shopping can be done at the same time.

Chevrolet 5-passenger Sedan is the ideal all-year family car, combining the comforts and atmosphere of home with high grade body construction, mechanical reliability, ease of handling and low purchase and operating costs. Every home garage should house a Chevrolet regardless of whether or not another car is owned.

**Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.**

*Division of General Motors Corporation*

There are now more than 10,000 Chevrolet dealers and service stations throughout the world.

*Prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich.*

2-Pass. Roadster	\$510
5-Pass. Touring	525
2-Pass. Utility Coupe	680
4-Pass. Sedanette	850
5-Pass. Sedan	860
Light Delivery	510







*"Buy one Royal Cord—  
try it on the right hind  
wheel"*

## To the new users of Royal Cords — probably a million in 1923

**M**OST rules are all the better for being broken once in a while.

There's an advertising rule, for instance—never to ask anyone to buy a thing and try it.

When the makers ask you to try a Royal Cord on your right hind wheel they may be breaking the rule, but you will benefit thereby.

The makers of Royal Cords, for their part, can't see why making friends should ever go out of fashion.

The more quality a tire has—and the more leadership—the greater its obligation to be

simple and direct. Royal Cords earned their position of high regard by simple things.

You can easily see that people's confidence in Royal Cords could never have been won by quoting a lot of *big mileages*, talking *big discounts*, or going through all those other kinds of gestures with the idea of registering *big*.

The makers of Royal Cords devote themselves to guarding quality and have no desire to dazzle customers.

Their ideas seem to be right, because U.S. Royal Cords are the measure of all tire values today.

## United States Tires are Good Tires



to come. Neither did I *beg* them to come as if the church were a poor thing, sort of forlorn and lonesome. No! I tried to give the impression—which was *justified by the fact*—that the church was getting along fine! That it was full of life and health and happiness; full of the spirit that says, 'Hello, there! How are you? Certainly am glad to see you! Come and join us. We're having a fine time.' You like a greeting like that, don't you? Well, that's the suggestion I tried to put into this advertisement.

"THE preliminary sermon, *with pictures*, about the Yosemite, was given because of the instinctive desire people have in warm weather to get out into the great outdoors. They *naturally* have this desire; and it never pays to buck against natural instincts. Use them, instead! Capitalize them as an asset in appealing to people. I used God's beautiful outdoors to turn their thoughts to God Himself.

"Then there were the two chief sermons of the day. Wouldn't the mere sound of those subjects be refreshing in hot weather? I wouldn't think of preaching, in July, about the fiery furnace! I wouldn't advertise my church, in August, as 'Warm as Toast!' I do advertise it that way in the winter. Why not—if it is warm? What is the sense of knowing what people feel and think, and then not making use of this knowledge as an aid to a great work?

"'Dressed in white ducks.' Again I tried to convey the impression of something clean and cool and refreshing to the eyes. I want to *get the people coming*—because I want them to hear the message I have for them. All of us have *some* message we want to get across to *somebody*. We must 'get them coming' to us, by using our knowledge of what appeals to them.

"In that advertisement, you notice I say: 'Feature Program.' My newspaper experience taught me the importance of *featuring* things. Suppose I should put the following notice in the paper:

"St. Mark's Church, East Jefferson and Garland; morning service at 11, evening service at 7:30; William L. Stidger, Pastor.

"Is there anything in that announcement that would *appeal* to anybody? It is a dull notice. It makes you feel that the service will be dull. I don't think a church has any *right* to have a dull service. And I think it is my duty to make people realize that the service *won't* be dull. The best way to do this is to provide good features—and to *feature* them. As a matter of fact, every church has things on its program which it could feature.

"If there is a quartet, give it a name—and feature that name. If there is congregational singing, say so—and say it in big capitals! One of the 'features' at St. Mark's is the 'Big Sing' in the evening. Other churches have it. People love to sing, even the people who don't know one note from another. Often as many as three thousand persons take part in our Big Sing.

"But there's another thing about human nature that I constantly try to satisfy. People like variety. You can get tired even of a good thing. So I try to devise new ideas for our singing service. One of these is Echo Singing, not an original

idea with me but one which we have adapted in a new way.

"A soprano singer is hidden in some remote corner of the church auditorium; perhaps in the back of the balcony. Somewhere else, perhaps down-stairs, is the contralto. In another place the tenor is concealed; and in still another the bass. Our leader announces a hymn; such as 'Pass me not, O Gentle Saviour.' And he tells the audience that he has arranged for the singing of the verses, but wants them to join in the chorus.

"The organ plays the introduction. Then suddenly, as if some spirit were hovering over the listening crowd, the soprano sings the first verse:

"Pass me not, O gentle Saviour,  
Hear my humble cry.  
While on others Thou art calling,  
Do not pass me by.

"Then, as the notes die away, the audience takes up the chorus. And how they do sing it! There is none of the carelessness of ordinary chorus singing. That voice, stealing with penetrating sweetness to their ears, has reached their hearts; has spoken to their minds and souls. The verses are sung in turn by the four hidden singers, and the effect is almost magical.

"I believe in giving things a *name*, so that folks will get to calling it by that 'feature' name. We call our big sing 'The Billy Sunday Sing.' In a church that was in a college town I called it 'The College Sing.' One preacher called theirs 'The Sing Song at Seven.' Another was 'The Big Sing with the Whistling Chorus.'

"By the way, some people were shocked when I asked those who could whistle, to whistle an accompaniment to our hymns. But again, why not? Whistling is fine; it is beautiful; it is sometimes as plaintively lovely as a bird's song in the dusk of evening; sometimes as cheering to the heart as the smile of a friend. We love to whistle—if we can. We love to hear someone else whistle. It is like mercy; 'It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.' Then why not have pleasure in it in the one place, above all others, where we should find pleasure?

"I SAID that people want variety. I *know* they do and I am always trying to satisfy this instinct. If I were selling soap, I wouldn't go on repeating the same advertisement over and over again, year in and year out. Well then, I am, you might say, selling church services and church service. One of the ways in which I try to sell my 'goods' is by means of our church bulletin, which is distributed every Sunday. We don't have a fixed form for this bulletin. I want people to *read* it! So it is printed sometimes on white paper, sometimes on tinted. One Sunday it may be eight by fourteen inches in size; another time it is six by ten inches; or four by eight inches. Sometimes it has two leaves, sometimes three or four. It always has a picture on the outside—but the picture is different every Sunday. I use display type, poems, inserts, 'boxes,' even comic drawings!

"Why, if we always handed the audience the same old leaflet, with perhaps the same old 'cut' of the church on it, I should *know* they wouldn't read it—un-

## Jim Henry's Column



Thanks, old man,  
for turning me the  
shaving cream.  
That you the good  
shave I want best.



## Beard Softening

Let's get down to first principles. You want the shaving cream which will put your beard in the right condition for painless removal. You shave 365 days in a year and any preparation making this daily operation more pleasant is going to receive your earnest consideration.

No cream can deceive your razor. Your beard comes off smoothly and gently or it tugs and yields protestingly and painfully.

Over two million men have decided finally and enthusiastically that Mennen Shaving Cream is the master of any beard that ever stood up to a keen-edged razor.

Let's say I induced these men to buy Mennen's, but they weren't reading my column when they gave Mennen's its initial test. In the bath room a shaving cream must stand on its own lather, so to speak. Advertising claims never yet have softened a beard.

I honestly don't believe any man ever gave Mennen's a fair trial without crediting to it a power to soften a beard more completely than will any other soap.

Mennen's has other virtues which are mighty attractive and desirable. It does not have to be rubbed in with fingers. It works equally well with hot or cold water—soft or hard. The lather does not dry on the face. It never drizzles but whips up almost instantly into a firm, creamy, moist mass of beard softening lather.

Mennen's keeps the face healthy and the complexion clear and glowing. That is largely due to wonderful Boro-glycerine, a soothing, healing emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues and supplies a refreshing, mildly antiseptic protection.

But after all, the chief object in using Mennen's is to get great shaves—and I guarantee that you'll get them.

Go to any drug store and get a giant size tube. Try ten shaves. If you are not satisfied, return the tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N. J. U.S.A.

Jim Henry  
(Mennen Salesman)



# \$495



## for a Six Weeks Trip to Europe

**I**F you are planning a trip to Europe, you can now have the vacation of your life for only \$495. Send the information blank below for your Government's surprising new booklet, "Economy Trips to Europe," which gives suggested itineraries for tours costing but \$495 and shows you how to get a maximum return for your time and money spent abroad. Don't fail to write for this invaluable guide.

### Glorious Days on Government Ships

The low rates on the swift, comfortable "Cabin Ships" operated by the United States Lines make this six weeks trip practicable at \$495. On these splendid vessels, a cabin passage to England is only \$120—third-class \$85.

### Write Today

Mail the information blank today for the new booklet "Economy Trips to Europe," and also for the handsomely illustrated booklet, showing actual photographs of the Government ships that run to all parts of the world. No obligation. Send the information blank now!

#### INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board  
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less the sermon and the service was so dull that they turned to the leaflet to help them kill time! No; if you want people to sit up and take notice give them something that will attract their notice. Variety helps to do this. I put variety into our services, our bulletins, our newspaper advertising.

"But I invariably use it to advance the one great purpose of the church. No business man should use, in his advertising or in any of his methods, an appeal that isn't a constructive help to his business. Get people's interest; but get it in a way that will help to sell your idea.

"For instance, my 'business' is to turn people's thoughts to God. And one of the most important means of doing this is through prayer. But after a half-hour of rousing songs, mingled perhaps with laughter and fun—which is good for them!—they are not in the quiet and worshipful mood which is the best one for prayer.

"I KNEW this and realized that I must prepare them, must change their mood. So I used an idea I got from the Panama Exposition at San Francisco. The architect of the Palace of Fine Arts had known that he had the very same problem. He knew that the crowds would come to his Palace from utterly different ones—the Palaces of Machinery, of Agriculture, even from the bally-hoo shows! They would not be in the right mood to 'get the message' of art and beauty. So he built a lovely colonnade leading up to the Fine Arts Palace that the people's minds and souls might be calmed and uplifted and made ready for the coming experience.

"To accomplish the same purpose, we use various methods. When we come to the end of the Big Sing, we have what we call the Prayer Hymn. Many hymns are, in themselves, real prayers, 'Abide With Me,' and 'Rock of Ages,' and 'Nearer, My God, To Thee,' and 'Jesus, Lover of My Soul,' and countless others. Whoever is to make the prayer announces the hymn, then tells its story: who wrote the words and the music; when and how it came to be written, perhaps some story of how it brought comfort and help to a human being.

"Then, their mood already changed, the congregation begins the hymn. But we have the last verse sung by a quartet, or by a soloist; for I want the people themselves to be quiet—absolutely at rest, for the prayer. I may have the organist play the music alone, using the vox humana stop, after the singing ends. 'Be still—and know that I am God.' Gradually we have brought the people to the mood where they can do this.

"You cannot but admit that this is wise and right. But you may think it is a 'showman's trick' to advertise it. I do not think so. I believe in telling people what we have to give them, because I want them to come and get it! So I often 'feature' our Hymn Story in our advertising.

"Another thing I know about human beings is this: They can be reached more powerfully through their emotions than in any other way. If you talked learnedly for a year on the abstract theory of altruism you would not accomplish half as much as if you told one simple and sincere human story that brought the tears of pity and of sympathy to your hearers' eyes.

"Let me tell you an incident out of my own experience. When I came to Detroit to take charge of St. Mark's Church I knew that I had a hard task ahead of me. The church was new; the building was a very large one—and it had a debt in proportion to its size! The interest alone amounted to something like one thousand dollars a month! The membership was not made up of rich people. Quite the contrary. The church was often described as 'a white elephant'—and this white elephant was now on my hands.

"The evening of my arrival I went to the hotel. I had come without my family and no one had met me at the train. I was a stranger in the city; and I confess that, as I sat in the hotel lobby, I came as near being utterly discouraged as I ever had been in my life.

"As I sat there wondering what I should preach about the next day—for this was Saturday—I picked up a newspaper someone had discarded; and as I glanced through it I came across a small item about an accident. A little girl, named Marjorie Allen, had been injured in saving her baby sister from a street car. The address of her parents was given in the paper.

"'Well,' I said to myself, 'I won't sit here worrying about my own affairs any longer. This item says the child was selling papers. Evidently her people are poor. Maybe they haven't many friends. At any rate, I'll go to see them and maybe I can do something to help.'

"I hunted them up; and it just happened that I was the only minister who had come to see them. The father had been earning so little that Marjorie had sold papers to help bring in money. The mother was ill; and therefore Marjorie had taken her baby sister with her to relieve her mother of the care. She had run across the street to sell a paper; the little sister had tried to follow her; and just then a street car dashed around the corner. Marjorie turned back, pushed the child out of danger—but the car ran over her. She was taken to the hospital, where it was found necessary to amputate both legs.

"**B**RAVE, unselfish Marjorie Allen! Do you wonder that I forgot my own small worries in the face of a tragedy like that? The surgeons thought she would live. But what could she make of life, faced, as she was, with poverty and a terrible handicap? Her parents told me how bright she was. And no one needed to tell me that she had courage! All night I thought about that child and her future. The only solution, so far as I could see, would be to educate her mind, to compensate for her crippled body.

"I had been wondering what sermon I should preach. Could there be a better sermon than the one preached by this child herself? When I stood up in my pulpit that Sunday morning I told my audience about Marjorie Allen. That was my first sermon at St. Mark's. There were only three hundred persons present in the great auditorium, where now we often have three thousand. I asked them to help me to educate this child that she might be able to live a useful and happy life in spite of her handicap. After the service, when the people came to the front of the church to shake hands with me,





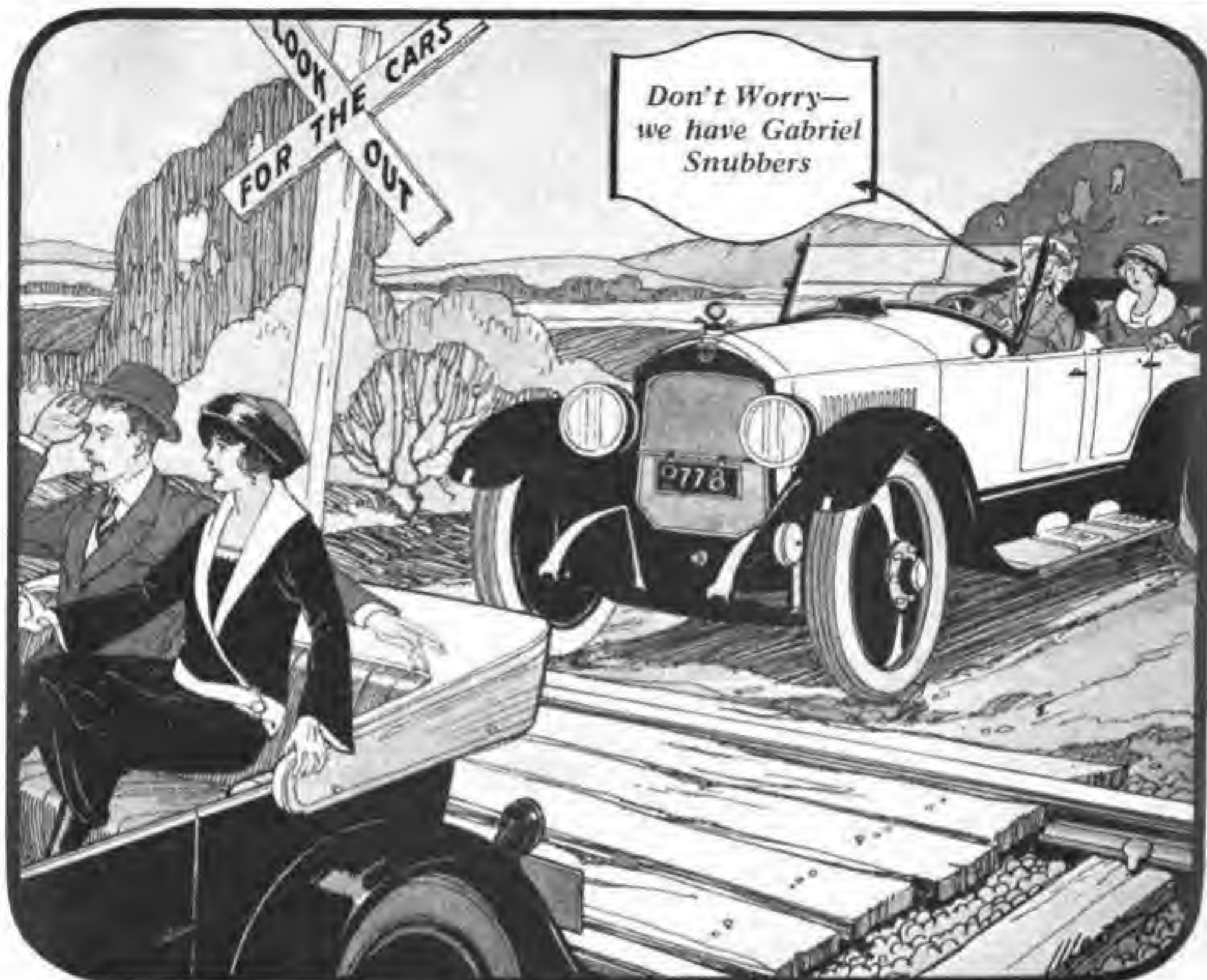
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they placed their contributions for Marjorie on a table beside me. And those three hundred men, women, and children—none of them rich—left over three hundred dollars on that table.

"The newspapers, by the way, took up the story. People all over the city contributed to the fund, which quickly reached ten thousand dollars. I turned it over to a committee to be handled. I suppose, if I had deliberately planned to advertise myself in Detroit, I couldn't have chosen a better method. But I had no such idea in mind; I wanted simply to help Marjorie Allen—and to help my own people! And there is no surer way of reaching people and of inspiring them to action than by touching their emotions.

"I try to do this in many ways. For instance, I know that the emotions can be reached through the eyes. So I have used such 'features' as the Illuminated Cross and Illuminated Windows. A great beautiful white cross is set up in the church above the altar and is wired for electricity. Often at prayer time the church is darkened; then slowly the lights of the cross are turned on, until it shines as a glory and an inspiration, turning all thoughts to God.

"I use it in connection with beautiful music, too; with an exquisite song, or a violin played softly, or a muted cornet, or the organ with the thrilling vox humana stop. At Christmas, a star was substituted for the cross above the altar, while the cross was placed high up in the church. I could hear the people catch their breath, for the sheer beauty of it all. And then, as the notes of 'Silent Night! Holy Night!' stole through the church I could sense the wave of feeling that stirred the thousands of hearts down there in the dim darkness.

"Our eyes! Our ears! Why, they are the doors to the soul! Why not send through those doors the strongest appeals we can contrive, to turn the emotions to the ideas we want to get across?

"WHILE I was in San José, all the churches were closed during the epidemic of the flu. I realized that this was necessary, because of public health. But I also knew that people needed the church then more than ever. As I looked at it, standing dark and silent, an idea came to me. We had eight beautiful Tiffany windows, each one telling in glorious colors some great story from the Bible. I arranged to have those windows lighted from within, so that they would shine in the darkness like pictures painted in light. And I advertised it. The result was that fully five thousand persons gathered in the street on Sunday evening. It was a strange crowd. Most of them wore flu masks. Hushed and thrilled, they stood there while those windows preached a shining message.

"The effect was so wonderful that I used the same idea in another way later on. I had an electrician arrange to light the windows from the outside. Then, at some special point in the service, I would have the church darkened within and have one of the windows illuminated from without. The light was skillfully handled, so that it was strongest on the central figure; for instance, on the face of Christ. Thus I used, in novel and powerful ways, the windows which much of the time had been dead and lifeless.

"I use human emotions. You *must* use them, if you are to get hold of people's minds and hearts. For instance, I know that everyone loves a fight. Oh yes, they do! Not necessarily a fist fight; but we all thrill to any story of struggle. We all are stirred by a tale of victory against odds.

"One of the ways in which I appeal to this natural instinct is by issuing an open challenge to the theatre. Now, I realize that theatres may be used as powerful moral agents. Some of my best friends are actors. I often go behind the scenes at a theatre; partly because I want to know all kinds of people—since I must reach all kinds—and partly because I want to learn *how* to reach them. And I can learn something there.

"But the theatre is also my competitor. And when it comes to a struggle between us for an audience I am going to fight to get it! I put into my ads such lines as: 'The Church Challenges the Theatre.' I say this:

"We dare any theatre in Detroit to put on a Sunday-night program that will be more interesting to the people of our community than we put on in this church."

"Well, that appeals to the 'sporting blood' of people. They want to see whether we can make good on that 'dare.' We think we do—otherwise I wouldn't be such a fool as to issue the challenge. A feather-weight has no business trying to lick a heavy-weight. But if you believe you can do what you say, then get into the fight for all you are worth—and invite the crowd to the ring-side. Because they *enjoy* a fight.

"I SAID that people like to be comfortable. Never forget that human beings have bodies as well as minds and souls. Christ *felt* the multitude before he *preached* to them. That was good psychology. We use it in arranging our regular mid-week prayer-meeting service. We call it 'Food, Faith, and Fun Night,' a name which recognizes three primitive human instincts.

"At six o'clock comes the supper. It isn't free, but the charge is very moderate. There are round tables, so that families can sit together. We have served as many as five hundred at a time. An hour is given to this feature of the evening, an hour of good cheer and good fellowship. Then comes the 'faith' part, the prayer services. There are several of these in different rooms, for the crowd is so large that it has to be divided into Adult, Intermediate, Junior, and Primary. The service consists of testimony, song, prayer, and a spiritual message from some one speaker.

"This fills the hour from seven to eight; then comes the 'Fun' part. I believe in the right and the duty of everyone to be happy! I believe in the moral effect of good, wholesome, physical recreation. We have a fine bowling alley in the basement of the church. We have a place for basketball. We have other game-rooms. And after we have fed our bodies and fed our souls, we all go down-stairs again and play! God knows—and I say it with all reverence—God knows that human beings crave present happiness of the heart even more than a far-off salvation of the soul. I believe in giving them the happiness as a preliminary to making them ready to strive for the salvation.

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"Another way I use in gaining people's interest is by preaching what I call Story Sermons. It may be true that 'all the world loves a lover.' I think it is. But I *know* it is true that all the world loves a story! I take a book which tells a great human story, and I preach my sermon on that story. People like to get down to concrete cases. That, by the way, is exactly what THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE does. It does not theorize about life. It tells true stories of actual human beings.

"THAT'S what people want. Life! Real, throbbing human life! I try to satisfy this desire by using the great stories in the latest books and plays and poetry. Incidentally it satisfies a minor interest. People like to be able to talk about the successful plays and books, but often they are too busy to see and to read them. When they have had one of these sermons they can go away and discuss the book, or the play, with their friends.

"But I want to repeat emphatically that I never use any appeal *solely* to get a crowd! That would be a waste of effort, even if it was nothing worse. Because it is a waste of effort to do anything that

does not help to 'sell' whatever *idea* you are trying to put over. I use my knowledge of human nature to interest as many people as possible. But everything I do, every advertisement I place, every device I use to catch the eye and the ear, is carefully planned to lead up to my one real purpose—which is to bring people to God. I am often asked if our methods do accomplish this or if they merely draw a crowd to the services, and achieve nothing more. My answer is that we have taken in new members at the rate of fifty a month; which is an extraordinary record. We have a membership now of over two thousand and it is steadily and rapidly growing. Moreover, our congregations have jumped from an average of about two hundred to—often—three thousand or more. The loose collections are ten-fold greater than they were. We spend several hundred dollars a month in advertising. And careful, truthful advertising, which appeals to natural human instincts and which leads up to your one big purpose, does pay. Ours pays not only in money, not only in getting a crowd into the church, but in getting them into the kingdom of God."

## Paying an Old Debt

(Continued from page 15)

carted that artillery about me. But it bothered me. I was priding myself on what a good servant I was, and it didn't seem right and respectable to be toting that automatic about. But a vow's a vow.

A year passed and I didn't do nothing about lifting them rocks. And then the chance came:

Oliver come down sick. He'd been ailing for some time, but he wouldn't give up. But at last he got it bad. And the first thing he did when the doctor had come and told him he'd have to stay in bed was to give me the combination of that safe. It came more like a shock than a pleasant surprise.

That was Thursday, and on Saturday I knew that the stage would be set for a get-away. You see, there was a picnic down at the old Hall near the station. A big crowd was coming to it and they would be going home on the two-o'clock train. I'd be in New York by three-thirty.

Came that Saturday night. It was twelve o'clock when I slipped downstairs. The house was cold and cheerless. I had felt the cold before, but never exactly knew the meaning of cheerless.

There was light in Oliver's room as I passed it at the head of the stairs which lead down from the servants' quarters. I paused and listened at his door and I could hear his breathing.

I felt his head and it was hot—awful hot—but his hands were as cold as ice. But I was mighty careful not to wake him, for Oliver was dead set on having me about him a lot and would 'a' spoiled all my plans. He didn't wake, and I left the room and went down the front stairs.

The first thing what I did was to unlock and unchain the front door. Mr. J. knew the value of those stones and always locked up. And I was as careful about them as he was. Many a night I laid awake thinking I heard noises down-

stairs. It wasn't all nerves, either, for only about two weeks before I had seen a fellow trying to force the dining-room window. But he seen my light and beat it. Of course it wasn't my game to wise the family up and have the stones shoved away in some bank vault.

Well, I went into the library where the safe was and sat down. It wouldn't do to get down to the station too early, and I didn't want to lift the rocks till I was ready to beat it. So I sat and watched the clock creep toward the half hour. Then it went around to one—and then one-thirty—and I was ready.

I KNELT down in front of the safe. I was just about to give the dial a twist when I hear a sound right behind me. I swung about mighty quick. The gun dropped from my sleeve into my hand.

Gosh! I just hid that gun quick enough. A breeze went up and down my back. Eddie stood there in the doorway.

"I was just making sure I locked the safe," I says, and my voice seemed distant and far away. She took my explanation all right. Her eyes were big and full of tears.

"It's Oliver," she says, running to me and throwing her arms about my neck. "He's calling for you, and when you weren't in your room I ran down here where the light was."

It was in a sort of daze that I took the trembling child in my arms and mounted the stairs.

The house was in confusion now, and Mr. J. come down the stairs in his dressing gown.

"Going to call the doctor," he says, passing me on the steps.

I give the child over to Nora, the nurse, and hurried over to Oliver's room, where I seen Mrs. Jones standing and wringing her hands.



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*The new Oldsmobile Brougham at \$1375 has no equal  
in value and completeness*



*The front seats tilt forward  
giving unusual entrance  
space for passengers or bulky  
luggage.*



*The instruments on the wal-  
nut finish instrument board  
are separately removable  
for service.*



*The tools, carried in the lug-  
gage compartment, are  
accessible without disturbing  
the passengers.*



*The seat room and leg room  
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people.*

When we say that the 5-passenger Oldsmobile Brougham is the most complete closed car of its type and price, we hope you will challenge our statement. We want you to check the Brougham, point by point, with cars of this type and get the facts at first hand.

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# OLD SMOBILE



"Buck up, old boy," I says, foolish-like, never having the handling of anything like this before.

He kinda laid easy for a while and then he took hold of my hand. He was speaking, and after a bit I get that he wanted me to close the door. So I give Mrs. J. the high sign and shut the door on her. I heard her gasp and sorta lean up against the wall. Flop-like!

"I'm going out, Thomas," he tells me. "It had to come, but I'm glad it didn't come a year ago. The Burton Joneses would fail terrible with no one to take care of them, and Mrs. Burton Jones needs a lot of taking care of. But I can go easy now, Thomas. You'll take my place."

His face wasn't red no more. It was pale, a sorta pasty white. I don't think he had no pain.

"I'll take care of them," I said.

Here was him a-going over the long road and only thinkin' of the family.

"Yes, I can trust you, Thomas," he went on. "Now, don't forget her temper. You'll have to speak to her about that often. Then, there's the matter of cards. You must tell her about that each time before she goes calling. One card for herself, Thomas, and one of her husband's for each member of the family that she's visiting. That's her worst habit, and I've kept her straight on it for years. Remember . . . one . . . one for each member . . . only one, Thomas . . . for each . . . just one—"

And then Oliver passed out.

**N**EARLY everybody was gathered out in the hall of the servants' quarters when I laid Oliver back on the bed and come out. And he had placed a trust in me. I could a-laughed—but I didn't.

"It's all over," I told them, and Mrs. J. burst out cryin' and went right into the room and knelt before all the servants.

Then I thought of Mr. Jones and wondered what was keeping him. He oughta be there with all them females. So I slips down the stairs. I just go right into the library where the 'phone is, and know at once what's keepin' Mr. J. He's sitting there in a chair, and his mouth full of cotton and his arms and legs is bound to the chair. His eyes are bulging out of his head, but that's his own doing.

But that's all I see and then—

"Hands up—and put 'em up high."

And I put 'em up, and put 'em up high. I didn't see the speaker, but right away I knew what is doing. The lads of the window has returned for them rocks and finding the door open walked in. The room was quiet-looking. Mr. J. didn't put up no fight, which was best for him. But then I ain't of a peace-loving nature—and I was thinking hard.

"Frisk him, Ed," says the voice again; and a little wop walks in front of me and feels all over my clothes. But he never touched my arms, and there in my sleeve was that little twenty-five automatic.

Now, you see, I wasn't in such a bad hole as things looked. It takes the best dick on the force just one second to draw a gun and shoot. If he did that with me he would be just a half-second too late. But then these lads didn't have to draw, and from what I hear there is two of them—so, after all, I had food for thought. Considerable thought.

"It's old Butts himself—or young

Butts," the lad behind me with the cannon says. "We'll get the combination of that safe out of him."

I was looking straight at Mr. J., and I see him shake his head. He had some guts.

"Give me the combination of that safe." The leader spoke again, and his voice was cool and calm and I see that he wasn't no ordinary crook.

Then I swung around and looked straight into the face of the lad with the gun.

**I**T WAS Spike Dawson, the squealer. He gasps. The sudden recognition unnerved him. Just for the fraction of a second it did. But that was enough. My right arm went forward—two shots rang out. I had shot coming down and I had shot to hit right between those sneaking eyes. It was my life or his and—I wanted his. I knew that at last I was a killer. But if ever a rat needed killing that rat was Spike Dawson. It ain't what you'd call good ethics maybe—but it's fact.

And then there's another report, a sharp stab in my shoulder, and as Spike falls at my feet I remember that little wop and realize that I've been hit. But I turn quick—take another bullet in the left arm and drop the wop. Then things go black—awful black—and then nothing—just nothing.

It's two weeks later before I get a line on myself, and I'm in a nice white bed, my own bed, and there's a nurse there. Eddie gives me this dope, for she comes in often to tell me stories.

"You used to tell them to me," she says, "Now, I'll tell you some. About fairies. I don't like burglars any more."

Then Mrs. Burton Jones ambles in. I'm going to call her by her full title from now on. Oliver would have it so.

"You are our butler now," she tells me with a smile. "You must hurry and get well, and then we are going to send you away to the mountains for a nice long rest. Nurse says I mustn't stay long and disturb you, and besides I'm calling on the Hazzards this afternoon."

"The Richard Hazzards?" I asked.

"Yes—the Richard Hazzards," she nods.

"There are four of them," I says after a bit. "Don't forget to leave four cards for your husband and—and only one for yourself."

"Goodness gracious!" She looks startled. "I had forgotten all about that card-case, and—" Then she breaks off and turns sudden upon Eddie. "You naughty, naughty child," she almost yells. "You've been in my room again and been playing with my card-case."

"A lady never loses her temper," I says quiet-like.

Mrs. Burton Jones stopped dead in the middle of a sentence and then says calmly:

"Thank you, Thomas."

**T**HAT'S all long ago now. But it just had to be. You see, an honest country life was laid out for me. Mrs. Burton Jones would 'a' been absolutely helpless without me; Eddie didn't like burglars any more, and then there was Oliver's trust. But I don't know, somehow I put the whole thing down to Eddie's pipe and my poetic nature.

So I just up and bought myself a couple of books called "The Habits of Good Society." If you are going to do a thing at all you might just as well do it right.



Does your  
tooth-brush  
"show pink"?

**A**LL TOO OFTEN men and women hold back from giving their teeth the good brushing needed because their gums are soft or irritated.

A "pink tooth-brush" is a sign of tooth trouble to come—a warning to restore your gums to a healthy condition.

In this, Ipana Tooth Paste can help you. For it cleans the teeth thoroughly and exercises a gentle healing effect upon soft and bleeding gums.

Ipana contains Ziratol, long used by the profession in the treatment of soft, spongy or bleeding gums.

And flavor! Ipana is smooth, snappy and delightful.

**IPANA**  
TOOTH PASTE

Bristol-Myers Co., 45 Rector St., New York, N. Y.  
Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without charge or obligation on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

State.....



FAIRBANKS-MORSE



# ball bearing motors

Motor failures, due to bearing trouble, practically eliminated. The bearings last as long as the motor. Positively dust-proof. Need lubrication but once a year. Reduce power bills, cut production costs

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & Co  
CHICAGO Pioneer Manufacturers

# of ball bearing motors

## Nothing Could Keep This Boy Down

(Continued from page 16)

in the season of 1920-1921, when one third of the apples in New York State were rotting under the trees, apples shipped by one of these associations were selling at three times the New York prices. And to-day eggs sent East by the Pacific Egg Producers, whom Sapiro brought together, command a better price in New York than the native eggs sold by individual poultrymen—despite the fact that the Pacific product is eighteen days old when sold over the grocery counter.

Last year Sapiro went down into the Mississippi delta and organized a big group of cotton growers. This year the same growers have been getting from six to eight cents a pound—or from \$30 to \$40 a bale—more for their cotton than the unorganized producers in the same section of the country. In 1921 the burley-tobacco raisers of the South were getting from 8 to 11 cents a pound for their crops. Then Sapiro organized them. In 1922 they received an average of 23 cents a pound, which means that an added profit of some \$15,000,000 was distributed among the 68,000 members of the association.

A FEW months ago Otto H. Kahn, head of one of the most powerful international banking firms in the world, gave a dinner in New York for the purpose of creating a more intimate understanding between the financial and the agricultural leaders of the country. As spokesman of the great cooperative farming movement, Sapiro was asked to set forth the reasons why the California growers were running away with the Eastern markets—why more than three fourths of them rung up tidy profits last year, while the average Eastern farmer was barely holding his own or else going more deeply into the hole. Turning to Judge Gary, head of the billion-dollar United States Steel Corporation, who sat opposite him, Sapiro said:

"The California growers are making money because we have studied the methods of the Steel Corporation and applied them to the marketing of farm products. The industrial system of the country is based on group production and group marketing. Your company is an excellent example. Hitherto, among the workers of the world, only the farmer and the artist have labored alone and marketed their products as individuals. Now, a good farmer is not necessarily a good salesman—and even if he were a good salesman he has long been handicapped by circumstances beyond his control.

"Farmers used to dump their output wherever it was grown, as soon as it was grown, and thus they created a glutted local market from which speculators could buy at their own price. That's bad business. Your great company, Judge Gary, never dumps steel rails where they are produced and leaves them there to be taken away by the highest bidder. It studies the markets. It canvasses possible customers and ships products to them in the desired quantity.

"Now, the California farmers, by pooling their products and having a *central business organization of experts* to sell them, have adopted the same methods you use. We know our markets; we have a complete outlet for our perishables; we store our non-perishables, and we feed them out in such quantities as the buyer will absorb at a fair price. And because we are a sound business organization we can borrow money from the banks, so that the farmer who has once pooled his crops does not have to wait for full payment until they are sold. During the last twelve years financial institutions have lent us more than a billion dollars. In 1921 the War Finance Board advanced \$70,000,000 to cooperative organizations, and if there was a single loss, I haven't heard of it. . . . Yes, Judge Gary, we have become prosperous by taking a leaf from your own notebook."

Sapiro is the fastest and one of the most stimulating conversationalists to whom I have ever listened. He is a human cataract of enthusiasm. Even if you hadn't the slightest interest in cooperative marketing you would become a loyal rooter out of sheer deference to a man who can believe *anything* as hard as he does.

It was with some difficulty that I led the slender, brown-eyed enthusiast from his favorite topic over to the one in which I was immediately interested—himself. My reward, however, was more than commensurate. As I listened to his swift, simple recital of a boyhood of infinite pathos—particularly of the six starved and tortured years in an orphan asylum—I was constantly wondering how all that which was vivid in him could have survived the ordeal. This is a problem that I will pass on to you: for I shall tell you his story just as he told it to me. It needs no editing.

"VERY well—these are the facts," he said, leaning back in his chair and for a moment resting his thin, nervous fingers on his knee. "I was born in San Francisco thirty-eight years ago. There were nine in the family. I was fifth. My father was a teamster and we were pathetically poor. When I tell you that I was born in my aunt's kitchen, because we didn't even have a roof over our heads at the time, perhaps you can guess *how* poor.

"When I was very young, we moved across the bay to Oakland. There our fortunes were worse, if possible. If my father had worked regularly and saved his money, he could have provided for the simple needs of his big family. But he didn't work regularly, and he brought home very little of what he earned. He was afflicted with certain unfortunate personal weaknesses that it hurts me to think about or talk about, so if you don't mind—

"When I was six and my brother Philip was eight we had to start in selling newspapers and matches on the streets of Oakland. Otherwise we would have gone hungry. I rather liked selling newspapers,





## Oakland's share in automobile progress

WHEN McKinley was nominated for President there were only four gasoline automobiles in the whole United States. Today there are more than ten million. Two factors have helped to work this miracle—the *spirit of youth* and the *spirit of cooperation*.

Being young, the industry knew no limiting traditions, and almost every car has contributed something to the development of all the rest.

Oakland pioneered in the development of a light six-cylinder car to sell for less than \$1000.

The horizon of the industry was broadened by that achievement. Families, to whom the ownership of a six-cylinder car had been only a hope, found their hopes realized; and men began to think of the automobile as the servant of *all* the people.

\* \* \*

The Oakland of 1923 is one more

monument to the spirit of cooperation.

Back of the Oakland organization is General Motors, adding to Oakland's resources the economies of large purchasing power, quantity production, and the interchange of men and ideas.

This is the philosophy on which General Motors is built—that every member of a family is better able to serve because of its association with the others. General Motors is stronger because of Oakland's ideal to build "the finest light six"; and Oakland is strengthened by the experience, the skill, and the spirit of the other seventy parts.

OF THE ten million passenger cars in the United States, one in seven is a General Motors product.

OAKLAND is one of the five permanent passenger car divisions of General Motors, each of which makes its own contribution to economical transportation.

# GENERAL MOTORS

BUICK • CADILLAC • CHEVROLET OAKLAND • OLDSMOBILE • GMC TRUCKS

Delco and Remy Electrical Equipment • Harrison Radiators • Fisher Bodies • Jaxon Rims • AC Spark Plugs • AC Speedometers  
New Departure Ball Bearings • Klaxon Warning Signals • Hyatt Roller Bearings • Delco Light and Power Plants and Frigidaire





**\$250 First prize**  
**\$200 Second prize**  
**\$100 Third prize**

**2 prizes of \$50 each**  
**6 prizes of \$25 each**  
**10 prizes of \$10 each**  
**20 prizes of \$5 each**

**41 prizes in all**

## Could you use \$250?

Here is your chance. At some time or other you have undoubtedly used Sherwin-Williams paints, varnishes, stains or enamels. Whenever you used them, you found that it *paid*. You got beauty, harmony, economy, preservation, increased value of the object painted.

Tell us the story of your experience in such a way that it will convince others of the advisability of using Sherwin-Williams products and win one of these splendid prizes. They will be given for the *most helpful* letters.

To be helpful, a letter must tell *facts*. These facts must be substantiated by photographs or by names and addresses of people who know the facts. No letter will be considered that refers to Sherwin-Williams products bought or used after January 22, 1923. If, prior to that time, you have never used Sherwin-Williams products you are disqualified. The contest closes May 15th.

Take your time, gather your evidence as carefully as if you were preparing a case for court. Remember, each letter will be judged on its advertising merit and provability. It is understood that all letters, photographs, etc. may be used in advertising, become the property of the Sherwin-Williams Company and will not be returned. Results will be published as soon as possible after the closing date.

# SHERWIN WILLIAMS

PAINTS AND VARNISHES

Advertising Manager



The right finish for each surface

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.  
 722 Canal Road, N. W., Cleveland, Ohio

it was clean and interesting work. But peddling matches was awfully hard. In those days matches were made in large, square wooden blocks, solid at the base, and with several hundred to the block. We bought five blocks for a nickel and sold three for a nickel. They were so heavy that a load big enough to net a profit of fifty cents would weigh twenty-five to thirty pounds. It was about all I could stagger under—for I was puny and undersized even for a six-year-old.

"They were wretched matches—about one in five would light when you wanted them to, and it's a wonder anyone bought them at all. We carried them in flour sacks. I had to be careful in swinging them up to my back or the jar would make them catch fire. This happened once; and two or three times they broke into a blaze on my back, through friction or spontaneous combustion. Almost getting burned up didn't bother me half as much as losing the matches, which represented money that we needed so badly at home. That almost broke my heart.

"**PHILIP** and I would get up at half past five in the morning and sell papers on the street until school time. Then, after school, we would rush away to get our loads of matches and start tramping from house to house. Often we would walk out as far as East Oakland and back to the down-town section—a distance of six or eight miles—before our goods were sold.

"Coming home at night so tired that I ached all over, I would sometimes stay outside the house for hours if I saw that my father was home. You can't imagine the fear we had of him. But I thank God for my wonderful mother. I have seen her go through things that I did not think any human being could go through, and remain brave and sweet and optimistic. Not only did she have to feed and clothe and protect us, but she had to keep us 'in nerve' as well—for we were simply frightened to death. Every once in a while she would break down and cry over us, because we had to work all the time we weren't in school, and couldn't go out and play the way other children did. But she gave us more strength and love than all the rest of the world put together.

"Two of our tragic little band had died meantime, and that threw an extra burden on Phil and me. We worked every minute we could spare from school—Mother just wouldn't let us give that up—and an elder sister helped with the housework.

"Presently we established so good a paper trade that we were able to give up selling matches. I learned to read quickly, and even as a little tad I used to stand on my corner and call the headlines off to passers-by. This seemed to tickle them to death and they would go out of their way to patronize me. We got to be good fighters, too. We had to be. Competition for desirable corners was keen, and we often had to lick the bigger boys to hold ours. But between us we averaged six or seven dollars a week—which seemed like a fortune.

"Then, when I was nine years old, my father was killed. A fast Southern Pacific express train hit the truck he was driving. I remember that one of the neighbors came to school and took Phil and me to the hospital. But we got there too late to see him alive.

"I wasn't old enough to appreciate the solemnity of death, and all I could feel was that a great fear had been lifted. In the brief period between the fatality and the funeral I was happy. There was no school and no work; neighbors were dropping in; we were the center of attraction. An uncle gave us new suits to replace our threadbare ones, and it seemed the most wonderful thing that had ever happened to me. Then, in accordance with the Orthodox Jewish custom, they started to cut a slit in our coats—which is the modern adaptation of the ancient practice of rending garments. Phil and both I ran away, and when they caught us they had a terrible time persuading us to submit to this mutilation of our new clothes.

"The funeral gave us our first carriage ride—another wonderful event. And after it was over custom required that we stay at home for a mourning period of seven days. The neighbors brought us food, and we had the blessed privilege of eating all we wanted.

"When Father was brought home dead there was less than twenty cents in the house—and seven children, the youngest a babe in arms. Now the burden of supporting the family fell even more heavily on Phil and me. At once we doubled our daily stock of papers and sold them to the last one. We had to, because we couldn't return them and get our money back if there were any left over. We would start in at six in the morning, and at eight-thirty Phil would go to school, because he was the elder and had a more immediate prospect of *needing* education. Passing my corner, he would turn over to me what papers he had left, and I would stick on the street until I had sold them all. Sometimes I wouldn't get to school until after eleven o'clock.

"**BEFORE** long my teacher got very indignant at my tardiness and wouldn't accept my excuses. So she reported me to the principal of the school, who was Edwin Markham, the poet. Mr. Markham called me into his office and extracted from me the whole story. Then the dear old man sent me back with a note to the effect that I could come late whenever I wanted to, and he would trust me not to arrive a minute later than was necessary. Moreover, he assigned a teacher to spend each noon hour helping me, so that I could make up the work I had missed in my classes.

"Phil and I managed to make about fifty dollars a month, and the whole family lived on this amount, supplemented by such money as Mother earned by hemming towels for the linen department of one of the large stores. She got a few cents a dozen for this work, and usually she would sew long after we children were sound asleep. I remember one morning, when we were particularly hard pressed, I got up earlier than usual to go after my papers and found her still sitting in her chair, with the first slant rays of the sunrise setting off the blue circles under her weary eyes. She had been working the livelong night!

"In the meantime the constant hard work was telling on Phil and me. I was much undersized and not any too well. In addition to selling papers I had to study hard to keep up in school. 'You boys are going to kill yourselves,' Mother would





STEPHENS TOURING SEDAN, 5 PASSENGERS, \$1595

## Range, speed, distinction united in Touring Sedan at \$1595

A masterly new enclosed car for town or trail, the remarkable power and balance of the Stephens Touring Sedan give it the range and speed of a fine touring car for spring and summer driving.

Quality and lasting beauty show in every line and detail of its dignified, hand-wrought body. Seats are agreeably broad and low, built up on deep, luxurious bases of small coil springs.

Upholstery is cut velour in a rich warm taupe; fittings in matt silver. Instrument board and window moldings are natural walnut. The body is in sunny Sorrento blue, with top of bright black duratex over standard steel panels.

Doors are wide. Entrance at either side is easy. The front seats fold down at right

angles to the floor. Both back and seat cushions are full-spring upholstered.

With instant throttle response, its Stephens-built motor combines brilliant performance, low upkeep cost and notable economy. Delco ignition, Timken axles, Gemmer steering gear, Fedders radiator, Mather springs, indicate the character and dollar value of its chassis.

Equipment is exceptional—trunk, power-driven tire pump, transmission lock, cowl ventilator, sun visor, dome and stop lights, and all usual accessories.

See the Touring Sedan at the nearest dealer's. Study its powerful lines, balanced design, oversize units, unmatched equipment. Take the wheel and give it your own performance tests.

TOURING CAR, 5-PASS., \$1295

ROADSTER, 2-1-PASS., \$1345

SPORT "FOURSOME," 4-PASS., \$1985

TOURING SEDAN, 5-PASS., \$1595

TOURING CAR, 7-PASS., \$1685

STANDARD SEDAN, 5-PASS., \$1895

STANDARD SEDAN, 7-PASS., \$2385

PRICES F. O. B. FREEPORT, ILL.

STEPHENS MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc., Moline and Freeport, Illinois

# STEPHENS

Motor  Cars

Full-color catalogue on request. Write to Moline today.



# BEAVER

WALL BOARD, GYPSUM WALL,

## Over two billion feet of Beaver Wall Board now in use

Seventeen years ago we introduced to the American public a new type of interior wall material—which combined economy with marked convenience.

Today it is sold in practically every city, town and hamlet in the United States and Canada. And fourteen foreign nations now buy it.

Constant improvement has been made in the quality of Beaver Wall Board, but even today the millions of feet of genuine Beaver Wall Board put up in the early years of our business are still rendering excellent service. Over two billion feet are now in use.



Microscopic view, magnified 200 times, showing long, tough, sinewy VIRGIN SPRUCE FIBRES, the most expensive and finest quality wood pulp material, of which genuine Beaver Wall Board is made.

This, in brief, is the story of Beaver Wall Board.

### Uses and Advantages

Beaver Wall Board comes in big, sturdy panels, 32, 36 or 48 inches wide, and in lengths of 6 to 16 feet.

Beaver Wall Board is easily handled. Merely nail it directly to the studding or over old plaster walls or ceilings.

Beaver Wall Board can be decorated immediately without costly sizing and is adaptable to a wide variety of beautiful wall treatments.

The cost of Beaver Wall Board is low. And the labor cost of applying is likewise very low.

For ceilings and walls in new construction; for remodeling or repairing attics and other idle space in home, factory or office; for covering old, unsightly plaster walls; for summer cottages, garages; in fact, for any purpose where a permanent heat, cold, moisture and sound-proof, fire-resisting inside wall or lining is needed, Beaver Wall Board is the ideal material from every standpoint.

THE BEAVER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.

THOROLD, ONT., CANADA - LONDON, ENGLAND

### Six Important Features

Six important features explain why Beaver Wall Board is today preferred by those who are careful in the selection of wall board. Each is the result of our long experience in making wall board. And each has a vital part to play.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is the only wall board made of VIRGIN SPRUCE FIBRE through and through.

Our experience has proved it is the best and strongest material for wall board use. These long, tough, sinewy, yet light, spruce fibres give to Beaver Wall Board its greatest toughness and durability.



Place a piece of Beaver Wall Board over a tumbler of water. Hold tight—they meet along and board and allow to stand as long as you like. The water will not penetrate the surface.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is a NATURAL INSULATOR.

Due to the use of long, virgin spruce fibre it is filled with millions and millions of microscopic "voids" or dead air pockets. And building engineers will tell you that "dead air" is one of the best non-conductors of heat, cold and sound.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is of 26-LAYER CONSTRUCTION.

Laminating several layers of wood together is widely practiced as a means of overcoming warping and buckling. Beaver Wall Board is made up of 26 LAYERS of Virgin Spruce Fibre pressed and laminated into perfect panels.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is kiln dried and seasoned before leaving the factory.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is rendered practically impervious to moisture or climatic changes by our exclusive, patented *Sealtite Formula*.

Genuine Beaver Wall Board is especially calendered and primed to produce our Art Mat Surface. *Either side may be used.*

The best lumber and building material dealers in all localities sell the *genuine* Beaver Wall Board, or can easily get it for you. Your carpenter can figure costs and apply it.

On request we will send you a sample of Genuine Beaver Wall Board and a booklet that tells all about its uses.

Administration Offices: BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.





# PRODUCTS

## AND VULCANITE ROOFING

### Vulcanite Roofing is a standard value the world over

America's building program for 1923 is probably the largest in her history. Many millions of dollars will be invested in asphalt roofing—shingles and roll-type.

Experienced builders are showing marked preference for VULCANITE Roofing. They know that VULCANITE is made of honest materials throughout; is fire-resisting; heavy, rigid, tough and strong; will lie flat in the heaviest wind; will retain its weather-proof qualities; will add beauty and attractiveness to any building.



"Hexagon" Slab Shingles give extra thickness over the entire roof and produce a beautiful deep tile effect.

Most experienced builders also know that one of the reasons for this long and satisfactory service is the famous Glendinning Saturation Process. This process dictates the use of only genuine Mexican asphalt and our own make of tough, long fibre, pure rag felt. Under its specifications, the felt is run *three times* through the hot asphalt saturating bath. Then huge steam heated rollers literally "drive in" the excess asphalt. Every tiny niche, crevice and pore is thoroughly and permanently impregnated.

VULCANITE Roofing includes three unusual types of shingles—all patented and all finished in beautiful red or green crushed slate:

"Hexagon" Slab Shingles produce a beautiful, durable, extra thick, fire-resisting roof. Exclusive patented design insures proper laying—also a tight seal, long wear, a deep tile effect and heavy shadow line. They are easy and fast to lay over roof boards or old roofing. Their artistic pattern enhances the beauty of any home.

"Doubletite" Slab Shingles produce a roof not unlike Italian tile. They lay fast and uniformly, and due to design, space auto-

matically. Patented "projection" underlies each slot, giving extra thickness here as well as elsewhere—insures *extra* wear and weather protection. For beauty, fire-resistance, weather protection and long life, "Doubletite" Shingles are an unusual value.

"Self-Spacing" Individual Shingles—popular everywhere because they are laid quickly, look good, last a long time, and are fire-resisting. An exclusive, patented "shoulder" insures *uniform spacing*, fast laying, and *seals* the roof above notch—prevents rain and snow from driving between shingles to roof boards. Gives practically a *triple thick* roof when laid four inches to the weather. An exclusive VULCANITE feature.



"Doubletite" Slab Shingles produce an artistic roof that enhances the beauty of any home.

VULCANITE Roofing also comes in roll and ordinary shingle types—for homes, commercial and industrial buildings—in jumbo and standard weights—and in smooth finishes, surfaced with mica, talc and sand; also red and green crushed slate finishes.

You can identify the genuine by the name VULCANITE on the label.

Ask your VULCANITE dealer for information—or write us. We will send free samples and booklet upon request.

#### Beaver Gypsum Wall

If you want plastered walls or ceilings, there is a more convenient way.

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes in large, wide panels which can be nailed direct to studding or joists. It is made of purest gypsum plaster, sandwiched between two layers of tough fibre board. Front side specially processed for decoration.

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes ready for immediate decorating. It is fire-resisting and moisture-proof. Can be sawed and nailed like lumber. Saves much labor, time and "muss." Sold by leading dealers in lumber and building supplies.

Upon request, we will send you a sample of Beaver Gypsum Wall with information on "how to use."



THE BEAVER PRODUCTS COMPANY, Inc.

THOROLD, ONT., CANADA - LONDON, ENGLAND

Administration Offices: BUFFALO, N. Y., U. S. A.

(17)



# MERCHANTS, send for this book

*and learn how PROJECTED SELLING will increase your farm trade*

Many older merchants can easily remember when cash registers were unknown, and yet what retail store today would try to conduct its business without a cash register or some similar method of recording purchases?

Conditions in the retail selling field are constantly changing. New methods are introduced—old ways are discarded. Always some merchant must try a new plan first. If it succeeds, others adopt it; if it fails, they avoid it.

Within recent years a new factor—Projected Selling—has made its appearance in the retail selling field. It is new only in its application to retail stores; it is as old as the Yankee tinware peddler of our grandfathers, the house-to-house canvasser, the nomadic merchants of the days of Rome and Carthage.

## What is Projected Selling?

Projected Selling—as used by retail stores—is simply an extending of the territory from which you draw trade, a projecting of your store into the rich farming regions surrounding your town or city. It is the "store on wheels" idea—taking your merchandise to the farmers by means of personal visit.

It seems to be here to stay. Retail merchants in many lines—automobiles, farm implements, clothing and shoes, groceries, hardware, jewelry—have adopted it, usually with success.

To Farm & Fireside, the National



## This book sent free

Merchants: Send for this book—learn how other merchants are using Projected Selling. If you are selling automobiles, farm implements, clothing, shoes, hardware, furniture, jewelry, groceries, drugs or other lines—you will find in this book something of very special interest to you.

Projected Selling does not necessarily require an elaborate investment in new equipment, an increase in sales expense. Every merchant can apply it to his business, even in a small way, and increase his sales materially.

Send for this book today. Just write us on your letterhead, "Send me 'Projected Selling,'" and we will gladly do it.

Farm Magazine, the subject has been one of interest. What is Projected Selling? Is it a permanent retail development? Will it help merchants to increase farm trade, to render a service to those who live on

farms which will result in more business for the merchant?

We have prepared an interesting booklet on Projected Selling, for free distribution to retail merchants, which undertakes to answer these questions.

It tells how a retail grocer has reduced his cost of doing business by means of Projected Selling. It tells how agents of the International Harvester Company are using it, many of them doubling and quadrupling their business. It tells how dealers in automobiles, hardware, clothing, shoes and other lines have increased business—and reduced costs.

## How this book will help you

It tells how Farm & Fireside—in its editorial pages constantly inspiring farm families to better farming and better living, in its advertising pages constantly showing and describing better merchandise—is an important factor in Projected Selling. It tells how Farm & Fireside will help you to increase your farm trade.

We will gladly mail a copy of this booklet, "Projected Selling," to every merchant in the land. Send for your copy today—learn the facts about Projected Selling so that you may decide whether it can profitably be applied to your business.

The Crowell Publishing Company  
381 Fourth Ave., New York City  
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine,  
Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, The  
National Weekly, The Mentor

# FARM & FIRESIDE

## The National Farm Magazine

## TIE to these products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine  
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining  
Agricultural Gypsum  
American Fence  
American Pad & Textile Company  
American Radiator Company  
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.  
Anthony Fence  
Black Flag Insect Powder  
Brown's Beach Jacket  
Burpee's Seeds  
Capewell Horseshoe Nails  
C. B. & Q. R. R. Company  
Champion Spark Plugs  
Chandler Motor Cars  
Chesbrough Vaseline Products  
Chevrolet Cars  
Clark Grave Vaults  
Clark's O. N. T. Crummet Cotton

Clothescraft Clothes  
Colgate's Toilet Preparations  
Dandelion Butter Color  
De Laval Separators & Milkers  
Devco Paint & Varnish Products  
Dieta Lanterna  
Dodge Brothers Cars  
Dr. How Stock Tonic  
Dr. How Poultry PAN-A-CE-A  
Duro Pump & Manufacturing Company  
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company  
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco  
Essex Cars  
Eveready Flashlights  
Freezone  
General Motors Corporation  
Gillette Razors

Glaesbury Underwear  
Goodrich Tires  
Goodyear Tires  
Great Northern Ry.  
Green Gaid Watches  
Hansen's Dairy Preparations  
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles  
Hartshorn Shade Rollers  
Henderson Seeds  
Hood's Canvas Footwear  
Hosier Kitchen Cabinets  
Hudson Cars  
Ingersoll Watches  
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment  
International Motor Trucks  
International Tractors  
Iver Johnson Bicycles & Firearms  
Kelllogg's Toasted Corn Flakes

Luden's Menthol Cough Drops  
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments  
Mellin's Food  
Multifed Coconut Oil  
Mustrole  
National Electric Light Assn.  
Northern Pacific Ry.  
Olde Tyme Socks  
Overland Cars  
Paper Enslage Cutlery  
Peppermint Tooth Paste  
Pillsbury's Flour  
Planet Jr. Implements  
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products  
President Suspenders  
Pres-A-Lite Batteries  
Rat-Nip  
Red Star Timer

Renfrew Devonshire Cloth  
Reo Cars  
Royal Fence  
Sapallo  
Semi-Solid Buttermilk  
Shaker Vulcanizer  
Shon's Liniment  
Smith & Barnes and Strohber  
Pianos and Player Pianos  
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees  
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation  
Swift Products  
Union Carbide  
United States Tires  
Vellastle Underwear  
Viko Aluminum Ware  
Whitely-Overland, Inc.  
Wright's Blue Fold Tape



say, with tears in her eyes. And she worried more and more about us. Moreover, she was fearful that we would learn bad habits from mingling with the tough boys of the streets. In the end she took a step that almost broke her heart. She went to San Francisco and made arrangements with an orphan asylum to take four out of the seven children. So Phil and myself, one sister, and a brother who has since died went to the institution. Mother figured that she could support the other three youngsters by taking in more towels than ever.

"I WAS ten years old when I went to the orphanage, and I stayed there six years. Those years are seared into my very soul. I was no longer Aaron Sapiro; I was 'Number 58'—a puppet in a cold, unfeeling system that tended to squeeze the joy of living and the individuality out of any child. They fed us enough, such as the food was; but if someone could have come in to give us an occasional good-night kiss, or to speak a kind word now and then, it would have meant more to us than all the food in the world.

"Dressed in regulation uniforms that stamped us as charity children, we started off for school every morning with a slice of bread and an apple in a tin can on which our number was stamped. That was our lunch. The other children could tell as far as they could see us that we were orphan waifs, and they used to taunt us with the fact. After a while we developed the habit of eating our meager lunches after we had gone a few blocks and hiding the cans under a building until we came back at night. Before noon we were hungry, of course, and we went hungry the rest of the day. Even that subterfuge, however, didn't do much, if any, good.

"The food at the orphanage was always the same for every day in the week. We could tell on January first what we were going to have for every meal of every day in the year. We knew that for dinner on Sunday we would have veal, which was frequently bad; that on Thursday night we would have roast beef, which was usually pretty good; and that on Friday we would have fish, which, more often than not, was stale and unpalatable.

"The bowls and cups were so thick that one could drop them out of a window onto the cement walk and they wouldn't break. I know—because I tried it. The dining-room was dark, and the long board tables, around each of which twenty-five boys or girls would be crowded, were covered with red cotton tablecloths—the kind that can be used a long time without showing too noticeably the dirt and stains.

"But the great, thick cups had one saving grace: Every evening those of us whose actions during the day had not suited our custodians would be called into the office and whipped on the hands with rattan switches. As soon as one of us came out of the office, with his hands puffed and red and smarting, he made a bee line for the dining-room and soothed the sting by clasping tightly the cool cups. We had an unwritten law that no one should block the narrow passageway from the office to the dining-room between seven and eight o'clock. A kid didn't have to do much to get a whipping, and I

was one of those frequently singled out. I have seen as many as seven or eight fellows in the dining-room at a time, all blinking back the tears as we held the cups between our bruised hands.

"The orphanage had the most extraordinary system of bathing I ever heard of. The boys always took their weekly bath on the same night in a big tank that would hold about twenty at a time. A delegation of the biggest boys would enter the tank first and be scrubbed off with soap and a rough brush. Then part of the water would be let out, and the group of boys next in size would be herded in. I belonged to the last and smallest group, and we had to wash in the water that all the others had bathed in.

"We were never given a physical examination. Some of the fellows had running sores; many of them were tubercular; and nearly all had bad teeth. Nobody seemed to care. The whole system was a dull routine, without a touch of life or color.

"The fighting that Phil and I had done as newsboys stood us in good stead, for the bigger boys were always picking on the smaller ones. The first night I was there an oversized bully thrashed the life out of me because I wouldn't pull off his stockings. He left me all in a heap—but he had to take off his own socks! A few experiences like this gave me an idea that resulted in my first experiment at 'coöperative organization.'

"I got all the smaller boys together and outlined my plan. We took a solemn vow in the dark of the moon that the first time one of the bigger boys started to pick on one of us *we would all pitch into him together*. We drew up an agreement on paper, pricked our thumbs with pins, squeezed out the blood and signed our names with it—in accordance with the procedure followed in a pirate book I had been reading. We called ourselves 'Aaron's Gang' or 'The Budding Roses.' It was a darn fool name, and I can't remember whether I was responsible for it or not.

"The very next day one of the big fellows took an awful wallop at one of our band—an inoffensive little duck whom we called 'Snook.' A moment later thirteen infuriated 'Rosebuds' were swarming all over him. One grabbed each arm; two or three clung to his legs; and the rest of us proceeded to punch the living daylights out of him. After a few experiences like this we enjoyed a welcome immunity.

"EACH drab week had one rift of light for my sister, my two brothers, and myself. That was on Sunday—when my mother came out. Too poor even to pay car fare, she would walk the three long miles from the ferry to the asylum. Once in six months she would bring the baby, and on these occasions she would ride back and forth in a cable car.

"When I finished grammar school I was fortunate enough to get two hundred and fifty dollars and a silver medal from the orphanage as the reward for standing at the head of my class. The medal was mine, to have and to hold; but the trustees put the two hundred and fifty dollars into the bank to be kept for me until I was twenty-one. Then they let me go to high school, which was a privilege given very few of the boys in the orphanage. When I finished high school, at sixteen, I was

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still very much undersized—about five feet tall and less than one hundred pounds in weight. Our diet certainly hadn't proved very conducive to growth.

"About this time one of the trustees became interested in me and asked me if I wouldn't like to become a rabbi. Such an exalted position seemed an infinite distance above the orphanage, and I jumped at the suggestion. So a few months later I was sent to Cincinnati, when I entered Hebrew Union College. This was in 1900. I stayed there eight years."

SAPIRO walked to the window and drew the shade lower, to shut out the blinding rays of the late afternoon sun. For the first time since our talk began I heard the heavy rumble of the Broadway traffic below us. We were sitting in an office in the Equitable Building, Sapiro's headquarters when he is in New York.

"You stayed at the theological school eight years," I said, as he drew up his chair once more.

"Yes, eight years."

"Did you become a rabbi?"

"No. The course was nine years. I left before it was over."

"Why?"

"Because I came to believe strongly that any church must be an instrument of social service—to further human welfare—rather than an institution for the preaching of a fixed and changeless creed. I told them so. I told them that I felt I could not go on. So I left Hebrew Union."

"How did you support yourself while at the theological college?"

"The last half of this period I earned enough by tutoring students at the University of Cincinnati, where I also held the salaried position of student assistant in history."

"Teaching at the university!" I exclaimed. "Why, I thought you were only a high-school graduate!"

Sapiro smiled. "I was when I went there. But, you see, I attended the university in the forenoon, the theological school in the afternoon, did my tutoring in the evening, and studied whenever I got a chance—usually after midnight. I found that I could do very well with five hours of sleep."

"How did you happen to be placed on the University of Cincinnati's teaching staff as student assistant?"

"Oh, I don't know. Probably it was because I was lucky enough to have a good reputation as a student. Anyway, they gave me a Phi Beta Kappa key when I finished."

"When you left Cincinnati, what did you do?"

"I decided to study law. So I went back to San Francisco and entered the Hastings Law College, which is one of the subdivisions of the University of California. At the same time I was fortunate enough to land a job in the office of a prominent attorney. He took an interest in me and taught me many things. But I had to leave him after a year or so—although I still kept on in law school."

"Why did you give up the law office job?"

Sapiro plunged one hand in his pocket and his face grew very serious. "Well, you see," he explained, "those years in the orphanage had so seared me that the scars

remained, and I never could stop thinking of the other boys and girls out there. They were suffering what I had suffered. They sat in the same old dingy dining-room, at the long tables covered with those same atrocious red cloths, and ate the same kinds of unpalatable food from the same massive dishes. Sometimes I couldn't sleep from thinking of it. Finally, I sat down and wrote out fifty or sixty of my strongest grievances against the institution and delivered them to the president of the board of trustees. So tremendously shocked was he that he sent for me and offered me the position of assistant superintendent. I told him that I would take the job under two conditions: that I could continue my law studies and that I should have *real authority* to change the existing order of things. He agreed.

"I guess I turned that orphanage inside out. First, I tackled the dining-room, where I cut the long tables up into small, sociable ones, bought decent dishes, laid in a stock of white tablecloths and napkins, and hung up some white curtains at the window and some pictures on the wall. Then, with the help of one of the University of California professors and his wife, who was a dietetic expert, we worked out menus made up of palatable, nourishing foods—after having first fired the old cook!"

"Meantime, we had a physical examination of all the children, and found that on the average they were about four years sub-normal in physical development. Moreover, many of them were suffering from all kinds of ailments. We saw that these got proper medical attention."

"I kicked out all the old beds, whose iron slats left marks for weeks on a new boy's ribs, and I put in shower baths to replace those awful old tanks. Then I instituted a modern system of self-government in which the boys and girls not only tried their own offenders but made the regulations under which the institution was run. Then I stepped out, and a new superintendent, who believed in what I was trying to accomplish, picked up where I left off. I believe that orphanage is rated today as one of the best in the United States."

IN 1911 Sapiro was graduated from the Hastings Law College. Having led his class, he was selected to represent the law school in the commencement exercises of the University of California. In his address the former orphanage waif discussed the duties of a lawyer as a citizen. Governor Hiram Johnson and several other leaders of progressive legislation were in the audience. All of them were impressed both by what Sapiro had to say and the way he said it. This resulted in his appointment, a few months later, as secretary of the newly organized Industrial Accident Board, which was charged with the hearing and investigation of the complaints of injured workmen, under the newly enacted Workmen's Compensation Act.

Sapiro's two years in this office were significant. Finding the existing compensation law crude and ineffective, he assisted in writing a new law, which was passed by the legislature. Later, as the legal representative of the State of California, he defended the constitutionality of this act in the courts and won a complete victory.





# The Simple Secret of Success

**A**LL GREAT fundamental principles are, when revealed, simple and easily usable.  
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Two words tell it.

Two words comprise the whole story of what's required to win the high rewards in business—tell the qualities that make a man forge easily ahead of other men who in *native* ability appear to be his equal.

And those two words are—*intelligent service*.

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And the ability to render *truly* Intelligent Service is not born of chance or genius, but is the result of one thing and one thing alone—knowledge.

Barely two decades ago, business knowledge was available only through word of mouth imparting and long years spent in gaining day-to-day experience.

In this day and age, business education enables earnest men to quickly and thoroly equip themselves to render that type of Intelligent Service which commands substantial returns. This business education is now easily accessible thru *organized training*.

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Seasoned, practical, experienced, he has thoroly equipped himself to render—*intelligent service*.

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Moreover—as an “unearned increment”—that training has quickened their faculties, broadened their viewpoint, given them an all-round growth in power and mentality.

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Are you in earnest when you say that you wish to realize to the full the added earning power that trained ability to render intelligent service brings?

Your answer to those questions will tell you automatically whether or not you are the kind of man LaSalle can help.

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Men have been known to invest a million dollars in a plant, to spend a quarter of a million in advertising its product, and then, when the buying inquiries came, to make reply on cheap Jim Crow paper. I consider such a course both illogical and unprofitable.

When my customer or my friend visits me, he is worthy of the best seat at my table and the best cigar in the box; so, also, he is entitled to the best stationery when I address him by correspondence.

Consistent with the above creed, I use Old Hampshire Bond.

Furthermore, I like that crisp, crinkly feel of Old Hampshire; it sort o' reminds one of the magic touch of banknotes or bonds. It possesses that intangible something which represents VALUE.

Yours respectfully,

(Signed) BYRON E. VEATCH,

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This law has since been copied by many other states.

In 1913 he resigned his office and went into private practice. Much of his time, however, was devoted to a study of cooperative marketing systems—a subject in which he had become deeply interested because of a conviction that most farmers were unjustly handicapped by existing marketing conditions. Of his appointment as counsel of the State Market Commission and his subsequent organization of cooperative associations I have already told.

EVERY associate or acquaintance of Sapiro with whom I have spoken has emphasized his extraordinary capacity for leadership—that faculty which enables him to inspire large groups of men and weld them into a fighting, homogeneous whole. So in our talk I asked him what qualities one human being has to possess to become a leader of others.

He thought my question over for at least a minute before he answered, slowly and earnestly:

"In watching the leaders of our organization, as well as of other business enterprises, I have come to the conclusion that the gift of leadership is not so much a matter of brains as of intensity. If you

are so completely saturated with anything that you think it and dream it and live it, to the exclusion of all distracting influences, nothing on earth can stop you from being a leader in that particular movement. But first you must have the vision. You must know exactly what you want to accomplish, and you must have satisfied yourself by a common-sense analysis that it is possible of accomplishment. Then, if you are really afire with it all, you are bound to be able to communicate your vision to others. A bonfire is rather pretty to look at, but it takes the concentrated oxyacetylene flame to cut steel.

"If I didn't have a burning and definite vision I couldn't accomplish anything. More than any other one thing in the world, I want to see every farmer in this country make money enough to live decently. I want to see his boy have shoes and stockings, and be able to get a good education without suffering what I have suffered. I want his home to be provided with a bathtub and all the ordinary comforts of life. I don't want his wife to have to work as hard as my mother had to work. In other words, I want him to get a fair deal; and until he gets it I shall keep on fighting just as hard and just as earnestly as I'm fighting to-day!"

## Stella Dallas

(Continued from page 63)

two, Stephen was still sitting in his big chair before his desk, looking far out over the roofs. Miss Mills was still sitting outside the door waiting to finish the dictation.

"I'm sorry to have called you at your office, Stephen," were Helen's first words when she saw him that night, standing ten feet away from him, just inside the threshold of the big room. "I suppose you were having a consultation or doing something important." She tried to make her voice sound light and careless, "But I wanted to get you right straight off—so that you wouldn't fall down an elevator shaft, or get killed in an explosion, or something,"—she laughed tremulously—"the way they do in novels, sometimes, before I had a chance to tell you that after all the years of waiting, that—that—after— Oh, Stephen!"

Stella arrived at the apartment on Commonwealth Avenue at eleven o'clock that night. She telephoned to Laurel from the Back Bay station that she would be out in half an hour, and when she puffed up the last flight of stairs (it grew hotter and hotter as she approached the roof) Laurel, in her thin sleeveless nightgown, with her hair pulled tightly back and braided, was in the hall to meet her.

"I've made some lemonade, Mother. It's on the ice. And there's some cold watermelon. Come in and get those horrid hot things off. I've pulled the bed out where it will get the breeze, if there is any, in the early morning. How is Mrs. McDavitt and the children?"

Ten minutes later, Stella, nightgowned, and hair pulled back and braided too, sat on the back porch under the clothes reel and drank lemonade and ate cold watermelon and gazed at Lollie, seated on top

of the coal box with her bare arms locked about her knees, not talking much, looking up at the lopsided moon that had been full three nights ago on Stag Island.

Funny place, thought Stella, for the lovely Miss Laurel Dallas, who would be staggering New York society one of these days, to be perched in mid-summer. Oh, if she could only tell the poor suffering little kiddie (for she was suffering, she had been pretty crazy about that Grosvenor boy, Stella guessed), if she could only tell her it was only for a short time now; that everything would come out all right in the end. But of course she couldn't.

"It's simply horrid for you here, honey."

LAUREL gave a start, as if she had been a thousand miles away.

"Oh no, it isn't," she assured Stella lightly. "Really, I like it. Oh, we'll have a good time. See if we don't. There's Revere, and Nantasket, and Norembege."

"Was it awful lonesome without me?"

"No more awful for me, than for you when I'm away, I guess."

"What did you do?"

"Oh, I sat out here."

"Gracious! Seventeen, summer, a moon, and alone, out here."

"About nine o'clock the bell rang. It was that Mr. Munn."

"Oh, Ed! Really?"

"He said he saw the light and he didn't know but that it was you who was here. When he discovered it was I, he said please to excuse him, and went away."

"That sounds real polite of Ed."

"No, it wasn't. He didn't have any right to ring the bell for you—a man like that. He knows we do not want him. Oh, I hate that man, Mother."



# Both Are Embarrassed—Yet Both Could Be At Ease

THEY started out happily enough at the beginning of the evening. He was sure he had found ideal companionship at last. She was sure that she was going to impress him with her charm, her cultured personality.

But everything seemed to go wrong when they entered the restaurant after the performance at the theatre. Instead of allowing her to follow the head waiter to their places, he proceeded—and when he realized his mistake he tried to make up for it by being extremely polite. But he made another humiliating blunder that made even the dignified waiter conceal a smile!

And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. He is wondering whether he is expected to order for both, or allow her to order for herself. She is wondering which fork is for the salad, which for the meat. Both are trying to create conversation, but somehow everything they say seems dull, uninteresting.

They will no doubt be uncomfortable and ill at ease throughout the evening, for it is only absolute knowledge of what is right and what is wrong that gives calm dignity and poise. And they do not know. She finds herself wondering vaguely what she will say to him when they leave each other at her door—whether she should invite him to call again or whether he should make the suggestion; whether she should invite him into the house or not; whether she should thank him or he should thank her for a pleasant evening. And similar questions, all very embarrassing, are bothering him.

The evening that could have been extremely happy, that could have been the beginning of a delightful friendship is spoiled. He will probably breathe a sigh of relief when he leaves, and she will probably cry herself to sleep.

## How Etiquette Gives Ease

Are you always at ease among strangers, are you always calm, dignified, well-poised no matter what happens, no matter where you chance to be? You can be—if you want to. And you *should* want to, for it will give you a new charm, a new power. You will be welcomed in every social circle, you will "mix" well at every gathering, you will develop a delightful personality.

By enabling you to know exactly what to do at the right time, what to say, write and wear under all circumstances, etiquette removes all element of doubt or uncertainty. You know what is right, and you do it. There is no hesitancy, no embarrassment, no humiliating blunders. People recognize in you a person of charm and polish, a person following correct forms and polite manners.

Every day in our contact with men and women little problems of conduct arise which the well-bred person knows how to solve. In the restaurant, at the hotel, on the train, at a dance—everywhere, every hour, little problems present themselves. Shall olives be taken with a fork or the fingers, what shall the porter be tipped, how shall the woman register at the hotel, how shall a gentleman ask for a dance—countless questions of good conduct that reveal good manners.



And now, at the table, both are embarrassed. How do you then become dignified and graceful, that of not knowing what to do at the right time—and not being sure of one's manners? It is no easy feat for people to misjudge us.



Shall she invite him into the house? Shall she ask him to call again? Shall she thank him for a pleasant evening? In rapid confusion these questions fly through her mind. How humiliating not to know exactly what to do and say at all times!

Do you know everything regarding dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, etiquette at the wedding, the tea, the theatre, the garden party? Do you know how to word an invitation, how to acknowledge a gift, how to write a letter to a titled person? Do you know what to wear to the opera, to the formal dinner, to the masquerade ball, to the luncheon?

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With the Book of Etiquette to refer to, you need never make embarrassing blunders. You can know exactly what to do, say, write and wear at all times. You will be able to astonish your friends with your knowledge of what is right under all circumstances.

A great deal of your happiness depends upon your ability to make people like you. Someone once said, "Good manners make good company," and this is very true. Etiquette will help you become a "good mixer"—will aid you in acquiring a charming personality that will attract people to you. Because you will rarely be embarrassed, people who associate with you will not feel embarrassed—your gentle poise and dignity will find in them an answering reflection and you should be admired and respected in matters where you are or in whose company you happen to be.

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"I know you do. You've told me so enough times. Funny. You're your father right over again, Lollie."

"Did Father ever see Ed Munn?"

"Mercy, yes!"

"Did Father ever hate Ed Munn?"

"Like fury," laughed Stella, "and there was never any sense in it either—no more than with you—just a whim."

Laurel, still gazing at the moon and the few far dim stars that seemed to lay beyond, was silent. Was Ed Munn one of the pieces of the puzzle too?

HELEN and Stephen were quietly married one afternoon the following May. The same day Laurel received a note from Mrs. Morrison inviting her to spend a week-end with her, a fortnight later. The invitation did not come as a surprise to Laurel. Mrs. Morrison had told her last September that she hoped to have Laurel stay with her for a few days in the spring.

Helen was at the station to meet Laurel. There was no Miss Simpson with Laurel this time. She and Mrs. Morrison (she was still Mrs. Morrison to Laurel) were quite alone in the back of the limousine as it threaded its way out of the congestion of Forty-second Street and turned north on Fifth Avenue. Laurel sat forward on the edge of the seat beside Helen, cheeks flushed, chin raised, breathing in deep breaths of the intoxicating, Mrs. Morrison-charged air, not saying anything at all.

"Glad to be here?" finally Helen interrupted from her deep corner.

Laurel simply nodded, keeping her starry eyes steadfastly turned away. Her worshipful regard for Mrs. Morrison had not changed in quality in the last four years. The only difference was that she was able to adapt herself a little sooner now than formerly to the dazzling presence of her goddess.

"Your father is going to be with us for dinner to-night," briefly Helen announced before the car had left them at the door.

"Oh, I wondered when I'd see Father."

Helen and Stephen had decided to tell Laurel together. They waited until after dinner. Con and Dane were away at school, and little Rick, who had been cautioned not to mention the great news, had finally been torn away from Laurel's side (little Rick was devoted to Laurel), and had gone up-stairs. Helen and Stephen were alone with Laurel in Helen's lovely ivory-tinted room (yellow and fawn were the dominant notes to-night—jonquils and pussy-willows) seated, all three, before the fire, on the long Sheraton sofa, with Laurel in the middle.

Helen slipped an arm through Laurel's and, smiling across at Stephen, said, "Shall I tell Laurel a story now?"

The story that Helen told was the story of her own life. She told it exquisitely. "And-then, and-then, and-then," step by step, from the first time when she knew that she loved Stephen when only a little older than Laurel, down through all the years, when their paths diverged, met, diverged again. It sounded to Stephen like some beautiful epic poem. He had to close his eyes frequently to shut out tears. Then she reached the end, "and so here we are, Laurel—Stephen and I, together at last." Laurel whispered softly, "married?"

"Yes."

"I wondered when you would be," was Laurel's unsurprised reply.

"How long have you wondered that, Laurel?" eagerly Stephen inquired.

"Oh, ever since I saw you together in the big room at Green Hill, when I came down from up-stairs that first time; I felt then that you were meant to be married, only—"

"Yes, only?"

"Only you must have taken a wrong turn 'way back somewhere—you know how it is—a wrong turn, or a detour, makes all the journey different sometimes."

Stephen slipped his arm through Laurel's, too. "Are you glad?" he asked her.

"Oh, ever so glad!" promptly she assured him. "It's like a book, or a play, coming out the way you hoped it would; or a journey ending where it should, even though there was a wrong turn. What shall I call you, Mrs. Morrison?" she broke off. "I've wondered and wondered. Isn't it funny?" she laughed. "You aren't Mrs. Morrison any more!"

What a little girl she was after all, thought Stephen. How simply, how serenely she accepted that which had been so painfully won.

"Let's call each other by our first names," Helen lightly suggested.

"Oh, I wonder if I ever could! Your name is so—so special. Mrs. Morrison is like the word 'America' to me. It means things. I couldn't possibly call America anything else."

"You could call it home, couldn't you?" said Helen.

LATER, placing her hand over Laurel's, and Laurel turning hers palm upward, and interlacing her fingers with Helen's in impulsive response, Helen said, "There's more to my story, Laurel."

With infinite gentleness she explained to Laurel that she was a part of *this* home now—was a member of *this* family; they were hers and she was theirs. She must have been talking five minutes before Laurel caught the import of her words.

"You mean," suddenly she interrupted, "I'm to live here?"

"Yes, here, and at the place at Green Hills, wherever we are—as one of us, Laurel."

"I never thought of that." Laurel gazed wonderingly around the lovely room. This her home? This beautiful place? A family like other girls? A mother and father who lived together? Mrs. Morrison? "Yes, yes," she gasped, "but what about—what about—"

"What about your mother?" Helen asked for her. "You shall see your mother often, Laurel."

"You mean"—she still had a manner as if gasping for air, as if groping for light, for comprehension—"you mean Mother would still live in Boston?"

"That would seem wisest, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, yes, of course," Laurel nodded. "Yes, that would seem wisest." For a long quarter-minute she was silent, then, unlocking her fingers from Helen's, withdrawing her arm linked through her father's. "No," she said quietly. "It wouldn't do."

"You may visit your mother in Boston, Laurel."

Again for a moment Laurel was silent. "No. It wouldn't do," she repeated. The



little girl in her had disappeared. The spontaneity, the soft tender impulsiveness had faded, gone. "I'd like to be a member of your family, Father," she said, turning toward Stephen, "of yours, too, Mrs. Morrison," turning toward Helen. "Thank you ever and ever so much; but I'm sorry. I couldn't."

For twenty minutes, for half an hour, both Stephen and Helen labored with Laurel; but to no purpose, to no avail. "I'm sorry. I couldn't," was her unvaried reply.

Finally Stephen exclaimed, "But, Laurel, my dear child, this isn't a matter we are consulting you on. It is a matter that has already been arranged. We are simply telling you about it."

"That makes no difference. I'm sorry. I couldn't," she persisted.

"Why, of course you can, my dear. You don't understand. You are not old enough to make your own decisions yet, Laurel."

"Oh, yes, I am, Father."

"But you're not. Not on a matter of this sort. Your mother and I have decided this for you."

"Does Mother know of it?"

"Certainly, and approves. She is sending your trunks to-morrow."

TWO little bright spots appeared in the center of Laurel's cheeks.

"The trunks will have to be sent back then," she announced. "How silly to have tried to force me like that!"

"We didn't think it would be forcing. We believed it would be a plan that would make you very happy. It was your mother's idea, to say nothing about it beforehand, to avoid good-bys."

Laurel replied calmly, "I came down here for four days, and I am going home in four days, Father."

"This is home now," he told her.

"Oh, no, it isn't," she flashed back, "and it never will be home, either, as long as my mother is alive." Laurel stood up. "Of course you can lock me up if you want to," she went on, "but I sha'n't stay any other way. Please understand that."

The bright spots on her cheeks had not disappeared. There were unfamiliar lines and shadows, too, about her chin and jaw. Helen and Stephen stared at her. They had never felt the steel in Laurel before.

"But, Laurel—"

"Oh, don't let's argue about it, Father. It won't do the least bit of good."

"Why, this is absurd, impossible! I cannot allow—"

"Just a minute, Stephen," Helen interrupted. There were bright spots in the center of Stephen's cheeks, too. "Laurel dear," she said, reaching for Laurel's hand, drawing her down on the sofa again. "Listen. Let me explain. It is your mother's wish. It's all your mother's planning. This—all this—" with a wave of her hand she included the whole house and all it stood for in the way of happiness for Laurel, "is her gift to you." (The truth was best, Helen concluded.) "She came and saw me about it last summer. We talked it all over in detail together."

"When last summer?" Laurel exclaimed.

"Last July."

(Oh, then, it flashed across Laurel, her mother had heard! She hadn't been asleep that night in the train! She hadn't



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been to Milhampton the next day to see Effie McDavitt. She had been to New York to give her Mrs. Morrison!)

"Well, I sha'n't take her gift," said Laurel. (Her mother! Her wonderful mother! And they had called her "That woman!" "That awful creature!" "That dame!")

"HOW foolish of you, Mother," four days later Laurel scolded Stella, as they stood side by side in front of the sink in the kitchen of the Boston apartment, and washed and dried the three-days collection of dishes Stella had allowed to accumulate. "How foolish to think you could work up any such scheme as that, on me. You'd think I didn't have any such thing as a will of my own."

"Oh, I know," sighed Stella. "I suppose we did it in the wrong way. I ought to have told you I guess."

"Telling me wouldn't have made any difference."

"But I don't see why. He's your own father, and you've always been crazy about him, and she—"

"I know, I know," Laurel interrupted. "Oh, look here, Mother," impatiently she broke off. "Listen to me. I'm never going to leave you as long as you live. Do get that through your head. Do try; and don't talk about it any more." Then, suddenly gentle, "Why, Mother," she caressed, "don't you remember you said to me once, way back, when I was a mite of a child, 'I'll never leave you, and you'll never leave me, will you, Lollie?' I've never forgotten that."

"Oh," groaned Stella, "what a fool I was to have talked that way to a little kid!"

"No," Laurel retorted. "Rather, what a fool you were to have worked and slaved for that little kid for seventeen years, and skimped and saved for her all that time, and given her everything under the sun you thought would make her happy—oh, that was an awfully foolish way to treat a child you hoped would run off and leave you, the first chance she got."

"What nonsense," Stella scorned, "why, I didn't even want you before you were born. I didn't like babies."

"Yes, so you've told me before," laughed Laurel, "and you don't want me now, do you? Poor thing! But you've got to have me, just like before I was born. You've got to have me. You see, we happen to belong to each other, Mother."

"But you belong to your father, too."

Laurel puckered up her brow, thoughtfully mopping the plate which she held half in the water, half out, round and round slowly with her dish cloth.

"Yes," she acknowledged. "I suppose I do belong to Father, too; but it's different. I'm fond of Father. I love to be with him. We always have wonderful times, but Father and I have never been through anything long and hard and disagreeable. We've always had just fun together. Somehow, having fun together doesn't make two people feel as if they belonged the way suffering together does. Besides, Father doesn't need me, the way you do."

"Pshaw! I don't need you! I get along all right alone."

"So did I last summer, those two days when you left me. I got along all right alone, too. Nobody to wash dishes with,

nobody to talk with, nor to eat with, nor to sleep with, nor to do anything with. No, Mother, you can't live like that. It isn't decent."

"Decent! What do you mean?"

"Why, look at the way the apartment looks, for one thing. Not only the kitchen, but all the other rooms, too. I never saw them in such a mess."

"Well, I didn't know you were coming. If you'd written—"

"Exactly. Without some human being to clean up for, and have a little pride for, this place would look the way Grandpa's used to before he died, in a little while. No, Mother. You can never live alone. Come, let's change the subject. What show shall we see to-night?"

Stella sat down at the kitchen table, her hands dropping limp into her lap. "But I've gone and given your father his divorce now," she lamented. "I didn't want a divorce! It will be all for nothing, if you won't go and live with him for a while."

"Mother, I've told you, and told you, I'm glad you've given Father the divorce. It was exactly the right thing to do. Father and Mrs. Morrison cared about each other before you and I ever saw either of them. You've fixed something right that was wrong."

"Yes," sneered Stella, "especially you. I've fixed you fine and right! Oh," she sighed, her eyes resting mournfully on Laurel's back as she stood before the sink, "it just almost kills me to see you doing work like that, Lollie."

LAUREL was wiping out the large tin dishpan now with her dish cloth, which she had just wrung out with several vigorous little twists. Afterward she hung up the dishpan on a hook underneath the sink, and spread out the dish cloth to dry on top of it. Then proceeded to clean the soapstone sink. She used a small rubber-edged shovel for the purpose, scooping up small bits of refuse with it and emptying it now and then into her free hand.

"I like making things bright and clean," she called out above the loud scraping noise she was making with her shovel, "but if you prefer," she went on cheerfully, "we'll have a servant. You've often said, since the divorce, we could afford several servants if we wanted them."

"Oh, but, Lollie, I don't know how to run a lot of servants. Besides, what's the use of servants when there's nobody to serve? I can't give you a coming-out party. I used to think I could, but I know now I can't. No; it's no use. It's not in me. I've done all I can for you." She lifted her upturned hands, lying idle in her lap, and then let them drop, dead and lifeless. "She was going to bring you out in New York society, Lollie," she droned on, "she said she was. You'd be going to dinners, and dances, and balls. You'd be having lovely clothes. You'd be having lovely friends—young ladies in limousines calling mornings for you to go shopping with them; young men in limousines calling evenings for you to go—"

"Mother! Please stop. You've told me all that before."

"I haven't told you one thing. I haven't said one word about one special thing. Laurel, listen; if you go to New York for a season you'll be almost sure to run across Richard Grosvenor! He knew Mrs. Morrison, and—"



"Oh, don't drag in Richard Grosvenor."

"And if you did—you can't tell. He was crazy about you—"

"Now, Mother."

"Well, he was."

"I'm all over Richard Grosvenor now, Mother."

"You're not. No such thing."

"But I am! I never even answered his letters last fall."

"His letters?"

"Yes. He wrote me—twice. Mrs. Morrison forwarded them. I never told you, because you were so silly about him."

Stella shoved her chair back from the table with a fierce jerk and stood up.

"I know why you didn't answer his letters. I know mighty well! Of course you couldn't answer his letters, with him in college right across the river, here, likely—no, sure—to look you up in this hole, and find out we didn't know any of his Back Bay friends, not a single one of the young ladies whose dances he's been ushering at! Oh, I've seen his name in the lists in the papers, too. I've got eyes, and I've just suffered for you, Lollie. Of course you couldn't write to him and have him come here, and find out how we live, and what sort of a freak I am—"

"Mother!"

"That's all right. I know—I'm no fool, Laurel. Oh, Lollie, please—please go to your father just for a little while—just for a year or so, just long enough—"

"No, Mother. I'm not going."

STELLA sank down in her chair. It was useless, futile to beat herself against this soft child's will, once she had set it up; experience had taught Stella that a big buzzing fly is as ineffectual in breaking through a plate-glass barrier.

"Well," gloomily, "what are you going to do with yourself then. You can't hang around a five-room apartment all your life, can you, reading two library books a week, and practicing on a piano two hours a day?" (Laurel had not taken any "Courses" this winter.) "What are you going to do to amuse yourself, I'd like to know."

"I've got a plan," nodded Laurel, smiling. "I must have something to do, of course. Busy people are always the happiest. I'm going to be very busy. I'm going to be a stenographer, Mother."

"A what?" gasped Stella.

"A stenographer. I've thought it all out."

"A stenographer! A stenographer!" Stella repeated, and a third time, "A stenographer!" If Laurel had said that she was going to be a German spy, Stella wouldn't have been more shocked.

"Yes, Mother dear, a stenographer. Don't you see it's the one thing I can do, and live along here with you, and keep up our nice times together evenings at the theatre and the movies? And have Sundays with you, and holidays and nights? I'm going to start right in, next week—this week—if I can, at the very best business college there is in this city, and work hard. It's going to be lots of fun!"

"Oh, no, Laurel!" Stella broke out. "Not that! Not that! Please, please." Her voice plead, her eyes beseeched, implored. "You wouldn't do that. Say you wouldn't. Not you. It would break my heart. Say you wouldn't, dearie, please,

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please." She grasped hold of Laurel's hand. "Lollie, for my sake! It would kill me, Lollie!"

Laurel drew her hand away. "Oh, come, Mother. Don't be silly. Don't be a goose."

A stenographer! Laurel, her beautiful Laurel, shut up all day long in an office reeking with tobacco smoke! Laurel, the servant of a lot of men, taking dictation, taking orders! Laurel, wearing paper cuffs and elastic bands, and pencils in her hair! No! No! It mustn't be. It simply mustn't be. Why, even she herself wouldn't have been a stenographer!

Stella lay wide awake in the bed beside Laurel. It was nearly two o'clock. Laurel had slept like a baby—sweetly, steadily, all night long so far. Twice Stella had risen and turned on the light to see what time it was, had stopped a moment by the side of the bed, and gazed down upon Laurel.

"Like a lovely Sleeping Beauty, she is. Oh, my God, she can't be a stenographer!" It would be like planting an orchid between the cobble stones at the corner of Washington and Winter streets, to stick Laurel in front of a typewriter, inside of one of the big, grimy office buildings downtown. She'd get all dust and dirt, and trampled and spoiled in no time. She mustn't be sacrificed like that! Why, New York would go simply crazy about Lollie. It would exclaim over her, oh-and-ah over her, like the people at the Horticultural Shows over some new amazing flower.

"Oh, gracious, what can I do—what can I do, to save the child?"

She must do something, and quick—now. Laurel was all ready to show *now*. Next year, the year after—too late. She'd be touched, handled, brown on the edges. There'd be a story about her—a tale. "She was once a stenographer, you know." People would whisper, "Really! You don't say!" And eyebrows would be raised. That must not occur. Whatever it cost, by whatever means, *that must be avoided*.

**A**BOUT three o'clock in the morning, Stella crawled out of bed, and wrapping herself up in a blanket sat down on the window seat by the open window. She could always think clearer in a vertical position. "If it wasn't for me, Laurel would go. I'm the reason she's tossing aside her opportunity, dumping her happiness overboard, as if it were so much rubbish, and then scrapping herself—her lovely self, all ready to sail (yes, that's what she's like, too—a ship, beautifully made—beautifully fitted out). Oh, gracious, what can I do? She's ruining her life for *me*—for a big old water-logged hulk like *me*. Oh, why couldn't I have whiffed out last summer at that hotel when I was so sick? She'd have gone to New York then, just as a matter of course. 'As long as you're alive!' Those were her words. Oh, why couldn't I whiff out *now*? Say, why couldn't I feel a little dizzy and topple over out of the window, down there on the concrete—it's four stories—and clear the job up quick, right now, and no more talk?"

"No, I can't. I'm afraid. I haven't the nerve. I haven't the guts. It might only smash me up. Poison would be better, or gas, or a revolver. Poison—what



kind! Gas!—how long would it take? A revolver—where were they bought? How did you load them? Oh, it would be horrid—horrid! I wonder if I dare."

Stella got down from the window seat and went over to the bed. The early light of dawn was in the room now, like gray smoke. She stood looking down at Laurel, through the thick intangible haze, for a long time—for a minute, for two minutes, for three minutes perhaps.

"Ought I? Oh, gracious, ought I?" she whispered.

"It would hurt her, of course—poor kid—at first. Her face would get all white with horror and dismay. But she'd be rid of me—free, and, after a while, she'd forget. She's young, she'd get over it. Or would it also be a story—a tale, to whisper about behind Laurel's back. 'Her mother committed suicide.' . . . 'You don't mean it!' . . . 'And her father's father, too, so I've heard.' . . . 'Really?' . . . 'Runs in the blood on both sides.' . . . 'How shocking!'"

Years ago Stella had read in a magazine somewhere that suicidal tendencies were inherited. She recalled it now. Heavens! What if Laurel should grow up and read that, too. Good lord, it might make her afraid of herself, if it was on both sides! She must be saved that horror. A wave of relief swept over Stella.

"I must think of some other way." She went back to the window seat again. "Oh, how scared I was! What a sniveling coward I am!"

ALL the next day she submitted compromise after compromise to Laurel. She would keep a servant, if only Laurel would go to New York. She would keep two servants, a companion; two companions; return to an apartment hotel, if only, if only— But Laurel simply shrugged her shoulders. Again and again that day Stella was forced to face the unwelcome consideration of discovering some method of "whiffing out," that might not arouse suspicion. Slipping down in front of an automobile, making a mistake about sleeping powders. It might be done! But, oh, she didn't want to die that way! Not that she was much on religion, but she didn't want to take any such chances with immortality. There must be some other way.

It was sometime during the course of the second night, when she was wearied and exhausted almost to the breaking point, that the "some other way" flashed across Stella's mental field of vision. The first consciousness of it made her feel queer and hollow inside for a moment. It was like having a messenger suddenly run onto the scene with your pardon, just when you were settling yourself in the electric chair.

Tremblingly, anxiously she groped her way across the hall to her desk in the front room. If only she could find the address. It was on a card. She had never thrown the card away. It must be somewhere. Oh, what if Laurel, in one of her raids upon the cluttered desk, had torn it up, tossed it aside? What if it was ashes now? She had no other clue. If the card was lost, she was lost. "Help me to find it. Help me to find it." It was about the size of a calling card, a little larger, very grimy, because she had carried it about in her shopping bag for a long while. Here? This looked like it! Yes, this was it! No,



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AM-4

it wasn't! Yes, it was. Yes! Yes! She had found it. She held it up close to the electric light.

*Alfred Munn*

*172 North Blank St.*

*Boston, Mass.*

She'd go to bed now. She'd go to sleep. "Thanks, oh, thanks," she said on her knees three minutes later. "Do please help me bring this business out all right."

Stella as well as Laurel was sleeping soundly and sweetly at dawn on the second morning.

*(To be concluded)*

## Most Folks Prefer to "Go Straight"

*(Continued from page 21)*

sticking, as I do now. No young man does. If you put it up to any young man to-day, just what happened to me, sticking thirty-two years to get to the president's chair, he'd say:

"Thirty-two years! Not for me. Ought to do it in ten."

"When I applied, thirty-five years ago, for a position with this firm the officer who interviewed me said:

"Now, young man, go home and think this over. And if you don't want to stick with us, don't come. Stay away. If you come, make up your mind to stick."

"I was not any different from most boys, and I thought little enough about my future; but I did go home and think it all over. And I made up my mind to come and stick. That determination weakened. Time after time I was thoroughly disgruntled because things were moving too slowly to suit me. I wanted raises faster than anyone else seemed to want them for me; I wanted promotions oftener than the firm seemed to think I merited them; I wanted, as every boy does, some things changed all around.

"At one time these things pyramided until they rose mountain high, and I made up my mind to quit. But before I wrote my resignation I went for a pen and red ink—black ink wasn't fiery enough for what I intended to do—and I sat down to deliberately write my opinion of every officer and manager in the company. I did a good job of it too, and spared no adjectives. Then I hid the list and told my troubles to an old friend of mine, one of the department managers, winding up with, 'I'm through!'

"Now, see here, Dan," he remonstrated, 'you sit down again and make another list of men who are here now: how much they know of the business, how much they will know ten years from now, and then figure whether you can't beat them all out. Figure out just how things are shaping up here, and see if in the same time you can hope to do as well anywhere else.'

"I sat down again, black ink this time, and found he was right. I could look at things coolly, with all that venom out of my system. I stayed. But I took the red-ink list and put it carefully away—I have it yet. I'd established a habit. Thereafter, when things got too much for me I sat down and wrote out all the things I wanted to say and knew I couldn't. It was a perfectly good safety valve. I eased



up all over after the writing. I never showed my work but put it all carefully away, and as year after year passed I found myself getting a reputation for control of myself that I never really possessed.

"I recommend a red list for any young man—or older one—who has to learn to control himself in order to manage other men. As the years went on, my lists grew fewer and shorter, and then they stopped. One look at the little drawer which held them was enough.

"It pays most men to stick. But when to stick and when to go is a very difficult problem. Often I have advised young men to leave this company, despite my belief in sticking. The thing to do is to find out the kind of man you are. If you are a slow grower, a company like this, where growth is normally slow, where solid and substantial work and faithfulness and loyalty bring rewards in the long run, is worth sticking to. If you grow quickly, in the spectacular way some men do, and all your powers are ripe at thirty, get into some quick-changing, lively business that offers you a chance to realize on yourself early.

"**M**OST men grow slowly, which is fortunate, since they have time to learn the most important thing about a business—the perfection of its details. It is the fashion to-day to undervalue details. You hear a great deal of men of vision, men who can see far ahead and who delegate the details of their business to someone else. Delegating details works only when you have complete assurance that they are being looked after. For if they are not, your vision may extend far, but you will end in failure. Nothing was ever built from the top down.

"You've got to see over the details, but you have to see them at the same time. In this company the infinite care of details has perhaps a higher value than in most businesses. Even the curve of a line is an important matter in the printing of securities. Every line, every tint, every design must be absolutely right. But in any other business, or even in the affairs of a person, it is the accuracy of every little thing that makes for a solid, substantial total.

"This over-talked-of vision is in the main nothing but the result of analysis in the direction of self-preservation. Every man who is going to last and go forward must stop often and analyze what is happening to-day in the light of the possibilities of ten years to come.

"The man who works for a big firm only knows that he is keeping alive and growing by two things: promotion in responsibility and raise in salary. Fifty per cent of that promotion is going to come to him because he deserves it, and fifty per cent because he asserts that he deserves it.

"Knowing your own value and knowing when and how to assert yourself are two separate matters. Tact comes in their proper joining. A young man who thought he should be getting ahead faster than he was and who had spoken to me often about it once said to me:

"You remember the old farmer's tale, Mr. Woodhull, about the little pig that squealed the loudest getting the most swill?"

"Yes," I replied; "but I've seen a little pig get thrown right out of the trough by the farmer's boy because he squealed too much and too often."



## Why they stick

On the ground floor of the telephone building a man worked at the test board. It was night; flood had come upon the city; death and disaster threatened the inhabitants. Outside the telephone building people had long since sought refuge; the water mounted higher and higher; fire broke out in nearby buildings. But still the man at the test board stuck to his post; keeping up the lines of communication; forgetful of self; thinking only of the needs of the emergency.

On a higher floor of the same building a corps of telephone operators worked all through the night, knowing that buildings around them were being washed from their foundations, that fire drew near, that there might be no escape.

It was the spirit of service that kept them at their work—a spirit beyond thought of advancement or re-

ward—the spirit that animates men and women everywhere who know that others depend upon them. By the nature of telephone service this is the every-day spirit of the Bell System.

The world hears of it only in times of emergency and disaster, but it is present all the time behind the scenes. It has its most picturesque expression in those who serve at the switchboard, but it animates every man and woman in the service.

Some work in quiet laboratories or at desks; others out on the "highways of speech." Some grapple with problems of management or science; some with maintenance of lines and equipment; others with office details. But all know, better than any one else, how the safe and orderly life of the people depends on the System—and all know that the System depends on them.



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When John Watson and his wife made up their minds to quit the ranks of the always-broke and accumulate some property and a bank account, \$5,000 looked like a big fortune to them. But just the other evening they went over their account book and found they had reached their goal—\$5,000 to the good. "Now, let's start on the second \$5,000," said Mrs. Watson.

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"Assertion must be exercised with the aid of a little gray matter."

"No old institution like this company can go forward without new blood. We have the third and fourth generation with us, and they establish the standards; but we have to have new blood all the time to keep us at the new pace. We don't want to get moldy, as did an old manufacturing house of which I know, a house almost as old as this, where the men in one highly technical department had worked right by each other for twenty years. Only death removed men in that department, and no one had died in that time. The owner of the business knew that there was something wrong with that department; no new machinery was ever called for, no new methods introduced. He tried to talk to the men, but they chaffed him. They all called him by his first name, a number of them remembered his boyhood. They grinned good-naturedly at his suggestions, and told him that they guessed the old ways suited best.

"But the old ways did not suit. The department was running on ideas that were too antiquated to make money. The owner knew that if he insisted upon changing them, the men would resent it fiercely. He picked out a young man whom he had watched, and who, he knew, had studied the conditions there, and handed over the department to him.

"THE young man had just the quality the owner could not use with his old friends. He was ruthless. If the men fought him, all right, that was his meat. He was going to have the new ideas tried out, fight or no fight. He pitched in, and in a week was thoroughly disliked. Then, after a time, the men began to see that this young chap had nothing against them; his interest was in the work. So was theirs: here was common ground. They yielded inch by inch. They began to give ideas a fair try without blocking them. Finally, seeing how well the new ways worked, they gave a grudging respect and even a small liking to the young fellow.

"Many a manager has failed after years of success, because he could not make himself ruthless with his old workers. This younger man had all the energy of youth, all its courage of conviction, all the argumentative freshness every man admires in every youth—except his own sons. So he was just the type of leader that the men under him needed.

#### R. de S. Horn Was the Author of "The Kidnapping of Prunes Alaska"

IN THE March number of this magazine appeared a short story called "The Kidnapping of Prunes Alaska," which was written by a talented young Californian, Lieutenant R. de S. Horn. Through an error this story appeared under the name of R. de S. Hart. We take this method of explaining the mistake and of expressing our regret that it happened.

Lieutenant Horn, who is only twenty-seven years old, was retired from the United States Navy in 1919 because of injuries. Just now he is on a long cruise in a sailing vessel. He expects to bring back material for a number of thrilling sea tales.



## He Thought He Needed a New Wife

(Continued from page 24)

"I mean, what woman's goin' to take care of you?" she repeated patiently. "Of course I understand you got some woman in your mind. Nothin' else would make you do this, Henry."

How well the creature knew him! And what an unnecessary turn she had given the screw by asking this question. For a moment he hesitated. Then, reflecting that the whole truth would clench the matter, he let her have it.

"I'm going to marry Florence Reynolds in a year or so," he said.

"That little whipper-snippet!" Mary Wilson's voice was outraged. "Henry Wilson, are you crazy?"

Now that the worst was over, the man began to feel himself again. It was in almost his usual tone of assurance that he answered her.

"It's time for you to realize, Mary," he grimly reminded her, "that I'm not looking for a housekeeper. Miss Reynolds is a fine girl. She is a college graduate, and she's well-born. Her father was governor of his state. She is working because he was an honest politician and died without leaving his daughter any money. But she knows the right people and she is as ambitious as the devil. She'll be just the wife I need. She'll make good in the new job."

**H**E STOPPED and cast a confused glance at Mary. In his sudden reassurance he had momentarily lost sight of the extraordinary nature of their talk. He had been discussing a new plan with Mary, from force of habit, as he had discussed hundreds of plans with her in the past. The incredible part of it was that Mary was now listening to him as calmly as if it were a plan in which she had no deep personal concern. She was serious but unexcited. She had even resumed her sewing.

"What shall you do?" he asked, to break a silence that was becoming embarrassing.

She stitched for a long moment without replying.

"Well, I hardly know yet," she said at last. "You see, Henry, you ain't given me much time to plan. But I s'pose I'll go back to the old place at Hanover. It was my mother's last present to me, and she left me plenty to keep it up—"

"Mary!" He had sprung to his feet. "You're not going to take that attitude!"

"I ain't going to take any attitude at all," said Mrs. Wilson steadily, going on with her sewing. "But I ain't goin' to take a penny, either, from a man that's cast me off. You may as well know that, Henry Wilson, first as last. I got plenty to live on, thanks to my own folks. I don't need nothin' from you, an' I wouldn't take it if I did."

"Half of what I've got is yours," groaned Henry.

"No, it ain't—and not one penny of it ever will be. That's flat. But you needn't worry about me," she added, almost serenely. "I guess I can live comfortable and happy among our old friends at Hanover."



## Make This **FREE TEST** If You Want Bigger Pay

There's a sure way to increase your earning power. And here is such an opportunity. Look into it—you may recognize it as your one chance to earn the biggest money of your life:

**A**RE you ready for a shock? Then, let me tell you that if you have average intelligence and can read and write, there is a quick and easy way for you to earn enough money to satisfy any average ambition. And after reading this offer, if you do not quickly make more money, you have no one to blame but yourself.

Don't take my word for it. By a simple free test—one you can make in the privacy of your home—you will know that every word I say is true—or otherwise. The test does not obligate you or cost you one penny. *But make it!* Then judge for yourself. It has proved to be *THE* opportunity for thousands. They have found the way to bigger pay—are now earning from five to twenty times as much as formerly.

### Field of Unlimited Opportunities

The thousands who have made this test before you—and who are now making the money you would like to make—are now salesmen. Ninety-five per cent once thought they were not "cut out for selling," that salesmen were "born" and not made. They found it was a fallacy that had kept them in the rut. They discovered that *anyone with proper training can sell*, and they are making from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year, because they had the vision to recognize opportunity.

### Thousands Have Proved It!

For example: Charles Beery, of Winterset, Iowa, stepped from \$18 a week to a position making him \$1,000 the very first month. J. P. Overstreet, Denison, Texas, was on the Capitol Police Force at a salary of less than \$1,000 a year. Shortly after he earned \$1,800 in six weeks as a salesman. F. Wynn, Portland, Oregon, ex-service man, never thought he was cut

out for selling, but in one week he earned \$554. George W. Kearns, of Oklahoma City, was making \$60 a month on a ranch and then earned \$524 in two weeks as a salesman.

These men were formerly clerks, bookkeepers, factory workers, farm hands, mechanics, machinists, chauffeurs, firemen, motormen, conductors, etc. Their success proves that previous experience or training has nothing to do with success in the selling field. *And they started with this free test.*

Why don't you make this free test and prove to your own satisfaction that a bigger salary is easy to get. The test is contained in a free book, "Modern Salesmanship," which we will gladly send you without obligation. After reading the book through you will ask yourself the questions it brings up. The answers will show you whether you can get away from the humdrum, small-pay job for the lucrative and fascinating work of selling.

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Wilson almost groaned again. That Mary should return to Hanover was at once the most natural thing in the world and the last thing that he desired. Strangely enough, he had not foreseen that she would wish to do so. There seemed to be a number of elements in the situation that he had not foreseen. He himself was Hanover's finest tradition and favorite son. He had celebrated his prosperity by numerous benefactions to the town in which he was born. But what would Hanover think of its favorite son for discarding its favorite daughter after a quarter of a century—and marrying a whipper-snippet? Mary was as popular in Hanover as he was. It became increasingly clear to Henry Wilson that all the readjustment of the new relation would not be Mary's. He moved heavily to the door.

"I'm going out of town to-morrow, for a week," he muttered. "When I come back you can let me know what you want to do. Good night."

"Good night, Henry."

HENRY WILSON went dazedly upstairs. It had been an amazing scene, utterly unlike what he had expected. He had nerved himself for tragedy—for tears, reproaches, for "bad turns" and possible fainting spells. Nothing of the kind had happened. He was astounded. Also, he felt ill. This business of putting off an old wife for a new one was not as simple as its numerous precedents had made it appear. It had given him a headache—it and the indigestible dinner he had eaten down-town. He had eaten a lot of stuff that Mary would not have approved.

He went to the bedroom next to the conjugal chamber. In it he had spent most of his nights for the past year or two, but he had always gone in to Mary when he felt ill. To-night, of course, he could not go in to Mary. He heard her ascend the steps, enter her own room and softly close her door. He was absurdly tempted to call her—Mary always fixed him up in a hurry. And why shouldn't he call her? Clearly, they were to part friends. But to call her now would be humiliating. He wondered what kind of a nurse Miss Reynolds was, and suddenly realized that she was no kind of a nurse at all. Miss Reynolds, like Mary, was never ill.

He put in a night of severe mental and physical discomfort. It was dawn before he fell into a disturbed sleep, in which Miss Reynolds and Mary, oddly confused, seemed alternately turning away from him in some desperate crisis. He entered his dining-room at eight o'clock in the morning, heavy-spirited and heavy-eyed, and was immensely relieved to discover that Mary was not there. The waitress, Nora, served his breakfast.

"Mrs. Wilson isn't coming down this morning," she explained, as she poured his coffee. "She has a headache."

Her employer nodded. Never before had Mary failed to give him his breakfast when he was at home to receive it. She had a theory, frequently expressed, that a man's day depended on what sort of breakfast he got at home, and on the atmosphere in which he ate it. In late years Henry had begun to agree with her. He had been glad that his breakfast was always ready, that it was always good, and that his wife never brought up the subject





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Just drift. The shadows of the shore deepen. You float along—an idle stroke or two keeps you moving.

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Save the surface and you save all

of domestic worries at the table, as he had heard that other women were apt to do. So far as comfort and punctuality went, he assumed that a rich man could always buy those things. Even if he couldn't, Wilson thought he had learned that there were things in life more important. He was determined to have those things. He repeated this to himself, several times and very firmly, while he ate his breakfast.

When he had finished Nora brought another message. His traveling bag was in the hall. Mary's headache had not kept her from packing it as usual. He knew that, as usual, it would be packed to perfection. Nothing he needed would be lacking—even to the silk socks and silk underwear he had only recently begun to buy, and concerning which Mary had made one or two characteristically caustic comments.

In the hall, he hesitated a moment. He felt hurried. He had a directors' meeting to attend before he went to his train. But perhaps he ought to say at least a word of farewell to Mary, and ask about her headache. For an instant he wavered, then brusquely put on his coat, seized his hat, and swung toward the front door. He heard the house door slam shut as he entered his automobile. There was an unpleasant finality in the sound.

**FATE** has its freakish tricks. The directors' meeting was an important one, and his fellow members on the board were among the men Henry Wilson most admired and respected. But one of them, Horace Andrews, was absent, and every other member of the board knew why. While they were still ostensibly waiting for him the chairman of the board voiced the thought in his associates' mind.

"Of course he won't come," he said. "He didn't even telephone. Probably he forgot all about it, after reading the morning newspapers."

For a moment no one spoke. Then Wilson said, "I didn't read the newspapers this morning. Anything new? Of course I've heard a lot of talk—"

"Oh, the newspapers have the whole scandal, at last," said the chairman, with distaste. "It's a nasty mess—pictures of his deserted wife and children, pictures of the actress he is going to marry, reminiscences of his early struggles—" He broke off. "Of course he'll resign from the board," he went on, after a pause which no one broke. "He'll want to, and we'll want him to. Bad for business, that kind of thing."

Though the meeting was an important one, Wilson's thoughts kept wandering from the discussion. He thought of Andrews, of Mrs. Andrews, of Mary—and he thought of them all again when, on reaching his office, he called for the morning newspapers and hastily read the flaring headlines of the Andrews scandal.

The personal application of it had begun to come home to him with the chairman's words. For some reason, he had not grasped the fact that his own experience would be similar to that of Andrews. There would be raised eyebrows among his friends. And if the press chose to make a sensation of his divorce, as it might easily do in view of his financial standing, he, Henry Wilson, would get a black eye in the business world. He found the reflection highly distasteful. Indeed it was

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so distasteful that, when the door opened without a preliminary tap and Miss Reynolds entered with her notebook, he addressed her as curtly as he might have addressed an office boy.

"I haven't rung," he said abruptly. "When I want you, I'll ring."

Miss Reynolds hesitated a moment. Then coming a step nearer to his desk, she looked him squarely in the eyes.

"When you want me, Mr. Wilson," she said formally, "you will not ring. You will come yourself, and tell me you want me. And when you come you will be more courteous than you were last night or have been this morning. Please remember that."

She was gone and the door had snapped shut behind her before Wilson recovered from the surprise of her valedictory. He was glad she had had the spirit to do it. The episode freshened in his consciousness the difference between her birth and traditions and his own, but it also deepened his sense of loneliness and misery. Another reflection, born of it, brought no comfort. If Miss Reynolds really cared for him at all, would she have resented these trifles so much? Wouldn't she, instead, have made allowance for the strain she knew he must be undergoing? He had no idea whether she cared for him. That subject had never come up, nor, indeed, had the subject of any phase of the future of this strange pair been discussed by them. Wilson knew exactly what Miss Reynolds thought—that his wife was an ignorant, frumpy little woman indifferent alike to him and to her opportunities, a weight around his neck. She knew that a separation was contemplated and that, after a divorce was granted, she would be asked to succeed the unsuccessful first wife of Henry Wilson and to help him to mount to the social heights he wished to reach. But all this understanding had been reached in general conversation, with no apparent personal application. Miss Reynolds was far too well-born and well-bred to discuss her future marriage with a gentleman who still had a wife.

WILSON knew exactly what he ought to do. He ought to go to Miss Reynolds, ask her to come into his private office, and there honestly apologize to her. In one way he desired to do this. In another, it seemed impossible. It might lead to more than he wished to say. Also, he was in no mood for self-abasement, and he still had a lot of thinking to do, on the train. He impulsively picked up his desk telephone. He wanted to hear Mary's voice. To his relief, it answered his call.

"Hello," he said. "I'm glad you're up. How's the headache?"

Mary ignored the headache. She usually ignored any question based on pure convention.

"Yes, I'm up," she said. "I'm packin'."

"You're—what?"

"I'm packin'. Only my own things, of course. It's most done. I'm goin' to Hanover on the five-o'clock train."

"But—" Wilson found himself weakly stammering, "what—what's the rush?"

"Oh, I guess there ain't much use in postponin' what's got to be done." Mary's voice was matter-of-fact. "I don't see there's anything left to talk over."

"You wait," he said. "I'm coming home. I'll be there in half an hour."

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something where there was not only real money to be made, but also a real future. One day a Fuller Man called at his house while he was at home. He watched this Fuller Man. The methods used in bringing Fuller Brushes to the

customer, the merchandise itself, all interested Mr. Zeh. "Here is selling of a kind that I can succeed in," thought Mr. Zeh. It took him but a few days to sell out his business, and become a Fuller Man. Once he had joined the Fuller organization he started off, as he says, "with a bang! My very first day's sales were \$35.25, and \$83.00 the next, while within a month my earnings were around \$400 a month, which was much more than I got out of my former \$10,000 stock of merchandise. And I had no capital invested; no stock, or book accounts, or rent to worry about. The first 8 weeks I earned \$80 to \$100 a week. And since then it has been easy to hold those earnings every week. In addition, I was promoted to assistant branch manager and recently again promoted to a full branch manager. I have never experienced one day of regrets since I became a Fuller Man."

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When he entered his home, within this time, Nora told him that Mrs. Wilson was in the library. When he entered, Wilson found his wife before the fire. She was dressed for her journey, even to her hat and gloves.

"I got all ready," she explained unnecessarily. "I don't want to miss my train."

Her husband stood by the door and tried to look at her. But though she was before him in the flesh, he could no longer see her. A feeling came that he would never see her again—a feeling so strong, so terrible, that it gripped him alike in the throat, the heart, and the pit of the stomach. Under its influence he stumbled toward her, and without knowing at all how it happened, found himself on his knees, his head in her lap. He heard the sound of sobbing—not hers, but, incredibly, his own.

"There, there," she was saying, "don't you take on so, Henry. I know it's hard for you, too. You'll feel different by and by."

"I feel different now."

Henry Wilson checked his sobs and lifted his head, but he did not rise from his knees. He had an odd conviction that this woman was his mother, not his wife. It was as a mother, too, that Mary continued to soothe him, with a mother's understanding and tolerance. Her voice crooned over him.

"It's hard for us both, just at first. It was bound to be. And I ain't denyin' I'm glad you feel it a little, too. But I want you should be happy, Henry—and you're a-goin' to be."

"You bet I'm going to be. We're both going to be."

HENRY WILSON drew a long breath and rose to his feet.

"Mary," he said simply, "I guess I've been out of my senses. I guess I've had a brain storm. I've been ranting round and making a big gesture that didn't mean anything. But I'm myself again, and you ain't one to hold rancor. I want you should forget this whole business. Forgive me and wipe off the slate. It's all over and done with. I've had my lesson—I've had a lot of lessons. Nothing like this will ever happen to us again."

His wife sat very still and looked at him. At last she understood. In some way, Henry's eyes had been opened. She had few words for the great moment, but what she had she uttered.

"Henry," she said, brokenly, "if you and me stay together, things are goin' to be your way. Climb up all you want to. I'm goin' to follow you as well as I can."

She had risen as she spoke. They stood facing each other, both immeasurably relieved, both deeply content, both suddenly self-conscious.

"You'll miss your train," said Mary Wilson at last, in a casual tone.

"I'm going to miss it." Her husband had his cue. "But we won't miss your train." He grinned at her, affectionately. "As long as you've made all your plans for Hanover, and we're both ready for a journey, I guess we'll go there together for a few days. It will be nice to see the old place and the old neighbors."

"Yes," said his wife, drawing a long breath. "It's spring, too," she added. "It will be pretty there. Henry, you've forgotten it, but we was married in Hanover jest twenty-five years ago to-day!"

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# Things People Look For in Buying a Home

(Continued from page 27)

the seller to give him the part that was for the house!

It may be thought that our "hard-boiled" manufacturer's two years' search for a home was brought to a remarkably quick close. Such cases, however, are not unusual. I recall how one young couple, at eight o'clock on a rainy morning, drove up to one of our branch offices in their sedan. They had been renting a home in a neighboring town but had to leave it, and long had been looking for a substantial place to buy. In despair of finding a place to suit them, they had under consideration the leasing of a New York apartment. That very day, in fact, they had to decide about the apartment. Before making their decision, they wanted to take one last look for a house. What had we to show them in that town?

There was call for hurry, since the husband, who was employed in New York, would have to catch a train leaving in about an hour and a half. Hopping into their car, our salesman showed them three places. None would do; and the husband, who had been nervously consulting his watch, said it was train time.

"I have one more place to show you," said the salesman.

"Sorry," replied the husband, "but I can't take a chance on missing the train."

IF THE salesman had not insisted, the fortunes of that couple would have been greatly different. By guaranteeing to get the husband to the station in time the salesman induced the couple to look at the remaining place—and both were convinced on the spot that it was just about what they wanted. So, while the husband hurried on into New York, the wife remained behind to bind the bargain.

In all such cases, the decision to buy is not such a snap one as it may seem; for in his long search the buyer becomes well acquainted with localities and gains a good knowledge of values. Indeed, it is quite proper that you should take plenty of time in buying a home. But I have known people to be still searching for a house after ten or fifteen years. Yes, and giving the same old funny excuses for not buying.

When I was working for another firm, a man to whom I had shown house after house finally wrote me that it was impossible for him to get a home then as he just had bought a piano on the installment plan. Fully ten years later, when I organized my own firm, that man again bobbed up, but evidently did not recall me in my new setting. Would you believe that he wrote once more, after looking at many houses, that it was impossible for him to buy a house because he still was purchasing a piano on installments!

With real-estate "bugs" like this every broker is pestered. They literally feed on real-estate news and advertisements, and they will look at all the houses anyone is willing to show them; but they never buy!

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will look there. Men are mainly interested in the cellar, the heating plant, the roof, and distance to the station or place of business. With an increasing number of men, however, the all-important thing is the distance, not to the station or place of business but to the nearest golf links.

The ordinary attitude of the American husband, especially if he is a business man of the larger type, is to leave practically everything about the home to the wife. After telling the broker that it is all up to friend wife until the time comes to pass out the money, the husband usually makes some such sly remark as: "You know, I am home very little, anyway," or, "You know, I only do my sleeping at home." I believe I have heard such remarks several hundred times; but I dare say that in each case the husband thinks he is saying something original.

As the average woman is not inclined to look beyond or beneath adequate floor spaces and hardwood floors, paint and paper, and gleaming fixtures and tiles, men show too great a tendency to leave the selection of a home entirely to the wife. If more interest were taken in such things as well-laid-up foundations, solidly-built piers, properly braced beams, and substantial roofs, it might be awkward for those persons who now earn a living mainly through making repairs but the sum total of human satisfaction would be greatly increased. It is particularly important that the foundations be examined; for if the main object of the builder has been to save money the scamping usually begins right there.

I HAVE spoken of the difficulty of telling in advance what will appeal to a person in the way of a home. This is partly due to the fact that the reasons governing one's choice of a home are usually intimately personal. It also is due to the fact that it is common for people to withhold their confidence from a real estate man. Their feeling is likely to be that he is interested only in getting their money. They seldom are willing to tell him how much they can, or wish, to spend. In general, their attitude is likely to be the one often expressed in these words: "You've got to sell me a hundred dollars' worth of value for fifty dollars."

Doubtless there was a time in the real-estate business when it was a common thing to misrepresent conditions and grossly exaggerate values, on the principle of "let the buyer beware." But those times largely have passed. Much has been accomplished in the way of raising standards by the National Association of Real Estate Boards, local bodies of which are now likely to be found at all important centers. If a broker is a member of one of these local bodies, and thus is entitled to do business under the name of "realtor," it is a pretty good test of his reliability.

Whether or not he is a "realtor," there surely will be found in every community at least one broker of good reputation and proved integrity, and when such a broker is found it will pay the home-seeker to give that man his confidence. The right kind of a broker not only has valuable knowledge and experience but is willing to draw on it strictly in the home-seeker's interest. In fact, I could mention many cases where a broker has gone a long way to find what would best fit into the home-



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seeker's needs, or obtain for him the utmost value for his money.

I am reminded of a big sale that was made in a very curious way: A salesman at one of our branches had a customer "all set" for the purchase of a ninety-thousand-dollar property. However, winter was approaching; there was a coal shortage due to the chronic labor troubles at the mines, and the customer would not buy unless he could be assured of getting the fifty tons needed to carry the house through the winter. The salesman visited all the available coal dealers, but their combined offers for immediate delivery amounted to only twenty tons; after that, so they said, the salesman's customer would have to take his chances in a general *pro rata* distribution. It did not satisfy the customer. He would buy no house unless he was *absolutely* sure of being able to heat it.

ON Main Street one day the salesman encountered a man who did odd jobs among the homes in that town. He was a very humble person, but the salesman paused for a friendly word with him, and finally this man said, "How are things going with you, Mr. Collins?"

"Very bad, Jim," was the reply. "All for the lack of thirty tons of coal, I am losing a ninety-thousand-dollar sale." And though the last thing in the salesman's mind was that Jim could be of any help to him, he explained his difficulty.

Now, that man Jim had done work for a Mr. Blank, who had rented a big house in town but had had to give it up suddenly to return to New York, and the house long had been standing vacant. "Mr. Collins," said Jim excitedly, "if Mr. Blank ain't got thirty tons of coal in that cellar, then I'm no Irishman; but it might be the devil's job to get it out."

It proved that there were more than thirty tons in the cellar; and as the owner of the coal was found willing to sell it for the price he paid for it and the price had since risen about three dollars a ton, it was entirely practical to employ men to get the coal out and transport it to that ninety-thousand-dollar house, the sale of which went through.

This shows, I think, that, as you never can tell who will prove a friend in need, you do well indeed to cultivate friendly relations with everyone in your community, high and low.

"TELLTALE Table Manners" are described next month in an illuminative article by Gelett Burgess. "The Cup Cuddler," "The Table Ostrich," "The All-Day Sucker," "The Two-Handed Corn Eater," and many other familiar table figures are the objects of Mr. Burgess's keen observations.

"MARY PICKFORD Describes Her Most Thrilling Experience" is the title of an article next month by Mary B. Mullett. In this interview the world's most popular woman screen star tells you not only about this experience but about many others in her hard struggle to win recognition. Altogether, it is a very human and vivid story about a very human and vivid person.



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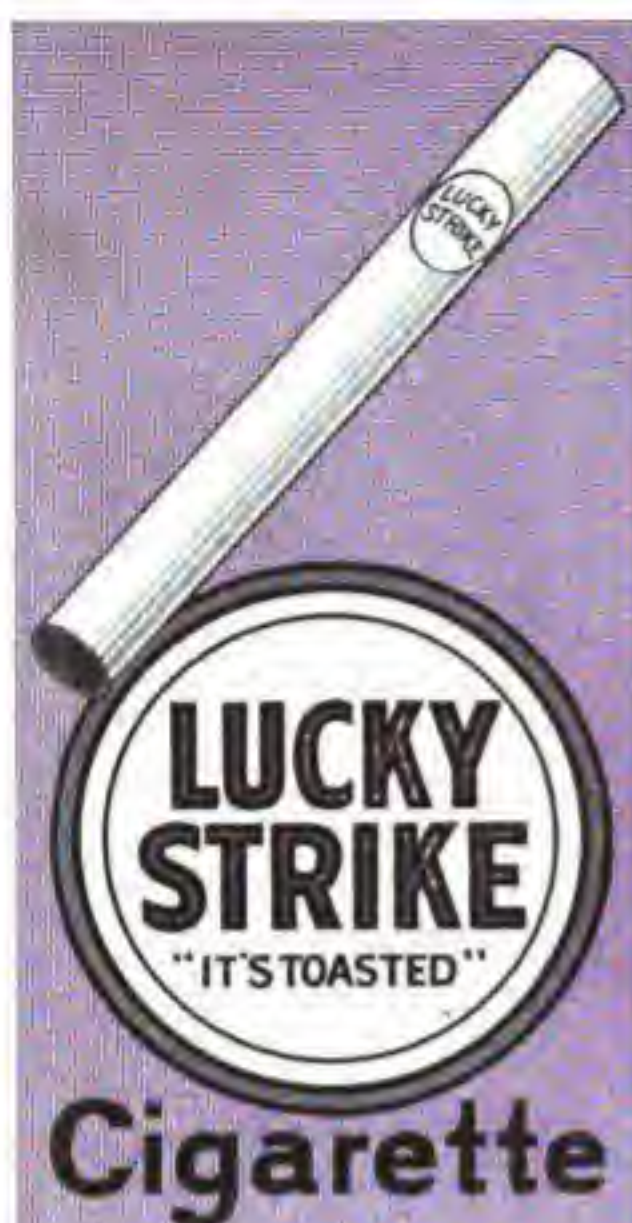
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## A Combination That Couldn't Be Beaten

(Continued from page 33)

course it was a God-given gift; but it was not kept clear, and sweet, and true, without an effort, without faithful adherence to a prescribed routine. She took a lesson a day, not some days, but six days a week. And Kenneth knew that she was equally faithful in discharging all of her duties, the manifold duties that fall to a girl whose time is supposed to be her own.

The result of Kenneth's cogitations was the solemn resolution to emulate Raymond Bassett. There was to be one exception, one person from whom he'd expect no return, either in entertainment or edification, and that person was Agnes Hall. Although she bored him infinitely, he would not desert Agnes. One evening a week meant so little to him and so much to her. But with everyone else he'd be firm.

And he'd not give up Alison. But he would stay away from her until he had achieved something notable.

About three weeks later, Kenneth, with more fervor than logic, explained to his mother why he could not take his sisters to a party. He had attended a lecture on salesmanship the night before. He won out in the argument, and in consequence spent a pleasant and profitable evening reading coal journals and a textbook on geology.

**U**NDER the new régime things moved right along for Kenneth until that day, possibly a month later, when Norman Wainwright asked him to make up a four-some for the "Scandals." It was an open night, and Kenneth accepted gladly.

But the evening at the theatre was entirely spoiled for Kenneth before the curtain went up. Two rows ahead and a trifle to the right sat Alison and that upstart, Bassett. For the first time in his life Kenneth Giles knew what it was to hate a fellow man.

Presently she looked around and, spying them, bowed sweetly. Then, in her enjoyment of the show and of Raymond Bassett's repartee, she apparently forgot all about the young persons back of her. She did not again look around.

The next day Kenneth Giles was summoned to the L. C. and O. offices. He responded promptly, wondering what was up. Upon his arrival he was introduced to Mr. Kent, a genial gentleman, and the new purchasing agent for the railroad. Mr. Kent explained that they were about to give out their yearly contract for coal, that several of the bids were in, and then he had heard of Mr. Giles and decided to give him and his firm a chance.

Kenneth was quite overcome; but he strove desperately not to show it. The L. C. and O. contract! The L. C. and O. contract! Over and over the phrase raced through his mind. It would be something to tell Alison! Something notable! Why, they could easily afford to marry if he got this! It was twice as much business as selling to the Morgan Metal Company, and that was a big contract. Getting himself in hand, Kenneth talked with Mr. Kent,

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talked earnestly, enthusiastically, knowingly, for one solid hour. Then, dizzy with controlled excitement, he departed.

The prospect of getting this railroad business reduced everything else to minimum importance. Kenneth lived in a keyed-up state of expectancy, hope and fear struggling fiercely within him. Some mornings he arose surcharged with the spirit of conquest, confident that to-day would bring him success.

**T**HEN he received an invitation to Alison's concert. It was the first direct communication he had had from her since that fateful evening three months ago. There was something exquisitely stirring, something strangely exhilarating in the sight of the familiar writing of the address, even in the engraved words, and in the feel of the heavy paper. Alison's concert! He knew just what it meant to her. She had often discussed it with him. Next to her wedding, it would be the most important event in her life.

With the unusual quality of her voice, and her application, her sheer ability to work hard, she might easily have hoped for a brilliant career; but she didn't. "I should never be happy away from home," she often said. "I don't believe I could sing well for strangers. I need the inspiration of my friends."

Her non-professional attitude did not lessen her interest in her music. Her concert was the goal toward which she had worked for years. Of course Kenneth would attend it. He wouldn't miss it for anything in the world. If he had only done something that he could be proud of! That L. C. and O. contract blazed across his mind. He leaned back in his chair and speculated luxuriously as to what he'd do if he should get it. Into this pleasant musing the thought of Bassett intruded itself. With a sinking sensation that amounted to positive illness, Kenneth felt that Bassett had usurped his place in Alison's affections.

Nor was this merely the imagining of a jealous lover. Hadn't the girls seen her and Bassett having tea at the Claremont last week?

And hadn't Norman Wainwright seen them together, too, and spoken of it to Kenneth? "I don't want to butt in, old man, or anything like that," he had said; "but if I were in your place I wouldn't step down and out and give a dangerous bird like Bassett the whole field. A wife with Alison's social position is just what he needs; and he's shrewd enough not to lose a trick—"

"If Alison prefers—" interrupted Kenneth.

"Prefers!" shouted Norman. "You aren't giving her a chance to prefer! You just turned her over to him. It's high time you jumped in and broke it up."

Break it up. Ken wasn't at all sure that he could break it up. Alison had said very firmly that she admired Bassett. He brooded over this disconsolately. Then he thought of flowers. He could send her flowers for the concert. It must be admitted that his delight in selecting them was not entirely free from malice. Bassett was almost sure to send her orchids, and she disliked orchids. Ken would send her violets. She adored violets. He'd make it an old-fashioned, formal bouquet, one with pink rosebuds in the center, a deep



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row of violets, then a narrow band of tiny white flowers—no, forget-me-nots—another row of violets, and a paper frill.

If he should only learn his fate about that L. C. and O. contract before the concert! If he should only get it, so that he could tell Alison! So that he could ask her. . . .

But the day of the concert arrived without his having heard a word from Mr. Kent. In the forenoon he went around to the florist's and inspected the corsage bouquet before it was sent out. It pleased him immensely. At four-thirty in the afternoon he went to his barber's. An hour later, looking fresh as a daisy, he got back to the deserted office, and there on his desk was a note saying that Mr. Kent wished to see him. Without losing a minute, Kenneth made his way to the L. C. and O. offices, only to find them closed. For a second he was nonplused. He had not an idea where Mr. Kent lived. But he had one day seen him lunching at the University Club. He might live there, or at least he might dine there.

Luck was with Kenneth. He found Mr. Kent at the club and was warmly received. "Glad to see you, young man. Have dinner with me, and we'll talk things over."

AFTER telephoning his mother, Kenneth joined his host at a table for two in a secluded corner. The meal progressed leisurely. They talked and talked of everything except that contract. Under what Kenneth hoped was a calm exterior burned a veritable volcano of excitement. Why did Mr. Kent want to see him? Was he going to give him the contract? Or did he just want to let him down easy? In that case, would he have sent for him? Yes, he might have. He seemed like a considerate chap. If he'd only speed up a little. One simply couldn't be late at a musicale. Ken figured just how long it would take him to get home; how long to dress—Mrs. Giles would have his evening clothes laid out for him and the cuff-links and collar buttons in his shirt; she was that sort of mother—and how long to get to Alison's.

Then he debated as to whether he should come right out and ask Mr. Kent about the contract or wait. He mustered up his courage and said:

"Mr. Kent, I'm sorry—that is, I regret extremely that I have an engagement—that I'll have to leave you now."

"Well, well, young man, not so fast. Call up the young lady and tell her you'll be over to-morrow night. I want to talk business with you."

Kenneth flushed with mingled hope and despair. Confound it all! This was the only evening in three months that he wouldn't have been tickled to death to talk business with the purchasing agent of the L. C. and O.

"If it were as simple as that, Mr. Kent, I'd be delighted. But this is different. It's important. It's a concert."

"A concert important!" Mr. Kent laughed unpleasantly. "Are your social engagements more important than your business engagements, Mr. Giles?"

Kenneth was acutely miserable; but he replied evenly: "I've always considered a social engagement as binding as a business engagement, Mr. Kent; but I assure you that if this were merely a call



or the theatre, I'd 'phone and break it off. She'd understand."

"Oh, so it is a girl?"

"Not a girl; but *the* girl."

"I see. And does this girl mean more to you than our contract, Mr. Giles?" Mr. Kent's manner was offensively courteous. Kenneth ached to choke him.

"Yes, Mr. Kent. The contract without—without the girl would not mean so much to me; but the contract with her—"

"Well, then, young man, stay and talk it over." Again Mr. Kent was genial.

Kenneth, always sensitive to another's mood, regretted his irritation. "Oh, I would, if I could! But it's *her* concert. Why, she has worked years for it! I couldn't miss her concert! Can't I talk with you in the morning, Mr. Kent?"

"I'm to understand, then, that there are other contracts, but there'll never be another concert?" Again Mr. Kent's manner was disagreeably polite. "May I ask who this young lady is?"

"Certainly. Miss Trenchard. Miss Alison Trenchard," Kenneth told him proudly.

Mr. Kent got to his feet. "I'll not detain you any longer, Mr. Giles. You might be late to the concert. Good night."

KENNETH was not late for the concert. Alison was lovely in jade green and silver, and—Ken could scarcely believe his eyes—she was wearing his flowers. *His* flowers! He wondered how Bassett felt about this. He wondered where Bassett was sitting. He felt annoyed because he couldn't see him.

After what seemed to Ken an interminable length of time, the recital was over. Admiring friends crowded about Alison. Kenneth gazed about the room. Where was Bassett? Could it be possible that he hadn't come? Ken's spirits soared with the thought. Well, he certainly wasn't here, or he'd be standing by Alison now. There was nothing shrinking, nothing self-effacing about Raymond Bassett. A servant approached Kenneth with a slip of paper. "Mr. Giles, you are to call this number. The gentleman said for you to call as soon as the concert was over." Kenneth hastened to the telephone.

"Well, Kennie, who left you a fortune?" Alison asked playfully after the guests had departed. Her question was but natural. Kenneth Giles simply radiated joy.

"Mr. Kent did. He told me to come around in the morning. To tell you that the contract was ours. He liked my attitude— But you don't know what I'm talking about!" Ken laughed happily; then plunged in and told Alison all about the contract. "It's the biggest deal I ever put over, Allie! In fact, it's as big a deal as any of our men, even the old birds, have ever put over. A railroad uses a tremendous amount of coal, you know. And it's new business! Absolutely new business! First time in ten years that our firm has sold the L. C. and O!"

"I'm so glad, Kennie," she answered simply. "I'm so glad you did it."

"It's the system! Bassett's system!" Kenneth went on enthusiastically. "Bassett, himself, never followed it more faithfully than I have. And it pays!"

"Do you really think that it always pays?" Alison asked. Then, without



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waiting for a reply, she turned and walked from the room. In a few minutes she came back with a note and a wealth, literally a wealth, of orchids. The note she handed to Kenneth with the injunction: "Read that."

Kenneth read the short missive. It merely congratulated Alison and regretted that Mr. Bassett would not be able to hear her sing. This happened to be one of the evenings that he did not go out. For a second Kenneth stared at the letter, doubting his senses. Then he threw back his head and laughed. After a bit Alison joined him. "This is one of the evenings that he doesn't go out! Oh, Allie, that's the best one I ever heard!"

"I presume he decided that my concert wouldn't repay him, either in entertainment or education, for the time expended," she said, with a touch of bitterness in her tone.

"Well, he'll be entertained when he reads of our engagement in to-morrow's paper," Kenneth stated boldly.

"Our engagement! To-morrow's paper! Why, Kennie!"

SOMEWHAT later, when Kenneth had convinced Alison that to-morrow really was the right and proper time to announce their engagement, an engagement that hadn't existed an hour earlier, and they were back on the subject of Bassett's system, Kenneth remarked, "Well, of course, such unparalleled selfishness as his obviously won't do socially; but it surely does pay in business. Now, if I'd been all tired out when that L. C. and O. purchasing agent sent for me, I couldn't have landed the contract. But I was feeling fine, and I surely put up one beautiful spiel."

"Kenneth, do you know who this purchasing agent is, and how he happened to send for you?"

"Yes, he's Mr. Kent, from Chicago, and he said he'd heard quite a bit about me. I must be getting a reputation as a bright young salesman."

Alison smiled. "Kennie dear, I know you are; but it wasn't because of your reputation as a salesman that Mr. Kent sent for you in the first place. Agnes Hall told me all about it."

"Agnes Hall!"

"Yes. Mr. Kent is her uncle, and it was from Agnes that he heard of you."

Kenneth Giles made a queer noise in his throat; then tried to speak. But Alison put her finger on his lips. "Listen to me, young man; while of course it was entirely because Agnes wanted him to that Mr. Kent sent for you, if you hadn't been able to deliver the goods you wouldn't have made the sale. All that he promised Agnes was that he'd give you a chance to bid."

"Gee, that was a lot! You see, because of something that happened long ago, there has been an unfriendly feeling between the L. C. and O. and our firm."

"Yes, I know. But Mr. Kent was much impressed with you, Ken. Said that you were the best informed coal salesman he ever met. That you thought straight and talked straight. Bassett's system is all right. It's not the use of it, but his abuse of it, that's objectionable. I've thought it all out. You just go on being your own dear, natural self, and use Bassett's system, too. Coupled with your spontaneous kindness, I rather think it's a combination that can't be beaten."



## Lost People

(Continued from page 39)

If he should happen to see this account of his disappearance, I want him to know that there is no charge against him. All we want to do is to give him this message from his anxious wife: "Come home! Your little boy and girl are asking every day, 'Where is Daddy?' I know that it was a mistake for me to let you go away instead of facing your creditors squarely. We need you. Come home!"

In almost every case, a person who disappears leaves a trail which can be followed successfully if the case is promptly reported.

Suppose a man intends to drop out of sight and go West. When he goes to luncheon with a friend, perhaps a week before he disappears, he is very apt to say that he had always wanted to take a look at the Grand Canyon, and some day means to have it. In making purchases before leaving town, a girl or woman is likely to tell the clerk where she is going, or to ask advice about the kind of materials best suited for wear in certain parts of the country. Persons who disappear from small towns and come to New York usually have dropped some hint to a relative or friend.

If one person more than another is certain to leave a plain revelation of his intentions, it is the fellow who thinks he is smart enough to "disappear" and cover up his trail. Some time ago, I was informed by the friends of a certain John Smith, the manager of a jewelry store, that Smith had gone to Oregon and there had disappeared. They said that he had told them he was depressed and moody, and that if they heard nothing from him it would be because some ill fate had overtaken him.

**T**HERE was something suspicious about the case. The first thing I did was to have a search made of the room Smith had occupied at a boarding-house. On a table near the telephone we found a candy box with writing on it—a name, Herman Brown, and a telephone number. These were in Smith's handwriting, and it was obvious that he had used the box as a memorandum pad.

The telephone number we recognized as that of a morning newspaper, and we found that Herman Brown was a member of the reportorial staff. When we asked Brown if he knew a man named John Smith, he said, "No," and added, quick as a flash, "But wait a minute. That is the name of a man about whom I wrote a little story last week. Someone called up the night city editor to tell him about the disappearance of a New Yorker out in Oregon. The night city editor gave this man my name, and asked him to talk with me. When I went to the telephone he told me the story of John Smith's disappearance in Oregon."

Thus it was perfectly obvious that John Smith had telephoned to the newspaper the story of his own disappearance. Consequently, we dropped the search. Some time later it developed that he was wanted for absconding with funds. Detectives located him in New York. He had never left the city.



### Happiness

By EDGAR A. GUEST

The lights are lit, the night has come,  
The burdens of the day laid down;  
The children's voices gayly hum,  
Above the noises of the town;  
And this is what my home is for,  
A home I pray, that God will bless,  
To shelter until life is o'er,  
Our hours of peace and happiness.

Written Especially for  
John Lucas & Co., Inc.

The next stanza in this Edgar A. Guest Series will appear in the May issue of The American Magazine.

### "My Castle of Happiness"

The great spur which drives man forward is his search for happiness. In its quest, nations have been born, liberty assured, deeds of valor performed, and many an unselfish service rendered.

Every one who loves the home and all it stands for, will appreciate the simple beauty of Edgar A. Guest's poem "My Castle of Happiness," which he has written especially for us.

This poem consists of twelve stanzas, the first of which appears above. It deals in a genuinely human way with the various aspects of happiness in the home.

#### Write for the Book of Happiness

Tells what colors are conducive to comfort, restfulness, harmony, etc. Simplifies color selections for various rooms as never before! "The Book of Happiness" was written by Prof. A. J. Snow, Ph. D., of Northwestern University, a recognized authority on psychology. This book is free. We shall be glad to send you a copy at your request. Write Department 24.

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## Health and Happiness

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Kellogg's whole-wheat KRUMBLES contain every atom of whole wheat—including the necessary body-building, blood-making food iron, food lime, phosphorus and potassium. Protect your loved ones against sickness by serving Kellogg's KRUMBLES at least once each day—food that you know will fortify them!

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In 1923, St. Nicholas will publish vivid, fascinating stories from the most popular writers for boys and girls. "A Continental Dollar," by Dr. and Mrs. Knipe; "The Last Parakeet," by George Inness Hartley; "Nid and Nod," by the author of "The Turner Twins"—these, with the usual prize contests, will make every page interesting, helpful.

One year's subscription is only \$4—about half what you pay for your morning paper. Send check or money-order to St. Nicholas Subscription Department, V-2, 353 Fourth Ave., New York.

**ST NICHOLAS**  
*for Boys and Girls*

### How to meet a domestic emergency

Perhaps you are preparing a simple lunch—and an unexpected guest arrives! You can make the meal quite festive if you serve hot STEERO bouillon. This will take only a moment. Drop a STEERO bouillon cube into a cup, add boiling water, and you are all ready.

**STEERO**  
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Hot STEERO bouillon is an appetizing drink at any and all times. STEERO bouillon cubes add greatly to the flavoring of many other dishes. Send 10 cents for samples, and often-free-page cook book.

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"A Cube Makes a Cup"

Many young people who run away from small towns head straight for New York, because they think a big city offers them greater opportunities for employment than they can find anywhere else. Frequently, girls with a little knowledge look for positions as "secretaries," or as clerks in department stores. It is not often, however, that they are able to secure employment in department stores, because these institutions make a practice of inquiring very closely into the antecedents of their employees. About the best a runaway girl can hope for is to find work in a box factory, or in some one of the city's thirty-eight hundred cloak and suit establishments. Usually, when we locate these young people, we find that the bubble of their hopes has been pricked, and they are very glad to go home to partake of the fatted calf.

More persons—both adults and juveniles—are reported to us as missing from Pennsylvania than from any other state in the Union. Missing persons from this state usually leave home because they find the mining regions depressing. More women are reported missing from Allentown, Pennsylvania, than from any other community anywhere near its size. This seems to be due to the fact that the population of the city includes an unusually large proportion of women, who break their home ties to come to New York because they cannot find satisfactory employment there.

MORE boys disappear in the middle of the summer than at any other season of the year, because weather conditions are then so favorable that they can get along for quite a while on a small sum of money. Youngsters from small towns when starting out on independent adventure away from home usually go to the nearest large city, but not infrequently find their way to New York. Boys who live in big cities are most likely to start out in search of adventures in the Southwest.

Last summer, three New York boys of about the same age—fourteen—who lived in the same neighborhood, disappeared simultaneously. The parents could suggest no possible clue as to their sons' whereabouts. They did know, however, that each boy had a hundred dollars in war savings stamps and that the stamps had disappeared too.

As usual, we found that the boys of the neighborhood knew more about the aspirations of the runaways than the parents did. We learned that the three runaways had spent much time together reading Wild West stories, and that they had expressed the ambition to become "cow-boys."

At a sporting goods store, we learned that they had bought a complete assortment of camp equipment. They had told a salesman that they were going to the Southwest. Inquiry at the Pennsylvania Station revealed that the boys had bought tickets for St. Louis. At St. Louis, we learned they had bought tickets for San Antonio. When they arrived at San Antonio they were received with open arms by the police force of that city.

They were glad of their welcome, too, for they had already decided that the Southwest was not a paradise for campers, and their money was almost gone. Those youngsters, on their return to New York,





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other hands but yours, if you so wish it. And the rest of the family can all have their individual cakes of Packer's.

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There is no extra charge for the new metal box.

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were brought to my office at Police Headquarters, where they were reunited with their families. While waiting for the appearance of his father one of the boys demonstrated that he had a one-finger knowledge of the typewriter. When I asked him what he was writing, he said "I'm writing down the history of my experience in the Southwest." This manuscript he left behind, and I found that he had written twenty times on the same sheet a very important truth, which I hope all boys will remember. It was this:

Boys, never try to run away, because the Bulls (meaning the detectives), will get you sure.

The inability of parents—sometimes of only one parent, but often of both—to understand child nature is one of the commonest reasons why boys and girls run away from home. Last summer a New York physician informed me that his boy, seventeen years old, had come home from boarding-school after "flunking" his examinations, and subsequently had disappeared. "His mother made quite a fuss," said the physician, "and I have no doubt he thought he had disgraced us forever. He went away with fifteen dollars in cash, and my touring car."

**M**UCH distressed, the father told me frankly about other things that might have led the boy to run away. "I have the finest wife," he said, "into whom God ever breathed the breath of life; but I must say she is the worst mother imaginable for a boy who has any spirit. He is our only child, and she wants to keep him under her wing all the time. She insists on knowing everything about his companions and what they do. She has been allowing him seventy-five cents a week spending money, and requires him to keep account of every cent of it. I've been slipping him five dollars a week to do with as he likes; but don't you tell my wife that, or she'll say I'm to blame for his having money enough to run away with."

On hearing this last statement, I told the father he had no cause to worry, because I felt sure the boy, on running out of money, would get in touch with him. The father seemed immensely relieved, and said, "If I'd only known he was going to 'blow away,' I'd have given him money for a good trip. His mother needs a scare."

A few days later, the boy, who had got as far as Maine, telephoned to his father's office. He was then at a garage without money and was in need of gas to get home.

"See here," said his father, "I'm going to arrange with your garage man there to give you gas and also some money; but don't you dare to come home! You haven't had half a good time yet! Stay another week, anyhow!"

This was all arranged without the knowledge of the boy's mother. When he returned a week later, none the worse for wear, his mother was delighted. She even took her husband's advice and did not scold her son. The boy was amazed.

The father asked me to talk with his wife and tell her what I knew about boys. She told me that, while she didn't think men knew "all there was to be known about boys," she was going to take my advice, nevertheless, and relax her rigid supervision over her son. Not long ago



the father informed me his son had returned to school, was doing well in his classes, and was eager to enter college in the fall.

Old people who are unable to give their names or proper addresses are frequently discovered by a policeman while they are wandering aimlessly in the streets or shrinking in doorways. Sometimes they are found late at night after they have been wandering for hours. They are always taken to a hospital by the police. Not infrequently I have in my office a record of their discovery before their alarmed relatives know they are lost.

Probably you have read quite a number of stories based on a form of mental derangement known as aphasia. Aphasia is not one of the frequent causes of disappearances, but it does account for some. We have a case of this kind once or twice a year.

A few months ago, a well-dressed, clean-shaven man of thirty-three came to police headquarters and, without asking questions of anybody, went up-stairs to the chaplain's office. When the chaplain asked him what he wanted, he seemed surprised and said:

"I was sent for."

Nothing else could be got out of him. He could not give his name nor tell where he came from. He made no objection to my searching him, and I found from the papers in his pocket that he lived in Chicago. His honorable discharge as a lieutenant who had seen service over-seas was among his papers.

**W**HILE we were trying to locate the man's relatives in Chicago, he was kept in a hospital. On the third day his memory began to come back. He said something to a hospital attendant which showed that he thought he was in St. Louis. On the fourth day, his memory was perfectly clear, and he remembered everything about himself, except what had happened since the attack of aphasia.

This man had been ill in France. Since his return home, his memory had become blank on several different occasions. While in St. Louis on a business trip he had felt that another attack was coming on and, as he had no friends in the city, he had started for the St. Louis police headquarters to ask that he should be kept from wandering while in an irresponsible condition.

That was the last thing he could remember. Then he had begun his random travels. On reaching New York, he had a vague, subconscious recurrence of the same idea he had had consciously in St. Louis, and consequently, I assume, had inquired his way to Headquarters.

When anyone is reported missing, the first thing we do is to go to the Department's information bureau to determine whether the missing person has met with an accident or been arrested.

If we find that the person has not been arrested or met with injury, our next step is to interview the person's relatives and friends.

There are certain things anyone should do to aid the police in their search whenever the disappearance of a friend or relative is reported. One should, if possible, furnish a photograph of the missing person, and give an accurate description, including such details as height, weight,



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color of hair and eyes, condition of the teeth, the kind and location of any tattoo marks, the nature of any deformities, and a full description of clothing and jewelry worn. Any information that can be supplied as to the missing person's habits, temperament, recreations, or ambitions is of value.

If you live in a small town and have occasion to report the loss of a relative you should notify the police of your own locality. If there is any evidence to indicate that the missing person may have gone to New York, your local police will notify us of that fact.

The Missing Persons Bureau does not take responsibility for locating missing persons, unless it appears that the person may have vanished owing to some cause outside of his own volition. We feel that our responsibility is especially strong when a person has disappeared because of some mental derangement, an accident, or, as happens very rarely, because of "foul play." Our search for missing juveniles—boys and girls under twenty-one—is always carried on until they are found, if that is possible. Especially as concerns girls, we feel that when they are detached from home they are likely to come to harm.

**WHENEVER** a girl is missing, the first thing that enters the minds of most parents is the fear that she may have been kidnapped. The fact is, however, that kidnapping is a negligible cause of disappearance except in the case of very young children. In New York, we have had but two cases of kidnapped children in the past four years.

Very often children who have been taken to crowded resorts near New York get separated from their mothers, but these children can scarcely be classed as "missing persons." They belong in the class of the "temporarily mislaid." What usually happens is this: The Police Department receives a frantic message from a mother that her child has been lost or stolen, and she gives us a description of the child. A few minutes later one of the officers at a station house near the resort informs us by telephone that he has on hand a child who fits that description. Sometimes, at the beach stations, we have on hand more lost children than we have mothers to fit them.

During the hot summer months it is nothing unusual for us to have as many as twenty lost children from eighteen months to three or four years old in the police sub-stations on the East Side. I have no doubt that some of these children are intentionally lost for a convenient but temporary period. When an East Side mother wants to go to the beach and finds herself incommoded by one of her younger children, she sometimes adopts the plan of "losing" it on a street corner, or of sending one of the older children out to "lose it." Some member of the family waits to see that the child is "found" by a policeman, who promptly takes it to a station house. There the child remains until the mother returns from the beach to make anxious inquiries about her young one. I know of no way to prevent mothers from losing their children where the police can find them; but some day it may be necessary to conduct an educational campaign toward this end, for our nursery accommodations are strictly limited. Google



## Extraordinary Experiences of a World Traveler

(Continued from page 43)

into the front trenches at Château-Thierry. While I was there a charge was ordered over the top, and I followed. I was gassed then; and in a company of which fifteen thousand went over the top only thirty-six hundred were not wounded or killed.

Such experiences, of course, are not a part of ordinary travel. Indeed, unless conditions are unusual, the dangers from man and the larger animals are scarcely serious at all. Insects are much worse. They are disagreeable pests, and often carry disease. The tsetse fly in Africa is one of the most deadly insects I have encountered. Several years ago when I was there it was killing natives literally by the thousands.

The tsetse fly feeds on the decaying flesh of dead alligators, and absorbs the poison that it transmits when it stings a human being. The poison in time destroys the red blood corpuscles. A victim cannot retain nourishment. What he eats does him no good. He gradually weakens, and in the last stages of the sickness falls into a coma. This disease is known as the sleeping sickness.

It was found at the time I speak of that the tsetse fly, which looks a good deal like our common house fly, needed shade in order to live. The British were cutting down a great deal of brush around the shores of Victoria Nyanza and other lakes. By doing that and moving the natives back from the shore, they saved many lives.

In the jungle, I usually wear a veil of mosquito netting for protection against insects, and heavy puttees to ward off the bite of snakes or reptiles.

**P**ERHAPS the most dangerous country I ever visited, from the point of view of actual risk, was the interior of Madagascar. Very few white men have traveled there, and I cannot recommend it for a pleasure jaunt. The swamps and heavy vegetation breed malarial fevers more deadly than most animals or insects.

However, of all the dangers to life and limb in traveling, one surpasses all others, in my judgment: it is bad drinking water.

More impurities can enter the body through poor water than in almost any other way. Merely a change in water may upset the system and destroy the pleasure of a journey. But if the water is really bad, it causes sickness, and also decays the teeth, so that all sorts of ill effects may follow.

When I am traveling I always provide myself with some kind of mineral water; or, if I am in a far place where it is not practicable to carry water, I boil a supply every evening and set it to cool overnight. The impurities are killed, and in the morning the water is fit to drink.

So much for dangers. What is it that people like most to see in the pictures I bring back from far lands?

They enjoy magnificent scenery, of course. You would expect that. They

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**T**RUE architectural design is enhanced with the use of long 24-inch "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles with wide exposure on side walls. The wide shingle effect and our method of staining shingles insure a true Colonial white effect. "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles in 18-inch length, colored weather-gray on roof.

Pure earth pigments ground in linseed oil and carried into the fibres of the wood with creosote, preserve these shingles against dry-rot and weather. You save muss and waste of staining-on-the-job. You save repainting and repair bills.

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John Lloyd Wright, Inc., 718 N. Wells St., Chicago

admire broad stretches of country, if it is foreign, great rivers, picturesque spots, and they look with awe at lofty mountains.

But the thing that really touches them, the scene that strikes to their hearts and brings applause, is some bit of living nature. People like life. Such things come close to them. A baby kitten or a puppy may amuse and affect them more powerfully than a view of the tallest peak in the Himalayas.

A couple of years ago, in Palestine, then famine-stricken, I took many pictures of starving children, and the relief efforts of Americans. One little baby climbed to a table where the jam pots were, and smeared the jam all over his hands and face. Every audience where I showed that picture seemed affected by it more than by anything else.

I have one picture of a monkey picking fleas off a dog. That seems to get home to a great many people—curiously, would you say?

People by and large do not care much to see pictures of their own country, even those parts of it that are unfamiliar to them. The United States has scenery that for magnificence and variety can hardly be equaled anywhere. If an untraveled person asked me where to go for both interest and pleasure, I think I should suggest first that he visit our own great national playgrounds: the Yosemite, the Grand Canyon, the Yellowstone, Glacier National Park, and so on. Yet when I show these places in pictures, I cannot get audiences!

SEVERAL years ago I left Gallup, New Mexico, and rode for three hundred miles or so cross country to the Rainbow Natural Bridge, in northern Arizona. I passed through magnificent country, a desert island of picturesque mesas and high mountains, with hundreds of Indians still living in primitive fashion. I took some of the finest pictures I have ever taken anywhere, and tried to show them; but people would not come to see them!

They do not come to see pictures of the Grand Canyon, the greatest gorge on earth; but they do attend when pictures of the Canadian Rockies are shown. I can exhibit pictures of Switzerland year after year to packed audiences; but I cannot show our own Rockies.

People, in short, like most to see how strangers in remote lands live, eat, worship, play, or sleep. Sometimes it is forbidden to take the photographs that will be most interesting. Once I remember being on the Duke of Marlborough's estate in England. The Duke was away, and I went about photographing everything that took my fancy. At length, however, one of the caretakers saw what I was about and came after me.

"You can't do that, you know," he said.

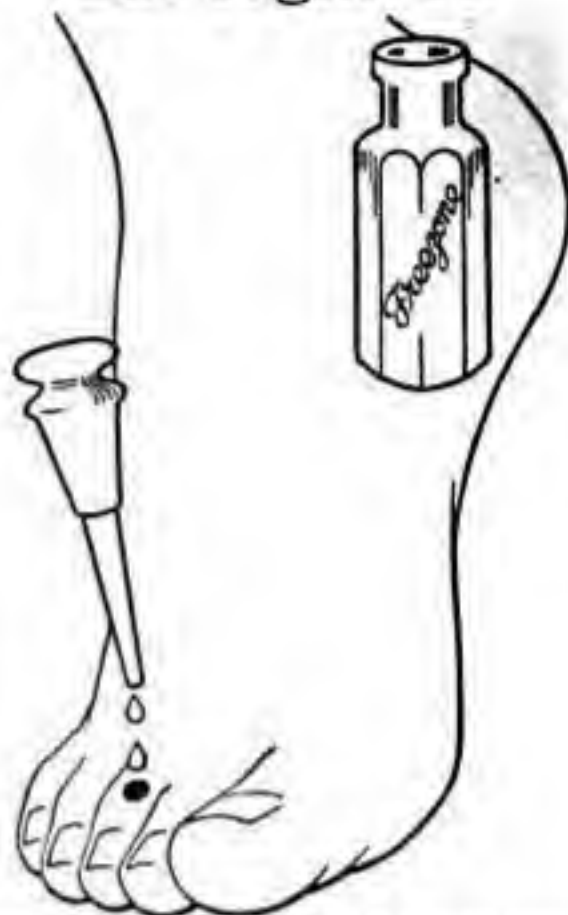
He showed me off the estate. But in the meantime I had the pictures I wanted!

In mosques in Constantinople I have had hooded and robed priests come running to me, shouting that I could not take photographs—after I had taken them! Sometimes, in native homes in Africa, China, and Japan, I have been told in no uncertain terms to get out, when my object was perceived.

I admit that it seems a bit prying and

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inhospitable, perhaps, to force your way into a private grass hut and begin to take pictures of a family, practically naked, at breakfast. But it makes an excellent picture. And I have found beyond a shadow of doubt that the best plan is to take the pictures first, and ask permission afterward.

Animals are often as shy about having their pictures taken as people are. To get them in their natural state, you have to proceed with the greatest caution. They take alarm at the slightest unusual noise, or at the scent of a human being.

This last year, in Africa, we got some extraordinary pictures in an elaborate blind at a water hole. It had been a popular water hole. But for days after we built our blind, hardly an animal came down to drink. Even when the wind was favorable, and we made not the slightest noise, the beasts were suspicious of the queer new piles of earth and brush, cleverly as we tried to make them "natural."

This blind consisted of two locations for the cameras, one on each side of the water hole. If the animals faced the wrong way for one camera, we got them with the other.

The locations were connected by a tunnel, and we could run quickly from one to the other if necessary. Each location was large enough for a couple of men to stand upright comfortably.

WE HAD to wait days before the animals regained confidence and started coming back. And after that we had to wait many more days in silence, to get enough interesting "poses." One of my assistants invented a shutter that does not click. The timidity of most animals makes its use positively necessary.

Climate! That is an inevitable question of travelers and prospective travelers. "Do you roast?" they ask. "Do you freeze? Do you drown in rain?"

I will say this much about climate: I have never found a country with a climate to which there were no drawbacks. However, there are places that approach perfection in this respect. I think that of all spots in the world, the one which, the year round, has the most delightful climate, is Hawaii.

Lying as it does in the middle of the Pacific Ocean, in the tropical belt, Hawaii during nine months of the year is in the path of the trade winds. They temper the heat and leave you never too cold or too warm. You can bathe at Waikiki Beach from one year's end to the other, and the average temperature of the water is seventy. The islands are mountainous and in some portions at the higher altitudes the air is positively bracing, and very healthful.

Altogether, Hawaii is a delightful place to visit. It has the largest active volcano in the world. Kilauea's crater is nine miles in circumference and a thousand feet deep; and it is the only volcano in the world where you stand on the rim with comparative ease and look down at the boiling mass of fiery lava, which sometimes rises or falls as much as a thousand feet in a few days. A government volcanologist is stationed there, and he issues warnings whenever the lava is rising to the point of danger. Motor roads completely encircle the two larger islands of Hawaii, and intersect the smaller ones.



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December, January, and February, roughly, constitute the rainy season, when the northeast trade winds do not blow. The rains during that season come with great regularity. For about an hour and a half in the late afternoon the storm breaks in a terrific torrent. But everybody knows when the rain is coming and nobody goes out.

In the summer, on the other hand, Hawaii occasionally has what are known as "sun storms," when for five or ten minutes in blinding sunshine a delightful cool rain falls. The clouds gather in the mountains and are blown out by a land wind. In a few minutes the shower is over.

Climate is one thing. Customs of the people are another.

In various parts of the world you run across remnants of curious practices and you can learn this lesson: Not all wisdom abides in the twentieth century. Not only do you see other modes of living than your own in your own time, but you also perceive that in times past things were known that we have forgotten.

Once, in the interior of South America, I was present when there was taken from a cave the artificially shrunken figure of a human corpse. The Indians of that country once practiced this art. They could shrink a corpse until it was like a doll in comparison with the living body. We don't know how to do that. It seems repulsive to us. I believe the art is no longer practiced, and I think the knowledge of how it was done has been lost.

**WE PRIDE** ourselves, with justice, on our progress in most of the mechanical and scientific pursuits. Yet hundreds of years ago there were many other practices in common use—some of them valuable—which we, in spite of our knowledge, do not understand.

We do not know, for example, how to mummify. The ancient Egyptians did. Out of their tombs have been taken the bodies of human beings preserved for tens of centuries in the original human likeness. On the walls of Pompeii's excavated buildings have been found paintings preserved through the centuries. They were executed by processes unknown to us, and scientific men have not discovered the secret of their composition.

This generation is top dog now. But it has been preceded by hundreds of generations of thinking, intelligent beings, stirred by the same primary feelings as ourselves. Travel reminds you of that.

And now, what of the great trips—really great—that you can take to-day? I am often asked that.

The answer is, of course, that it depends on what you want to see. You cannot sum up a land or a people in a word. But we do go to different countries for different things: to Japan, perhaps, for a view of quaint home life; to China to see how human beings live in swarms; to India for a sight of wonderful Mogul architecture; to Europe for art and history; to the Himalayas for the most imposing scenery in the world; to South America for tropical life, or to see the most beautiful city in the world (Rio Janeiro), or the southernmost city (Punta Arenas); to Siberia or Alaska or Greenland, to see life where the earth is frozen and difficult; to the South Sea Islands to see life where the earth is provident and languorous.



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# "How I Raised My Child—and Why"

(Continued from page 45)

darlings play sweetly with each other.

Well, I sent out the invitations, see, of course not mentioning it was a birthday on account I didn't want the ladies should feel obliged to bring any presents, but I was nevertheless all ready to check up on the ones that didn't. Well, anyways, they brought the presents all right, because their kids would all have a birthday that year, and they wasn't taking no chances. And the afternoon was spent in destroying these presents, the parlor carpet, and the temper of 1/2 doz. mothers. Because when these little boys and girls was taken separate and held firm, they was much like them deceitful magazine-cover ones. But the minute we pooled them, the lid was off and they would rather stick a finger in each other's eye, or spit in their glass of milk than not. Taken as a whole, that party looked like a Dublin Street after a political argument, with a flock of mothers screaming "Don't do that" at the little dears with all the repetition and unity of a chorus in rehearsal.

Another reason why I claim a child may be born in 1923 but they start their mental life in 3921 B. C. or earlier and work up to date, is the fact that all go through the Age of Tyrants. You may of read in history where in early times tyranting was a regular business and men with a punch used to get away with it, whipping not alone their wife, but the hired help, and the help and wives didn't leave on account of it, neither. Also, in those days, why if an installment collector come with an overdue slip, why these tyrants would merely slam the drawbridge in their face, or maybe invite them in and then stick a red-hot poker to their nose and get the collector to pay them instead. And so forth.

BUT these old tyrants was mere dumb klucks alongside of a three-year-old kid which you have promised to tell it a story or let yourself in for a shopping trip or a rainy afternoon in the nursery, for the said child ain't got no mercy or sense of justice, and they will ride you to death if you make one false step. You got to get the upper hand and get it quick, or you may as well resign from all whist clubs and other social so-called activities.

But in spite of the average child's strong prejudice against being brought up right, a good deal could be accomplished only for friends and relations, including its father. However, I personally myself believe the father is practically a necessity in bringing up a boy, because he will insist that the child should do all the things he isn't so good at his own self. But some other relatives, such as unmarried aunts which heaven knows it's no mystery, their being so, for instance, who will say right before Junior, why Nina you shouldn't give that child so much on his plate at once, no wonder he won't eat, it's disgusting. And the next meal, of course Junior will say to me no wonder I won't eat when you give me so much on my plate, it's disgusting, well, such relatives as this, I could perfectly well go without them.

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TO have her home filled with flowers, whose joyous colors and sweet fragrance breathe the spirit of Easter, is the desire of every woman's heart. Send gifts of flowers this Easter Sunday, that a nation may unite in rejoicing for an earth reborn.

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But as for George, that's my husband well, I must admit that he's got a certain value to the child, in spite of the fact I sometimes gives me a pain in the neck (account he attributes every good thing Junior has got to his family, example, an influence. And it's enough to try the patience of a alligator the way that man when Junior has done something smart will say do you know what that boy mine did? But leave Junior put on something rough, and George will come hollering I just wish you would come her Nina, and see what that brat of yours has done now. But anyways, in spite of that, George is awful good to the child and I have often known him to bring home constructo blocks, or a little telephone, or some mechanical toy of the modern kinds, see, where the child is supposed to get a liberal education out of putting it together. And believe you me Junior has certainly got all of that from these toys, because while George is spending a happy hour or two in the nursery putting the toy together why Junior will stand around and watch him and all listen to him, and I always tell George think it is a crime to lick Junior for swearing when the child only repeats what I hears.

**B**UT speaking of toys, when a person comes right down to brass tacks, why have noticed brass tacks or empty spoons or some old soup can that they have found for their own self, will make a bigger hit with a kid than some ten-dollar toy which you have chose it for them after carefully considering its effect on the sense of the beautiful, their powers of destruction, and their general future. As come to think it over I don't know do blame a kid for preferring a old tobacco box to the finest boughten toy going. To begin with, the tobacco box will be all his own, on account it's a safe bet none of the grown folks will crave to play with it. And to go on with, he can ruin it when the mood strikes him and nobody will make any remarks to the effect aren't you ashamed to spoil the beautiful doggie Auntie Annie brought you, you bad, boy? Honest to goodness, if any adult were to hear that kind of a line 1/4 as often as the average kid does, said remarks being alternated only by stop it, put that down do it at once, and etc., why the adult would presently grab up the nearest hatchet and pull a Carrie Nation on the kid would be even more destructive than Mr. Volstead's was! And yet if you leave a kid loose like some of these up-to-the-minute textbooks tell you to, you would soon have the fire department, police force, and local undertaker all in the rescue.

And speaking of the kind of thing a kid does if he is let, or even when your back is turned for all of half-a-minute, I wonder have you ever noticed how if some other family's kid pours ice water down the minister's neck it's a funny trick, but your own kid does the same identical thing it's no trick at all—it's a problem. And you and your particular George will sit out on the porch after he has cried himself to sleep—I don't mean the minister I mean your Junior—well anyways you and George will sit out there talking over in a low tone and saying well he certainly is a problem, what shall we do with



him, dear, I'm sure I've tried everything. Punishment doesn't seem to do any good, he forgets it so quick. And George will say well sometimes I think there's no use licking him any more, he promises to be good and then first thing you know he is at it again, I'm sure I don't know where he gets the ideas he does. And you sigh and say neither do I, but in your hearts the two of you actually think he was rather smart to do like he did, only of course he must be broken of it and it's not right to admit to each other what a thorough going A-1 little marvel he is!

Of course I will admit this hidden sentiment about a person's child wears kinda thin at times and places as for inst. when you have made some innocent but inaccurate remark to the effect, for a sample, that it was raining cats and dogs yesterday, and the child at once catches you up on it, and will follow you around for the next hour with a line about where are the cats? Were the dogs in the rain? Do they come from Heaven? Who put them there? Why does it rain cats and dogs? Is it because God doesn't want them up there any more? Were they bad cats and dogs? What bad thing did they do? Will they be punished? How? Where did they go after they fell? Did somebody pick them up? Who? Where did the one that picked them up take them to? Did they bite?

Every once in a while I will try a endurance contest with Junior, and decide to answer every question to the bitter end, but I never win. I am as a general rule reduced to Hush up for a reply long before he has got his second wind. Then on the other hand I realize that this ability to ask questions which is so well-developed in him, means he has got one of those bright minds like the President, and there is no telling how far the boy will go.

**W**ELL, the long and short of it is that kids have a lot of bad points which it is up to a parent to overcome them. When you come home from a trip the first remark they will pass is more likely to be what did you bring me than I hope I see you well, or anything to that effect. They love dirt, they pull off stories which under the name of sensitive imagination is just as big lies; they tell on you before company, and when your family comes to visit they will yell and run away like you was in the habit of hitting them all the time. I guess many of them are the same. I know mine is, and I can tell the world the Smith kids next door are like that and then some. And the reason for the Smith kids being that way is that they have not been brought up right. As for my Junior, well of course he is a very unusual child, highly temperamental and sensitive, so general rules don't apply to him like they do to other people's youngsters.

And that is why I have had to make up this set of original ideas about raising children, of which I was telling you. And now you have read this far, I am going to admit that I have got only four.

Well, the first rule is this: Give the child the very best physical start you possibly can. Keep it clean and well-fed. This is the one place where the books will be necessary. Because being a mother don't give you any real knowledge on either subject. Most people feed and dress their children wrong, and this is inex-



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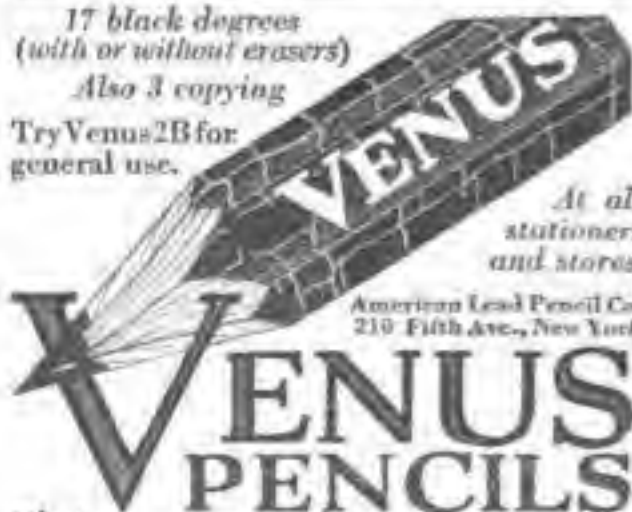
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cusable while the book stores remain open. Proper nourishment, proper clothing, intelligently applied, constitute the prime foundation of child-life.

The second rule is, Restrain the child's activities only enough to keep it from getting killed or destroying valuable property.

No. 3 is, Never give a child a cheap answer. Its questions are of vital importance to it. So tell it the truth in so far as it is capable of digesting it. Answer as accurately as you can, whatever it asks about, and if you don't know how glass is made, tell the child so, and then find out for him. Never, as you value your soul, put a child's question aside with a lie or with pseudo-humorous misinformation. To do so is criminal, for you are putting an awful crimp in the child's education and it will have to waste hours of precious mental effort overcoming your thoughtless lie.

No. 4 is, Give the kid a good spanking whenever it is bad. But first make sure that it is the child, and not you yourself who needs the licking.

AND that is about all the rules I have got about bringing up a kid, and so I have only got to tell the last half of the title, which is why I have brought him up. Well, the answer to that is, because I have a hunch that he may do some of the things which I have fell down on, later, when I have fell down for the last time. Because having this kid, that I helped make, actually speaking and thinking and moving about, is one of the chief miracles which prove the existence of God to me, because you can bet your sweet life no human ever made anything so wonderful without divine help. And I did it because I wanted to be a real woman, and a woman with no child is an old maid even if she has a living husband and four divorce certificates. Then again I did it because I wanted someone to love without having to put on the brakes every now and then the way a person has to with a husband, on account otherwise he might get too sure of you. And also because I like to think I contributed at least one American citizen to a country which needs more Anglo-Saxon ones, and if he don't make good, why I will lick the pants off of him. And then again I raised him because I like to make things—real things, and the more difficult they are, and the harder to produce, why the better I enjoy making them, even if I do crab a lot about how overworked I am, and etc.

And also, I needed somebody to educate me and bring me up right, and believe me, there is no one can do it like your own kid will. If you have not already proved this, get yourself a copy of my special parent's outfit, consisting of two pairs of ear muffs, two sets of shock absorbers, an encyclopedia and a good strong common desk ruler, and take a chance! It pays!

H. G. WELLS, one of the greatest of all living writers, has prepared for next month an informative and entertaining article on the subject: "What Everyone Should Read." Few men have read so many books in so many different fields of thought as has Mr. Wells. He gives you the benefit of what he has learned from this reading.





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*So effective at easing pain,  
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## To-day Sloan's is used in **1** out of every **3** American homes

**W**HAT is responsible for this remarkable growth—the widespread use of Sloan's not only in this country but throughout the world?

It has been due to one outstanding fact—the amazing effectiveness of the liniment itself.

No one who has ever tried Sloan's for a tired, aching back, a strained shoulder or ankle, a bruised or sore muscle anywhere, is ever again without it.

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Most muscular or nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion is the condition that results when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely.

Sloan's Liniment counteracts congestion. It draws the blood away from the tight inflamed area and restores normal circulation.

### **Its effect is almost immediate**

At first a warm, tingling glow—a drawing, healing

sensation. Then suddenly you notice that the pain itself is gone!

That is the thing which will surprise you most, perhaps, if you have never used Sloan's before—the quickness with which it brings relief.

### **Keep Sloan's always handy**

If you occasionally stand on your feet all day and have a tired, aching back at night—if damp weather is apt to mean stiff or sore muscles—if you have a young athlete in the family who comes in with sprained elbows or bruised knees—you will particularly want to keep Sloan's Liniment constantly at hand. There is nothing that is "just as good".

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*Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's*





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## Is Your Office Cluttered Up With Frills and Titles?

(Continued from page 51)

will get to be automatons—doing without question, therefore without judgment or intelligence, what they are told. I have known a set of files to be kept assiduously and at considerable expense for years after there had ceased to be any possible use for them. The file clerk was simply going through the motions, doing what she was told, without any thought as to the reason or usefulness of it. That's a frill that costs money in any organization—a whole lot of it, if the truth in similar cases were told for all businesses.

Don't gather that I have a contempt for proper system. Full credit must be given to organization and machinery. "Order is heaven's first law." But there is a danger of pyramiding system until it finally leads to bureaucracy. This goes for the soft drink emporium that makes you buy checks before you know what your bill is going to be, as well as for the bank that obliges you to do a lot of unnecessary trotting around so as to make it entirely convenient for the folks on the inside.

A LOT of people lay a great deal of store by titles. Very often, in standardizing or putting a concern on an up-to-date basis, or introducing efficiency methods, or revamping the existing set-up on some other pretext, the question of titles receives long and serious consideration at the hands of the gentlemen performing the operation.

Once at a banquet the program contained a printed list of the speakers. One or two of them were entitled to the use of "Honorable" before their names. The printer, in order to have an even margin and make the program look nice, I suppose, had inserted "Honorable" before every speaker's name. One gentleman rose when his turn came, and said:

"My friends, I've been puzzled this evening to know why they gave me the title of 'Honorable' on this program. I couldn't think of any reason for it until I was called on a minute ago. Then I happened to remember that once I was a notary public!"

In none of the banks where I got my experience was there any great emphasis on titles for their own sake. The one where I started as a messenger had a president, vice president, cashier, and perhaps one or two more. We knew very well why the men in these positions had their titles. Take the president: he was head of the works, and on the job! The others followed his example.

The giving of titles can be carried to the point where they cause a lot of heart-burning in an organization, because of vanity and false pride. But a man of sense discounts every title he meets until he understands what's behind it. Solely because one is an assistant vice president does not make him, like Gunga Din, a "better man" than the cashier.

I knew a man who helped to organize a bank in a medium-sized town. He had a business of his own, so he was made vice



president, without being expected to devote any considerable part of his time to the institution. He was a hard-headed man, though, and he could serve the institution admirably on important cases.

Presently he learned that the official staff had been augmented by the appointment of two more vice presidents. He went around to see where *he* belonged. He discovered that in the estimation of the new officers his place amounted to something like second assistant honorary vice president. Yet in large part his money and influence had put the bank on the map!

"I always thought," he said rather grimly, "that a vice president was a chap who was supposed to act when the president was away!"

Not always—not when people think too much of the frills!

The giving of titles is occasionally carried to ridiculous extremes. A story has gone the rounds about a couple of men who met on the golf links of a country club near New York. They agreed to play together, and in the course of the introductions one asked the other what his business connection was.

"I," he replied, "am vice president of—"  
He named a prominent institution in the city, a well-known bank.

"Is that so?" exclaimed the other.  
"Well then, I am glad to know you. I'm a vice president there myself!"

I am saying a good bit about banks, because that is where my working experience has been. But a banker has a better chance than most to look into various kinds of business, and I know that the disposition to over-emphasize titles is not confined to banks.

**T**HERE was one case where the head of a prosperous business was getting along in years. It happened that nobody in his organization was big enough to fill his shoes when he stepped out. Naturally, the chief wanted such a man, and he decided to bring in some young fellow whom he could train as his successor.

The old man had spent a good many years working. He had never given much attention to the frills for their own sake. He heard of a young business man whom he thought might come up to the specifications for the position, and he made a proposal. It was a wonderful opportunity. But the younger man refused it.

His reason sounds foolish, and was foolish. He had been accustomed to having a title indicating in the minds of most people a considerable degree of responsibility and authority. He had grown to like it. In the new position at the start he was not to be given as lofty a title. The old man wanted to be certain first that his prospective successor was worthy, and he refused to confer a big title until it had been earned by service.

The disagreement on this non-essential point split up what should have been a mutually profitable arrangement. I have no doubt that there are plenty of men like this. They accept a good many dollars less in the salary envelope each month merely to possess a title or a private office or authority, or something else that gratifies their pride rather than their sense of achievement.

To put it in another light: I have known of men being ruined when they



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lot of unrelated facts. But usually knowledge for its own sake is a frill. The important thing is to know how to relate facts that belong together, and then to use them profitably.

That is wisdom. And wisdom commands a high price in business.

No man, in my judgment, is very wise who keeps on buying knowledge—storing up facts—without ever putting himself in a position where he can sell some of it. Not long ago I heard a successful bank official say to a man I know:

"You have been buying knowledge for a long time. When do you expect to dispose of some of it?"

In other words, he had given no evidence, in the opinion of the official, that would indicate an inclination to apply his knowledge to a useful purpose.

It always comes back to that: knowing something, and turning your knowledge to a useful purpose. Big salaries are not paid to the people who have merely learned a lot of facts. The test you can apply to yourself in your acquirement and disposition of knowledge, and in your progress in your work may be stated wholly in terms of increased usefulness. Are you getting to be more useful to your employer, to your employer's customers? Are you bringing home real results? Does your work show favorably somewhere in the profit and loss statement?

Or, are you a frill?

Unless increased usefulness is the result of your work you might as well stand on the street and pound a drum. You could probably attract as much attention to yourself that way as any other—if personal notice is what you want. But I say, out of an experience with a good many varieties of people and situations, that a reputation for having knowledge and being able to attract attention to yourself will take you no distance, unless it is coupled with constant usefulness. A title is as big or as little as the man behind it.

**AND** so with routine and standard forms and all the rest. In so far as they serve a useful purpose they ought to be kept. But they are tools, not the finished article. As soon as they become an end in themselves they hinder the doing of work and ought not to be tolerated.

I gladly admit, and claim, that organization charts and systems are fine in their place. I object to them only when they usurp the place of something else, and clutter up the channels of useful activity. And in any organization with which I may be connected, at least, I never want to see a plan take the place that ought to be filled by a man.

There are two subjects that cannot be completely charted and correlated in even the best of plans: they are Almighty God and human nature, and both cut quite a figure. It is my judgment that a lot of us get our trousers shiny sitting at our desks poring over statistics, department reports, and trying to appear terribly busy, who could spend our time to better advantage learning and cultivating the people in our organizations, and getting a more intimate insight into the viewpoint of those with whom we do business. As long as men and women have to be taken into the reckoning there isn't any possible way to add a lot of frills and make business automatic.



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## Tips on How to Write Letters

(Continued from page 50)

tell ourselves subconsciously. He should be too big to judge us because we neglected to dot our i's or cross our t's. Why condemn us because we failed to write a clean-cut, well-arranged, well-worded letter?

A little incident witnessed by the writer several weeks ago may help to explain. Having a luncheon engagement with my friend Bosworth, I was seated in his private office. Bosworth is vice president of an insurance company. Several years ago he took upon himself the duties of employment manager. I think he likes the job now. He is a great human being, and hence a keen judge of human nature. He hires many people in the course of a year. He reads thousands of letters applying for positions, and interviews the most likely candidates.

As I walked into his office Bosworth had just finished a brief conference with an applicant for a rather important position. He sent the man away without giving him the job. From what I saw of his visitor and what I heard him say, I felt sure he was both capable and keenly intelligent. He looked every inch of it.

"That chap looked competent from head to heel," I ventured to remark as we started out to lunch. "I am curious to know why you didn't hire him?"

"Well," responded Bosworth, "that's easily explained. You say he seemed to have all the qualifications. I believe he did have them. But the trouble was I found out about them too late. The position has been promised to someone else. You see, he came right to my office uninvited, after I had failed to answer his letter. That letter of his was what fooled me. It was so poorly written that I misjudged him. That young fellow has plenty of ability—every bit as much as, and perhaps even more than, the man to whom I have promised the place. The letter he wrote, however, was directly responsible for his failure to land the job."

BOSWORTH'S experience with the applicant was that of the average employer. Why? If ever a man or woman is guilty of what the lawyers call "contributory negligence" it is when he or she uses poor English, cheap writing paper, or bad penmanship in applying for a situation. It is a time when one needs every ounce of one's tact, intelligence, and care. For this letter is a vital document—to the writer. It stands between him and the position he seeks. Often it is the bridge over which he may pass to opportunity itself.

First appearance is important in this kind of letter. The writer, in his eagerness, little realizes that the recipient cannot read his writing as readily as he himself can. No busy executive has the time to decipher illegible handwriting. Hence, he very naturally classifies the writer as either slovenly, careless, or inconsiderate. It is a fairly good indication that the writer's personal habits or his working methods may be equally as poor.

No live individual nowadays is negli-



gent about appearances. Up-and-doing men and women have learned to their profit that it pays to look presentable at all times. They well know the value of first impressions.

You send a man a letter asking for a job. You expect that letter to sell your services. The letter, then, is your representative, your salesman. You cannot expect your salesman to succeed if you send him on this important mission with his coat all threadbare, his cuffs frayed, his shoes unshined, and his face unshaven. Of course you can't. You wouldn't think of it. You would send him looking fit. To look correct is to look convincing.

The typewritten letter is the thing. Typewrite it yourself or have somebody else do it. But see that it is accurately, neatly done. Don't be satisfied with blurred or indistinct letters, erasures, or type that is clogged with dirt. See that the typing is clean-cut and legible. It adds firmness to your letter, as well as readability.

**T**HE letter we write for a job nowadays is not like the letter we used to write. A new method of approach has come into use along with the big strides that have been made in selling methods. The letter of application to-day is truly a sales letter. It aims first of all at the reader's self-interest. Then, by the style of argument explained later on in this article, the letter builds up a value in his mind. Value-building is a matter of making him want the article.

So when you sit down to write that all-important message to a prospective employer, it is your purpose to compose a letter with salesmanship in it. Your aim should be to write something that will warm the reader's interest in you and your ability. Writing a letter of this kind is not unlike trying to make a man your friend. Nothing is so easy to overdo. If you try too hard, if you say too much, if you strive to appear too clever, or too capable, if you seem to over-estimate yourself, your effort is likely to fail.

You want to know where to draw the line between telling how well you can fill the job and saying things that sound boastful. It looks like a ticklish question but it really isn't. The letter that gets the job simply substitutes thoughtfulness for self-assertion. Instead of starting to talk of "me" it starts to talk of "you." First of all it shows an interest in the employer's wants instead of the applicant's.

The employer is thinking of what *he* wants. The quickest way to get him interested in you is to show that you're interested in him—that is, in his requirements. Knowing the employer's business, or understanding something of his requirements through having read his advertisement or made inquiry, you have an idea of his needs. Now, having that idea, your opening sentences will tactfully display a knowledge of the requirements of the position. You should also mention the desirable qualities that fit one to fill the vacancy. In so doing, you naturally say things that look at the matter from his side of it. And that's exactly what he likes.

He wants a man or woman to fill a certain vacancy. He knows the duties of the position and knows them well. He therefore has a mental picture of the equipment he would like to find in one who ap-



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**HIDDEN** in your mouth are six tiny glands. Until recently it had never been possible to watch these glands at work. But now a new instrument—the sialometer—has revealed some startling facts.

These glands are constantly at work—washing your mouth and throat with germ-free fluids. It is this constant bathing of your teeth and gums which protects the precious unreplaceable tooth enamel from the acids of decay.

### How your glands fight this unseen enemy

Few people realize that acids are forming in the mouth night and day. Minute food particles are constantly turning to acids. Brushing your teeth, while absolutely essential to mouth cleanliness, will not keep the acids from forming. Even if you brush your teeth after every meal enough food remains to feed thousands of acid-forming bacteria.

Only your mouth glands can fight these acids successfully—by flushing automatically the mouth and teeth every moment of the night and day. The fluids with which they bathe your teeth and gums are alkaline. They neutralize and wash away the acids as fast as they form.

But today our glands are not functioning normally. Nature intended us to stimulate or exercise these glands by chewing.

cially to meet this condition. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the salivary glands to flow for a longer period of



*Less than two Eskimos out of 100 have any signs of dental caries. In civilized countries less than 3 out of 100 escape tooth decay. The rough, coarse, often frozen food of the Eskimo demands constant chewing. Thus their glands are kept active enough to protect their teeth.*

time. It does for us what long-continued chewing did for our primitive ancestors.

A prominent dentist says, "A flow of saliva must be stimulated to clean the mouth of starchy residue, and circulation must be stimulated in gum tissue by some agent in the dentifrice to take the place of the stimulative action of coarse food. Pebeco does this safely and well. Twenty years' use has proved that Pebeco will save the teeth and hold the ground that dentis-



*This instrument (the sialometer) is yielding interesting facts about the influence the salivary glands have in preventing tooth decay.*

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*Like the steam on the window the deadly acids begin to form on your teeth as fast as you brush them away. Only your glands can keep your teeth free from these destructive acids.*

As shown by the sialometer, chewing increases the flow of the glands 2,000% and keeps them functioning thus for a long time. The soft foods we eat today, however, give the glands neither exercise nor stimulation.

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## \*Can an infected tooth cause insanity?

According to one eminent medical authority infected teeth are sometimes the cause of insanity.

In one group of such afflicted persons recently examined infected teeth were present in every case. In many patients these infections had spread from the teeth to the tonsils and even down into the stomach. These patients were placed under the constant care of surgical dentists—all infected areas were cleaned out and their mouths put into a healthy condition.

As a result of this treatment cures of insanity startling to the medical profession were reported.

While further scientific evidence is needed to establish definitely the relation between insanity and tooth decay, certainly the harmful effects of an unhealthy infected mouth upon the whole

system are recognized by the entire medical profession. By actual tests mental sluggishness has often been found to result from bad teeth.

Certainly every man, woman and child is in danger who does not visit his dentist regularly. Let him remove the tartar from your teeth, examine them for signs of pyorrhea and repair every cavity. Have them x-rayed for infected roots if he suspects their presence.

Then do your part. Clean your tongue every morning with a brush, a tongue-scraper or a coarse wash cloth. Use a tooth paste that cleans and polishes your teeth without scratching the enamel. And use one that will mildly stimulate the flow of saliva. Saliva is Nature's means of keeping the teeth clean. It goes where your tooth brush cannot reach.

*\* One of a series of scientific articles written by an eminent authority for Lehn & Fink, Inc.*



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the chalk; so he gave me a hammer, some tacks, and a lot of cards, told me to copy the directions on them and to nail them on the cars.

"It was a mean job, believe me! Every time I put my hands up to fasten a card, the rain poured inside my sleeves. The cards were almost as soft as blotting paper. I got so drenched that there wasn't a dry thread on me. Anyway, I was only a boy, and I liked to play as well as any boy does.

"But I did do the job," said Mr. Gorman seriously. "I sloshed around that yard pretty nearly all day. I guess I was as mad as the traditional wet hen, which I must have closely resembled in appearance; but I didn't, so to speak, fly the coop and run away. This seemed to please the agent, Mr. Moore; and the result was that he gave me a job in his office. It was supposed to be a promotion, but my salary wasn't 'promoted.' It was still only fifteen dollars a month.

"WITH one exception, I never in my whole business career have asked for an increase in salary. I didn't actually ask for it even that time, but I did sort of step on the accelerator.

"It was when I was in a Mr. Fayerweather's office, to which I had been transferred from that of Major Goodwin, a fine old ex-soldier, whom I regarded with something approaching awe. I had been getting forty-five dollars a month under Goodwin; and this was precisely what I continued to receive under Fayerweather.

"When Goodwin found this out, he said to me, 'Why, Jimmie, I let you go because I thought you would have more pay in that position. It looks as if we'd have to maneuver a little. Do you know anybody, outside the railroad business, who would offer you a job?'

"I told him I knew of one man who would. It was a Mr. McCloud, a man who used to come down to the yards to inspect grain shipments for members of the Board of Trade. It hadn't been my duty to help him, but I used to do it anyway, because I liked him."

Mr. Gorman paused; then he looked up with a quizzical smile.

"I feel it in my bones," he said, "that I'm going to preach a bit of a sermon after all. I'll tell you right now that it is going to be something about *liking* people and about making them like *you*. Just keep that in mind as I go on with this story. I believe you'll get the application before I come to the sermon itself.

"For instance, here were two men: Goodwin and McCloud. I had liked both of them. Because of that fact, I had tried to please them. I hadn't dreamed that Goodwin had any particular liking for me; but he must have had, for he tried now to do me a service. He, himself, wrote to McCloud; and McCloud promptly wrote to me, offering me a position at twelve dollars a week, which would amount to over fifty dollars a month. Goodwin told me to show this letter to Fayerweather and see if it wouldn't act as an accelerator in getting a raise where I was.

"I hated to do this, so I adopted indirect tactics. Every time I saw Mr. Fayerweather approaching me in the office I would pretend to be absorbed in reading the McCloud letter. Finally, he stopped and said, 'You seem very much interested

in your private correspondence, Jimmie.'

"I managed to look so guilty and embarrassed that he asked to see the letter. Of course, this was just what I wanted; so I handed it over. He read it—and we later settled that I was to stay on with him at a salary of fifty dollars a month.

"In a way, this scheme of kind old Major Goodwin was a bluff. But it wasn't dishonest, because McCloud's offer was made in good faith. He really meant it. And I was actually worth the extra five dollars I cost the railroad.

"Not long ago," laughed Mr. Gorman, "I was reminded of that old incident when I signed my name to an order increasing the salary of one of our own employees. He had 'stepped on the accelerator' in much the same way I did. When I saw him, a few days later, I told him I had been glad to sign the order.

"'But,' I said to him, 'you needn't think you invented that scheme for bringing the matter up. I worked the same one on my boss forty years ago!'

In the various talks I had with Mr. Gorman there was one thing with which I was constantly impressed. That was his astonishing memory. He did not seem to forget a single detail—names, initials, dates, figures, places. When I commented on this, he said:

"Well, I think I had a fairly good memory to start with; and I've tried to keep it on the job, because I have found it an invaluable asset. It is a great help in business; and it is even a greater help in human relations. For that matter, business and human relations are inseparable.

"But it is of practical value too; as I discovered in one job I had a long time ago. While acting as bill clerk I took up the study of shorthand. I didn't have any teacher. I just bought a book and tried to learn from that. But someone who saw me carrying the book around with me told my employer that 'Jimmie' was a stenographer. Whereupon, without inquiring into my attainments, the boss actually made me stenographer to two men in the office.

"I ACCEPTED the appointment without confiding to anyone that the freight-house cat knew almost as much about stenography as I did. I had learned most of the signs to be used, but I'd had almost no practice in writing them. I never had taken a line of dictation. I don't suppose I had written a dozen sentences in shorthand. But I wanted that position! So I took it.

"One of the men, Mr. Jackson, was very considerate and also was good at dictation. I got along all right with him. The other man didn't really know how to dictate. He used to write out in pencil what he wanted to say and then read to me what he had written. Of course, he could read it pretty fast; and in two shakes of a lamb's tail he was so far ahead of my notes that I was left at the post.

"But he never knew that he had me buffaloed! While I made meaningless marks in my notebook, I listened to him with all the concentration I could muster. The result was that I could remember pretty accurately what he had said. When he had finished the alleged dictating, he always got up and left his desk for a while, and I seized the opportunity to run through the penciled drafts he had used in





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# Do You Make these Mistakes in ENGLISH?

Does your English reveal your lack of education or does it prove that you are a person of culture and refinement? Are you handicapped in your speech and writing or does your command of English rise to meet every occasion and every situation? English is the one weapon you must use every day. Here is how you can improve it almost at once.

**M**ANY persons say, "Did you hear from him today?" They should say, "Have you heard from him today?" Some persons spell calendar "calender" or "calander." Still others say "between you and I," instead of "between you and me." It is astonishing how many persons use "who" for "whom," and mispronounce the simplest words. Few persons know whether to spell certain words with one or two "e's" or "i's" or "y's," or with "ie" or "ei," and when to use commas in order to make their meaning absolutely clear. And very few persons use any but the most common words—colorless, flat, ordinary. Their speech and their letters are lifeless, monotonous, humdrum. Every time they talk or write they show themselves lacking in the essential points of English.



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Every time you talk, every time you write, you show what you are. When you use the wrong word, when you mispronounce a word, when you punctuate incorrectly, when you use flat, ordinary words, you handicap yourself enormously. An unusual command of English enables you to present your ideas clearly, forcefully, convincingly. If your English is incorrect it hurts you more than you will ever know, for people are too polite to tell you about your mistakes.

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dictating. With this and the help of my memory, I got along until I became more expert.

"There was one other reason why I made such a mess of taking his dictation. He used to call me the very first thing after I reached the office. It was winter then and I had to ride five miles on the street car to get to work. You might not think it of me now," laughed Mr. Gorman, "but I was so modest and bashful then that I used to ride those five miles on the open front platform of the car because I was too diffident to ride inside with the other passengers. The consequence was that my hands were half frozen when I reached the office. Even if I had known how to take notes, I couldn't have done it with my stiff fingers.

"But by the time the other man, Jackson, wanted me, I was pretty well thawed out and, with one exception, I never failed to take satisfactorily any letter he dictated to me. That one time I did fail completely; and I never have forgotten about it.

"IT SEEMS that a Cleveland man, named Bayliss, had shipped a hearse to an undertaker in Streator, Illinois; and while it was on a flat car going down our line through the Fox River Valley, a terrible storm came up and blew the hearse off into the river. This was, as you might say, a deathblow to the funeral chariot. Even if it could have been delivered after that—which it couldn't be—no self-respecting corpse would have consented to ride in it.

"On receipt of the sad tidings, Bayliss sent in a claim for twenty-eight hundred dollars. It should have been handled by the Loss and Damage Department. But Jackson had a very remarkable command of language; and as this was an emergency that needed elaborate explanations, the matter was turned over to him. He dictated the letter to me, and it was a masterpiece! But I was as bad off as the hearse when he got through! He used a flood of technical phrases which I, never having heard the Loss and Damage lingo, didn't understand.

"Later in the day, I gave him transcripts of the other letters he had dictated, but I told him I had left the Bayliss letter to do that night, as it was such a long one. The fact was I hadn't been able to make head or tail of my notes. I took them home with me that night. In fact, for days I took them everywhere I went; and each day I gave Jackson some new excuse for not having written the letter.

"I never did write it! Not long after that, I took another position; and Jackson did not know, until I told him, years later, why I didn't transcribe that Bayliss letter.

"The fact is," said Mr. Gorman confidentially, "I never became an expert stenographer. But by using my wits and cultivating my memory, I managed—except that one time—to satisfy the men who thought I was a stenographer; and that was the important thing.

"I left the Burlington road when I was not quite seventeen and came to work for the Rock Island," said Mr. Gorman, taking an old leather-bound book from a drawer. "Here is the pay roll of that year 1881; and here is the first entry of my name, with the amount of my monthly pay."

He handed me the book and I read: "James E. Gorman, Aug. 16, \$66.66." Only three men on the list got more pay

than this seventeen-year-old boy received. His salary was \$800 a year.

"Up to that time," he went on, "I had been a willing worker and, on the whole, a pretty good boy. I never had drunk, for instance, although many railway employees did drink in those days. I remember one night—we used to work all kinds of hours—the boss came down to the Burlington office, where I then was, and found not a soul there except me.

"I knew, and he surmised, that the men were in Nick Hurd's saloon, a block or two away. And when he stamped out of the office to go after them I ran as hard as I could to Nick's place by another route, stuck my head in the side door and warned them of the approach of danger. When the boss got back to the office, it was a perfect hive of industry. I warned those men, not because I condoned their drinking; I didn't give that feature a thought. I just liked them, and wanted to save them from a calling down.

"I used to have some queer experiences," said Mr. Gorman, reminiscently. "Some of the men I worked with were old enough to be my father. I used to run errands for men who weren't getting nearly as much pay as I was. I had plenty of energy, I had youth and strength, and I liked these men. So I was always glad to do them a service if I could.

"I remember one nice old fellow—that is, he seemed old to me then—a Frenchman, who used to spend most of every night gambling. As a result he would come to the office in the morning without having had time to get his breakfast. There was a lunch counter next door; and, as the head of our office never seemed to mind my goings and comings, the Frenchman would slip up to me and whisper:

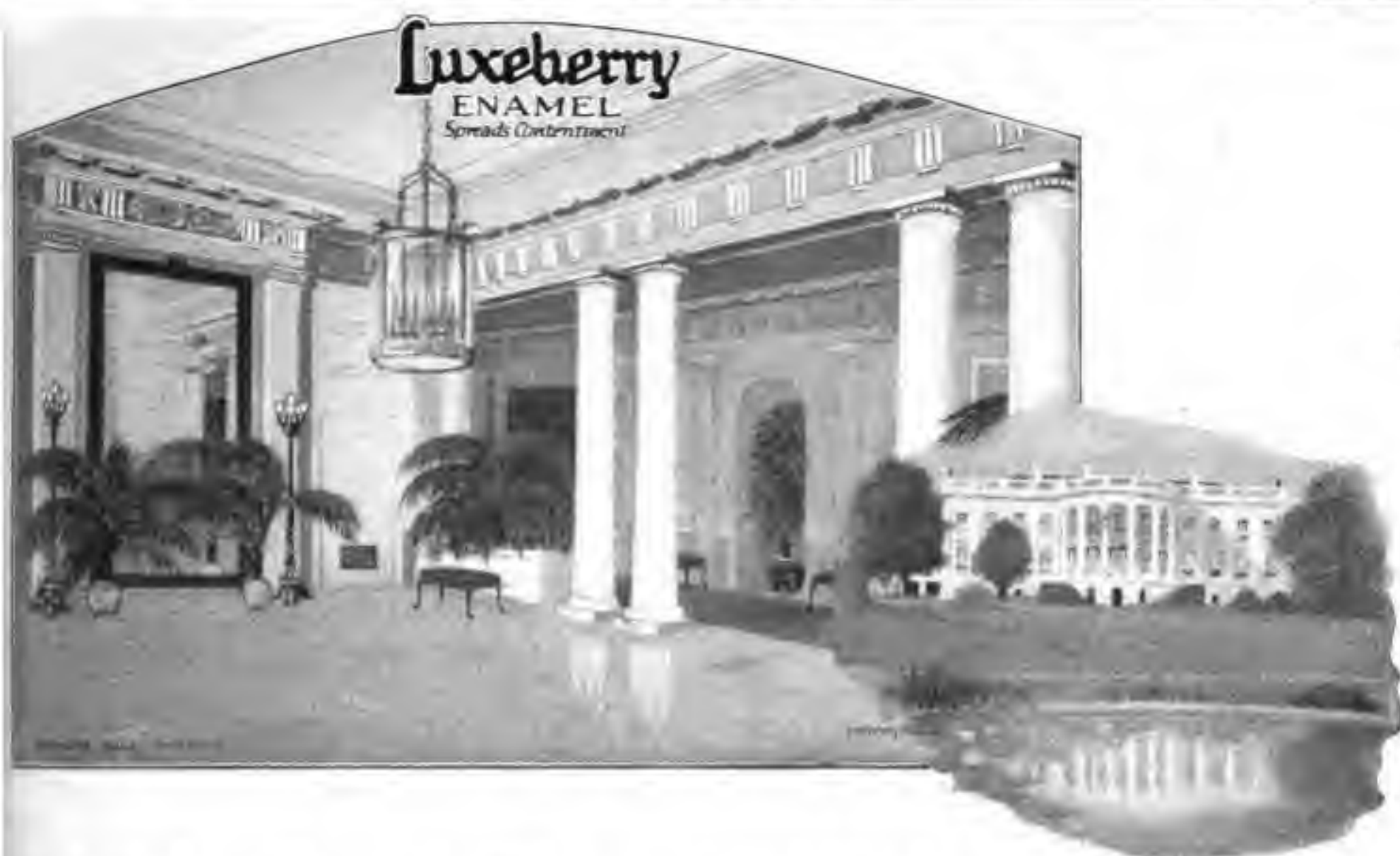
"Jimmie! Go down and order two pork chops and a cup of coffee for me, and tell them I'll be down in ten minutes."

"I'd slip out and give the order; and in that way he didn't have to be out of the office a minute longer than was necessary to bolt his breakfast. A few years later, when I happened to be wanting a job, that man wrote me a letter of recommendation which I never have forgotten.

"THERE was another man, in that same office, with whom I had a curious arrangement. He was a drinking man; the kind that simply has to have a drink at a certain time. If he didn't get it, he couldn't work. So when he gave me a signal, I would put on my hat and go down-stairs. In a few minutes he would come down, bareheaded, put on my hat, and go over to the saloon. I would wait until he came back and returned my hat to me. Then he would go up to the office. As he never took his own hat, he was not suspected of leaving the building; and, as I said before, the boss didn't seem to watch my movements with any particular vigilance.

"It begins to look as if that sermon—the only one I have any inclination to deliver—is about due now," said Mr. Gorman, with a humorous twinkle in his eye. "Talking about those old days makes me realize how important a factor this matter of liking people has been in my business career. I'm not sure that it hasn't been the most important of all. It has helped me to make friends; and a man cannot really estimate how much he owes to his friends.





## If the White House had been painted black

To the world at large the White House has always been a symbol of American thought and ideals, an expression of national character . . . . What then would have been the effect upon American life and international opinion had the White House been painted black?

**B**LACK is negative . . . . . the shroud of mystery, deception and intrigue. White reflects purity, cleanliness and spirituality.

White enamel puts in the home those rare qualities vital to its wholesomeness and charm. Besides creating an atmosphere of order and refinement, it raises the degree of colors used in combination with it and increases their warmth and beauty.

Luxeberry White Enamel is the most striking achievement in the modern history of enamel-making. We believe it is the purest white ever developed. It produces a mellow, hand-rubbed effect and endures indefinitely without discoloring, cracking or chipping.

**BERRY BROTHERS**  
Varnishes Enamels Stains  
Detroit, Mich.      Wallingford, Conn.



*Luxeberry Painter.*

"Luxeberry Enamel is made in white and six mellow tones. It is the product of the makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish and Luxeberry Wood Finish, the original hand-rub varnish."

Save the surface and you save all.





**T**HIS special Buxton Keytainer was designed originally to provide a place for your auto license right with your auto keys. If you had one, you had the other.

Then people discovered that this little pocket was the safest place to keep all small important papers; lodge cards, railway tickets, license cards, theatre tickets, etc.



A BUXTON Keytainer keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find. It protects pockets and hand bag linings. Keytainers come in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys; from the plain serviceable type without the pocket at 30c. to the beautiful models in richest leather and fine gold at \$11.



All have the patented, revolving, humped hook preventing loss of keys and making them turn easily.

You'll find just the style, size and price Keytainer that you want.

**Dealers: Write for details of \$30 introductory assortment**

**BUXTON, INC.**  
Dept. M, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.  
MARBRIDGE BLDG., NEW YORK  
**In Canada: Rowland & Campbell, Ltd.,**  
Winnipeg; Julian Sale Leather Goods Co.,  
Toronto.



**BUXTON  
KEYTAINER**  
Reg. U.S. Pat. Office

"Liking people stimulates a person to give good service. And, because liking wins liking, it helps him to get good service from others.

"That is one great secret of success in business—the desire to give the best service you can, and the ability to get from other men the best service of which they are capable. And the soundest basis for it is *liking*, mutual liking. You never get so far up the ladder that you can afford to dispense with that help.

"As a boy, I made good with my employers because I gave them willing service. And I know exactly why I am in the position I hold to-day: I am here to be the *willing servant* of all comers. That door is always open. Nobody is ever told that I'm out, or am in a conference, when I'm not. In years gone by, I sometimes was told things like that when I called at a man's office. And, like every caller who has that experience, I wondered whether it was the truth or not. That's the reason for my open door.

"You hear men say that business is business, meaning that it is a mere matter of dollars and cents, of cold-blooded calculation and competition. But it is something very different from that. It is, more than anything else, a matter of human relations; of likes and dislikes; of coöperation and mutual loyalty."

**MR. GORMAN** hesitated a moment, then asked his secretary to bring him certain correspondence.

"When the Rock Island road celebrated its seventieth anniversary last autumn," he said, "we broadcasted a radio program which included short talks by some of the officials. A few days later, I received this."

Mr. Gorman handed me a sheet which read:

DEAR SIR: Giving us music and letting us listen in to your talks anent the road's seventieth birthday was indeed a novelty. It brought me, an outsider, very close to you; and what you and your associates said was taken by me as personal. I appreciate that.

I now feel as if I knew the Rock Island personally; and sometime soon, when a choice of roads is before me, I shall use the Rock Island just because I am personally acquainted with it.

Accept my congratulations personally and extend my best wishes to all of the members of the R. I. family. This must be sincere on my part, as I have no R. I. connections (never had a friend on the R. I. until last Tuesday), but I like all of them.

When I had finished reading this, Mr. Gorman handed me another sheet.

"I don't know that you will be interested," he said, "but here is my answer to that letter."

It ran as follows:

DEAR MR. —: Your very unusual and particularly pleasing letter of October 13th is before me. I will convey your message to the others, and I am thanking you for them as well as for myself.

In my turn, let me tell you something that I think will bring us, if possible, a little closer together. When I was a very small boy I lived on South Union Street, and I remember distinctly the advent of Palmer, Fuller & Com-

pany to the corner of Union and Twenty-Second Street. Mr. Palmer I never saw; Mr. Fuller is as plainly before my mind's eye at this moment as if I were looking at him, with his smooth-shaven chin, rather good-sized nose, and side-burn whiskers. Then there was Mr. Vine A. Watkins, who looked after the lumber yard as distinguished from the sash, door, and blind factory, and who came originally from Montgomery, Illinois, where I think he is taking his long rest. George Curtis was the engineer, and he took pride in having the largest whistle in that part of the city, if not in the whole town; and then Mr. M. T. Greene, before he branched out with his big yard at Thirty-Fifth Street Bridge, made his office at Palmer and Fuller's; and Bill Walker—related, I think, to Mr. Fuller—was the shipping clerk of P. F. & Co.; and George Vandenberg was the boss in the factory—a good man who later took charge of the Chicago Lumber Company's factory at Thirty-Fifth and Iron streets, went from there to Montana a good many years ago, and I never heard from him again.

Now, your present employers occupy all of that site and more, too; and I feel not altogether a stranger to them, since one of the young brothers and myself lived in the same building at the northwest corner of Michigan Avenue and Fiftieth Street. He was not in very good health, and the last time I saw him was when I was in Los Angeles. I know he passed on several years ago.

I am writing this because I thought it would appeal to a man whose letter indicates to me there is a great deal of sentiment in his make-up. Any time I can be of any sort of service to you, please do not hesitate to call upon me.

"How in the world could you remember all that?" I demanded. "It is amazing."

"Not in the least!" was the quick reply. "Those men and those incidents were of striking importance to a boy's mind and were indelibly impressed on my memory. What I want to know is whether you think the man to whom I wrote the letter would enjoy it, and would feel that I am not just a cog in a big business machine, but a very human sort of person to whom other men are also human beings, to be liked and remembered."

"Of course he would!" I declared with conviction.

"Well," said Mr. Gorman, "his own letter showed that he is a human sort of person. If he is that kind, and knows that I am the same kind, do you think he will have a friendly feeling toward the business I represent?"

"I think he will ship by the Rock Island whenever he can find a decent excuse to do so," I laughed.

"THAT'S all I wanted to know," said Mr. Gorman seriously. "Because it just helps to prove what I said before: that business relations and human relations are inseparable; that when we like a man, we want to serve him; that we like the people who like us; and that, therefore, to be willing to like people is a genuine factor in business success. I don't consider the moments spent in dictating that letter a waste of my time as a business man. For it is just as important to a business to have friends as it is to a human being. Perhaps more so! A man can continue to exist without friends; but a business cannot."

"FROM Stake Driver to Railroad President" is the heading given to the story of the eventful life of "Bill" Storey, president of the Santa Fe Railroad, which Neil M. Clark has written for next month. How Mr. Storey climbed from a \$20-a-month job to the leadership of one of the greatest transcontinental railway systems in the country is a story rich in inspiration and helpful philosophy.



# CURTIS WOODWORK



"Curtis" the name, and "1866" the year this firm started to make the best woodwork possible, are marked on each piece of genuine Curtis Woodwork. A guaranty of Curtis intent. You protect yourself by asking for Curtis trademarked woodwork. See the Curtis Catalog at your dealers, or write the Curtis Companies' Service Bureau, Clinton, Iowa.

## Be Sure to Get Good Woodwork

**Y**OU are going to live with your woodwork a long time. Therefore, choose it as you would a fine piano.

The doors, windows, molding and built-in features of a home are what give it a "homey" appearance. If poorly chosen, the finest furnishings cannot conceal the bleak look about the house, any more than a pretty dress can offset a girl's freckles.

An old house can be wonderfully brightened up by changing some of the doors, windows—and perhaps by adding a fireplace, or some other built-in feature.

### Curtis woodwork covers every architectural type

Curtis Woodwork is different from what you ordinarily see in that it is developed from classic models. Our consulting architects went to purest types of Colonial, English and other architecture for their inspirations. You are always sure of harmony and correctness.

But more than style and design the use to which each piece will be put is always considered. The door and sash illustrated on this page are exposed to all kinds of weather. So weather resisting California Soft Pine is chosen. There are many kinds of woods, each suited to a special purpose, each coming in different "grades." Even a single tree may cut up into different grades, which if carefully chosen or passed at the factory would affect appearance and wear of your woodwork. Curtis selection of lumber for different purposes, and Curtis inspection is kept to the highest standards.

### The right wood for the right purpose

It is this good judgment and honesty in picking out the right wood for the right purpose that makes Curtis Woodwork last a lifetime and always look well. Along with selection of right materials and correct designs, Curtis Woodwork brings you the good results of most careful workmanship. Every piece of Curtis Woodwork includes refinements—an improvement here, added strength there—which do not always show at first glance but which make people satisfied that dollar for dollar Curtis Woodwork gives more value than others.

You have never given door panels a thought. You think of door panels as wood in a door. But examine the panels of the door illustrated in this advertisement—they will give you a good example of chosen Curtis virtues. They are considerably thicker and stronger than an ordinary door—yet this thickness does not show. The whole entrance is constructed of soft, close-grained, weather-resisting wood. Glazing is done with clear, double-strength glass.

If it were made for you alone, it would be very expensive. But quantity production brings the price within the reach of everybody.

### Each piece is trademarked

In specifying Curtis Woodwork, you are always sure of harmonious

design and thorough workmanship. But it is necessary to look for the trademark—which is on every piece—if you want to be certain of getting woodwork made with Curtis intent.

One of the great advantages of Curtis Woodwork lies in the fact that you can study an exact picture of it before you buy. You can see how it will look in proportion to your rooms and furniture. This is much more satisfactory than striving to visualize woodwork from a blueprint before it is made up. Curtis dealers can show you pictures of a complete Curtis wood-worked house or the details of an individual door. Ask them to show you the Curtis catalog.



Combination Kitchen Dresser and Work Table C-760. Within easy reach is everything needed to prepare a meal. For further information write for free booklet on "Permanent Furniture."



Dining Alcove C-740. Few people will dispute how handy and cozy this little breakfast nook is. Write for our free booklet on "Permanent Furniture."



Interior door C-305. This inside door carries the delightful homeliness of the English house. It is a true reproduction of Elizabethan lines. Ask for our free booklet on "Interior Doors and Trim."

# 1866 CURTIS

The makers of Curtis Woodwork guarantee complete satisfaction. "We're not satisfied unless you are."

### Send this coupon for valuable information

The Curtis Companies' Service Bureau, Dept. 342, Clinton, Iowa

Send me the Plan Books checked below. If they do not meet my requirements, I will exchange or return them in good condition in ten days for no money.

Vol. XI 20 houses—Bungalows — \$2.00  
Vol. XII 20 houses—1 1/2 and 2 story — 1.00  
Vol. XV 20 6-room houses — 1.00  
Vol. XVI 20 6-room houses — 1.00  
Vol. XVII 20 4-room houses — 1.00  
Vol. XVIII 20 4-room houses — 1.00

Note: The Curtis Dealer in your town can obtain any of these plan books for you free of charge. If you prefer, present this coupon to him.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_



# Look Out for Your Glasses!

(Continued from page 54)



Left hand is always free to follow column of figures.

## No OTHER has these time-saving features.

During the past eight years business has been turning to a more efficient adding machine. It is simpler, smaller, lighter. In no other type will its improvements be found.

This adding machine is the Sundstrand. Such concerns as Standard Oil Company; Sears, Roebuck & Company; International Harvester Company and many other leaders use 15 to 100 each. They say its many features speed work and cut costs.

Convenient size and light weight are advanced Sundstrand ideas. You comfortably carry it to any desk or job.

10-key operation is a Sundstrand perfection. Gives speed with ease to beginner or expert.

One hand control is a Sundstrand creation. Left hand is free to follow column of figures or turn checks.

Automatic column selection is another Sundstrand feature. Units are automatically placed under units, tens under tens, etc., without the slightest waste of time.

There are also advanced correction and protection features—sturdy strength and dependability.

Adding machine users, who know the Sundstrand, will tell you that no other compares with it. No other sets so high a standard in adding and figuring efficiency. "The re-orders tell the story."

Our leaflet, "Testimony," is sent upon request. Address Dept. A.

SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO.  
Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.

# Sundstrand

Adding and Figuring Machine

Sales and service stations throughout the United States and Canada



Only 10 keys to operate—

all at fingers' tips

A few years ago the man who took the precaution of having extra glasses was the exception, but to-day the custom has become very common. Nearsighted people, who find themselves in the greatest difficulty when they have to go without their glasses, are the least likely to have an extra pair. The reason is that the nearsighted man wears his glasses all the time, and consequently does not break them as often as the man who wears his glasses occasionally, merely for distance vision. The man who wears his glasses part of the time and makes a habit of putting them on and taking them off breaks ten pairs of glasses to the nearsighted man's one.

The nearsighted man who has learned from experience the importance of having extra glasses usually feels safe if he has one pair in addition to those he is wearing. The farsighted man who takes the same precaution usually has two or three extra pairs. Elderly women often have five or six pairs of glasses which they keep in convenient places in their homes, some on the ground floor and some up-stairs.

WHEN going abroad or upon long vacation trips at home, many people make a point of having anywhere from three to six extra pairs of glasses with them. Several customers have told me that they adopted the custom of having extra glasses because of a run of bad luck. They had broken their glasses several times in the course of a month or two. Later, when they were fully prepared for emergencies, their luck changed and they went along for a year or two without an accident. But, once having felt the security that comes from having extra glasses, they never went without them.

Shortly before he left for Cuba in the Spanish-American War, Theodore Roosevelt had his optician make up for him ten pairs of glasses. The optician heard nothing more from him about the glasses until some months after the close of the war. Then, having sent his new prescription to the optician, the colonel came in one day to have the glasses fitted.

"Did I ever tell you how I got along with those ten pairs of glasses you made up for me before I went to Cuba?" he asked.

"No," said the optician. "I suppose you must have broken several pairs or all of them?"

"Not a pair!" chuckled the colonel. "Went through the whole war without breaking a lens. But two weeks after my return I dropped a pair on a rug in the library and one lens broke off at the screw hole. However, I don't see how I can blame that on the war, do you?" And again the colonel chuckled.

Some years ago, the president of a big Middle-Western industry, with offices in Chicago, St. Louis, and New York, asked us to have a special case made for the convenience of his secretary, one of whose duties it was to see that his employer was never without available eyeglasses. The case was made to hold fifteen pairs; but, besides these, the manufacturer always had an additional ten pairs made up, and these we kept in our safe subject to call.

The manufacturer had his eyes examined and new lenses made every year, and each time, on getting a new prescription, he had the lenses changed in every pair, the bill usually running somewhere around three hundred dollars.

Whenever this man travels, or even when he goes to a directors' meeting, he has his secretary take along the case containing the extra glasses. Before he makes a speech, he slips several pairs into his vest pocket, because when speaking he becomes excited and shakes his head with great violence. Sometimes his glasses fly off or he knocks them off, and then he does not stop to pick them up, and so interrupt his speech. He simply takes another pair from his vest pocket.

This manufacturer was the hardest man on eyeglasses I ever knew. In the course of a few years he used up several hundred pairs. When I asked him how he got the habit of having so many glasses, he said:

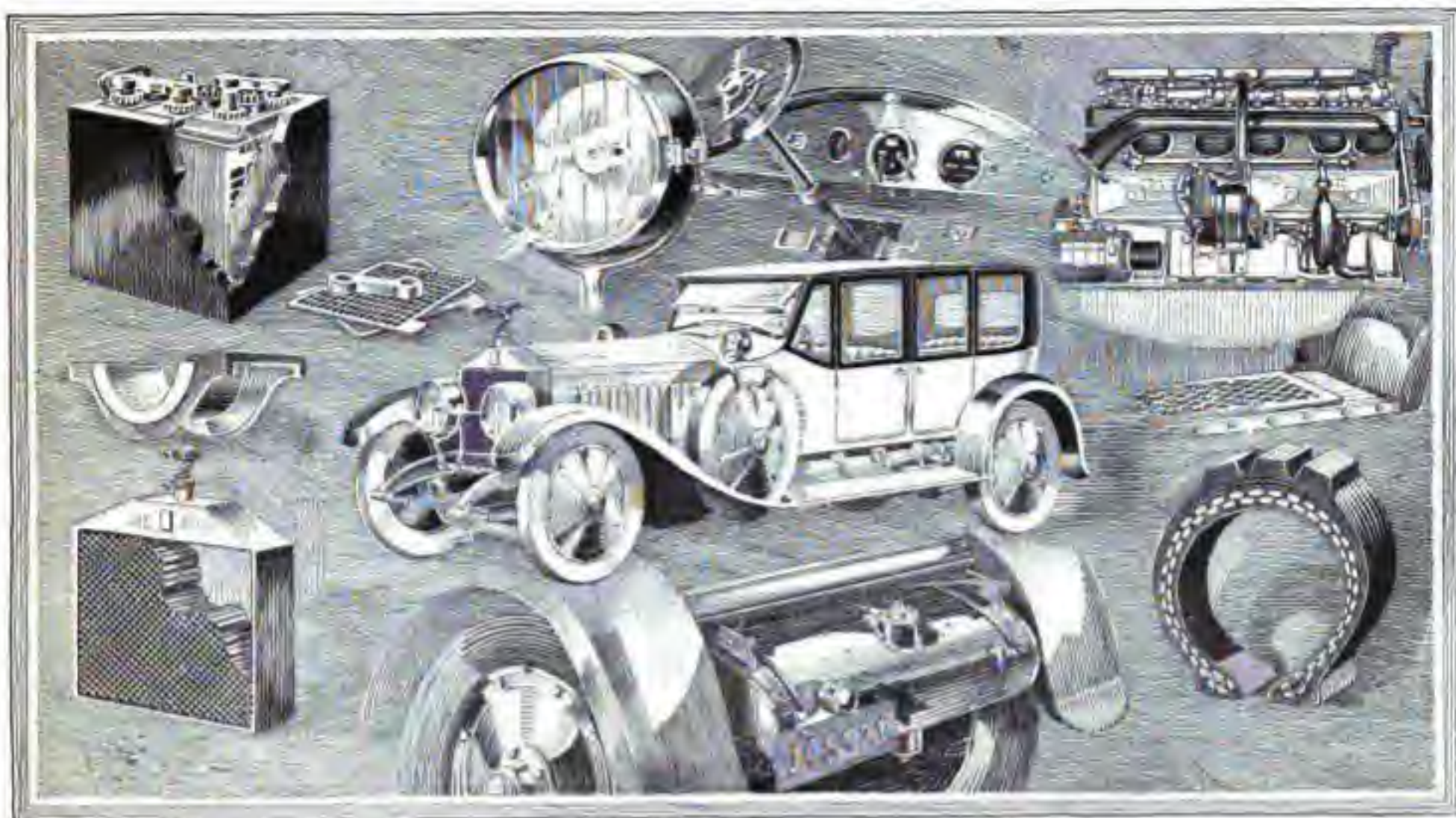
"Late one afternoon in New York I was making a speech in a directors' meeting, and it was a pretty strenuous affair. My glasses fell off, hit the edge of the table, and broke. I was unable to get new lenses until late the following afternoon, and because of that I practically had to waste twenty-four hours. I made up my mind that I'd never be inconvenienced again by being short of an extra pair of glasses. I haven't been."

Twenty years ago the majority of people who wore glasses ordered gold-framed spectacles. Then, gradually, spectacles without rims became popular. The next change was to eyeglasses which were attached to the nose by little spring clips; but eyeglasses with large springs which curved over the top of the nose were also worn by many people.

JUST before the war the imitation-shell rims made of celluloid came into vogue, and the war seems to have made them popular, because it was found that the rims were extremely durable. To-day, many people have ceased the use of celluloid rims for street wear, preferring eyeglasses or rimless spectacles. Celluloid rims will continue to be worn, I suppose, for home and office work by people who prize them for their lightness, comfort, and durability. I always recommend celluloid frames for school children, and believe they are better even than metal frames, for their rough usage. Metal rims bind the lenses tightly and sometimes cause breakage, whereas the flexibility of celluloid often prevents such damage. For heavy service, such as engineers and other outdoor workers, industrial employees, sportsmen, hunters, and fishermen give their glasses, I think the gold-filled spectacle frames are the most durable, and next to these, frames of aluminum.

Tortoise-shell rims would unquestionably gain in popularity if they were more durable and less expensive. Genuine tortoise-shell rims cost about forty dollars, and, being brittle, they break very easily. Even well-to-do people reserve their tortoise-shell rims for use in the library or at their dressing tables.





## What lead does in a motor car

**S**UPPOSE you took the lead out of your motor car. It might run—a few blocks—but with difficulty and inconvenience. In the first place, without the lead storage battery you would have to start it with a crank, and for lights you would have to return to gas or oil. You would have to carry your gasoline in a bottle; for, with the lead-tin solder out of the gas tank, the seams would leak, and for ignition you would have to return to dry cells.

### Lead in the radiator

After you had run a short distance, the motor would be so hot without your lead-tin soldered radiator that you would come to a stop. A good thing, too, for without the lead storage battery you could not blow the horn.

As a matter of fact, without lead you wouldn't have any gasoline to carry in a bottle, for litharge, an oxide of lead, is used in refining the gasoline that makes the automobile go.

### Lead in the storage battery

The storage battery which starts the motor, blows the horn, and provides current for the car lights is practically all lead. It contains lead in three forms. Red-lead and litharge, both oxides of lead, are spread as a paste on perforated hard lead plates. The hard rubber container in which the plates are immersed in sulphuric acid has lead in it.

### Lead toughens the tires

You cannot see the lead that is in the tires. But it is there. Lead oxides, added to the rubber at the time it is made, insure a uniform cure and give toughness to the rubber.

Lead is also in the soft rubber insulation around electrical wiring and in the hard rubber electrical devices and switch buttons. It is in the rubber top covering that gives protection from rain. The rubber mat on the car step contains lead. The electric light bulbs are made of superior lead glass because of its great heat resistance and brilliancy. Windings of wire in the generator which charges the lead storage battery are held in place with lead-tin solder.

### The protection paint gives

But none of these uses of lead are as widespread as that of white-lead in the manufacture of good paint. Not only the paint that protects the motor car but all good paint wherever used contains white-lead.

Buildings unpainted crumble from decay. Buildings protected with good paint with-



stand time and weather. "Save the surface and you save all" is a maxim wise men are heeding. And the more white-lead any paint contains, the greater is its protecting power and durability.

### Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.



Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flattening oil, bab-bitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are lead tubing, sheet lead, soldering flux, lead pipe, bar lead, litharge, and lead plumbing materials.

### More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information. Or if you have a general academic interest in this fascinating subject and desire to pursue it further, we will send on request a list of books which describe this metal's service to the civilized world.

### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco  
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia  
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh





## Quick Delivery makes Ordering a Pleasure

Because of the unique service which assures surprising promptness in our deliveries, thousands of people, both here and abroad, take delight in ordering American Stationery. We want you to test this service—to know that it equals, in every respect, the sterling quality of our paper. And we want you to learn how beautifully this particular stationery meets the need for a simple yet tasteful note-paper for informal and household-business correspondence. Order a package today. We know—and guarantee—that you will be thoroughly satisfied.

**200** Sheets-100 Envelopes  
PRINTED WITH NAME AND ADDRESS for \$1.00

This comprises our "Regular Package" which is made up as follows and mailed postpaid.

**PAPER:** National Bank Bond—clear, white, fine textured; exquisite writing surface. **SIZE:** Sheet 6x7; envelopes to match. **INK:** Name and address, printed as shown in illustration, in rich, dark blue ink.

For orders west of Denver and foreign countries, add 10%. Always remit with order. With the exceptional facilities of our large plant, all orders are filled with amazing speed. We have no agents or branch plants. All American Stationery is sold by mail from Peru, Indiana, where we, originators of this type of stationery, have successfully manufactured it for eight years.

**Mail** The American Stationery Co.  
Dept. 24, Peru, Indiana.

COUPON

THE AMERICAN STATIONERY CO.  
DEPT. 24, PERU, INDIANA

Gentlemen: Herewith is \$1.00 for 200 sheets and 100 envelopes of American Stationery to be printed as shown on attached slip. (Note: to avoid errors, write or print copy plainly.)

**MONEY READILY REFUNDED IF YOU  
ARE NOT WHOLLY SATISFIED**

The popularity of the lorgnette is largely due to the fact that women seldom have pockets in which to keep their glasses when they are not in use. The lorgnette, being attached to a ribbon or chain, is worn around the neck and thus is always handy. As it is made in attractive shapes, it is also ornamental when folded up and worn as a kind of pendant.

The Oxford style of eyeglasses is preferred by men and a good many women who do not find the lorgnette adapted to their use. Some women who have tried the lorgnette say that they find it something of a handicap, because to use it one hand is always required. The Oxford eyeglasses, with their large flexible springs, can be folded up and carried in a small case about the size of one lens, or they can be folded together, fastened by a clip and worn as an ornament at the end of a ribbon or chain.

Very few Americans have adopted the monocle, and I doubt if many ever will. It is not very practical for persons leading an active life, since it has to be held in place by drawing the cheek and the eyebrow together.

**I** HAVE known a good many people who really needed glasses to refuse to wear them because they thought them unbecoming; but nowadays no one wears glasses for the sake of being in style. When obliged to wear glasses, most people do, of course, try to select the style that is most becoming to them.

Some time ago, a young woman whose sight was not markedly defective asked advice as to the style of glasses that would make her look most distinguished. "The fact is," she said, "if you can give me glasses that will serve as a complete disguise so much the better."

As she was a very attractive young woman this request was mystifying; but before she was fitted out with a complete set of glasses—lorgnettes, eyeglasses with and without rims, and tortoise-shell reading glasses, she explained her request for a disguise. The year before she had been an assistant in the office of a hotel at a fashionable Southern resort. One of the guests at the hotel, a well-known millionaire, had fallen in love with her, and now, after their marriage, they were going back to the same hotel for the vacation season.

"I told my husband," said the young woman, "that I feared he might be embarrassed if some of the guests I used to wait on should come up to me and ask for rooms. He says that nothing like that could happen, and that he wouldn't be embarrassed anyhow; but I don't feel very sure of myself yet, and I want to be prepared. The lorgnette is the deadliest weapon you have, isn't it?"

We constantly see people looking awkwardly over their glasses and others who push their glasses up on their foreheads when they want to read. Such maneuvers are a sure sign that these people have not availed themselves of modern optical conveniences. The person who looks over the top of his glasses is wearing reading lenses and so, of course, his eyes cannot accommodate themselves when he wants to look off at a distance. The person who pushes glasses up on his forehead is wearing distance glasses, and he finds it impossible to examine objects close by until he has removed them from in front of his eyes. In

either case, the person needs what we call bifocal lenses, glasses which give a distance vision through the upper part and a near, or reading, vision through the lower part.

The inventor of the bifocal lens was an American—Benjamin Franklin. For a long time he had been wearing spectacles fitted with reading lenses; but at last he found that he had outgrown them and could see well with them at a distance. From this he knew at once that for reading he required much stronger lenses. He had the reading lenses made, and then he hit upon the idea of putting both his reading lenses and the distance lenses in the same frame. He had the lenses cut in two, put the halves of the weaker lenses (from his reading glasses) in the upper part and the halves of the new and stronger lenses in the lower part, binding them together in his steel spectacle frames. Thus he evolved the first pair of bifocals ever worn. The principle of the bifocals we wear today is exactly the same, but the method of making them has changed. By a special process the line of demarcation between the distance and the reading parts of the lens is made invisible, so that it is almost impossible to detect that the lens really has two parts.

Whether you wear eyeglasses or spectacles, there are two things of great importance you should remember: The lenses you wear should be proportioned to your face, and they should be centered with absolute accuracy. You should have your lenses fitted by a qualified optician, and in the matter of the size of your lenses you should rely on his judgment.

Most people make the mistake of wanting their lenses too big. This means that the pupils of the eye cannot be in the exact center. When this condition exists, everything the eye sees is more or less distorted.

It is much better to have your lenses too small than too large. Lenses that are too small may be objectionable because they are not becoming, but they are far less likely to cause distortion and injure the eyes than lenses that are too large.

**PEOPLE** who want extra large lenses because of their wider area of vision can solve the difficulty by getting lenses built especially for this purpose. The man whose nose is broad at the base and narrow at the crest usually finds that a large round or oval lens hits his cheek, and this, of course, tilts the glass so that it is not properly centered.

To avoid this the glass can be made narrower at the bottom than at the top, or the lens can be cut in an octagonal shape.

Many people seem to be ignorant of the fact that glasses should always be fitted by an eye specialist. I have known people to buy their glasses in hardware stores or at country fairs, wherever glasses are exposed for sale. Glasses chosen in this haphazard way may for a time seem to improve the vision, but in the end they injure it. One woman who picked out her own glasses on a bargain counter wore a lens before one eye three times as strong as the one before the other eye. The stronger lens made her almost blind in one eye and ruined its focus forever. To-day, she has only partial use of it, and this through a very strong lens properly adjusted to correct the defect she brought upon herself.





# Clemenceau's boundless energy is built on sound sleep

On his eightieth birthday, the busy "Tiger of France" said the secret of his unfailing youth and energy is *sound sleep*.

All successful men know that sleep is a faithful but exacting paymaster—that it will return many-fold all that you give it but make you pay if you cheat it.

Knowing this, *why* do you give your sleep equipment so little thought? Why do you buy a spring and mattress with less care than you give any other important necessity you purchase?

Take ten minutes tonight to study the mattress and spring you sleep on. Go to your furniture dealer's and examine the wide range of Simmons mattresses and springs offered at prices to fit any pocketbook.

Compare what you have with a Simmons mattress of buoyant *new* material and a Simmons spring of the type you best like.

Then judge for yourself whether health, energy and personal success are not worth more than the small cost of sleep comfort.

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# How about the corncob?

## The old family meerschaum stirs no thrills in this smoker

"Dear Sirs and so forth," begins a letter we recently received from H. T. Spenser, Madison, Wisconsin, "I am cupping my hands in the shape of a megaphone and shouting a loud echo of approval to your correspondent who smokes a meerschaum pipe fifty years old.

"But I don't want him or any other smoker to get away with the idea that a meerschaum is the only pipe where Edgeworth is concerned.

"For, you see, I am a corncob smoker. What's more, I am a corncob-Edgeworth smoker.



"The corncob-Edgeworth combination is hard to beat. I have tried almost every combination of pipe and tobacco there is and have yet to find one that can approach it for year-in-and-year-out pipe smoking.

"So, if you're starting a Corncob-Edgeworth Clan, don't forget to put me down as a charter member."

We are continually being surprised by smokers who discover things about Edgeworth that we don't know ourselves. For instance, we never suspected that Edgeworth smokes any better in a corncob than it does in a briar. Frankly, we don't believe that it does. At any rate, we have any number of friends who claim that Edgeworth is the only tobacco to use in briars, in calabashes, in meerschaums, or in clays.

In smoking, we believe, it is every man to his own taste.

That's one of the reasons why we don't try to make all of the tobacco that is smoked in pipes. We know there are men who have perfectly sound reasons for not liking Edgeworth.

At the same time we know there are any number of men who would like it if they only had a chance to try it once. That's why we are always glad to send free samples.

If you have never tried Edgeworth, send us your name and address on a postcard. We will forward to you immediately free samples of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. If you also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth if you should like it.

For the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Many people neglect to have their eyes examined at proper intervals. I have heard people say boastfully that they are still wearing the glasses they bought twenty or thirty years before. Such a boast is a proof only of foolhardiness, for glasses that old cannot possibly be suited to the person's present needs. The farsighted person ought to have his eyes examined at least once in every two years. The nearsighted person ought to have his eyes examined once a year. If the nearsighted person does do this he can almost certainly count on an improvement in his sight.

STATISTICS covering many years show that nine out of every ten persons over twenty-one usually have imperfect sight. At thirty-one, the proportion is larger. Above forty it is almost impossible to find a man or woman with perfect sight. Even though you think you do not need glasses, the best course is to have your eyes examined by a competent specialist. Today, thousands of people who think their eyes are all right are actually doing themselves serious injury by not wearing properly fitted glasses to eliminate eye strain.

There are two types of people who ought to consult eye specialists at once if they have not recently done so: those having difficulty in seeing and those suffering from headache, eyecache, and nervous disturbances.

Imperfect vision is not always apparent to persons so handicapped. They have always seen objects blurred or distorted, and believe they see as others do. I have known people who were nearly half blind to claim that they could see as well as anyone. Some people, after suffering for years from eye trouble, have discovered the

cause only accidentally upon closing one eye. By looking first out of one eye and then the other, they found that they could see much better with one than with the other.

People who have slight defects are usually the ones who suffer from headaches and the various nervous disturbances due to eye strain. The eye muscles can exert enough effort to overcome the small errors of vision, but in the end the continued strain produces painful symptoms. If the condition is not corrected, the symptoms grow worse. Even if you see well, and feel sure your vision is normal, you should, in case you have such symptoms as I have just mentioned, consult an experienced examiner.

These are the defects which can be corrected by glasses: First, the eyeball being too short—farsight; second, the eyeball being too long—nearsight; third, the transparent front of the eye curving more in one direction than in another—astigmatism; fourth, the natural change in the eyes, which require most people to use glasses for reading and near work after forty years of age.

The best eyesight is usually found among old sea captains, and next among hunters, fishermen, and others who have worked most of their lives out of doors. The eye is benefited by looking off long distances, and such men constantly have their eyes turned toward a long horizon. Lawyers, doctors, dentists, editors, printers, and proof readers almost invariably require glasses to correct defects of vision caused by eye strain at some time in their career; but, regardless of occupation, any person who does fine work or reads a great deal ought to make certain that he is not abusing his eyes by going without glasses.

## The Two Mikes: A Romance of Broadway

(Continued from page 37)

Italians lived I could make a success of it.

"But the owner of the theatre wanted four hundred dollars in advance and I had only about four hundred cents. However, I got Woods to let me set up a table in the lobby, during the week before he closed, and I sold enough seats in advance to pay my own first week's rent.

"My opera 'season' petered out at the end of two weeks; but I put on other shows after that, and managed to keep going for the sixteen weeks until Woods again took over the theatre.

"My next adventure was with a negro company which I organized with John Larkin as the star. He had been going around the country with the Black Patti, but he wanted to have a chance to shine all by himself. I took the company down South and succeeded in keeping afloat for ten weeks. Then we stranded in Montgomery, Alabama.

"It had been a tough proposition. My only personal possession of any value was this ring, which I still wear. My mother had given it to me. I used to pawn it in one town to help pay our fare to the next one. There, if we took in enough money, I would send the ticket back and redeem

the ring. But when we got to Montgomery, the situation was hopeless.

"Larkin had been more anxious for a chance to play a leading part than for anything else. So he hadn't asked me for any money except to pay his hotel bills. He had taken the rest in I O U's; and by this time they amounted to eighteen hundred dollars. I told him I was broke and offered to give him the production in exchange for what I owed him. When he accepted, I sent to my folks for money to pay my fare back to New York, and came home."

THERE is no need of telling all the details of Mindlin's experiences up to that night last October when he wore a path in the Klaw Theatre alleyway. I have told enough to show you that there had been plenty of hard work, initiative, courage, and self-reliance in those earlier chapters.

Now for the other Michael. As it chanced, he also was employed by Woods when he quit school at sixteen. This Michael began as an office boy and messenger. He ran errands for everybody, even for the women relatives of some of the older men in the office.

"Did you ever take a pair of slippers to





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a dry-goods store and try to match them in stockings and gloves?" he asked me solemnly. "Maybe you think it's easy. Well, it isn't! If there's one thing I'm proud of in my checkered career, it's the fact that I came through that test all right."

"I did the greatest lot of assorted errands you ever heard of. I carried everything from spring hats to a bag full of money. In the past nine years, I'll bet I've walked enough miles, in New York's streets, to have taken me around the world a dozen times."

"After a while, I got into the publicity department, where my chief duty was to 'peddle pictures,' as they call it. I took dozens of photographs of our actors and actresses around to the newspapers and tried to get somebody to print them. You can see for yourself that I'm no six-footer. I guess the reason is that I never had time to grow that far. I didn't keep still long enough."

"**W**ELL, from the Woods office I went to William Harris, Junior, in his publicity department. But by this time I'd begun to figure that headwork was a lot better than footwork. So while I kept on peddling pictures by day, I got Mr. Harris to let me act as manager of 'East is West,' which was then running in New York. I had to count the receipts after the show, see to depositing the money in the bank, pay the actors, and things of that sort. I got twenty dollars a week extra for doing this work. And twenty dollars wasn't to be sneezed at—especially as, by this time, I was thinking of getting married. In fact, I had picked out the girl."

"Mr. Harris was having a very successful season that year. He had four plays which were doing big business. So, of course, he was not buying many others. Well, while I had been peddling pictures and paying actors and putting somebody else's money in the bank, I had been learning all I could and thinking a good deal. And the thing I thought of most, the thing I thought of *all the time*, was that if I could have a share in producing a successful play I could put some money in the bank for myself."

"It seemed to me that there must be some good plays among those that came into the Harris office. They might be refused by him because he didn't need them. But *somebody* would get them. Somebody would produce them. Why shouldn't I have at least a share in this?"

"I had to be at the theatre until midnight. But when I went home, I always carried two or three plays with me, and I'd sit up until almost daylight and read them. After a while, the office people used to lock the plays in the safe; afraid I'd carry them off and lose them, I guess. But I managed to slip a few out anyway. Those that seemed promising to me, I would carry around to the agents, or to other managers. Nobody paid much attention to me. If they said anything at all, it was usually something about the play being hopeless. Still I went right on reading them. And I suppose I couldn't help learning *something* about plays, just by doing that."

"Then came last season, when suddenly a new mystery play was put on and scored an instantaneous success. It was 'The Cat and the Canary,' a play which almost

every manager in New York had refused. Kilbourn Gordon, who was a press agent himself, got hold of the play, saw its possibilities and persuaded people to put up the money—a little from one person, a few hundreds from somebody else, and so on."

"I went to work for Mr. Gordon, chiefly at my old familiar job of peddling pictures. Still doing a lot of the same old footwork, you see. The play was a huge success; and that simply made me more than ever convinced that somewhere, in the piles of manuscripts kicking around the New York theatrical offices, there were other golden chances for whoever would have the courage to take them."

"One of the plays which I had tried, unsuccessfully, to get people interested in was a piece by Mr. Fallon. My friends used to guy me because I literally counted the cost of a play before I would consider it. But I *had* to do this. I had no money to speak of. I knew I couldn't raise money for an expensive production. So I never could look twice at a play that called for a large cast and expensive scenery. I remember when someone told me about this play by Fallon—it was called 'The Noose'—I asked about the characters and the scenery."

"There are five characters and the entire action takes place in Central Park," he told me.

"That's fine!" I said. "Then all we'll need is one bench and a few trees!"

"**W**ELL, I couldn't get anybody interested in 'The Noose,' but in the spring a friend told me that Fallon had another play, called 'The Last Warning,' a mystery play which nobody would take. Knowing that several mystery plays had made fortunes during the past few years I asked to see Fallon's much-rejected piece. It seemed to me that it had good possibilities. But there was no use going to the regular producers with it. They had turned it down already. So I didn't know *where* to turn."

"Then, one day in April, I was walking along Forty-second Street when I ran across Mike, here. I had met him when both of us were with Woods, but I had lost track of him in recent years. I knew he had produced some plays, however, so I immediately clutched at him."

"When I told him I was on the track of a play I wanted him to read, he made some impolite remarks about not having time to spend on my fool plays; but finally I persuaded him to look it over. Fallon, however, insisted that he must read the piece to Mike. So we got together one day and Fallon read it aloud."

"Fifteen minutes after he had finished the contract was signed for us to produce the play. Mike, who had a little money, wrote a check for Fallon's five hundred dollars' advance royalties. I gave Mike an I O U for my half of that amount."

"At last I was the part owner—on paper, at least—of a play! To be sure, it was a play that nobody else wanted. This wasn't a very exhilarating thing to reflect on; but Mike and I believed in the piece anyway; didn't we?"

"Yes," said Mindlin; "but when it came to getting other people to believe in it, we had an all-summer's job on our hands. If we hadn't had friends the play never would have been produced—not by us! But we did have a lot of friends; at

any rate, Mike did. And that was lucky."

"We decided that the only way we could raise the money would be by selling stock in the production. We, as owners and producers of the play, were to have fifty per cent of the net profits—if there were any! The stockholders were to have the other fifty per cent. We figured that we would need twenty thousand dollars for all expenses: scenery, lights, properties, costumes, and so on; also, to get a theatre, pay salaries and wages, the cost of trying out the piece on the road, advertising, and other items. So we decided to sell two hundred shares at one hundred dollars each."

"But deciding to do it and *doing* it were two very different things. At first we thought it was going to be easy sailing, for a few days after we bought the play we got one man to take two thousand dollars' worth of stock. That was fine! But it was six weeks before we succeeded in selling another dollar's worth."

"In the meantime, we had gone ahead and engaged our company. Under the rules of the Actors' Equity Association, we had put up a deposit of sixteen hundred and fifty dollars—and we had only two thousand altogether—just to guarantee payment of part of the salaries for two weeks."

"Robert Edeson, who was to be the leading man, made a different contract with us. He was to get a certain salary and a percentage of the gross receipts. So we didn't have to deposit a two-weeks guarantee for him. We couldn't have done it anyway. Didn't have enough money."

"But gradually we sold more of the stock, a few hundred dollars' worth at a time. Mike hung onto his position all this time, because he and his wife—he had married the girl, you see—had to live. But somehow or other he managed to get ninety minutes of work into a sixty-minute hour; and he did this for most of the twenty-four hours every day. Finally, in August, we began rehearsals. Actors rehearse four weeks without pay, you know; so we could do that much, anyway."

"**B**UT we had to have scenery too; and lights and costumes and furniture. The play called for 'period costumes' and also for modern ones. We had to pay for the modern ones outright; because if we used them at all they couldn't be returned, of course. But the period costumes could be used later by some other company. So we were allowed to buy them by making a deposit and agreeing to pay so much every week until they were paid for. If the play should fail before this was done, we would lose the costumes and our payments."

"We made the same arrangement in regard to the furniture, but we had to pay cash for the scenery and some other things. Mike became a regular monomaniac on the subject of saving money. In the play as it was written, there were several policemen; but Mike decided that we'd have to cut out the policemen and save the cost of their uniforms. So these characters were missing from the cast until we opened in New York."

"And so it went. We schemed and figured and cut corners and saved wherever Mike's eagle eye could find a chance. But gradually the thing took shape; and on September eleventh we opened in Hartford, Connecticut. The day we went up there our train was three hours late in leaving New York, and I said it looked to me





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as if fate was doing its darndest to convince us we'd better *stay* in New York! But I guess I was mistaken," he said with a laugh.

"The very day before our scenery was shipped to Hartford, there was a fire in the building where it had been painted, and when it reached Hartford we found the canvas had been almost ruined by water and was still soaking wet. We had paid twelve hundred dollars for that scenery. It cost four hundred dollars more to have workmen at Hartford make it even half way presentable. When we got back to New York we had to pay seven hundred dollars more to get it all repainted. That's a sample of some of the luck we had.

"AT HARTFORD, the night before we opened there, Mike came to me and said: 'What will we do if the seat sale tomorrow is bad? We haven't any money. How will we get out of town?'

"Well," I said, 'the weather's pleasant, the walking's good, and New York isn't more than a hundred miles from here. I guess that's the answer.'

"For anybody with a past history like Mike's, in the matter of walking, he seemed very cold toward the idea," laughed Mindlin. "And he wasn't any more enthusiastic the next night, when we took in only four hundred dollars! But we stayed there three days, and did better at each performance. This happened at every town we played in. Business improved each night; and that was encouraging. We stayed out two weeks and lost only about two hundred dollars, which wasn't bad for a try-out trip.

"The experience had shown us one thing: the play would have to be revised before it opened in New York; but we figured we could do this in two weeks. Edeson wanted to draw his salary for the two weeks, but we simply didn't have the money to pay him. So, as he had other offers, we let him go and engaged William Courtleigh instead.

"Meanwhile, there had been the big problem of getting a theatre in New York. Of course nobody could be expected to want a couple of outsiders like us, especially when our play was one that had gone begging for a producer. But we knew that one of the big managers had gone to Stamford when we played there. We knew that he had sat through the whole play; and we also knew that there are mighty few plays he does sit through. So we thought he would be interested in us.

"But when we tried to see him, and didn't even gain admission to his office, it looked as if we must have made a pretty poor guess as to how he would act when interested. One night, however, we waited outside the building until eleven o'clock, because we knew he usually came to his office at a late hour. And after he had gone up we persuaded the elevator man, whom Mike fortunately knew, to take us up too.

"That time he did see us. And after we had explained our need of a theatre, he finally said he would let us have one, but only on condition that we make a deposit of thirty-five hundred dollars in advance. We had managed to sell some more stock by this time; but we didn't have thirty-five hundred dollars, and we told him so. We tried to get his figure down to twenty-five hundred dollars, but it didn't work.

"I knew he had the reputation of making

an interview abruptly, and I was afraid he might turn us out at any moment," said Mindlin with a laugh. "I kept hold of my hat all the time I was there, so that if I had to depart in haste I wouldn't lose that! It was the only hat I had and I needed it.

"Well, I did keep a hat to cover my head—but he didn't give us a roof to cover our play, and we lost several weeks trying to find one. At last, however, we got the Klaw Theatre on terms that we could meet, and the opening was set for Tuesday, October twenty-fourth. According to our contract with Mr. Klaw we could not keep the theatre if the receipts fell below a certain sum.

"Mike knew the men at the ticket agencies and the cut-rate offices. So he went around to them and told them just what the situation was. They were his friends. They agreed to push the sale of our seats. And with their assistance we hoped to shove out enough tickets so that we could hold the theatre for at least a fair trial. Of course, as things turned out, they didn't *have* to force the sale. The very first week it was well beyond the necessary amount. The second week it jumped to almost double the first. 'The Last Warning' was an instantaneous success, and we could keep the theatre indefinitely."

THE story has now got back to that first night when the two young men, whose great adventure had reached its crucial moment, paced nervously up and down in the alley back of the theatre. Their courage, which had brought them to this point in the game, failed them now. The verdict of the audience meant too much to them. They couldn't go in and get that verdict piecemeal. So they stayed outside.

At the end of the first act, Goldreyer went around to find out what the people were saying. With his heart in his mouth, he asked Heywood Brown, one of the best New York critics, what he thought of the piece.

"Why," said Brown, "I'm having rather a nice time."

That was a crumb of comfort—from a critic!—and Goldreyer picked up a few similar ones. At the end of the second act, the news was even more encouraging. And at the close of the play, the verdict was: "A sure-fire hit!"

A week later, one of the theatrical papers declared that the piece would earn a total of two million dollars for the author and the producers. Applications came to buy the rights for England, Holland, Australia, and other countries. Within a few days the two Michaels were offered fifty thousand dollars in cash for the moving picture rights—and refused it!

"The people who made us the proposition," said Mindlin, "knew that Mike and I had no money. They figured that fifty thousand dollars in *spot cash* would be a big temptation to us. The author would get one half of the amount, to be sure. But even twenty-five thousand dollars looks pretty big to you when you have been counting nickels as carefully as if they were gold eagles.

"I remember the first time we allowed ourselves to let up on the nickel-counting," he said with a laugh. "It was the opening night here in New York. There seemed to be a general impression that we had been on short rations for some time,

an impression for which there was some foundation, I admit. So a kind friend took us out to supper to celebrate.

"Mike had his wife with him, of course, and I had my wife and my little girl. When we got up from the table, Mike said to me, 'Gee! but I hate to take that long subway ride over to Brooklyn at this hour of the night!' It was then about one o'clock in the morning.

"I took a long breath and said in a firm voice, 'Why the subway? Why don't you go home in a taxi?'

Mike gave me an awe-struck look. Then in a husky whisper, he ejaculated, 'We *will*!' And he spent two dollars and thirty cents—how many nickels is that? forty-six! Count 'em!—for a taxi ride to his happy but distant home.

"As for my own family, we stayed at the Astor that night; for my home was just as happy but even more distant than Mike's. The morning papers were not out, so I told the clerk to have me called at six o'clock and to send every New York paper to my room at that hour.

"But nobody had to call me at six o'clock! I don't think I had slept a wink. When the papers came up I was so excited I could hardly open them. And when I found that for once all the critics agreed, that they said the play was a success—well, that was an experience I couldn't describe, so what's the use of trying? But what do you think was the first thing Mike said to me when I saw him that morning?

"Yes, it *sounds* good," he said, 'but wait until to-night. It's the *receipts* that tell the real story.'

"That's Mike all over," laughed Mindlin. "He has what you might call a 'box-office mind.'"

Then he added seriously, "But his good, hard, practical sense has been just what we needed. The most difficult thing for us has been to keep from losing our balance, to keep our feet on the ground. Just as soon as it was known that we had a success people began coming to us with all sorts of schemes and propositions.

"What are you going to put on next?' everybody asked.

"We're not going to put on *anything* else now," we told them; "we are going to stick to *this* job for the present."

TEN or fifteen years ago, a new firm, like Mike and me, put on a play which made a million dollars for them. Well, what did they do? They signed up every star they could get hold of. They went to Europe and bought a trunkload of plays, more than they could produce in five or six years. They tied up a lot of money that way. There were paying actors, so they hurriedly produced plays in order to have the actors working. They didn't choose their productions carefully nor put them on as they should have. The result was that inside of a few years they were broke. Their million was gone.

"Mike and I don't mean to let our heads be turned that way if we can help it. One success doesn't make a great manager, any more than one swallow makes a summer. We're not going to try to run so fast that we'll fall over our own feet. I expect we will have some tumbles, for the theatrical business is full of pitfalls. But we'll *try* at any rate to keep our feet on the ground and to watch our step."



## What color is oil?

When the man at the pump fills his measure with **TEXACO MOTOR OIL**, you will see a translucent stream of pure, brilliant gold.

That's the color of Texaco Motor Oil.

That clean, golden color is the visible evidence of its complete refinement, the quality that means in your car a clean, smooth running engine.

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*The Volatile Gas*

Save it with  
*Texaco Motor Oil*  
*The Clean, Clear Oil*



# TEXACO

## MOTOR OILS      GASOLINE



# The Experiences of a Buyer

(Continued from page 67)

be surprised to know that there is one town in the United States where umbrellas are never sold. This isn't because the people prefer to get wet to carrying umbrellas, but because it never, or almost never, rains. The town is Corpus Christi, Texas. The last news I had was to the effect that it had not rained in Corpus Christi more than once in the past three years.

New York is the only city where "canes" are used as walking sticks to any great extent. There they have always been commonly carried by men, and recently even by women. A New Yorker who is used to carrying a walking stick finds it almost impossible to go into a store in any other city of the United States and pick out for himself a new stick, because the choice offered is so limited. Everywhere except in the metropolis the idea seems to be that canes are for the use of the lame only.

**I**N ONE section of the country mops are an absolutely unknown factor in household industry, yet the housewives there are well known for their cleanliness. This section is northern Pennsylvania, the region of the Pennsylvania Dutch. Rather than use mops, they get down on their knees and apply "elbow grease" to the floor through a scrubbing brush. Some years ago a buyer for a store in this section decided that he would try to start a revolution in the methods of household cleaning, and he stocked up with a dozen mops. Years have passed, and not one of the mops has been sold. The Dutch housewives have looked at the mops with curiosity and interest, but none has volunteered as yet to test the "new" invention.

Pittsburgh, Detroit, St. Louis, and Philadelphia are the cities which have the greatest proportion of people who will turn out for bargain sales. San Francisco comes about fifth. In proportion to population, New York is far behind all of these cities in the number of people who respond to bargain offerings. In Pittsburgh and Detroit all kinds of goods sell readily, regardless of whether they are in accord with current styles if they are priced attractively. In San Francisco the offerings must at least be "modern," but not necessarily of a very recent style. The most successful bargain sale I ever heard of was held in San Francisco. A merchant marked down everything in his store, and made the prices so favorable to his customers that he sold \$411,000 worth of goods in one day.

The most conservative city in the country as regards bargains is Rochester, New York. There the people prefer to buy quietly and never seem much interested in special features. After Rochester comes Boston. In both these cities the people seem to say "Just give us a dollar's worth and no more, for our money."

People often ask me under what conditions department stores are able to cut prices and hold "bargain sales." The bargain sale may be the result of many different conditions: If the summer season is

late in arriving or if, in the middle of summer, there is a long spell of cold or rainy weather, a merchant may find himself unable to dispose of a fairly large proportion of the summer dresses he has in stock. This means that he must give his customers the advantage of lower prices in order to avoid holding the goods over till the following year. Sometimes he finds it necessary to dispose of his surplus stock through a merchant in some other part of the country where the weather conditions are more favorable.

Two years ago, when a cold spell came in August, a New York merchant told me that he had on hand eleven hundred summer dresses which had been selling for from seven to twelve dollars and a half. "I'd be glad to sell them at any price," he said, "for I need the space; but New Yorkers aren't going to buy any more summer dresses this year."

When I said I would take the lot for a dollar apiece, the merchant gladly accepted the offer. Then, as I knew there would still be plenty of warm weather out on the Pacific coast, I communicated with a department store in Los Angeles. Two weeks later, as a result of this transaction, the Los Angeles department store held a special sale of summer dresses, and in one day the women of that city bought every one of the eleven hundred dresses at \$1.98.

Many stores plan long in advance to give their customers the advantage of a special sale, and arrangements for it may be made in this way: The merchant informs his New York buyer that he is going to have a sale of dresses and wants some particularly good values. The buyer informs the manufacturer as to the kind of dresses wanted and the price at which the dresses must sell. The manufacturer will probably take up the matter with the mill, which, in view of the large order, may cut its price for material. Then the manufacturer cuts his price for the making and the merchant cuts his own profit. Thus, the merchant is able to present a very attractive offering to his customers.

**M**ANY stores, especially in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Hartford, and in cities of the Middle West have every year what is known as a "spring opening." For this event the stores are always attractively decorated, one of the features being a great singing choir of from five hundred to one thousand canary birds. The birds we buy for this purpose must be good singers, for we have found that if they sing freely the customers are pleased, remain longer in the store, and make the opening more of a success by buying more. After the opening, there is always a bargain sale in canary birds. Then birds and cages which are worth ten dollars or more at retail can be had for as low as five or six dollars.

One of the newer and most popular kind of sales is that known as the "store-wide sale." The store management selects one article, soap or shirts, say, and this article is exposed on every floor and in every aisle. No matter what the customer goes to the store to buy, he sees this article specially

priced. Store-wide sales have been especially successful in Pittsburgh, where in less than a week one store sold one hundred thousand shirts.

The buyer is not only looking for bargains for his clients which they, in turn, can pass on to the retail purchaser, but he is prepared at all times to take advantage of market conditions which mean a change in future prices. Often the buyer knows that certain conditions, such as the cost of labor, transportation, or of raw materials, are going to result in an increase in the cost of manufactured articles. Then he immediately buys in large quantities, without even consulting his clients, in order to protect them and their customers against the increase.

**O**NE of the most remarkable bargains I ever had a chance to get was offered me some two years ago, but I had to let it pass. Among the war supplies the Government had to dispose of were eighty thousand brass beds, which had been made for the use of workers in war industries at a manufacturing cost of twelve dollars apiece. They were offered for sale at sixty-five cents apiece.

Brass beds are not nearly as popular in the East as they once were, but there is still a demand for them in the Middle West. I took an option on the beds with the privilege of investigating transportation conditions to Denver. I found that the cost of transportation would bring the price of each bed to \$6.50 for the Denver dealer, making a quick sale of the beds impossible. So I did not take up my option.

These beds were purchased by a man who had not had the forethought to investigate transportation conditions. After buying them, he found that he was unable to ship them except at an excessive cost. As a result, he had to dispose of them to an instalment house in New York for half what they cost him. The instalment house sold the beds for a dollar down and twenty-five cents a week for fifteen weeks.

Boston is the most conservative city of the United States in adopting the new styles. It is perhaps the only city whose people will refuse with a determined air of conviction to adopt a style which has already proved its popularity. Some eighteen months ago, for instance, sheer chiffon hose became fashionable. It was being worn in all our large cities and in many small towns when Boston had yet to buy its first pair. Altogether not more than a dozen pairs of chiffon stockings had been sold in Boston when an enterprising merchant found himself in a position to buy a large quantity at a very advantageous price. He offered them at less than half their usual retail value. But the people of Boston refused to have anything to do with them. The stock was finally disposed of and came into the hands of a merchant in Little Rock, Arkansas. What Boston had coldly rejected the people of Little Rock bought with avidity.

The new styles are most promptly accepted in New York, Chicago, and the fashionable coast resorts of Florida and



• GRAY • VANCOUVER • ASTOR • LEWIS • CLARK • BONNEVILLE • WYETH • WHITMAN • DE SMET • COLTER • BRIDGER •



## AND SO THE WEST WAS WON

**A**CROSS the vast expanse of the American continent—dusty, toiling columns of covered wagons crawling toward the sunset.

Twenty-four hundred miles over the Oregon Trail! Twenty-four hundred miles of hardship, danger and death beneath a wilderness sky.

From 1843 onward, caravan after caravan of men, women and children moved westward—suffering, fighting, dying sometimes by scores, but turning back never.

Until, at last, by the valor and blood of a pioneer breed the West was won.

And now—the second winning of the West, the development of its vast resources, the harvest of its bounty.

The call from the Pacific Northwest is still for pioneers—not of the wilderness which has vanished. But for pioneers of commerce, agriculture and industry in a realm of large and beautiful cities, great ports, pleasant country-sides and humming activity.

Its opportunities are the

unparalleled opportunities of a vast domain that is young, still in its infancy—yet already rich and great beyond the dreams of its founders.

Its forests, proudest of the globe, annually yield billions of feet of lumber.

What was but two generations ago the wilderness of Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana and Wyoming, today pours more than a hundred million bushels yearly into the world's granaries.

Its mines, its herds and flocks, its orchards, fisheries and industries add hundreds of millions annually to the wealth of its people.

And where Hudson's Bay Com-

pany traders once carried on crude commerce with the Russians, great ships now dock from the ports of the world.

• • •

Yet the development of the vast resources of the region has scarce begun.

With millions upon millions of fertile acres, unlimited water power, tremendous natural wealth, strategic trade position, and gloriously mild and healthful climate—who may calculate or even imagine the future!

For the man who gets his living from the soil; for the industrial worker, the manufacturer, the retail merchant; for the professional man and the man with capital to invest there is room unlimited in the Pacific Northwest—room and boundless opportunity on a new frontier of industry, agriculture and commerce.

Write for interesting booklet, "The Land of Opportunity—Now."

Address: Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; or Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.



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To the Pacific Northwest

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY

CHICAGO BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.  
NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.  
GREAT NORTHERN RY.



# Money and Success

**MATERIAL** success in life—**independence, a comfortable fortune—**means more than merely making money. It means keeping money and accumulating money, month after month and year after year.

Building a fortune requires constructive thrift. It also requires a working knowledge of the science of investment. There is nothing mysterious or even difficult about this—it is only common sense applied to putting money to work and keeping it at work.

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California. Among the small towns, Rochester, Minnesota, is easily first in demanding the smartest styles. The reason for this seems to be that many wealthy people from the large cities go there because of the famous sanitarium, and thus the people of the town quickly learn what is new. It sometimes happens that the latest style is old and finished in Rochester before it has become thoroughly acclimated to Fifth Avenue, to say nothing of Broadway. After Rochester, the towns which are keenest for the new styles are Salt Lake City, Reno, Nevada, Birmingham, Alabama, and Bloomington, Illinois.

Cities of the Middle West, such as St. Louis and Kansas City, are conservative in the adoption of styles.

The section of the country which is least affected by changes in style is northern Minnesota and the parts of Iowa and Wisconsin which have been settled by Swedish people. In this section the demand is all for staples, and styles of six and nine months ago in both women's and men's garments are preferred to the new.

Every retail dealer knows that women are more eager than men to keep up with the styles. He also knows that the average man is just as eager to have his wife wear stylish clothes as his wife is to appear in them. For himself, the average man looks for distinction rather than style, especially in tailored suits and sports clothes. College men and executives with college training prefer what they call "informal distinction"—loose clothes with some individuality. On the other hand, a considerable proportion of successful business men usually prefer to have their clothes cut to fit the figure.

**T**HE widespread use of the automobile has stimulated the demand for sports clothes on the part of both men and women. It was thought at first that the wearing of sports clothes by women would cause a falling off in the demand for stylish garments. The reverse, however, has been true.

The woman who drives her own car may wear a simple sports suit, but after the drive she wants to wear finer clothes than ever. The vogue of sports clothes among men and women who motor and pursue athletic activities has had one very definite effect, however. It has made styles simpler and brought in straight lines.

Sometimes we find that the coming in of one fashion has unexpected results in changing customs that seemed well established. To-day, for instance, very few women are buying long kid gloves, though only a short time ago these were much in demand. You might have thought that the sleeveless gown would have increased the demand for long gloves. Instead, it increased the demand for bracelets and the sale of jewelry generally. In the larger cities it is not unusual to-day to see a woman wearing six bracelets on one arm and two or three on the other.

People are wearing much more jewelry to-day than formerly. Those who cannot afford expensive jewels are wearing artificial pearls and rubies, and even semi-precious stones. The demand for what is known as "gay jewelry" has always come from the negroes of the South and from the Spaniards in Arizona and southern California. Gay jewelry includes brooches,

rings, bracelets, pendants, watch charms, and even cheap watches ornamented gorgeously with corals, onyx, rhinestones, and similar settings.

One of the most pronounced changes we have had in recent years is the country-wide demand for all kinds of wearing apparel for both men and women in brighter colors. Women at the beaches are wearing scarves, capes, and sashes patterned after those once devised for the bull-fighters of Spain. People are wearing neckties, hats, skirts, shirts, and suits in brighter colors than ever before, and the indications are that we shall never again dress as somberly as we used to.

**T**O-DAY, red is the most popular color in the Middle West. Tans, greens, and orange are the most popular on the Pacific coast. In the East the preference seems to be for brilliant, blended mixtures of a great variety of colors. The people of the South have been the slowest in adopting the newer, striking color combinations, many people there still preferring navy blues and dark colors the year round.

Some time ago we were all reading in the newspapers about a new "blue" to be worn by Mrs. Harding, the wife of the President. It was to be known as "Harding Blue." You may be interested to know how a particular color comes to be identified with the name of an individual. Usually it happens in this way: a textile manufacturer asks the notable person to name her favorite color. This she selects after looking at a color chart. Then the manufacturer may be given written permission to name the color after her, and textiles of this color usually have a wide popularity. Mrs. Harding, as it happened, expressed her preference for a certain Copenhagen blue with a tint of green in it.

When it became known that Mrs. Harding's color was blue, many women in all parts of the country were at once anxious to know just what shade of blue it was, so that their new dresses might be the same blue. It just happened that some time before Mrs. Harding had chosen her color several manufacturers had hit upon the idea that Copenhagen blue with a tint of green in it would be popular generally. They had made up considerable quantities of silks dyed with this color, and this accounts for the fact that in many of our smaller towns and cities "Harding blue" was being worn before even the First Lady of the Land appeared in it.

I can tell you that there is, happily, one exception to the general tendency toward brighter hues in wearing apparel. Petticoats, underwear, and shirts of red flannel are no longer worn to any extent. Not many years ago such garments were popular, because they were supposed to be unusually warm. To-day, red flannel shirts are worn only by a few miners in the West, while there is not, so far as I know, a single manufacturer making red flannel underwear or red flannel petticoats.

Few people to-day want the same heavy underwear that they once thought necessary. The change is due to the fact that we have come to believe heavy underwear is insanitary. Nowadays, most people wear the same weight underwear in winter that they wear in summer, relying for protection against cold upon additional weight in the outer garments.



# STUDEBAKER



THE BIG-SIX TOURING CAR \$1750

**S**TUDEBAKER has again demonstrated, in the 1923 series Big-Six Touring Car, that it is not necessary to pay a fancy price for a motor car of highest quality.

Fundamentally the same splendid automobile that 50,000 owners have found so satisfactory, this fine car incorporates all the new year's betterments and improvements.

Its performance is as exceptional as its beauty. It is unvarying in its dependability, comfortable for any journey, and is completely equipped with every feature for convenience and utility—even to the extra disc wheel with cord tire and tire cover and handsome nickel-plated bumpers.

The limited production of most of the better cars increases overhead expense and raises the cost of every manufacturing oper-

ation. This necessitates a high selling price and decreases intrinsic values.

The fact that Studebaker builds nothing but sixes, in large volume, and manufactures all vital parts in its own factories, enables it to reduce costs, eliminate parts-makers' profits and give more for the money.

Studebaker plant facilities are adequate for the most economical manufacture. Raw materials are bought at the lowest possible prices, labor is specialized and efficient, and overhead per car is reduced to a minimum.

These savings are reflected in the price of the Big-Six Touring Car.

Studebaker maintains quality standards that are second to none. Materials and craftsmanship are unexcelled.

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Coupe-Roadster (2-Pass.) . . . . 1225	Coupe (4-Pass.) . . 1875	Coupe (4-Pass.) . . 2400
Sedan . . . . . 1350	Sedan . . . . . 2050	Coupe (5-Pass.) . . 2550
		Sedan . . . . . 2750

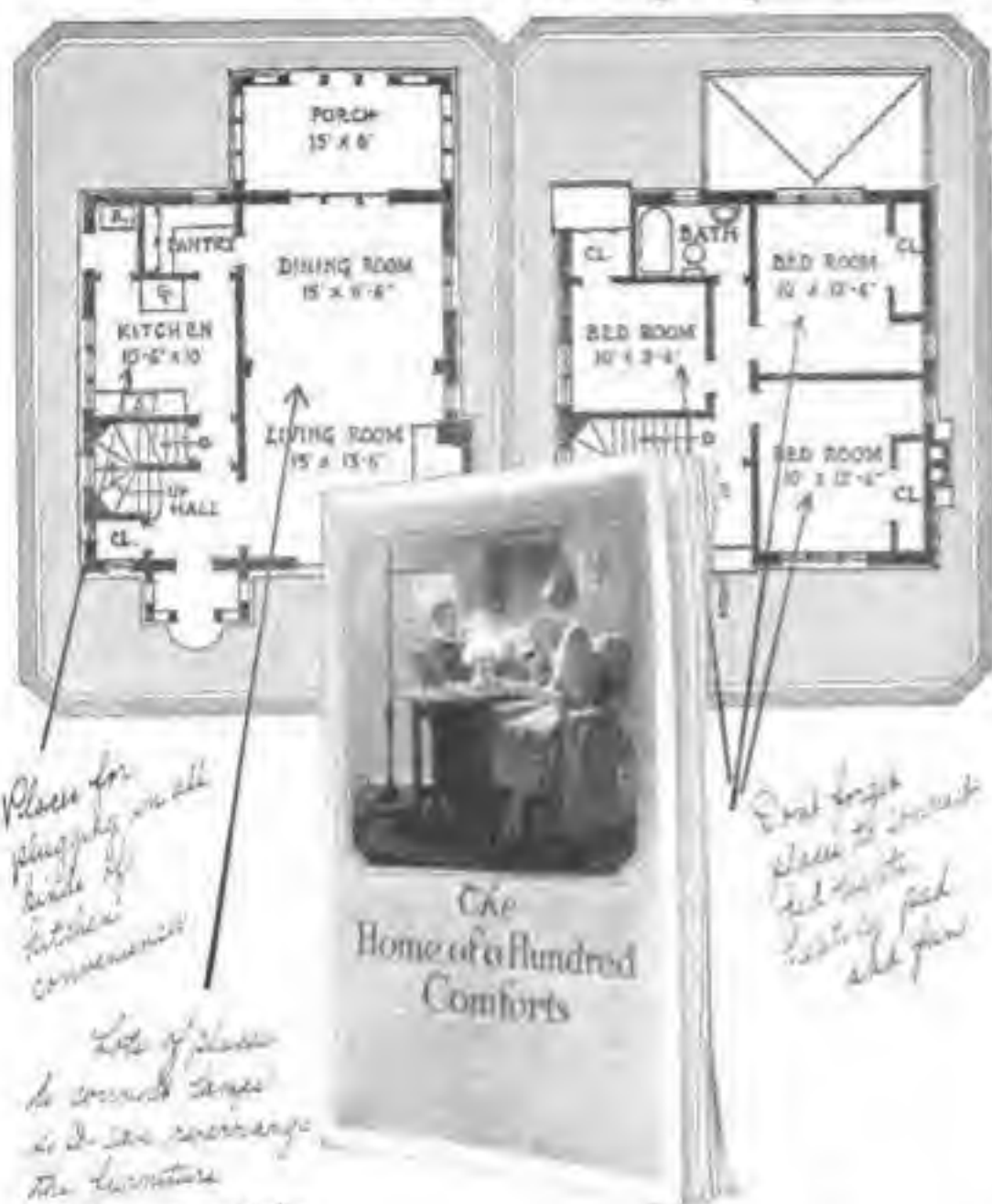


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## The Family's Money

### What Thrift Stamps Have Done for Us

**S**HORTLY after the United States entered the war I enlisted in the field artillery. Before leaving home, however, I made sure of the girl by enlisting in matrimony for life.

After our marriage my wife and I had to think about the future a little. We decided at once that we had better save every possible nickel to start our home with when I returned. My wife was a stenographer, a mighty good one, and she kept on working while I was in the army. She continued to live with her people and was able to save quite a bit out of her salary. When ordered across I was made top sergeant of my outfit, and that helped a lot. Between us we began to pile up the dollars fairly fast.

Of course we subscribed in every Liberty bond drive as heavily as we could. War savings and thrift stamps came in handy between drives. My wife got in the habit of taking thrift stamps for change and adding a war-savings stamp every pay day. The money I sent home from France and my allotment was handled in the same way.

In the summer of 1919 I returned from France and after a delayed honeymoon trip of a couple of weeks I took up my old job as city salesman for a wholesale grocery house. We certainly found our Liberty bonds and war-savings stamps a life-saver in starting housekeeping.

Unfortunately, we didn't know enough to keep on saving. And when we had got the "good time" idea out of our systems the youngster was at hand.

After that our expenses were larger. Although we eliminated a good deal of the unnecessary frivolity, we still didn't have the idea of regular saving. But I did keep up my ten thousand dollar government insurance, converted into permanent form; but that was about all we did in the thrift line.

**R**ECENTLY several things have happened to make us see the wisdom of saving.

Most important of all, we noticed in the newspapers recently a lot of publicity about a government plan for the exchange of war-savings stamps into a new kind of treasury-savings certificates. That reminded us to look up the remnant of our war-savings stamps. There were just \$75 worth of them left. We were struck by the fact that this amount was about \$13 more than we had paid for them. That \$13 was easy money. We hadn't worked for it; our money had worked for us. We began to wish we had some more of that kind of saving.

Finally, we looked into these new savings certificates the Government was putting out, and found that for \$20.50 we could buy a certificate which would be worth \$25 in five years, with no chance of losing anything. Our \$75 in war-savings stamps went right into them, and \$27.50 cash besides; for which we'll get \$125 back in five years. That gave us the idea

# General Electric





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Buick Authorized Service becomes an inseparable and important part of his car investment—an element deeply and consistently prized.

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# Intense Hatred Seared His Soul



Bitter hate was implanted in his soul and "The Bookworm" became a super-criminal whose dastardly crimes were the baffling sensations of the day. When tightly entangled in the meshes of the law he always managed to escape "scot-free." With diabolical cunning "The Bookworm" became a powerful factor in business and took fiendish glee in wrecking his friends and associates. The pure love of the one girl, who had saved him many times from the prison bars because she believed him innocent, caused him to change, but intense hate burning deeply in his heart caused her to marry another man and then—! Don't miss "The Bookworm," a novel

of intrigue, love, mystery, and hate, by Arthur Somers Roche. It's in the *Woman's Home Companion* for April.

## A Toast to the Bride

Ellen mistook William Heath Bennett, an American mining engineer living in Mexico, for a real honest-to-goodness Mexican guide. And he, enjoying the situation hugely, lived right up to the part to a "T." Then he fell in love with her, but Ellen, really believing him to be a high-class Mexican, hesitated and refused to marry him. So he told her the truth and then—You'll get many a merry chuckle out of "A Toast to the Bride," by Charles E. Scoggins. It's in the April issue of *Woman's Home Companion*.



## And in the Same Issue

"Why I Left the Church," by a former minister—an astounding article that makes you think and brings you face to face with conditions as they are. "A Woman's Place," by Viola Brothers Shore—the story of a girl who tried to live with her mother-in-law. "Now, if It Only Hadn't Rained," by Corinne Harris Markey. A truly delightful story scintillating with genuine humor.

The April

# WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

15c a copy Now on sale at all news-stands 15c a copy  
Or \$1.50 a year by subscription to

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Woman's Home Companion Collier's The National Weekly  
The American Magazine Farm and Fireside The Mentor

of buying at least one savings certificate every month. By doing this we will have, at the end of five years, \$25 coming back to us every month. Then it will take only \$16 a month new money to buy two certificates every month. If we keep reinvesting our money that way, with a little bit more each time, we can easily have \$75 a month coming in at the end of fifteen years, a tidy little sum to help put Junior through college.

That's going to be the foundation of our financial scheme hereafter. Every month \$20.50 of my salary is going into a treasury-savings certificate before we buy even a cake of soap. Saving is going to be first—not last—in our budget. Then we're going to live on the rest of my salary. My wife is economical and we can do it comfortably. Finally, the commissions I get are to go into a cooperative bank until we have a home of our own. Then we'll use them to build up a fund to go into business for ourselves. P. L. C.

## How I Save Work and Worry by the Use of Budget Bags

THERE is nothing to a home-maker more satisfactory than a budget. But the bookkeeping for one is sometimes a nuisance to the woman who does not carry several distinct bank accounts. The easiest way out of this difficulty, I have found, is to keep three bags: one marked "Church and Charities," one, "Pleasure and Profit," and one, "Household Expenses." Into each of these at the first of the week I put the amount allotted.

Even for my household expenses I run no bills at all, but pay for my meat and groceries as they are delivered. If I find the bag running low, I order oranges instead of grapefruit, or a pot roast instead of the coveted chicken. If there is any money left in the bag after all the necessary shopping is done on Saturday, I order staple groceries, like sugar or salt, that are almost exhausted. In this way I can make myself live within my income.

From my "Pleasure and Profit" bag I take the running expenses of my car; pay the magazine subscriptions, buy books and flowers; and also sometimes indulge in a theatre or concert ticket. There is no longer any question about whether or not I can afford a luxury. My bag tells me.

Nothing has added more to my self-respect and happiness than has this budget for benevolences. I delight in the sense of power and independence I now have, for when someone asks me to contribute to the Near East Relief, or the Salvation Army, I need not hesitate, or worry over how much I can give. My bag tells me. Now charity never comes as a surprise or as an unexpected drain upon my purse. It is all provided for in advance.

The expert accountant may laugh at this three-bag system of bookkeeping. But whatever the comment, I recommend it. For if we merely apportion the income on paper, and depend upon casting up the accounts later, we have only a backward instead of a forward look, with no means whatsoever of preventing the very excess that our budget is supposed to control.

MRS. L. A. M.





Under the rear deck of the new Two-passenger Coupe is an unusually large storage space, capable of accommodating several good-sized sample cases or suitcases.

A salesman's portfolio, doctor's case, or small parcels, can be conveniently stored inside the car, in space provided directly back of the seat.

The doors of the car are extra wide, affording a 31-inch opening. Door windows are adjustable for ventilation.

Body equipment includes dome light, sun visor, ventilating windshield and windshield cleaner.

**I**N this new Two-passenger Coupe, the body is a unit, specially designed, and solidly built of steel.

You grasp at once the superiority of such construction, and its obvious advantages—greater permanence and longer life, greater beauty, finer proportions.

Here is a body built in our own shops, in the scrupulous Hupmobile way, to withstand the rigors of hard and continuous service in the same sturdy fashion the chassis withstands them.

In such a car, protection from the weather is more complete.

But the greatest comfort is derived from the satisfaction an owner always finds in his car's ability to stand up and perform, no matter what he asks of it.

*Touring Car, \$1115; Roadster, \$1115; Special Touring Car, \$1215; Special Roadster, \$1215; New Two-passenger Coupe, \$1385; Four-Passenger Coupe, \$1535; Sedan, \$1675. Cord tires on all models. Prices F. O. B. Detroit—Revenue Tax Extra*

Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

# Hupmobile





## How the Pilgrim Fathers got their meat

Food and shelter were the great questions with the first settlers in New England.

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# The American Magazine

May, 1923

JOHN M. SIDDALL, *Editor*

Vol. xcv

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

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EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$2.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$3.00 per Year.

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Subscribers are notified that change of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., and Harrisburg, Pa. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.  
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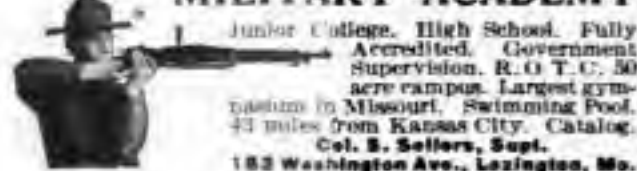
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## The founders of this business are looking for jobs

**T**WO YEARS AGO the members of the sales department of a manufacturing concern whose product sold faster than it could be made, resigned in a body to build a competing plant. All the money they had or could borrow went into machinery and equipment.

For a while the plant was a beehive of industry. The company introduced to the market a good product at a substantially lower price, and it sold readily.

### Today that factory is closed

The equipment will be sold at auction to satisfy debts. And most of the men who founded the business are idle, their savings gone, their assets pledged to creditors.

The magazine "Sales Management," commenting on the tragic incident, says:

"It is the story of every concern that ever started in business with the idea that selling was all there was to business. It is just such calamities as this that prompt us to repeat what we have so often preached—sales managers must study the big, broad phases of business. Make it your business to know the problems of the production man, the credit man, the purchasing agent and last but not least, the financing of the business. . . . There has to be some head to every business,

and that head must be able to see all sides of the problem."

You could hardly compress into one paragraph a better reason for the Alexander Hamilton Institute. It was founded by a group of business leaders who recognized that business makes specialists—but does *not* develop all-round executives. The vital way in which the Institute meets this situation is illustrated by another story.

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For fourteen years R. Lee Smith was a sales manager, with an ambition to have a business of his own. "But my work gave me no understanding of business other than that which concerned selling," he wrote to the Institute. "I knew nothing of production, financing or business promotion."

Instead of setting forth unprepared, Mr. Smith clipped a coupon from an advertisement like this. He received and read "Forging Ahead in Business" and enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service. With this sound foundation he organized the United Soda Fountain Company, which in only three years has become one of the leaders in its industry.

Problems of production, financing, accounting, advertising, credits, did not come to him as new and unfamiliar. "Your

Course and Service gave me an understanding of these things," he writes.

### Send for the book he sent for

This is not an isolated instance. More than 200,000 business men have shared Mr. Smith's experience. They were executives, salesmen, accountants, engineers, lawyers, bankers, factory and office men. The Institute did not make them better specialists in the one department of business where their experience had been gained. It added to that a working knowledge of all other departments, with results, in progress and income, testified to by thousands of letters voluntarily written.

These men gained their first knowledge of the Institute thru "Forging Ahead in Business," a book which contains *all* the facts about the Institute. Will you give it an hour in exchange for what it may give you in vision and in counsel? It will be cheerfully sent on this condition.

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Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.



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*Would you be willing to use the soap on your face?*

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For 44 years, millions of women have cleansed their faces and their most precious garments with Ivory Soap, because it is pure, mild, gentle, white.

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wash-bowl laundering of dainty silk blouses, sweaters and under-garments—and woolen things, too—these women use Ivory Flakes, which is just Ivory Soap, flaked petal thin, for instant suds.

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May we have the pleasure of sending you a free sample of Ivory Flakes and the useful booklet shown in the lower left-hand corner?

*Ivory Flakes, in full-size packages, may be had at grocery and department stores.*

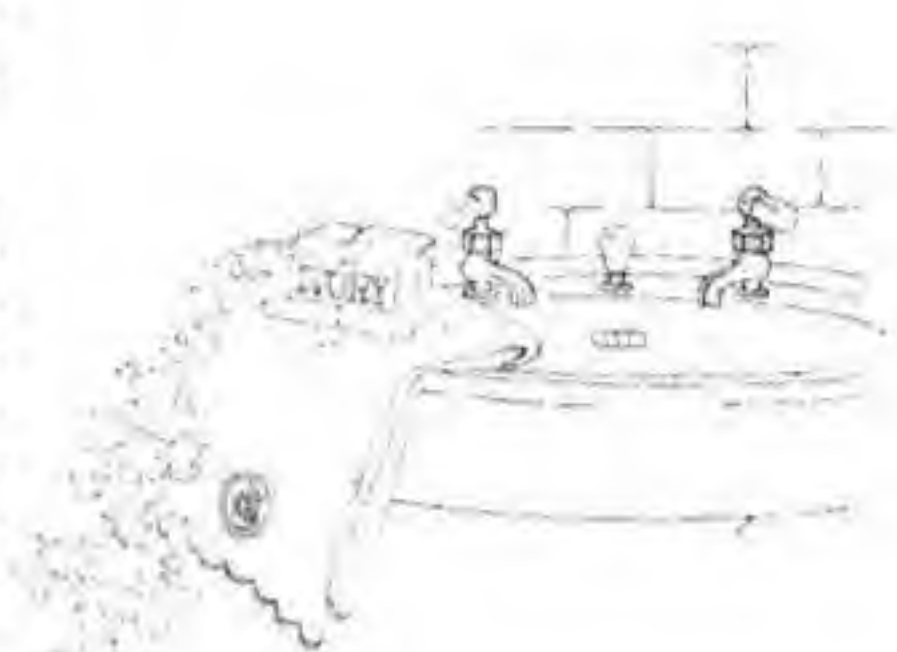
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Mrs. B. of Nashville had a dress of lovely peacock blue crêpe meteor which had gone out of style. Instead of giving it away, she took it to pieces, washed the silk in Ivory Flakes suds, and with the help of some old lace, remade it into the beautiful new dress pictured here. "Everything in this family," says Mrs. B.'s letter, "from Ann, aged 3, to the Persian rugs, knows the feel of Ivory suds."

*(Mrs. B.'s dress and her letter are now on file in the Procter & Gamble office.)*





*Beginning*

# Wheels Within Wheels

The story of a double mystery

*By Carolyn Wells*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN PRICE

**A**MONG the most beautiful of the great country houses of America, and quite able to hold its own against many of the stately homes of England, was Howlands, the estate of Ralph Howland, of Normandale, Connecticut, and of New York City.

The New England village was proud of its citizen, yet not over-appreciative—for your true New England village appraises with discernment the status of its inhabitants, rich and poor alike. The Howlands were favorites in the community, however, and had been so for sixteen years. Perhaps it was pride of possession that kindled the kindly feeling, perhaps it was sympathy. No one of the simple village folk could forget the tragedy that had brought terrible grief to Ralph Howland and his wife in their first season at the green house on the hill top, sixteen years earlier, and had caused the place to remain closed for several seasons.

Change of scene, foreign travel, all efforts at diversion, had failed to obliterate the memory of that tragedy, and of later years the Howlands had returned, not in gayety, but reverently, as to a shrine. Their summer stays at Howlands had lengthened until now they were twice as long as their winters in New York. And now it was October, and there was no sign of their return to the city.

Nor was it surprising that they should wish to linger. The hills were a glory of flame-like trees; the valley roads were bordered with yellow goldenrod and red sumac, and clouds of tiny purple asters were beginning to appear.

"I think, Mary," Howland said, as he watched the setting sun turn the blazing maples into deeper, softer tints, "that we must go down to town a little earlier this year. I've some big deals to put over, and then, once things are settled, we can come back as early as you like in the spring, and never go away again unless you choose."

"Yes, Ralph," and Mary Howland looked indifferently at her husband.

Over forty, she had kept her youthful figure, her youthful looks, all but her youthful enthusiasms. Indifference was the keynote of her whole being.

She wore exquisite clothes and she had

beautiful appointments in her home. Yet, without being exactly listless, she was uninterested in everything, including even her husband. She loved him and there was strong sympathy and congeniality between the two, but any enthusiasm she might show was so palpably an effort, so obviously perfunctory, that Howland had ceased to expect or even want it. Eventually, she had ceased to display it.

They had occasional guests for house parties and larger social functions. They accepted and returned the village hospitalities. Yet, though Mary Howland was a perfect hostess, she greeted none with a real welcome.

Nor was Howland much more cordial. He had men friends; there was mutual liking; but little true comradeship or joy of meeting.

Leonard Swift strolled across the terrace, and sat down beside Mary on the balcony railing.

"Going to town soon, are you?" he asked, overhearing. "Sorry—it will cut my visit here short."

"Stay after we go, if you like, Len," Mary said; "I'll leave enough servants to keep you comfortable—"

"No; thanks. I love the place with people about, but not solitude up here. I'd get the creeps."

"What are you talking about?" said Howland indignantly. "This is no boggy place—the house isn't haunted."

"Awful lonesome, though, except with plenty of company."

"As you choose," said Mary indifferently.

**S**WIFT was Howland's cousin, and the two men were not unlike. But Swift was twelve years younger, and black of hair and mustache, whereas the other showed a graying tendency. Sharp, dark eyes both men had, and a quick, alert manner. This alertness had been modified in the case of the older man, but Leonard Swift was a live wire, and few things escaped or mystified his attention. He got on famously with Howland, but was never quite at ease with Mary. Indeed, few people were at ease with the sad-eyed, absent-minded woman.

"I met the foolish Conrad just now,"

Swift said. "It's awful to laugh at the poor, unfortunate chap, but he is so funny!"

"He is," and Mary smiled. "He comes up here pretty often, and yesterday he came to where I was sitting on the terrace, and he looked for all the world as a squirrel does, when warily approaching."

"That's it, exactly," said Howland; "he has just that funny little roguish look of a squirrel. As if he'd come ahead if all's well, and scoot if it isn't."

"I don't think he's funny at all, or even interesting," said Swift. "I can't bear to see him. He's—why, he's demented!"

"Oh, no, don't call it that," Howland said, "he's touched, if you like; he's half-witted—"

"No, he isn't," Swift interrupted, "if he had a little more brains he'd be half-witted; but as it is, he's a third-witted, or even less."

"Well," and Howland spoke indulgently, "he's the Village Half-Wit, so let it go at that."

**S**WIFT looked serious. "Conrad has, I think, a homicidal mania, and—"

"Oh, no," Howland smiled. "You're way off. Conrad Stryker is half-witted; he is demented, if you like, but he's no maniac. He hasn't a vicious hair in his head or a criminal thought in his mind."

"On the contrary," and Mary Howland spoke with a kindly light in her eyes; "he's a gentle, affectionate nature. He's always letting things out."

"Secrets?" Swift looked interested.

"No, not that," and Mary really smiled now; "but I mean, if he sees a chance to free a small animal from a snare or trap, he lets it out. Why, they say he opens his mother's mouse traps and lets the creatures free!"

"But he isn't an idiot," Howland persisted. "I've no special interest in Conrad Stryker, but I do believe in justice. He is a simple-minded, harmless boy—"

"Boy!" broke in Leonard Swift, "he's thirty if he's a day!"

"I don't mean a boy in years, but in mentality. His is a case of arrested development, or whatever the doctors call it, and though his brains are weak and undeveloped, they are there, and they are not distorted, as in the case of a real maniac."





Presently a suppressed shriek sounded from the library, and Magee rushed hastily

"Mr. Howland," said a soft voice from the house door, and they looked up to see the dainty figure of Howland's stenographer, Miss Mills.

"What is it?" asked Howland shortly.

"Mr. Peters wants you."

Rob and Sally Peters, a young married couple from New York, were house guests for the week-end.

Without further word, Ralph Howland rose and went into the house, following the girl.

Swift came over and took a chair nearer his hostess.

"Mary," he said, "don't let Ralph go into that fool scheme with Rob Peters. It's a wild-cat game, and not only will Ralph lose a lot of money but he may get himself into more serious trouble."

"**WHAT** is it, Len? I don't know anything about it."

"That's why I'm telling you. Never mind details, it's called the Right to Mine—but it's all wrong. I know. . . . Oh, Mary, you can't understand these things, but please do as I advise."

"Just what are you advising?"

"Only that you persuade Ralph—beg him, coax him, manage him any way you like—but make him keep out of it."

"If it's wrong in any way, he'll keep out of it himself."

"But he doesn't know it's wrong; and Peters is a cajoling sort. He'll wind Ralph round his finger—"

"Does Rob know it's wrong?"

"I'm not sure," and Swift looked perplexed. "I'd hate to think he did, and yet I don't see how he can help it. But in either case, we want to keep Ralph out of it."

"Len," and his hostess looked at him





in. "Oh," Edith cried, "oh, that awful boy, that horrid idiot! Make him go away!"

amusedly, "what has come over you? Since when have you, or have I, become Ralph's keeper? It's rather funny to think of our advising him."

For a few moments the two were rather silent.

"He's a strange chap," Swift said at last. "Doesn't he annoy you sometimes, Mary?"

"Nothing annoys me—just as nothing rejoices me."

"No, I suppose not. But I do wish you'd try to rouse yourself from that determined pessimism of yours."

"Pessimism! I rather think that if you—"

"Yes, I know, I know. But, when everybody is doing all that's possible for your good, for your happiness, I do think you might try—just try, you know—"

"YOU'RE right, Len—and I know it. But—Oh, I can't! Everybody tries to brighten me up and cheer me, until I nearly go frantic. But it doesn't do a bit of good; I think it makes me worse."

"But, why, Mary, can't you make a big, splendid effort and conquer it all?"

"Conquer what?" Her eyes blazed at him. "Memory?"

"No, no, of course not. But morbidity, melancholy, despair. Put up a fight!"

"Oh, hush, Len; I don't want to fight. You think, I suppose, you're saying something original, something novel. . . . I've had all that dinned into my ears by all sorts and conditions of people for sixteen years."

"Magee?"

"Yes, of course by Mr. Magee, and by the rector, and by the doctor, and by Nurse Lane, and even by Miss Mills."





"What are you talking about," said Howland indignantly. "This is no boggy place—the house isn't haunted"

"Good lord, what does she say to you?"

"Oh, she's no simpleton, you know. In fact, she gives me about the best advice of anyone. Just to go outdoors a lot, and ride and golf, and read, and mix with people—just general good advice. I've even tried it; but it does no good. To-night, I'm more than usually unstrung, because there's a thunderstorm coming up."

"A thunderstorm! In October?"

"Yes; such things aren't unknown. Anyway, there's one coming. You'll see."

AS ONE entered the wide and beautiful hall of Howlands, on the right was the living-room and on the left was the library, in which the master of the house spent most of his time. Back of the library was a billiard-room, and back of that the large and formal drawing-room. On the other side, behind the living-room, were the dining-room and kitchens.

Simple of plan, the rooms were so large and spacious and so well proportioned that there was an effect of long vistas; and the great staircase, which rose from the center of the hall and branched to either side, was an architectural triumph in itself. On the second floor, the Howlands' own suite was over the living-room, while across the hall, above the library, were

guest-rooms, now occupied by the Peterses. Behind these was Leonard Swift's room, and behind that the pretty room of Miss Mills.

To the rear of the Howlands' rooms was the room of Austin Magee, Ralph Howland's secretary, and back of this, the room of Nurse Lane, who, though classed among the servants, was a most important member of the household; indeed almost a member of the family.

Magee was dressing for dinner and was thinking about the mining scheme in which Rob Peters was so determined to interest Howland. The secretary had his employer's interests deeply at heart, and though he never had presumed to advise he was carefully considering whether it was not his duty to do so in this case.

Austin Magee's finely shaped head was well set and well carried on his shoulders. The man, though not specially well born, had a poise that a statesman might envy. His very walk across a room gave an impression of dignity and importance, and he was absolutely devoid of any appearance of self-consciousness.

His self-respect and self-reliance were plainly written on his strong, unhandsome face, and determination was, quite evidently, his besetting sin or his chief virtue,

according to the object of his will. His industry was tireless and his energy inexhaustible.

At thirty, Magee had achieved a position that pleased him. He was private secretary and general manager to Ralph Howland, a magnate of wide interests and various enterprises. Or rather, Howland *had been* actively engaged in high finance, but now, nearing fifty, he was retiring from business life and was winding up and disposing of many matters with a view to a leisurely old age, although one bound to be colored by the terrible tragedy of sixteen years ago.

IN THE first happiness of Ralph and Mary Howland in their new home, an epidemic of sleeping sickness had claimed their only child, the little six-year-old Angela.

Nurse Amy Lane had been the nurse of Baby Angela, and had remained with Mary ever since the loss of the child. Solicitous for the health and comfort of her mistress, Lane had been a bit spoiled and was, of late, growing domineering and dictatorial, as is a way with old family servants. On the whole, however, her presence was valuable, even necessary to Mary's well-being; and though disliked by



the other servants Lane was also feared and respected.

The sudden death of the child, during the excitement and disaster of the fearful epidemic, had been tragic in many ways: There had been no funeral, and the tiny casket had been taken away from the house during a violent and terrifying thunderstorm. This incident had so affected the nerves of the stricken mother that, ever since, she had been especially sensitive to weather conditions, and knew instinctively of the approach of the dreaded electric storms.

Dressing for dinner this evening, Mary Howland glanced continually and apprehensively through her windows at the heavens. The storm was still holding off and there were only distant rumblings and occasional faint flashes of lightning.

Mary, assisted by Nurse Lane, was getting into an evening gown of soft white that showed a bit of silver lace here and there. A long sash end of silver ribbon hung at one side, and her silver slippers tapped impatiently as she was being hooked up.

"There now," admonished Lane, "don't you begin tapping your foot, Mrs. Howland. You'll get all feezed up if you don't hold on to yourself."

Lane was a gaunt, ungraceful woman, with prominent elbows and knees, and had a bearing like a grenadier. Her eyes were faded and colorless, with sandy brows and lashes, yet even this effect of weakness was offset by her large nose and firm, hard mouth. A martinet, a virago, she looked, and was; but toward her idolized mistress she was all gentleness and affection.

"There, there, dearie," she would say, and taking Mary in her arms would wipe her tearful eyes as she would those of a child.

Austin Magee, as he finished dressing,

was still thinking about the mining project. He feared that Howland would be drawn into it. A smaller deal Magee would have ignored, but this was enormous. It might wreck Howland's whole fortune. Something must be done, and at risk of incurring his employer's deep displeasure Magee decided he would interfere. He had realized of late that Ralph Howland's judgment was not quite what it had been. Moreover, there was a certain momentous matter opening up—a matter that might revolutionize life at Howlands.

No, that great fortune must not be jeopardized, Magee determined. Shaking his head obstinately, he went down-stairs and joined the others in the drawing-room, where the first people he saw were Rob Peters and his pretty wife, Sally, standing at one side, engaged in earnest conversation.

**EDITH MILLS**, that invaluable member of the household, stood near Mary, helping her receive and entertain the dinner guests. Though only stenographer to Ralph Howland, Miss Mills also acted as his wife's social secretary, and she was both clever and useful in that capacity.

Magee made his way straight to the side of Edith Mills and, standing close, said in a low voice:

"Peters is dangerous. He's out for blood, and he's going to tackle the old man to-night."

"What can I do?" And though the girl's tone was a bit pert she looked earnestly at Magee.

"Not much; but you can do this: sit next to Peters at dinner and sound him. Just get all the information you can—not about the mine, but general information about the man, his habits, doings of late, and—"

"I know," the ash-blond head nodded. "Go away now, they'll notice you."

She turned away from him, and resumed her pretty tasks of entertainment.

"How attractive that girl is," somebody remarked to Leonard Swift. "Too attractive to be a man's secretary, I should say!"

"Oh, no," Swift explained. "She's a dear, and Mrs. Howland is devoted to her. Sometimes I wish she would adopt Edith and let her take the place of the daughter she lost."

"What an idea!" and the guest stared.

"Not at all a bad one," Swift returned. "Edith Mills is a fine girl, and a household favorite. She isn't secretary to Mr. Howland, Mr. Magee is that; but she is stenographer when needed, and she helps Mary socially at other times."

"She's certainly attractive-looking. Oh, my heavens and earth!"

The sudden exclamation, not entirely inappropriate, was called forth by a terrific clap of thunder, with an almost simultaneous lightning flash that was evident even in the electric-lighted room. Edith Mills, close at Mary's side, slipped an arm round the trembling woman, while Nurse Lane hovered in a doorway. But Mary Howland held herself well in hand, and as the bolt was not repeated, she summoned all her will power and led the way to the dining-room.

The serene smiles and gay banter of those at the table gave no evidence of the deep and perturbing thoughts beneath the urbane exterior of many.

Leonard Swift, with a reputation for repartee, made good at it, while his quick eyes and good ears took in all that was possible of anything said by his cousin or Rob Peters. Magee watched everybody, without being noticed; but Edith Mills, who was possessed of truly abnormal hearing, listened adroitly to everyone, and stored up several important bits of knowledge. (Continued on page 170)



The eyes that looked up at him, across her untouched breakfast tray, were moving restlessly about, and her wandering gaze was unintelligent and uncertain



Toward the end of this article Doctor Mott gives six interesting tests to apply to yourself and to others

# Vision

What it is, and how to tell whether you have it—Stories of great men who had it to a marked degree

An Interview with John R. Mott

Executive Head of the International Young Men's Christian Association

*By Bruce Barton*

WITH a man whose name I do not know, I sat on the observation platform of a transcontinental train while the glistening rails unwound themselves behind us across the surface of the Great Salt Lake—a roadbed of solid rock, as disdainful of the angry little waves on either side as a giant snapped at by puppies. They had fought a game battle, those waters; for many months they scattered and hid the rock as fast as loaded freight trains could haul it; mockingly they tossed themselves at the puny men who should have known better than to try to do a thing which could not be done.

As often as the men were beaten, they returned with bigger locomotives and trains more heavily loaded, until finally the mocking laughter died out of the waters and sullenness settled on them. Up through the surface the roadway pushed its huge shoulders, and stayed; the waves still snarl and snap, but the fight is gone out of them. The rock alone they might have conquered; the Thing they could not conquer is harder than rock—the will of a man who, seeing in his mind's eye the job already completed, will not rest until it is complete.

My companion on the platform tossed his cigar into the lake, thrust his hands into his pockets and took a deep breath.

"Always like to come back by this route," he exclaimed. "Sort of stiffens your backbone to think of that little chap Harriman. Everyone told him he couldn't build his railroad across the lake; but he went ahead and built it. All they saw in the road anyhow was a couple of streaks of rust. He saw the West, and he invested every penny he could beg or borrow. Anybody else could have bought the stock at the same price he paid; all it needed was Vision."

With a friend I rode through the highlands of Kentucky, to the crest of a hill which commands a view of the campus and buildings of Berea College. Every fall two or three thousand boys and girls make their way down the valleys from their

mountain cabins to Berea; every spring they go back again, each one an apostle of progress. You can trace their influence all through the mountains by farms that are better cultivated, by homes better built, by meals better cooked.

"I doubt if any other institution in America influences more people, directly and indirectly," said my friend. "It's a great monument to William Goodell Frost.

It certainly sounds like a record and, if so, it is only one of a number of records which belong to John R. Mott. No other American has addressed so many audiences in so many different cities; no other has ever spoken so often in all corners of the world to great crowds, through an interpreter; few have traveled so constantly back and forth around the globe. When the war broke out in 1914 it was said that

Mott knew personally the premier of every country, on both sides. For more than thirty years his business has been with the young men of the whole world and, as an incident of the progress of that business, he has had to be on terms of acquaintance or friendship with whatever emperor or president or czar happened to be in a position to hinder or help.

He was speaking that evening about a man he had met in Washington, a man whom he watched as a college student back in the nineties. It is a tragic thing, he said, how some careers, which open with so much promise, shrivel

and end in futility. This man had wealth and social position; he was a leader both in scholarship and student activities; his university expected much of him. Yet in his own city in the Middle West he has allowed the sphere of his interests and enthusiasm to contract year by year, until his influence is dead and his name forgotten.

"I couldn't help contrasting him with another man who was in a different university at about the same time," said Mott. "He lacked some of the favoring factors which entered into the life of the other; and his disadvantage was added to, apparently, by the fact that he went to the Orient after his graduation. But out there he rendered such conspicuous service, and made such an impression, that he was heard of in New York; he came back to Wall Street and in a few years established a recognized leadership. He went to France with the army and died, still a young man; but in his short life he had built himself into dozens of activities that still carry forward under the enthusiasm he imparted." (Continued on page 160)

## John R. Mott's Definition Of Vision

To see what others do not see.

To see further than they see.

To see *before* they see.

I visited the 'college' when he took hold as president, a one-horse affair if ever there was one. You wouldn't have given much for his chance of putting it across. But Frost had the Vision."

There are certain mystery words in the language, and "Vision" is one of them. In what does it consist? By what magic does it transform the son of a penniless parson, like Harriman, into a multi-millionaire? It builds colleges and cathedrals and factories; it leads nations to greatness and men—a few men—to fame. But how? No one stops to define the word; everybody uses it quite casually as though we were all perfectly agreed as to what it means. John R. Mott, executive head of the Young Men's Christian Association, used it one night, as we were sitting together in front of an open fire.

He had just returned from Washington, where he had transacted business with three Presidents in a little less than two hours—with Harding, Wilson, and Taft. Has any other man in history, I wonder, ever had dealings with three Presidents of the United States on the same morning?





Photo by Pirie MacDonald

*John R. Mott*

**PROBABLY** no other living American has influenced and inspired more young men than John R. Mott. He is executive head of the International Young Men's Christian Association, which has a paid membership of more than *one million* in this country alone, and carries on organized work in thirty-one other countries.

Doctor Mott was born in Livingston Manor, New York, and he is fifty-eight years old. He was graduated from Cornell University in 1888. During the late war he was the most important single figure in the direction of religious activities among the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force.





Photo by Moffett, Chicago

*William Benson Storey*

**MR. STOREY** is president of one of the greatest transcontinental railway systems in the country—the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé. He began his railroad career with the Southern Pacific more than forty years ago as a stake driver at twenty dollars a month. From the bottom rung of the ladder he worked his way steadily and undramatically to his present post. For

more than twenty years he has held important executive positions with the Santa Fé road, where he was right-hand man to the late Edward P. Ripley, one of the outstanding transportation geniuses of modern times, whom he succeeded as president. Mr. Storey was born in San Francisco on November 17th, 1857. His home is on Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.



# From Stake Driver To Railroad President

The eventful life of "Bill" Storey, head of the Santa Fé, who just put one foot ahead of the other and on up the ladder to the top

By Neil M. Clark

THEY were preparing to build a new stretch of railroad through a swampy district in California. The chief of construction wanted to know how deep the swamp was, how far down he would have to go to get to bedrock. He sent off young "Bill" Storey in charge of a crew of three men to find out.

Storey was scarcely twenty years old. He had worked in surveying parties and construction crews on the railroad during his vacations for several years; but this was the first time he had ever been put in charge of other men. He was eager to make a good showing as a "boss" and get the required results in the least possible time. So the first day he turned to and worked harder than anybody, on the theory that the others would be inspired by his example and do likewise.

However, they were three blarneying Irishmen, well along in years and experience. When they saw their youthful boss working so hard, they told him that he was certainly a fine worker; and by keeping up the flow of compliments they cleverly concealed the fact that they did next to nothing themselves! That night "Bill" Storey was a stiff, tired, and disappointed boy.

William Benson Storey, the "Bill" of this episode, recalled the incident the other day in the course of a talk I had with him. He is now the president of a great railway system, the Atchafalaya, Topeka and Santa Fé.

"I lay awake the better part of that night," he told me, "trying to figure out why we had failed to get more done. I tossed and turned and studied, and finally I concluded that those Irishmen had been riding me. They saw I was working hard enough for all of us, and they naturally reasoned that it wasn't worth their while to overexert themselves! I saw I had gone at the job wrong.

"The next day I held back and told the others what to do. They did the work. I looked on and directed it. After that we got along a whole lot faster."

Mr. Storey related this incident to illustrate one of the things a man needs in order

high school. That was nearly fifty years ago. Except for the time he spent in school and college, it has been there ever since.

Some people imagine that achievement like his is largely a matter of bold strokes.

But William Benson Storey does not believe that bold strokes have very much to do with the making of a career. He got on by putting one foot ahead of the other, and by keeping everlastingly at it!

"I started," he told me, "with a surveying party on a small Western railroad. I had to earn money while I was in high school. And I had to earn my own money to put me through college.

"My first job was driving stakes. Usually, when a railroad man tells you he came up from the bottom, he explains that he started as a rodman.

"But as a stake-driver, I thought a rodman was a man of considerable eminence. He had a chance to help with the instruments. I did not. My job was the very humblest in the crew. The salary was twenty dollars a month. I had to work more than a year before I was advanced to a position as rodman.

"Between high school and college I worked for a solid year to accumulate something for my expenses. And I always worked on the railroad during vacations. My experience convinced me that railroading was a difficult profession, in which the pay was small for the effort, and I was sure I did not want to follow it permanently. I advised all my classmates against it.

"But I have come to believe there is a good deal in the force of circumstances. When I finished college jobs were scarce. I had no difficulty getting a position with my former employers, who knew something about me. Later, when I had opportunities to get out of railroading and into something else, I couldn't afford to change.

(Continued on page 178)

## Many Men Deliberately Choose Smaller Jobs

"I HAVE found," says Mr. Storey, "that quite a lot of people do not want to get on, in this sense: They are unwilling to accept the responsibilities that come with advancement.

"One of the great shocks of my boyhood occurred when I learned that the local telegrapher in the railroad station in our town had refused promotion to the dispatcher's office. He decided to stick to his key; and the reason he gave was that the added pay that dispatchers received was not sufficient to compensate him for the added responsibilities that he would have in the higher office.

"To me his decision seemed almost criminal. I saw it as a step upward. But he was thinking of his ease.

"That man died a telegrapher in a small station. He didn't get further because he didn't want to; or, if you like, because he didn't dare to.

"I recall a similar case that happened several years ago. A locomotive engineer was offered a promotion. He was to be given the position of road foreman of engines. The work was more responsible. It took the engineer out of the ranks. And it was the opening wedge to bring him to the notice of those above him.

"Can I," he asked, "try the job for six months with the understanding that if I want to then, I can go back on my engine?"

"We gave him permission to do that. And six months later he asked for the old job.

"I know how to drive an engine and give acceptable service," he said, "on the other job I'm liable to make a mistake and be fired. I'd rather take a chance on a sure thing."

"That man was a good locomotive engineer, which is a worthy thing, but he would never get higher—never into the important official ranks. He lacked the spirit of daring, and the wish to be trying new things for the joy of mastering them. To get on, and to keep getting on further and further, a man needs something of the spirit of adventure—a willingness to dare, to run the risk of making mistakes if he thinks he is right, to load himself up with responsibilities."

to get his foot on the ladder and start climbing; that is, he must understand the handling of men. The record of Mr. Storey's own career is intensely interesting and for an odd reason: it is long and distinguished, but scarcely a single strikingly dramatic occurrence has contributed materially to making it so. He got his foot on the railroad ladder when he was still in





*A cool, clammy breath fanned the back of Gideon's neck*



# Old Gideon—Detective

A story

By Samuel A. Derieux

ILLUSTRATIONS BY VICTOR ANDERSON

**O**LD GIDEON, colored, jogged along the blazing road in a racing sulky to which a small gray mule was hitched. Anywhere but in the black belt or upon the stage he would have been an amazing spectacle. So large was he in proportion to his equipage that you expected momentarily to see equilibrium destroyed, Gideon himself sitting in the road, and the diminutive mule elevated in the air between the shafts. His attire was as striking as his equipage. He was dressed in black "preacher's" clothes. The long tails of the rusty and somber coat, dangling down behind the narrow seat, almost dragged in the sandy road. A stovepipe hat sat upon his head, and crescent earrings of brass dangled from the lobes of his ears. He looked like a tall old Congo chief who had superintended the last culinary rites of a missionary, then dressed up in the missionary's clothes and calmly driven off in the missionary's rig.

Even in the black belt Gideon was a character. Sometimes he preached; sometimes he doctored, verbally, as it were; sometimes he conjured. Certainly he was a power among his people to the extent that he was forced to perform no physical labor whatever. If he wasn't fed by the ravens he was fed by the raven-hued. Wherever he went dusky crowds gathered about him. Whenever he spoke, dusky crowds listened.

Queer and divergent things were said about Gideon. If, according to the credulous among the blacks, he was a conjurer and a diviner, according to the whites he was a shrewd old sleight-of-hand artist and faker.

Whatever the source of his powers, they had more than once, it was rumored in the black belt, been requisitioned by the police in the city. Certainly he disappeared nobody knew where for long periods of time. There were other queer things about him, too. To-day, for instance, in spite of the torrid road, hot habiliments, and stovepipe hat, justly named from the thermos standpoint, he was not even perspiring. There were those who said he had spent part of his life in hell, and was therefore more than acclimated to the semitropical heat of the swamps in lower Carolina. But wherever he may have been and whatever he may have seen in his long and mysterious life, he was now engaged in a most congenial mission. He was on his way to investigate the actions of a ghost—a ghost that threw stones.

The unprecedented activity of this extraordinary ghost had thrown a whole neighborhood into wild excitement. It had started operations several nights ago on the old Pettigru place. Miss Betty and Miss Cynthia Pettigru, twin spinsters who lived there, had been terrified

about ten at night by the crashing of a stone through the window of the parlor, where they were singing hymns together, and had run out on the porch screaming for help. Before this help had come another stone had crashed through the bedroom window. The negro plantation hands and the house servants who lived in the yard had rushed out of their cabins to the assistance of the ladies. While they were all searching the premises, some out of doors, some indoors, out of the air itself as if thrown by no human hand, another stone had crashed through the dining-room window and rolled across the floor.

It had been a night of terror for the two old ladies and for the faithful domestics and hands. Ada, the housemaid, who slept in a room adjoining that of her mistresses, had gone into hysterics. Then other nights of terror had followed. With the magistrate and two sheriff's deputies watching two nights in succession stones thrown at intervals by unseen hands had crashed through window panes and rolled across floors!

**B**ACK of it all lay a legend, not a legend either, for it was founded on fact: Before the Civil War old Captain Pettigru, now dead, had had serious trouble with a slave with the suggestive name of Cain. This slave had openly threatened the captain's life, and then had run away and hidden in the big river swamps. He had remained hidden so long that all hope of finding him was given up.

Then one night while the captain sat near the parlor window reading, a stone had crashed through the pane and come near crashing through his skull as well, which no doubt was intended as its objective. Outraged, the captain had grabbed his shotgun and rushed into the yard. Hearing the sound of running feet and barely glimpsing a figure, he had fired. It was Runaway Cain.

"I gwine ha'nt you, Cap'n—you an' yo' chillun an' yo' gran'-chillun to the thud an' fo'th generation. Glory Hallelujah! Amen!" Such, it was said, had been Runaway Cain's last words.

Of all this Gideon was thinking as he jogged along. Now and then he spoke to his mule, not unkindly, but in an admonitory way: "Git up, Delilah—Git up, gal!"

Long before he reached the Pettigru plantation he began to meet groups of black folks returning home. When at sunset he came in sight of the place itself, he saw other groups about the yard, among them a cluster of white men. In strange contrast to the mystery that had caused them to gather, out in the yard a colored maid was picking flowers which no doubt would be placed on the supper table that night. Even in their terror the Pettigru sisters had not neglected their hospitality.

Through the grove of oaks in which it stood old Gideon made out the house itself, and the broken window panes, plainly visible and staring like the hollow eyes of a man stricken with some mysterious sickness.

His arrival created a stir among the darkies. One came to him as he clambered out of the seat, and led the sacred mule and sulky off toward the barn. A negro woman cried out, "De deliberer done come!" and someone laughed, though not heartily. A white man, no less a personage than the sheriff himself, nodded at him familiarly. And when, led by old Celia, the cook, he presented himself to the sisters, who with a few neighbor women sat in the parlor, Miss Cynthia spoke to him:

"Well, Gideon, so you too have come to visit us in our trouble."

He made a bow, for like everyone else he respected the Pettigru sisters, kindly souls both, friends to white and black, his eyes—unusually keen eyes they were—roaming about the dusky old room, taking in the polished top of the square piano and the broken panes behind it.

"I come to render my services, miss," he said. "Yes'm."

Out of doors, underneath the window, a woman broke into a sort of chant: "De deliberer—de deliberer done come."

Gideon was to play his part in the campaign the sheriff had planned for that night. He was included in the cordon of men, all the rest white, that after dark was drawn about the haunted house. The other darkies were ordered off the premises and told not to return until morning. They obeyed willingly.

"I ain't anxious to stay, no, suh," said old Ben, the gardener.

Only after Celia, an alarmed rear guard, had taken her departure, was the cordon drawn. At a little distance from the house a complete ring was formed, each man so close to his neighbor that no one going toward the house or coming from it could pass without being seen or heard. If they heard a stone fall, or the sheriff blew a whistle, each man was to rush straight toward the house. Thus, like a noose, the net of the law would be drawn.

**N**ONE but the two sisters and Ada, the maid, was allowed to remain in the house. They would not be much frightened with so many men around, the sheriff argued. He would wager his office, and he had worked hard to get it, that nothing was going to happen that night; or, if it did, somebody would be caught. Thus spoke the sheriff boastfully, his mind being of the earth, earthly.

Gideon was present with him in the parlor when after this manner he reassured the old ladies, both of whom tried conscientiously to be brave and matter of



fact, though night was now staring in at the windows and lamps had been lighted to keep it out. Of course it was perfectly ridiculous to talk about a ghost, Miss Cynthia declared. Yet when, just as they were thus mutually assuring one another, there came from overhead the sound of sudden scampering not only the sisters but the sheriff himself started visibly.

"Dat was rats," said Gideon.

THE sheriff placed Gideon in the garden to the side of the house, where he sat down on an empty box. Before him loomed the black contour of the trees in the yard and segments of the haunted house itself, where a solitary lamp burned for a time and then went out. It was one of those nights when the lights from other planets do not penetrate the fog that hangs over the earth—a damp, close, veiled night that seemed to be waiting breathlessly for something to happen.

Sitting out there on the box in the darkness Gideon might have served as a dusky, indistinct model of "The Thinker." Near this spot Runaway Cain had fallen and, dying, uttered his curse. Just back of the garden lay the old slave burying ground. If Cain rose out of the earth and drifted toward the house he would pass by Gideon—maybe pass through him! A cool, clammy breath fanned the back of Gideon's neck. In a muffled way he cleared his throat. Somewhere a white man, in a muffled way, cleared his. Then the stars and the katydids had the night to themselves.

It must have been well past midnight when it happened. Clear, distinct, startling there came from the house the tinkle of broken glass followed by a suppressed scream. A moment of deathly stillness and then the sheriff's whistle. Dark forms rose from the earth and accompanied by the crackling of sticks and the pounding of feet came closing in on that house of mystery, old Gideon along with the others.

It has been related how in the pride of



The voice that had shaken many a clapboard church to its

his heart the sheriff had boasted that night, and now must be recorded his humiliation. The contracting cordon of men closed in properly, but the only ghost spectacle afforded them was the sight of one another's white faces, to which Gideon's was a marked exception. And when it was over, the sheriff, fanning himself with his hat, spoke with emphatic conviction:

"By God, this beats me!"

AS FOR Gideon, he faced two shaken, not to say shattered, old ladies in the bedroom, where the lamp had been lighted and where Ada, who had fainted, lay across the bed.

"Whar dat las' rock fall?" he demanded of Miss Cynthia, his eyes shining with excitement.

"Through this window," cried the old

lady wildly. "It almost struck Ada. It's on the floor—somewhere—I can't see anything. Betty, Betty, where are my glasses?"

"Ha' you ever 'zamed dem' rocks, miss?" asked Gideon. "Does dey look like dese bodies de Lord frow at us from de sky? Is dey hot? Does dey sizzle?"

She hurried to the bureau and brought him a shoe box full of them. Her hands trembled so that it looked as if she were inviting him to some strange game of dice.

"Here they are!" she gasped. "Look at them. Everybody does it, but what good does it do? Betty, I feel that I'm losing my mind! Oh, I cannot stand this another night! I didn't know we had an enemy in the world—or out of it!"

Carefully Gideon examined the stones, shaking his head as if in disapproval of their conduct. They were small, flinty





foundation thundered above their heads: "De sword ob de Lord an' ob Gideon!"

formations about the size of guinea eggs, very heavy and of a pinkish hue. Two of them the old fellow dropped thoughtfully into the pocket of his waistcoat.

**C**URIOS to see what had happened in his absence, the sun of another August day poked his face, already heated as if by a fiery morning toddy, above the woods and groves, drinking up fogs and mists almost at a draft, and shining on the broken window panes of the Pettigru house, plainly haunted now. At the same time old Gideon, refreshed by a sonorous nap in the cabin of a follower, entered the yard, eager to continue his investigations.

Already there was activity. The banished servants had straggled back only to learn the worst. A few white neighbors—white people were scarce around there—had arrived and been conducted into the

darkened parlor. And then Ada came running down the steps.

"Here—you—Jud—Jim!" she screamed. "Miss want you to go up in de attic and fetch down de trunks!"

Gideon hurried across the yard to her. She was eighteen, slim and black as a coachwhip snake. Her eyes had a way of meeting yours squarely, holding them a moment teasingly, then looking away.

"Trunks?" demanded Gideon. "Whar you gwine, young sister?"

"We gwine move to town, lordy, lordy! We can't live wid de ghos' no mo'! We gwine crazy, we is!"

"Does you like de town, young sister?"

"I ain't 'posed to it," she said airily. "I like de fine sto's, de pitcher shows, and de young genmans!"

"Den why ain't you lef'?" asked Gideon.

"Kase I was bounden out by my pa to

Miss Cynthia wid his las' bref—his las' breavin' bref! Lordy, lordy, we can't stan' dis no longer! We gwine crazy, we is!"

She turned and ran up the steps. At the top she paused and looked back.

"De deliberer," she taunted, "done come."

"Maybe he is come, you Jezebel!" muttered Gideon darkly to himself.

In the kitchen, where he hurried next, he found Celia washing dishes, perhaps for the last time, and old Ben, her husband, scratching his wool.

"Everybody urge 'em to go," moaned Celia. "Everybody say dey ain't no s'lution. De sheriff, he lef' at daylight. He say dey better go. He busy in co'te, he say. Arter co'te sojourn, he come out an' go to de bottom of it. But, Lord Jesus, dey ain't no (Continued on page 216)



# What Everyone

*By H. G.*

Author of "The Outline of History,"

**T**HE discussion of what everybody should read is nowadays, and naturally enough, a hardy perennial. I can remember it flourishing ever since I was a small boy. It was a necessary outcome of the spreading of the modern idea of democracy, which asserts not only the right but the obligation of every man to be as full and complete and responsible a man as he can be, and to have a voice, as valid in the measure of his personal quality as any man's voice, in the destinies of his race and planet. But unless he knew— That was impossible unless he knew.

It is only very slowly that the mass of people in the world are coming to understand the realities of education and learning. We are only beginning to emerge from the old order of things in which the majority of human beings were either actually slaves or at any rate inferiors, whose rôle in life was to do exactly as they were shown and told. It wasn't for the common man of former days to understand; his lot was to submit to custom, law, and the imperatives of his "betters," to toil or suffer in mute obedience as his rulers contrived, and to be steered at last more or less painfully to his undistinguished and unremembered grave.

The idea of going on learning throughout life and having a will of one's own about the use of one's strength and powers has been hitherto, and still is, the idea of a select minority. It is an aristocratic idea. But sound democracy is only universalized aristocracy. In the great republic of the days to come the common man will be a gentleman and a statesman. When democracy becomes a reality to that extent then that idea of continuous learning will become the common idea, and every ordinary man and woman alive will seek to share to the utmost possible in the will and purpose and consciousness of mankind. Not votes but knowledge emancipates men, and our legal democracy, our formal equality at the ballot box, must remain essentially an aspiration, and largely a sham, until adult learning, steady learning throughout life, becomes the common habit.

It is the spreading realization of this fact which sustains this recurrent modern discussion of what every man and woman should read. Schooling and learning can never be "over" in the new world that dawns upon us. The belief that schooling or professional training can come to an end while life lasts, that anyone can have learnt all that need be learnt and need learn no more, is part of that slave inheritance from which our world is seeking to escape. "From everyone according to his ability," that is the new commandment of democracy. According to his *utmost* ability, goes without saying. A day will come when people will realize that they have no more right to give up reading and serious study because school and col-

lege days are over than they have to give up washing or the use of a tooth brush because they have grown up out of the tutelage of home.

Learning is a continuous process, and there are no bounds to it but the abilities and life of the individual. This, if we follow it out to its conclusions, sets aside the idea that there can be a canon of the best books that, once read, will suffice for all our intellectual needs, that we are then excused all further mental effort and can then go back to wages-grubbing or profit-grubbing. The reading of everybody needs to be as continuous and abundant as possible.

And having cleared away this too common assumption that there is a small, limited number of books which will suffice for intellectual salvation, we can go on to discuss what everyone should read with some hope of a profitable conclusion.

**FIRST**, I submit that everyone should read some history every year and every month in his or her life. History is the unfinished drama of which our lives are a part; we cannot understand ourselves except we have some understanding of history. Of course, like the horse that killed William the Conqueror or the geese that saved Rome, one may live in the world and even play an important rôle in the world without any historical knowledge. But without understanding we are, at best, floundering and perhaps mischievous actors. As we get understanding we can direct not only our votes and our public acts but the general activities of our lives more and more effectively, to forward or oppose the great forces that are manifest in the historical record. In our measure we can begin to control destiny.

Now in a lifetime even a very closely employed worker or a very busy business man may get through, and should get through, a very considerable number of books. I do not think an average book a week is an unreasonable demand to make. I do not see, therefore, why everyone should not get through four or five good books, big books, of history a year. When I say everyone, I mean the plowman and the policeman, the cook and the hotel page, as well as the doctor and the bank clerk. History is a story of everybody in the past for everybody in the present; it concerns everybody equally, though it may concern different people at different angles, and I do not see why, whatever their position, most busy people shouldn't get through about the same minimum of historical reading.

And, to come to particulars, it seems to me that for a large part of one's historical reading everyone should follow his or her own tastes and curiosities; one of us may find interest in medieval history and another in Egypt and yet another in China, and I believe that the proper thing is to seek the sort of history that interests

and is living to one's self, and to follow up that from book to book, quite irrespective of the tastes or advice of other people. But I think that also everyone should read ever and again some book that summarizes all history and puts one's life into relation with the whole adventure of mankind. That I would make a universal requirement.

The Hebrews, in the formative years of Judaism after the Persian and Greek and Latin conquests of the Semitic world, had such a summary of history in their Bible, which put all their lives into a simple and direct relation to the story of the whole world brought up to date. The early Christians in their Bible also had a still completer vision of the whole scheme of life up to the days in which they were living. The creative force of such a vision of history is enormous. The early Jews and the early Christians had the clearest idea of their relation to the whole scheme of things. It cemented their communities as nothing else could have done.

Nearly nineteen eventful centuries have elapsed now since those great summaries were made; nineteen centuries of change, and in addition much has been learnt to confirm and extend and modify the account they give of life. It is because of the growing realization of this fact that the world has taken again to reviewing history as a whole. It is a work undertaken under a sense of necessity and in response to a very great public demand.

**THIS** outbreak of historical curiosity is very wide and remarkable. It has been gathering force for three centuries. The rewriting of universal history was already afoot in the days of Shakespeare; Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," though it never got beyond the Roman invasion of Asia, was planned to come down to the founding of Virginia. The eighteenth century produced several Histories of the World, compiled as a rule by various hands, and usually in a great number of volumes. Such collections have gone on appearing down to our own times; we have Helmholtz's "World's History," for example, and the great enterprise of the Cambridge History in its three parts, Ancient, Medieval, and Modern. But the growth of knowledge has cleared up much that was once crowded and multitudinous, and filled in and simplified much of the old outline. Increasing knowledge does not mean longer histories, but more confident and comprehensive generalizations. The whole of history is simpler than any part. A valiant attempt to get all history into one vision was Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man;" it dates from the middle nineteenth century and is still a most inspiring book. A rather kindred book of later date, and also very stimulating, is Cowan's "Master Clues of World History." Breasted and Robinson together, Webster and West, each single-



# Should Read

Wells

"A Short History of the World," etc.

handed, have produced excellent two-volume histories of human progress very well illustrated, and there is a "General History of the World" without pictures, by Oscar Browning. So there is a large choice of books for "everyone" to read in making that general review of man's past which everyone should do. Everyone should read a universal history, but everyone need not read the same universal history.

I know that some readers will sneer at me that the cobbler says there is nothing like leather, because, I also, have made two such summaries in the "Outline of History" and the "Short History of the World," but I made those summaries because I believed they were necessary; I do not say they are necessary because I made them. I made them out of my own reading for busy people who hadn't the time or present opportunity to cover so wide a field of reading as I could do. I made them from my own point of view, and because I believed that the problem of the peace of the world could not be properly approached without such a prelude. I believe that they are only two among what will presently be a large and steadily increasing number of world histories. There is room and need for a lot of such universal histories, and it seems to me inevitable that universal history should henceforth be frequently rewritten. It is a perennial interest, and every year's experience alters the lighting and calls for a change in interpretation. It is a universal necessity. World history is our common story. It is the play in which our lives are parts. It is the explanation of our relations and duties one to another.

AND when I write of world history I would have it understood, in the widest sense, to cover all the known past not only of man but of man's precursors and of life altogether. Universal history must be read here to cover natural history and the description of the earth and the starry universe. A slave or a mere sordid wage-earner or squalid profit-hunter need know nothing but his master's rod or his pay-master or the customers he bests, as a pig knows the way to sty and trough, but a man is not fit to be a citizen in a great democracy who does not think constantly of the past and future of his race and of his place among the stars. It is the business, therefore, of everyone nowadays to keep pace not only with the general progress of historical discovery but with the trend of discovery and the general development of scientific ideas.

And next I suppose everyone should read a newspaper, if not a daily then at least a weekly newspaper, for to a properly intelligent man or woman the newspaper is the living edge of history, the two interpret each other. And when I write "a newspaper" I mean a newspaper that gives the news, not one of those sheets of betting tips, insurance coupons, jokes, anecdotes, short stories, funny pictures, idiotic photographs, and miscellaneous twaddle about why babies cry and whether old bachelors should marry, which people nowadays, and particularly English people, accept as newspapers. The degeneration of British daily newspapers in the years since the war has been very remarkable; they give less and less news and more and more snippets of trashy reading matter. There are really

with the ever-advancing boundaries of human knowledge and achievement. If there are people who cannot read such periodicals, then it is high time the schools that produce such people were looked into and shaken up to a higher level of efficiency. When I write of what everyone should read in a modern community I have of course to assume that the schools of that community have prepared them for their reading.

NOW, the particular history that people should read, as distinguished from the general presentation of history as a whole, is, as I have said, a matter of individual preference. We read to extend and broaden our tastes and sympathies and to get light on our individual problems, and one man may find his mental food and stimulus in the wonderful story of Greek science in Athens and Alexandria, another may be fascinated by the slow, romantic recovery of law and order after the collapse of the Western Empire, and another may find a pool of wonder in the mysteries of the Maya civilization of Central America. It is extremely good for the mind and soul to follow up such a chosen interest, to get everything that has been written about the place or people which has laid hold upon one's imagination, and to go to museums and places where remains and evidences are to be found. Everybody should read and follow up some such particular history in this fashion,

but everybody need not read the same history. There is no harm or shame in not knowing any particular historical facts, but one is a poorer and a meaner creature for not knowing some group of them well.

Something of the same enlargement and release and ennoblement of one's thoughts is served by reading good biography. But there again one must follow one's inner light. One man may find life and inspiration in the life of Faraday or the life of Abraham Lincoln; to another these lives may be quite dead and useless books. Many readers can never have enough of Boswell's Johnson, but to some it is the table talk of a rather tiresome old gentleman. I know a woman who finds stimulus in the lives of such great politico-spiritual women as St. Teresa, a publicist who goes again and again to Plutarch's "Lives." For everyone there must be some personalities recorded in biographical literature who have a sufficient appeal. Everyone should hunt about for his or her affinities. It is not only through biographies that we can get these (Continued on page 181)

## "What Everyone Should Learn at School" By H. G. Wells

IN AN early issue of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, H. G. Wells, the great historian and novelist, will give his ideas on "What Everyone Should Learn at School."

only two daily newspapers left in London now; the rest are dismal magazines with a selection of news and propaganda matter. The American dailies, on the other hand, increase steadily in dignity and the range and impartiality of the news they give. Twenty years ago they were all "local" newspapers with a comparatively weak and limited handling of world news.

But for the ordinary citizen, busied with many immediate things, it would be far more convenient and efficient to keep his idea of current events up to date by means of a weekly rather than a daily publication. He would get the matter in a compacted form and in better perspective. The development of the Sunday newspaper is still going on. The time may not be very distant when the type of a great and powerful newspaper will be no longer the "London Times," but some British or American weekly.

Everyone, I think, should read such a weekly newspaper as "Nature," of London, within its range the most honest and wonderful newspaper in the world, or the "Scientific American" to keep in touch



# Telltale Table Manners

The Cup Cuddler—The Stiletto Grip—The Table Ostrich—The All-day Sucker—The Two-Handed Corn Eater—The Divorced Digit—Front and Side Entrance—The Baby Grab—and many others

*By Gelett Burgess*

Author of "Are You a Bromide?" etc.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEJAREN À HILLER

**M**IGHTY pretty, I confess, I had found that stenographer in Sharpie's office that afternoon.

Walking up-town, Sharpie suspected me. Laughed at me as we came into the cold, night-sparkling bustle of Broadway. "Struck on her?" he jeered.

Turning into that big popular restaurant, I suspected Sharpie. Scowled at him. "Why won't you tell me about her?" I insisted.

In and out we squirmed through the tables, pink electric lights, jazz, smoke, laughter, and squirrel coats. "I thought you were going to make her your private secretary," said I, pursuing him.

Sharpie led me away from the fox-trots and cigarettes and bare shoulders into a secluded corner. "So I was," said Sharpie.

"Well, what was the matter with her?" I asked. And then, through the blare of the saxophone orchestra, "Doesn't paint much, does she? No jewelry, well manicured, doesn't chew gum or anything—why, I thought she was charming!"

"I thought so, too," said Sharpie irritably, now looking over his bill of fare. "But oh, lord, I found—"

"Isn't dishonest or anything, is she?"

"Worse than that!" growled Sharpie.

"She's a Cup Cuddler."

"A what?" I buttered a radish and waited. "A Cup Cuddler? Sounds horrid."

"Why, you see," said Sharpie, "much of my work is done at home, or on my yacht or private car, you know, and I needed someone whom I could lend to my wife, occasionally, as social secretary—"

"But the Cup Cuddler!" I demanded.

"I wanted someone," Sharpie proceeded, deliberately salting his oysters, "whom we could have with us at the table, you know. A lady. Well, one day I asked that girl to dine with me downtown, so we could finish up some work in the . . . in the evening, at . . . at—"

Sharpie had stopped. He was glancing with increasing disapproval at a military she-blond at the next table.

"If you will kindly, yet tactfully, roll your eyes slightly to the left," he re-



The Harpooner (above), whose far-reaching hand spears a roll or slice from the bread plate and bears it to his own in triumph. He is seen to advantage in boarding-houses, but often discovered right at home. Below, the Divorced Digit whose affected pose says, "Ain't I elegant, though!"

marked in a lower tone, "and note that indolent female with the remains of a cock fight perched upon her yellow head, you will catch a Cup Cuddler right in the act."

I turned. I saw. I understood. Both elbows resting upon the table, with both

her hands she was holding her teacup to her mouth. And as I watched, she sipped and sipped, while her cup swayed out, then back, then out and lazily back to her lips, then out again, back to her lips, cuddled in both her hands—sipping, talking, talking, sipping, until I turned away.

But of course you have often seen the lady yourself. She cuddles everywhere. At Bohemian resorts, especially where the conversation is more

important than the food, Cup Cuddling is an almost universal practice. But alas, not there alone. Even at the Ritz, yes, the aristo-plutocratic Ritz, I have seen cups cuddled.

Ah, my dear Aunt Julia! I remember how when she stayed with us my mother would never invite friends in to dinner. Never did Aunt Julia eat with her fingers, never ate audibly; no mistakes with her finger bowl. She might, indeed, have taken a small prize in the etiquette of the 1860's. But rich Aunt Julia, poor soul, though no one ever dared tell her, was a confirmed Cup Cuddler.

"Table d'Hôte manners," said Sharpie. "Elbow eating, I call it. Why, there's a whole family of Restaurant Diseases. Ever notice the Banjo Grip? Why, yes," he exclaimed, answering my amused look, "you hold your fork, you know, as if you were playing a chord in G minor."

Forthwith, Sharpie demonstrated the fingering. It was truly a most elaborate arrangement of digits. The thumb, ring, and little fingers were held underneath the handle, while the fore and middle fingers were clamped on top. "Rather difficult for a cultivated person to master the technique," he laughed, "but somehow a coal-heaver can usually do it without half trying."

"Oh, yes," I said, trying to imitate him; "but I always thought, though, it was called the Kansas City Grip."

"No, sir! You can't insult any city with it. The Banjo Grip is All-American—North, South, East, West. Why, you'd think anyone could hold a fork right, wouldn't you? Isn't it pathetic, that position? So unnecessarily complicated. But





The Table Ostrich (on the left) fancies that he is politely concealing his horrid work, but with a large whitenapkin makes it only more conspicuous and offensive to the appalled beholder. He has set a Booby Trap as well. That spoon, sticking out of his cup, like a railway semaphore set at danger, is the best possible way to insure the spilling of his coffee upon the tablecloth. At the right we see Lizzie Lick-the-Spoon, the ubiquitous haunter of soda fountains and restaurants. In and out that spoonful of ice cream will go forever, as she gazes pensively at the mirror, one load sufficing for ten timid tastings



to ignorant people I find that seems to be what elegance means."

Sharpie began to chuckle. He took up his fork again. "Why, to some people, the fork isn't even a musical instrument. It's a weapon. Why, only lately I was appalled by a woman, a very pretty woman, too, who used the old Stiletto Grip. Know what I mean? Seen it? Held her fork vertically, you know, in her left fist, stabbing a poor helpless sausage. Lord, you'd think she was afraid it might wriggle under her knife. And of course, to be consistent, she sawed away with that knife just as clumsily. The Baby Grab, it was. Know young children? You'll recognize the position. Handle is practically ignored, you know, and the forefinger is extended along the top of the blade. What you grinning at?"

I WAS thinking of a man I once knew, a well-known author. And one of the reasons I finally forsook his friendship was that always, after he had finished eating a boiled egg, he would smash in the empty shell with his spoon.

"Yes," said Sharpie, "those little mannerisms sometimes are simply unbearable. They've caused more divorces than jealousy. Why, my cousin Patricia met a chap in San Francisco last year. Clever chap he was, too—mining engineer. Handsome as a divinity student, and seemed to be a gentleman. She met him half a dozen times at dances and so on, fell in love, and got engaged. Well, he followed her back East to meet the family." Sharpie raised a solemn finger. "Next thing I knew, the affair was off."

"The Banjo Grip did it?"

"No, this time it was the Balanced Ration. Can't really enjoy even the most desperate wooing,

you know, when your beau's petting and patting mashed turnips."

The Balanced Ration was new to me

under that name; but familiar enough when Sharpie described the process. Distressingly familiar. One of those annoying

idiosyncrasies it is, like humming on the street, or whistling in an elevator, that's seldom mentioned by the conventional chaperons. But haven't you, too, often been fascinated by the sight of those fussy, pernickety eaters—the manufacturers of the Balanced Ration? You know—the ones who make studious selections of morsels from their plates, loading their forks so carefully, a dab at a time, with an assortment of foods—little piece of meat first stuck on, then a little mashed potato, then a few peas—all neatly packed upon the prongs, and finally smoothed over so smugly with a knife. A lingering torture to the spectator is the Balanced Ration. My mother had a homelier name for it. "Don't play with your food!" she used to adjure us.

NOW, no one would want to wear a sign like a sandwich-man, bearing the inscription: "I am vulgar; I don't belong to polite society!" would he? And yet many persons advertise their ignorance or carelessness just as plainly when they sit down to eat. Queer, too, isn't it, that "etiquette" originally meant a label? So these Cup Cuddlers and Banjoists are labeled by their strange etiquettes, like giraffes and ring-tailed monkeys at the Zoo.

Table Manners haven't changed much in principle since forks were invented. They've only become more and more refined. The art of eating properly, however, now involves the highest technique of civilized life. The consummate test, it is, of culture. If you are invited twice to a lady's table, you needn't be afraid of passing any of her other social requirements.

And the main trouble with these

## The Dog's Dinner, or Assembled Meal

LET us mention the Efficiency Expert who prepares a Dog's Dinner, or Assembled Meal. A most interesting accomplishment, I consider, this Assembled Meal. But after you have watched the Assembler cut up all the meat on his plate into tidy mouthfuls, after he has carefully, oh, so carefully, salted his string beans, neatly buttered a whole potato, and spread his gravy gloriously over all—then you come in for a big surprise. Does he set it down on the floor for his dog to enjoy? Not at all, he eats it himself!



The Great American Royne, or Two-handed Corn Eater, with a Demi-shampoo arrangement of his napkin, and giving a demonstration of the popular Elbow Eating. He also has on his plate a Dog's Dinner, or Assembled Meal



Egoistic Eaters we have mentioned (those, you know, who are so self-satisfied that they don't think, or don't care, how they appear to others), is that, although they may have been decently enough brought up, it was mainly by the multiplication of many Don'ts. Now, of course, to be correct at table does require some training and experience, even the most polite of us will recall his early education with a blush. Mere arbitrary corrections, however, don't explain why certain table rules exist. To be safe and sane one ought to understand the essential principles of good taste.

**B**UT the inner philosophy of prandial etiquette is fairly simple. A good description of perfect table manners was once given me by a child. I asked her how she



The Banjo Grip of the fork is shown above, the fingering seeming to be an attempt to render a chord in G minor. This complicated manipulation, while difficult to cultured eaters, is a popular Table d'Hôte method. The knife held by the Baby-Grab almost ignores the handle. And where have you see the Cup Cuddler shown at the left? Right at home, possibly, cups are cuddled and held in air as the cuddler sips and gossips and sips, making the drinking unpleasantly noticeable. Conspicuousness, awkwardness, and greediness, says Mr. Burgess, betray one as being ignorant of good table manners.

considered because nothing eccentric or conspicuous or ugly is worn, so a cultured dinner guest is one whose manners are not memorable.

Let's examine these, in this light, the manipulations of these Banjoists and Cup Cuddlers. Are their faults merely violations of Fashion's dogmatic requirements? No; the established canons of good taste at the table are founded upon something more real, more reasonable than are styles in dress.

**F**OR Eating there is a Golden Rule: Don't do anything you dislike to see others do. Indeed, the basic theory of all everyday etiquette is really ethical. It ordains that one's own comfort should be made secondary to that of others. We call one who so thinks, altruistic; and one who so acts, kind—which is only another name for being polite. In speech, in gesture, in pose, good breeding also requires that our actions be not unduly conspicuous, or awkward. Manners, then, are a combination of unselfishness and grace.

But the Egoistic Eaters, you see, fairly force you to notice them while at table, by some clumsy or remarkable use of their eating utensils. They "star" the knife, fork, or spoon, so to speak, or bring their cup or glass or chop or slice of bread into unnecessary prominence. The consumption of food, which ought to be practically invisible, as well (Continued on page 76)



knew that a friend of ours whom she had just met at dinner was used to luxury and refinement.

"Oh," she said, "when he was at the table I never noticed him eating at all."

He seemed to be just talking and having a good time. And yet he must have eaten sometime, because his plate was always nearly empty when they took it away! Just as a well-dressed man or woman is so



Behold above the Mulcher, who seizes a slab of bread, holds it in midair (or on the cloth), and smears it with butter. At the right we see the common Equator, or Bust Hug of a drinking glass, which ignores the stem and leaves finger prints to convict you of the crime





# Human Nature As Seen By A Country Editor

*By W. O. Saunders*

Editor of the Elizabeth City (N. C.) "Independent"

LET me say at the outset that I don't run an ordinary country newspaper. I am not content to publish country correspondence, mere local and personal items, boiler-plate miscellany and syndicated editorials. I try to dig out the real news about folks and things in my little corner of the world and play them up in print, just like a metropolitan paper plays up the nation's larger interests or a double murder in New York.

Now, the folks in a small town make news just like folks in big towns; but being close to their editor they expect him to feature only the things that boom their stock, and to soft-pedal on or suppress utterly anything that doesn't sound nice. An effort to print all the news in a small town is a rather hazardous job, because you've got to face the music. I have been facing the music here in Elizabeth City for fifteen years, and I have learned something about human nature in the time. Human nature in Elizabeth City is human nature in New York City—and in London, Paris, Berlin, Moscow, Hong-Kong, Bagdad, and Timbaktu.

The predominant trait of human nature as I find it is selfishness. Put salt on the tail of that idea, and you have the secret of all the world's social, political, and economic woes. At the bottom of every social, industrial, commercial, legal, and political wrong is the selfishness of an individual or a group of individuals.

And yet I am not condemning selfishness. The world's greatest teacher did not condemn selfishness, if I have read the record right. Jesus gave the world only two commandments: the first to love God, the other to love one's neighbor as one's self. The great teacher knew that there could be no greater love than self-love. He did not inveigh against this self-love; he accepted it as a matter of fact. And it's just about the most matter-of-fact thing in life.

The man who makes a success of a newspaper must consciously or unconsciously play to the self-interests of his community. I am not fooled when Mr.

Average Citizen comes along and slaps me on the back and says "That was a fine paper you gave us this week!" When he takes the trouble to tell me about what a fine paper I have published, I know that the chances are ninety-nine in a hundred that something in that paper voiced his own pet opinion, helped his particular

Just the other day the son of a prominent family absconded with certain funds of the bank in which he was employed. His father and mother were my friends. It was hard to print that news; but I printed it in all its details. I printed a picture of the boy and a picture of the woman whose influence was privately believed to have led him astray. It was a harrowing story. That night the mother of the boy called me on the telephone as I was going to bed.

"I have always been your friend," she sobbed; "I thought you were merciful—and you have broken my heart. I thought I could survive this thing, when here comes your paper with that picture of my boy—and that woman! Oh, my God! Why did you do it? Why didn't you drive a dagger into my heart. Just suppose—just suppose it had been your boy!"

I told the grief-torn woman that I thought I would have handled the same story about my own boy in the same way. I really think I would have been true to my newspaper ideals and have given the bare facts about my own flesh and blood. But the voice of that wretched mother haunted me through the night, and will haunt me.

That is the hard part of the game. Your great metropolitan daily may break a hundred hearts in the morning, but its publisher loses no sleep, the reactions never reach him; he sees only an auditor's report and gets no contact other than that of his banker, his lawyer, a politician, his family or his friends, at the club or on the links.

Hardly had the ink dried on the case of that boy absconder, when two young

## The Child of To-day Is Your Customer To-morrow

"I FIND human nature reacting favorably," says Mr. Saunders, "every time I publish a picture of a baby or any cute story about a child. All the world loves children. And now let me put in a piece of good advice to every newspaper man and every business man who reads this: Don't ignore the children in your community; because one of the fastest growing things on earth is a child. The man who runs a newspaper, a store, a bank, or anything else depending upon the public for good will and support is the biggest fool on earth if he thinks he can ignore the children. The kid rolling a hoop under your feet, or roller-skating all over your sidewalk and making a lot of unnecessary noise to-day, is simply notice to you of the energy that is going to run your town to-morrow. A boy or girl fifteen or sixteen years old has only five or six years to go before he or she will be playing an important part in the affairs of your town, and every one of them is a potential factor to be reckoned with. Those of the older generation who find themselves being crowded aside by younger men and women are those who neglected to run along with those same youngsters when the running was good. The kiddie that you befriend to-day will love you and respect you as long as he lives, if he's the right sort of kiddie; but if you cuff or wallop him he will never forget that, either. Take my own case: The great influences that shaped my life were mostly commonplace incidents in the lives of a few kind-hearted men and women who said an encouraging word here and there, or did some helpful thing for me when I was a kid."

game, or tickled his vanity. I know also that I might have printed any one of a dozen things that would have cost me the good will of that same citizen for life.

Printing the news and facing the music isn't all fun. There is a lot of pathos mingled with the comedy, and many a tear and heartache offset the laughter and smiles.

men, who had always been my friends, took aboard too much Monkey Rum (the local name for moonshine corn whisky), and under the influence of the stuff committed acts for which they later found themselves defendants in a serious court action. The fact that they were my friends did not relieve me of my obligation to the readers (Continued on page 184)





"Dick Ramsey? That old thing! He's my idea of nothing at all. Why, he's old, Hugh! He's thick and gray. I'm so tired of him I could die"



# No Fool Like a Middle-Aged One

The story of a man in the dangerous forties

*By Margery Land May*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. C. SHEPHERD

**A**LICIA told Janet Payne that she was going to marry Dick Ramsey. Thereupon, Janet, Alicia's friend since doll-house days, availed herself of the privilege of true friendship and did her thinking aloud.

"That faun? You must be mad!"

Alicia smiled good-humoredly, wrinkling the corners of her long-lashed, gray-green eyes. Then, cupping her chin in her hands and leaning forward with elbows on knees, she said:

"But really I am so sane, darling, that I'd like to know just why you think me mad."

Janet, who was making a pair of blue rompers for the youngest of her three little boys, threaded a needle before she explained. "He's too charming!"

Alicia threw back her head and laughed. "That's not what I'd call a plausible reason for not marrying a man. Jane duck, you're very, very droll."

"I may be droll," admitted Janet, "but I'm also analytical. The trouble with Dick is that he's too complacently conscious of his own charm."

"All men are vain, dear," returned Alicia. "Even your precious Bob nearly drives me wild with his continual boasting about his golf."

"It's terrible," sighed Janet; "but I'd rather have him conceited about his skill with a niblick than about the deadly power of his looks." Laughing, she added, "Bob's such a clumsy, ugly dear."

"He is a dear," conceded Alicia, and added soberly, "So you really think Dick is vain."

"He is good-looking and he knows it. At thirty-two, he'd pass for a youth just out of college. Unless he fleshens up he'll always look about twelve years less his age, while you—"

"While I look my full twenty-eight years. I know it. But what difference will it make?"

"A great deal—unless Dick gets over the notion that he's a faun. I've known him longer than you have, Alicia. When he was a college student, married women used to flatter and spoil him and call him their little boy. Because he looked just exactly like a little boy, their husbands didn't mind. Then, when he got older and figured in the sports columns of the newspapers as an amateur expert at tennis and golf, the débutante daughters of the women who'd called him their little boy went off their fluffy heads about him, and flattered and spoiled him again, because he was just like a great big boy. That's where the trouble lies. Dick has been able to get away with almost anything he

wanted to. What I'm afraid of is that, after you've been married to Dick a while, he'll get restive. Then he may start humming around with some little girl." She leaned forward, laying her strong hand on Alicia's slim knee. "And that, Alicia, will make you very sad."

The intent expression with which Alicia had listened to this analysis of the man she was to marry, suddenly vanished. "You forget that when he marries Dick will be up against the job of providing roof, food, and clothes for his wife and family—a big enough task to sober even a faun. Besides, he may get fleshy. That depends on what I feed him." And Alicia laughed whimsically.

Just then, from the hall, came the welcoming sound of children's voices, and Bob Payne, a jovial giant in golf hose and knickers, entered the room with a tousle-headed youngster on either shoulder, while his third son, the eldest, clung rapturously to his father's leg.

"Well, girls," cried Bob, as he tumbled the boys on a couch and stooped to kiss his wife, "I made the sixth hole in three to-day. Great Jupiter, you should have seen my drive!"

**AND** so one day in June Alicia married her faun. It was an outdoor wedding. Janet was there as matron of honor. Two of her little boys carried Alicia's train. The youngest bore the ring on a white satin cushion to the flower-banked altar.

Their vows pledged, Alicia walked toward the house on Dick Ramsey's arm. With tender, worshiping eyes he looked down at her, and she smiled back; but her eyes clouded for a moment when, in passing, she heard one of the guests exclaim, "My dear, how young he looks! Nothing but a boy."

He was, however, something more than a boy in the swift years that followed. He was the hard-working American husband fighting to overcome business obstacles and the high cost of living that he might provide for a growing family.

The first year of their marriage brought an heir and namesake; their fourth anniversary was celebrated by the arrival of little June. There were illnesses and commercial defeats such as come to the average family. But, as in the average American family, despite what cynics may say to the contrary, there was love.

The encouragement and inspiration of love steadied Dick. He plodded on, and finally found himself in such financial circumstances that he was able not only to do well by his family but to face the future, knowing that there was plain sailing ahead.

One night, when they had been married eight years, and were looking forward to a third addition to their household, Dick said:

"Darling, I met Bob Payne down-town to-day. He says the house next to theirs is for sale. The Grahams built it last year. Remember? Suppose we buy it. Cities are no place for children." Then, his cheek against her hair, he whispered, "I want this baby to be born among the flowers."

They moved from their Manhattan apartment to the well-to-do suburbs of Green Lawns, New Jersey. There, in a many-windowed room overlooking a garden, gay with blossoming flowers, little Jim was born.

Alicia and Dick adored all three of their children, but this newest baby, coming into their lives at a time when the stress and hue of existence had died away to leave their days rose-lit and calm, had a rejuvenating effect on both of them. Especially on Dick.

Watching him play with little Jim, Alicia thought, "How young he's beginning to look! Those lines about his eyes are almost gone. And what a dear he is," she smiled tranquilly. "How foolish of Janet to think I'd be unhappy with him!"

She confided these thoughts to Janet one day as they were sitting on the terrace of the Ramseys' house.

"Dick's getting to be his old boyish self again," said Alicia. "Little Jim's making him young again—little Jim and the golf and dancing and tennis at the Country Club." She spread her arms wide and locked them behind her head. "I'm a lucky woman, Jane darling. No one could be happier than I am with Dick. Remember your prophecies? You were mistaken about him, weren't you?"

**JANET** gave Alicia a quick sidelong glance. Then, "Yes, I guess I was," she answered, adding irrelevantly, "Alicia, have you ever seen that little Adams girl?"

Alicia shook her head and yawned, and said:

"No, I don't believe I have. Why?"

Janet's reply was elaborately careless: "Oh, nothing especially. She's a pretty baby-vamp little thing. Regular flapper style. Extreme clothes . . . dead white skin . . . red, red lips. Rouge and powder, of course. Rather smart-looking and thoroughly imbued with the idea that she's a siren. Movie fiend, also, of course. Does her hair in the high pompadour style. You must have seen her at the club."

"Come to think of it, I believe I have. She was playing golf last Sunday, wasn't





With tender, worshipping eyes he looked down at her, and she smiled back; but her eyes clouded for a moment

she? Had on a vivid yellow sweater, and made Dick and Bob furious because she wouldn't let 'em play through. That the girl?"

Janet nodded. "That's Marcia. She and young Hugh Attaway were engaged, but they tell me it's off. Hugh's playing around with that youthful-looking widow, Mrs. Farnham. They say she's the cause of the break between them. I don't care much for Marcia. Spoiled and pampered and full of herself. She's too modern for me. Oh, this age!"

It was strange that Dick, looking across a bowl of pansies, should happen to say to his wife at dinner that night:

"There's a girl here, Marcia Adams,

who plays a crackerjack game of golf. I met her on the links this afternoon and we did nine holes together. She played 'em in sixty-eight. Pretty good for a girl on that course, eh?"

"Splendid!" agreed Alicia, who always congratulated herself if her score didn't exceed a hundred.

**D**ICK tasted the soup, and went on blithely:

"She spoke about the dance at the club to-night and I told her I thought we'd go. Fact is, I got her to promise me three dances." He sighed ecstatically.

"Gosh! It's great to be able to take some time off from business. I feel like a boy

again." He reached over to pat Alicia's hand, "Don't mind going to the dance to-night, do you? Not too tired, dear?"

Alicia laughed. "Tired? Heavens, no! I don't do anything to make me tired!"

Though she had not actually wanted to go to the dance that evening, Alicia was glad she had come when she saw Dick dancing with Marcia Adams. In white flannels and dark coat, he was radiantly happy, waltzing and fox-trotting around the polished floors. Alicia, following his lithe, not ungraceful figure, felt a maternal pride in him. What a boy he was! Her boy. In spite of additional weight, in spite of that wing of gray at the temples of his dark head, in spite of the faint lines





when, in passing, she heard one of the guests exclaim, "My dear, how young he looks! Nothing but a boy"

about his mouth and at the corners of his eyes, he was to her as young and striking as on the day she had married him.

He danced well, too. He and the Adams girl fairly flew to the stirring music of a popular rag. They whirled and dipped around the ballroom, unconscious of being observed by Alicia, and by others not so indulgent.

They danced several numbers more than the three Marcia had promised on the links. Availing himself of the privilege of cutting in on encores, Dick took Marcia away from two or three growling youngsters.

One of those on whom Dick cut in was Hugh Attaway, a good-looking chap with

sensitive features. Attaway, however, was not one of those who growled. Instead, he smiled sarcastically and, for the rest of the evening, devoted himself to the mysteriously youthful Mrs. Farnham.

DICK danced with Alicia, of course, but not so blithely as he had danced with Marcia. He felt so utterly young to-night that somehow it seemed natural to him to want youth as tender in years as he was in emotion. Once, over Alicia's shoulder, his eyes met Marcia's. He grinned, and when her reddened lips smiled at him in response, he had a sudden feeling that there was a bond between them.

The next morning, Sunday, he divined

that she, too, was aware of this curious, intangible bond. She was teeing her ball when he came upon her.

"Was that woman in blue, the one with the blondish hair" (Alicia's hair was coppery gold), "your wife?" she asked, her gaze following her ball down the course.

"Yes, that's Alicia," Dick said.

"Oh!" cried Marcia.

Marcia's surprised inflection caused Dick to look at her questioningly. "Who did you think it was?"

"Why, you see"—she hesitated, with a tantalizing smile—"you're so young-looking I couldn't believe it."

Dick laughed heartily:

"Maybe you (Continued on page 80)



# Mary Pickford Describes Her Most Thrilling Experience

It happened when she was only thirteen years old, struggling to make her way on the stage, and so poor that she wouldn't spend even a nickel for car fare if she could possibly avoid it

*By Mary B. Mullett*

**T**HE last time Mary and Douglas—or, as the well-known *vox populi* puts it, "Doug and Mary"—came to New York, I went to see Mary at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel. I needn't explain that I mean Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. Nobody in the world, except possibly a few Hottentots and Zulus, needs to be told that.

Most people also know that the Ritz is a very aristocratic and dignified hotel. But when Douglas and Mary are in town the corner suite which they occupy becomes a scene of hectic activities.

I felt as if I were taking part in one of those farces in which the actors conceal themselves in every available nook, and dodge madly from divans to dumb-waiters, from library tables to laundry tubs.

Douglas was being interviewed by one reporter, while another sat in the hall awaiting his turn. Scenario writers came and went, bearing bulky manuscripts. Adoring friends flashed in and out. Equally adoring strangers knocked, like Peris at the gates of Paradise, then wistfully faded away. Trades people came with hats, with gowns, with flowers, with photographs. A harassed secretary flew wildly from room to room. A French maid opened boxes and carefully hung up in wardrobes the ravishing raiment they had contained. The telephone rang and rang and rang.

Meanwhile, behind the closed doors of her bedroom, the little girl-woman, who is the most universally beloved person in the world to-day, sat and talked with me. Under the softly shaded lights, her hair shone like burnished gold—only deeper and warmer in color. Her eyes were sweet and sincere; deep, serious eyes which win your instant trust and liking. And in contrast with the rouged cheeks so common nowadays, her delicate skin seemed almost pale.

That is "our Mary" as she is in real life: unaffected, genuine, smiling often, but always very much in earnest.

She said to me, half apologetically, "I'm afraid I'm a very serious person."

And she is serious. But not solemn

and priggish! No one could love a prig; and if one had to describe Mary Pickford in one word, nine persons out of ten would choose "Lovable" as that one word.

When you think of her extraordinary career, you imagine that it must have held many exciting experiences. She has earned fabulous sums of money. She has received ovations which a queen might envy her. She has piled triumph on triumph, until one would expect her to be dizzy with success.

But when I asked her what was the most thrilling experience she ever has had, she apparently did not give a thought

sponsible for the whole family; and, as a matter of fact, she became their chief support before she was ten years old.

"When you see me in the rôle of a child on the screen," she said, "I am living the childhood which was denied me when I was a little girl myself. The child in me never grew up, because it never was satisfied. So I still have the dreams and the longings of childhood."

"I was the first member of our family to go on the stage. My mother sewed and I acted, although neither of us earned very much. Then, after a year or two, I was given a leading part in a play that needed some other children and also a woman to take an Irish rôle. My little brother and sister were engaged for the children's parts; and my mother, who had a wonderful brogue, asked for the Irish rôle."

"She wanted it so badly that when the manager asked if she had any stage experience, she told a fib and said she had. I felt horribly guilty about this. And the opening night, when Mother had to make her first entrance on the stage, I got my brother and sister into the dressing-room and plumped them down on their knees with me while I prayed that God wouldn't make Mother fail as a punishment for that fib!"

Miss Pickford laughed as she told of this early act of piety. Indeed, she laughed over many of the things she

told. But she would quickly turn serious again. For that strange childhood of hers was a serious business. She took it in deadly earnest then; and the memory of it is no light thing to her even now.

For several years after this, the family kept together, playing in cheap companies, mostly on the road doing one-night stands. Mary was, as she told me, official packer for the whole family. She earned most of the money they received. In her own mind at least, she was the head of the family, with all the responsibility which that involved.

But for their sake, as well as for her own, she wanted a chance at something better than the sort of work she was doing. She had saved a (Continued on page 104)

## "A Whip to Beat Yourself With"

**M**ARY PICKFORD says she wants to be *hungry* all her life.

"Not hungry for food," she explains, "but hungry for something better than I have, or have done. Do you understand what I mean? I want to be hungry for work, so that I can make it *better* work than anything I have achieved in the past. Whenever I do something that seems pretty good, do you know what it is to me? It is a whip to beat myself with! That is what any achievement is to the sincere worker. It isn't something for him to sit down and look at and think how nice it is. It is something that lashes him on to a greater effort."

to these moments of triumph. She went back instead to the days when she was poor and struggling and unknown; to the summer when she was thirteen years old; and to one night in particular—the night when she first met David Belasco, the famous theatrical manager.

She had been on the stage eight years, ever since she was five years old. Her father had died when she was only four, leaving her mother with nothing, except three little children to be taken care of. Mary, who was then Mary Gladys Smith, began being "a very serious person" from the day that her father died.

She never had a real childhood. For one thing, she was always desperately poor. Anyway, she felt that she was re-



# The Story of The "Czar of the Great Lakes"

Harry Coulby, when a boy of eighteen, walked from New York to Cleveland, hoping to become a sailor on the "inland seas" of which he had read—  
He became a stenographer, instead—To-day he is, as a business competitor puts it, the czar of those same inland seas

*By Keene Sumner*

**J**UST forty years ago, a boy named Harry Coulby was living in the country near Nottingham, England, the town where the lace curtains are made. He had been born on a farm in that section and, after quitting school when he was only ten years old, had worked on a farm until he was seventeen.

He was a country boy who knew nothing, by actual experience, of the great world outside. He never had been even as far as London, though it was only about two hundred miles away. With the world of business, of commerce, of industry, this country-born and country-bred lad hadn't even a mere speaking acquaintance.

But there were other things he did have: For instance, he had a boy's love of adventure; and seven years of the routine of farm work had not dulled the edge of his appetite for something a little more exciting. To him, as to countless other eager boys, then as now, America was the land of romance. He earned little; but he spent less! And by that simple process in arithmetic he managed to accumulate enough money to pay his passage to New York.

That, as I said before, was forty years ago. To-day—well, I can best describe what he is to-day by quoting a business man in Cleveland, where he now lives:

"Harry Coulby is the czar of the Great Lakes," this man said to me. "But if the Czars of Russia had ruled with as much fairness and justice," he added, "the last one might still be alive and on his job. Coulby controls more than half the freight traffic on the lakes: a total of millions of tons. As a member of the firm of Pickands, Mather, and Company, he directs a fleet of fifty-two vessels. As the representative of the United States Steel Corporation, he controls another fleet, twice as large. This makes him the dominant figure in lake transportation."

"He took charge of the United States Steel interests twenty years ago. But instead of using his power to crush his competitors, he has made it the greatest factor in stabilizing the whole industry. In any

situation where there was a question as to which should be favored, the big fellow or the little fellow, he has consistently given the little fellow the benefit of the doubt. In his field, he has the power of a czar. But he has used it with a just regard for the rights of others."

The man who said this is, himself, a competitor of the interests represented by Coulby. It is a fine thing to have earned such a tribute from a business rival. And the rise of an English country boy to the power of a "czar of the Great Lakes" is another of those romances with which the story of American business is crowded.

When he landed in New York, however, Harry Coulby had no idea that this par-

"Yes—all the way. It took me six weeks, for I did enough work, en route, to pay my expenses. It was cold, too, I remember. March and early April are not to be recommended as a good season for a walking tour. Not in this climate."

"Then why didn't you stay in New York?" I asked.

"Well," he said smiling, "it was like this: As a boy in England, I had read about the Great Lakes; inland seas that make our English lakes seem like mere ponds. You can understand how this appealed to the imagination of a boy who had seen as little of the world as I had. The name itself—the 'Great Lakes'—fascinated me. So when I came to

America it was with a well-formed plan in my mind. I wanted to see those lakes! If possible, I was going to sail them.

"Of course I had no conception of the 'magnificent distances' in a country the size of this one; and I was rather dismayed, on reaching New York, to find how far I still was from my goal. But I was a boy, a good strong one, too. And after covering two thousand miles of ocean, I knew I could manage a few hundred miles of land.

"But I also knew that I mustn't waste any time about it. I had found out that the lake season opened in April, and I wanted to reach Cleveland while the vessels were being fitted out. I intended to sign up

as an ordinary seaman and to become a sailor on the 'inland seas' I had read about.

"My long excursion afoot, however, spoiled that scheme; for when I reached Cleveland all the vessels except one had fitted out. That was the 'Onoko.' I tried to get on her; but I was young and without experience, so I was turned down."

What the ex-country boy did in this emergency affords an interesting glimpse of his character. Back on the farm in England, absolutely remote from business life and with no business associations whatever, this boy had somehow got a vision of other possibilities than those in his own environment. And with this half-formed vision in (Continued on page 174)

## Are You on a Short Ladder?

**"IN BUSINESS,"** says Harry Coulby, "there are short ladders and long ones. On some of them the top rung isn't much higher than the bottom one. If I found myself on one of these short ladders, I *stepped off* and tried to find one that reached higher."

ticular sort of romance was in store for him. He did have a very definite notion of what he wanted to do; and, curiously enough, it carried him straight to the scene of his present activities.

"I landed in New York in March, 1883," he said to me, "and from there I drifted to Cleveland."

"Did you have any money?" I asked.

"No," he said; "I had saved only enough to pay my passage."

"Then how did you get to Cleveland?" I asked. "It's about six hundred miles, isn't it?"

"It seemed *more* than that to me then," he said. "You see," he went on, looking up with a smile, "I walked!"

"From New York to Cleveland?"



"If it isn't Uncle Tim's far-away glasses!" she cried. "He never wore them unless Aunt Aggie made him, and the last few months he swore he'd lost them entirely!"



# Timothy's Last Joke

A story

*By Valma Clark*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HERMAN PFEIFER

**T**IMOTHY had moved the shepherd from his lonely position at the exact right of the gilt clock to the side of the shepherdess on the left. This he had done so they could "chin" together; and, though they forever destroyed the balance of Agatha's marble mantel, they were going to be left that way—for Timothy was dead.

Agatha, brooding alone, looked from the two china figures, Timothy's last whimsical touch upon the room, to the empty chair of her husband opposite her, and winced under the fresh gale of laughter that burst from the kitchen. It was May-time on the farm and in the kitchen, but it was November in Agatha Brant's old heart. How could they laugh like that—Dean Mackie, with his mother ailing again, and Fay, with her own uncle only six months in his grave!

Agatha could stand it no longer. An angular, thin-faced woman, she went to the door, and the laughter was quenched as abruptly as though a damp cloth had been flung over it. Dean, who was trying to capture Fay, dropped his pursuit—also a handful of sticky dough—and melted from the kitchen. Fay turned her flushed face, with dough on the chin and dough in the eyebrows, upon her aunt—and reached for the towel.

"A good day for the parlor rug if the sun holds," was all Agatha said, but it was enough.

"Yes, Aunt Aggie."

**T**HE older woman returned to the living-room, which was quite as befitted a house of mourning, and pursued her own somber thoughts. Since young Dean Mackie had come to take over Timothy's

work on the farm, coming at dawn and leaving after evening chores, so that his mother might not be left alone nights, he had also taken over Timothy's place as playfellow of Fay. It seemed incredible to Agatha that Fay could laugh with Dean, just as a few short months before she had laughed with Timothy. The girl's grief had seemed as deep as Agatha's at first, but she had forgotten quickly! Agatha suddenly found herself hating youth—its quick joy, its hardness. . . .

Fay had never been the kind of girl Agatha would have chosen for a daughter. But Agatha had a way of doing her duty by folks, and no one could say she hadn't done her duty by this own niece to Timothy. Perhaps she had been a little jealous, for Fay and Timothy had been pals in their fun and Agatha herself had never been much of a hand for fun.



Was it a rabbit hunt and a night down in the old sugar camp the girl and her uncle were planning? . . . But no, Agatha had just finished the fall washing of the blankets, and she'd thank no one to drag them out in the dirt. Was it a breathless mental jaunt to Yellowstone Park they were indulging in? . . . Who, then, would take care of the farm, and what about the litter of pigs that was coming on? Timo-

had finally brought Agatha a newspaper article which stated that microbes lodge in cracked dishes: "If I die, Aggie, my death'll be on your head." Agatha had given in, but at each meal implied her disapproval.

As for Timothy's frivolous will, Agatha had taken it quite seriously. The yellow mustache mug was enshrined in the parlor cabinet; the time-tables for a trip to the

the kernel of him, was to Agatha only the chaff. Yet, oddly enough, it was in the recollection of his sly little quips that Agatha best recaptured the flavor of Timothy. She remembered his old retort to her "What you doin', Tim?" . . . "Busy restin', Aggie." . . . She recalled a bit of conversation he had repeated: "'I'm just dumb worried about the world, Timothy,' he says to me. 'So?' I says back. 'Strikes me it takes a man with a powerful bump on himself to get to feelin' responsible for the universe. I'm leavin' the world to the Lord; but just now I'm worryin' about a settin' hen.'" Agatha saw him standing there, rubbing his hands together, his mild blue eyes twinkling; heard his dry little cackle, heard Fay's rush of laughter, joining in, saw them rocking together in high glee. . . .

Dinner was a subdued affair. Once Agatha caught the glimmer of a smile between Fay and Dean, and choked upon a mouthful of Timothy's favorite honey fritters. Obviously they had to suppress their good spirits, for they were cheerful in spite of Tim's empty place among them. Agatha clenched her hands in passionate protest against the girl's fresh, untroubled face. If Fay would only go away and leave her, Agatha, alone with her grief. Fay had offered to go just after the funeral; but Agatha had replied grimly, "This is your home as long as I live; Timothy would want it."

"A bit of a party in the Masonic Hall to-night," said Dean tentatively.

"A . . . party?" managed Agatha.

"H'm . . . high-school kids—"

FAY scowled at him, whereupon he subsided and silence again reigned.

"I figure we'll drive over to the cemetery on Sunday; it's time to be gettin' in some plants, Fay," spoke Agatha at last.

"I'd thought o' crimson ramblers, Uncle Tim's favorite flower, you know," answered Fay with enthusiasm. "They're such jolly flowers, crimson ramblers, and they spread like sin—"

Agatha's mouth came together in a tight line. "We'll set in calla lilies, I think; they're more . . . appropriate."

"More wood, please, Deany, the box is 'most empty," begged Fay, as the boy scraped back his chair.

"Your Uncle Tim never let the wood box get empty," muttered Agatha.

Dean threw in an armful of fresh-sawn firewood, and from the depths of the huge box came a rattle of tin. "Huh! What's this?" Stooping and delving, he drew up a coffee can, which Fay snatched from him and opened.

"If it isn't Uncle Tim's far-away glasses!" she cried. "He never wore them unless Aunt Aggie made him, and the last few months he swore he'd lost them entirely. The sly old darling—no wonder he kept the wood box full!" And suddenly

thy had jovially reproached Agatha for always taking the starch out of their dreams with her practical objections; but Agatha, outwardly scorning their folly, had been rather hurt, and she had never learned how to pretend.

Timothy had even put some of his joyful reproaches into his will, and the will, too, had hurt Agatha. Hardly a fitting thing to have been read aloud in the darkened parlor on that solemn occasion: "To Fay Brant, my niece, I bequeath my love, and twenty-five dollars to be spent for a fan of pink ostrich feathers. . . . To Agatha Brant, my wife, I bequeath my yellow china mustache mug, in loving memory of friendly little tiffs we have had; my time-tables and dreams for a trip to the Orient; and some small part of my sense of humor; also, to Agatha, everything else whatsoever of which I die possessed. And I warn her that I have had the last word in a little matter on which we have long disagreed."

The yellow mustache mug had been a present to Timothy. Agatha had insisted that he keep it for company and Sundays and use the cracked white one on week days. Timothy, with a special weakness for yellow, and for all bright, cheery colors,

Orient were carefully folded away in Agatha's top bureau drawer. What Timothy had meant by his final warning, Agatha often wondered. What was the little matter on which he had had the last word?

TIMOTHY had been a good husband to her. For all his extravagant dreams and his impractical ways, Timothy had stayed in the harness, had never broken the traces except in little things. An amateur painter with flowers in the bit of land about the house, he had been forever threatening to sow the north lot to poppies, instead of corn, and the wood lot to tulips, instead of potatoes, but in his exuberance he had never gone beyond a row of sunflowers in the cabbage patch.

The fun in Timothy, which had been





Fay sat down chuckling, dabbing at her eyes with a handkerchief.

"Here, give them to me!" The tears spilled over as Agatha's hand closed about the old, worn case. She was sorry she had nagged Timothy about the glasses. "What you can find to—laugh over!" she choked.

"Auntie, there's a little trading in town," Fay had ventured at supper, "and Deany here's going to drive me over. So you'll have a nice peaceful evening. Don't bother to wait up—"

Fay was a long time moving around in her room up there in preparation for a little trading, thought Agatha. Like as not she'd forget the nutmeg, after all her fuss. Agatha would just go up and remind her again.

On the threshold of Fay's room she paused, for, contrary to all precedent, the door was drawn to. As it swung silently open beneath her touch, Agatha halted again, in fresh astonishment. For Fay, absorbed in her own radiant reflection, stood before the mirror, arrayed in her pink silk party dress, waving the pink feather fan, posing, smiling at herself! Now she took two little dancing steps,

Agatha halted in fresh astonishment. For Fay, absorbed in her own radiant reflection, stood before the mirror, arrayed in her pink silk party dress, waving the pink feather fan, posing, smiling at herself!

humming an accompaniment, caught up her long dark cloak, pirouetted—and saw Agatha!

"Where you . . . goin'?" whispered Agatha.

"I thought—Dean and I thought—the high-school party—"

"A . . . dance! And Timothy in his grave less than a year!"

FAY, struggling against the numbing clutch of her aunt's disapproval, lifted her chin: "But I—like to dance. Uncle Tim adored it! There was no one could call out better for a Paul Jones."

Agatha's eyes rested on the pink dress.

"He loved this dress," quivered Fay;

ing silence, the girl broke: "You don't want me ever to laugh! I will laugh! I've a right to laugh! You don't ask Tag Along to be sober. (Tag Along was the shepherd pup.) Don't say I don't miss Uncle Tim! Don't I remember his little pet jokes, and laugh in spite of myself? Do you know what I think? Mourning's hypocrisy! You go round telling the world you're sad all the time, when really you're sad only sometimes. When we're laughing, haven't we got Uncle Tim right here with us, chuckling over our shoulders? When we gloom around, crying all the time, we just plain scare him off. Oh, you needn't look at me like that!"—the girl's eloquence turned to defiance—"you never knew Uncle Tim at all, unless you'd learned to laugh with him—"

"Oh, I'm sorry, Aunt Aggie!" Fay melted abruptly, wearily, turned away, fumbled for her handkerchief. "I didn't mean to be horrid, dear, and I won't go to the dance; but if you'd laugh yourself, just once, you'd feel better. Why, you've not smiled since Uncle Tim died!"

"Not much of a hand for laughin'," sniffed Agatha, drawing herself rigidly aloof from Fay's warm young arms. "I can tend to the nutmeg myself to-morrow," she added; and that was Agatha, practical to the death!

So the two women spent a silent evening with Timothy's chair between them. When Fay, having changed back to her dark serge, came down-stairs and broke the news to Dean, he turned sullen, and Agatha fancied she caught a muttering, "Old lady needs a jolt. . . ."

"Well, I'll be getting along to Mother," he said aloud. "Say, walk with me to the gate, Fay!"

"Well."

A long walk to the gate, Agatha reflected bitterly. But Fay came back at length breathless, with a little secret smile and flush that came and went. A few moments later she spoke impulsively: "Why do you hate me so, Aunt Agatha? You'd be happier alone, wouldn't you?"

AT BREAKFAST, at which Dean for once was absent, Agatha said she was going to town: "Libby Holt's promised me some o' her calla lily plants, and I'll likely stay to dinner. Funny what's keepin' Dean—wonder if his mother's worse. Think he'd be afraid to leave her, with her heart trouble, down on that forsaken place. You might bake up a crock o' those red kidney beans, Fay; and be careful not to burn 'em again." After further detailed instructions, Agatha at last drove off.

Jogging homeward before supper time, Agatha saw Dean plowing in the north lot, and wondered what damage they had done, the two of them; last time they had used all the cream for fudge! But the kitchen was immaculate and deserted. Agatha called, listened, called again. There was no answer. Fay had gone off to that McGrew girl's over on the Hill Road, probably; shiftless of her not to be back for the supper hour. And the crock of beans had been set out of the oven only half baked!

"Where's Fay?" she demanded, when Dean entered.

"Fay?" he countered. "Isn't she here?"

"Fay got your dinner, I take it. Where'd she go after that?" (Continued on page 189)



"he wouldn't want me to go around in dingy black."

"I should think," said Agatha sadly, "you'd want to put your fan away and keep it precious—his last gift."

"Uncle Tim used things—even his yellowing—"

And then, under Agatha's grim accus-



# Have You Quit Asking Questions?

If you have, your curiosity is declining, and you are well on the way to becoming a "dead one"

*By Dr. Frank Crane*

**D**R. CHARLES STEINMETZ, the engineering genius, said the other day that there are no foolish questions, and that no man becomes a fool until he has stopped asking questions.

It is the fashion to condemn people who are too curious, and we have got into the way of thinking that curiosity is a bad thing. It is not. It is a powerful thing. It is a great force, and, like every other force, it is bad or good according to the way in which you use it.

Fire is a power. The human race has perhaps discovered no other thing so useful as fire. Fire may cook your dinner and make your living-room comfortable if properly used; yet, on the other hand, it may destroy great cities. Electricity is a valuable servant in the telephone, while as lightning it may be an instrument of death. A trained horse will draw your load to market, but a wild horse will run away and break your neck. The question about any power is not whether it is good or bad, but whether it is your master or your servant, whether it is trained or lawless.

Curiosity is really the motive force of a vigorous mind. When it is trained and used it is of the greatest value; when it is untrained it is a nuisance.

Nobody will deny that the most important members of the family are the children. Children are what Nature intends when she kindles the flame of love and brings the young man and woman together. It is the children who have the chief place of interest in the family. Parents think for them, plan for them, and work for them. And, for that matter, the whole nation and the whole world exist for the children, and the ultimate object of all our thought and work is to make this world a decenter place for them to live in. The family without children is like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out.

And the most characteristic thing about the child is its curiosity. The reason for this is that curiosity is the natural expression of the life force, and children are more alive than grown-ups. When we cease to be curious we are dead ones.

Most of us are perplexed, not to say dismayed, at the persistent curiosity of children. They are continually asking questions. They want to know a thousand

things we cannot tell them. And they also want to know a great many things they have no business to know.

We will find the key to this difficulty if we will bear in mind that it is not curiosity in itself that is bad, but untrained curiosity.

Curiosity is an indication of growth, the growth of the mind. And the child's chief business is to grow. We are confronted, therefore, simply with a problem of healthy development. We should not be

If we examine this matter of curiosity, we will see that it is the real cause of the progress of the human race. We will not discuss the question as to whether we are descended from monkeys, but there is no denying the fact that the advance of civilization, of knowledge, and of all the arts and sciences has been by the process we call "monkeying."

Logical thinking and the carrying out of well-laid plans have their place in the improvement of human conditions. But the start is almost always made out of sheer curiosity, that is, by making all sorts of experiments to see what will happen.

For instance, in the time of Henry II, of England, sailors when caught in fog or darkness used to touch a needle with a bit of magnetic iron, and found that it would whirl around and point north. Upon this experiment is based the compass, and modern commerce.

Along in the thirteenth century people got to monkeying with bits of curved glass, and found that objects seen through them were magnified. From this monkeying have come our microscopes, telescopes,

spectroscopes, and cameras, and a vast deal of information concerning the universe.

Somebody, not so very long ago, when monkeying with certain chemicals, discovered, perhaps to his sorrow, that they exploded. From this came gunpowder, and an alteration in the warfare of the world.

Some lazy man, seeking a way to save work as a copyist, invented movable type. Whence comes printing, the extension of education and civilization.

A boy was monkeying with a teakettle and found that the steam pushed up the lid when the spout was stopped. Hence, the steam engine, and a new era in the transportation of the world. Hence, huge factories, overgrown cities, monstrous industrialism and piled-up capital, labor organizations, soviets, national debts, and so on. All because a boy monkeyed with a teakettle.

The monkeyers have even produced new substances, as well as new methods. They have played with the molecules and atoms and forces, and out of their monkeying in the (Continued on page 131)

## Try These Tests On Yourself

**T**OWARD the end of this article Doctor Crane gives a few tests which you can apply to yourself. Examine them, and find out whether you are still a learner, or whether your ears and mind are closed.

THE EDITOR.

irritated by this, but should train this great force to useful things.

Curiosity power is like will power. Foolish parents complain of the child's strong will. They speak of him as being very self-willed. Sometimes they say, "The child's will must be broken." They had much better break his back. For if there is anything the child will need when he grows up it is a strong and vigorous will.

By the same token, if he is to be successful he will need a strong and vigorous curiosity, and we have done him a great service when we have shown him how so to direct this force of curiosity as to give him initiative, to make him efficient, and in every way a superior person.

**A**BOVE all things, we should not judge the qualities of our children by the test whether they bother us or not. Bother is a word that we often use for that feeling of impatience we have when we are faced with a responsibility. Children are often vastly wronged by the sheer laziness of their parents, who refuse to assist them to solve their continually recurring problems.





# Seeds That Are Worth Six Times as Much as Gold

Think of flower seeds costing about \$2,000 a pound!—Of common vegetable seeds so valuable that they are stored in bank vaults!—Of one small handful of seeds producing six tons of tomatoes!—The story of seeds is a story of miracles

*By Allison Gray*

**S**UPPOSE you were just going out of the front door, some fine spring morning, and your wife called after you: "Oh, John! I want to have a bed of double petunias this season. . . . I wish you'd buy some seeds to-day."

And suppose that you should actually remember your wife's request and stop at the seed store on your way home. In spite of this strange feat of memory, you are just an average man. You know nothing about petunias. Until your wife mentioned seeds, you thought a petunia was a gland! Pituitary or petunia, it was all the same to you. So now, after guessing at the requirements for a flower bed, you say to the clerk:

"Give me an ounce of double petunia seeds."

To your surprise, the clerk shows signs of falling in a fit. When he has recovered his powers of speech, he stutters, "D-d-double p-p-petunia seeds! . . . An ounce!"

"Yes," you say, "I want enough to make a nice bed of flowers."

"Well," says the clerk, with a glance of mingled scorn and pity, "an ounce of double petunia seeds will produce thousands and thousands of plants and will cost you, at a rough guess, about *two thousand dollars* a pound!"

It's your turn to stutter now. But you manage to explain that you don't want a petunia farm! You just want a nice little bed in the back yard.

"All you need is a packet of seeds," says the clerk.

He produces a very small envelope, takes your fifty cents, and then remarks: "Guess you don't know much about double petunia seeds. Let me show you."

He tears open the packet and carefully extracts another and smaller envelope.

"The seeds are in the inner envelope," he explains. "But you'll have to look sharp, or you won't find 'em. People often bring a packet back and say it was empty, when it had enough of these seeds in it to start a garden. They are smaller than grains of sand. People sometimes mix them with sand when they plant them. That's the only way they can see that they *have* planted them."

You tuck the little envelope in your waistcoat pocket and go off with something new to think about. Two thousand dollars a pound! Why, that is more than six times the value of pure gold. And for just flower seeds! You never would have believed it.

Well, here is something else that may surprise you, a true story about the seeds of a common garden vegetable. Some years ago the Equitable Building in New York City was destroyed by a fire that burned for three days. It was bitter cold weather and the shell of the ruined building became coated with ice from the streams of water played on it.

**O**N THE ground floor was a bank. After the fire, a representative of Peter Henderson and Company, seedsmen, went to the bank to recover the valuables which the firm had deposited in the vaults. I doubt if you can guess which of these valuables he was most concerned about.

It was cauliflower seed! Years before, the firm had developed a new variety, known as "Snowball cauliflower." At the time of the fire their entire crop of this seed from the previous season was stored in their vault at the bank. It was worth forty-eight dollars a pound then, and the vault was half full of it.

This represented a good deal of money; but even more important was the fact that

if this seed was ruined it would take a whole year to produce another supply.

During the three days of the fire, the vaults had first been exposed to the heat of the flames. Then they had become coated with ice. The all-important question was whether the little germ of life in those precious seeds had withstood this experience. A germination test was immediately undertaken; and to the immense relief of everybody concerned the seeds sprouted.

**P**ERHAPS you think that since double petunia seeds are worth about two thousand dollars a pound, you may as well make some money out of them yourself. So when you hand over the little packet to your wife you say:

"See here, Mary! Those seeds cost more than gold dust! Now, you save all the seeds we get from the flowers and we'll sell them for enough money to pay for your whole garden."

Clever idea, isn't it? The only trouble is that you won't get *any seeds at all* from your double petunias. That is one of the many, many queer things about this whole subject.

Of course you ask where the seeds came from that you did plant. Well, this is the explanation: The nurseryman plants a row of single petunias and, next to it, a row of double petunias. Soon the two rows of plants begin to bloom; and all summer long one man is kept busy, carrying the pollen from the double flowers and putting it into the heart of the single flowers.

This is called pollination. It is usually done by bees and butterflies. When they visit one flower in search of honey, they get some of the pollen on their feet and their bodies. Then they fly to another



flower; and as they burrow down into its heart, some of this imported pollen is rubbed off and remains there, fertilizing the flower so that its seeds will germinate.

But the seedsman cannot depend on this hit-and-miss method in regard to double petunias, which—except in the case of one variety, recently developed—bear no seeds. The single ones do have seeds. So one man spends his summer pollinating the single flowers from the double ones. But the result of all this labor is only three or four ounces of seeds that will produce double petunias! No wonder they cost a good deal of money.

Small as they are, they do not hold the record in that respect. Have you ever noticed the little brown specks on the under surface of fern leaves? These specks are composed of myriads of the spore, or seeds, of the plant. These seeds are as fine as dust; so minute that several thousand of them could be placed on the head of a pin.

**C**OMPARE this with what is perhaps the largest seed of a flowering plant, that of the castor bean. It is about three times the size of an ordinary kidney bean, and many thousands of times as large as the particles of fern spore.

There are mighty few persons in the world who have not, at one time or another, planted some seeds and then wondered why they didn't come up. Perhaps you will find one explanation in these three stories, told me by Peter Henderson, the grandson of the man who founded the business seventy-six years ago.

"Down at Norfolk, Virginia," he said, "a market gardener sowed a good-sized plot to spinach years ago. He had been bothered by darkies who stole his chickens; and, hearing a disturbance in the poultry yard one night, just after he had sowed the spinach seed, he rushed out with a shotgun and chased the marauders away. In their haste, they ran across the freshly seeded plot. Some days later, while the rest of the field was still brown and bare, the tracks made by the chicken thieves were green with little sprouts of spinach.

"At the Bradley Beach golf grounds, a short time ago, part of the course was plowed up and freshly seeded. Some



ELWIN B. BARRETT

**Double white lilac.** It is one of nature's miracles that a single small seed will produce a plant which, in time, will bear thousands of blossoms with countless myriads of new seeds

careless individual walked across this plot before the seed came up. I saw a photograph which was made a little later, in which the footprints of the man were plainly visible, covered with young grass, while the ground around them was still bare.

"We once sent a dozen rose cuttings to a woman down South. In the course of a few weeks, we received a letter from her saying that she had planted them very carefully. She was sure that everything was done just right, except that her husband accidentally stepped on one of the little plants, almost crushing it. She tied it up to a small stick, hoping to save it. And she went on to inform us that there must have been something wrong with the plants; for the *only* one that did well was the one that her husband had stepped on.

"If more chicken thieves, careless persons, and husbands would walk across freshly planted ground," laughed Mr. Henderson, "fewer seeds would die an un-

timely death. A great many amateur gardeners plant seeds, then loosely brush the soil over them—or over the roots, in the case of plants—and leave them that way. They do not, as we call it, 'firm the soil' over the seeds and roots.

"My grandfather once experimented by sowing twelve rows of sweet corn and twelve rows of beets. After sowing, he trod down the soil of each alternate row, leaving the others loose. In the trodden rows, the seeds came up in *four* days; in the others, *twelve* days passed before the sprouts appeared. They wouldn't have come even then, if it hadn't been that rain fell; for the soil was as dry as dust.

**H**HE TRIED the same experiment with turnips and spinach. The trodden-in seeds germinated quickly and made a good crop. The others started poorly and were finally burned out by the dry, hot air that penetrated through the loose soil to the roots.

"Of course, you needn't do the 'firming' with your feet. The best way is to press the soil down with a board or plank. But don't plant seeds in ground that is *already* hard and packed. The soil must be dug up and pulverized. At the top there should be sifted soil to about an inch in depth. If the soil is clayey, it should have some sand mixed with it, so that it won't pack.

"There is a general rule that a seed should be planted at a depth of two or three times its diameter. Very fine seeds are sprinkled on the surface of the loose, pulverized soil, which is then firmed down with a flat board. Hard-shell seeds will sprout more quickly if they are soaked in water for twenty-four hours before planting. Very large seeds should be planted one by one, an inch apart. Smaller ones are dropped, a pinch at a time, then spread apart so that they won't lie in a lump.

"Many people seem to think that if they plant or sow seeds very profusely, they will be sure to get *something*. But they may not get as many plants as if they sowed fewer seeds. If the sprouts come up



Seeds of double petunias are worth about \$2,000 a pound. One ounce of them will produce many thousands of plants. The double flowers do not bear seeds. But the single petunias, if fertilized with pollen from the double ones, have seeds which will produce double petunias. The pollen is transferred by hand





(Left) Sunflowers used to have one row of deep yellow petals around a center, crammed full of seeds. Man has reversed this and produced flowers with thousands of petals and few seeds. He has developed them in new colors, from lemon-yellow to purplish-black



(Right) It seems incredible that this enormous cabbage, completely filling a wheelbarrow, could come from one seed, not half as large as a grain of rice. The seeds cost \$10 a pound, but one seed will produce a head of cabbage weighing from 20 to 30 pounds

close together they must be thinned out. There is only so much food in the soil. If too many plants are crowding each other and trying to get this food, none of them will thrive."

"If seeds are kept a great many years and then planted will they grow?" I asked.

"Perhaps a few of them might," said Mr. Henderson; "but not many. You probably have read about wheat being found in Egyptian tombs where it had lain for centuries. The story always tells that the wheat germinated when planted. I remember one account that said it produced grain which was ground into flour and the flour made into bread.

"I DON'T take much stock in that story. We have tried keeping seeds for ten years, and then testing them. But only a few had retained the power to germinate. Some seeds should be planted as soon as they are harvested. Onion seed, for instance, doesn't keep. On the other hand, lettuce seed shouldn't be planted until it is a year old. Cotton seed is particularly long lived. It will grow even when it has been kept twenty years.

"Amateur gardeners often specify that they want 'fresh' seeds. They have an idea that all seeds must be planted at least the first season after harvesting them. But it depends on the kind of plant. Some seeds take a year or more to ripen; others will spoil if kept that long."

These commonplace little

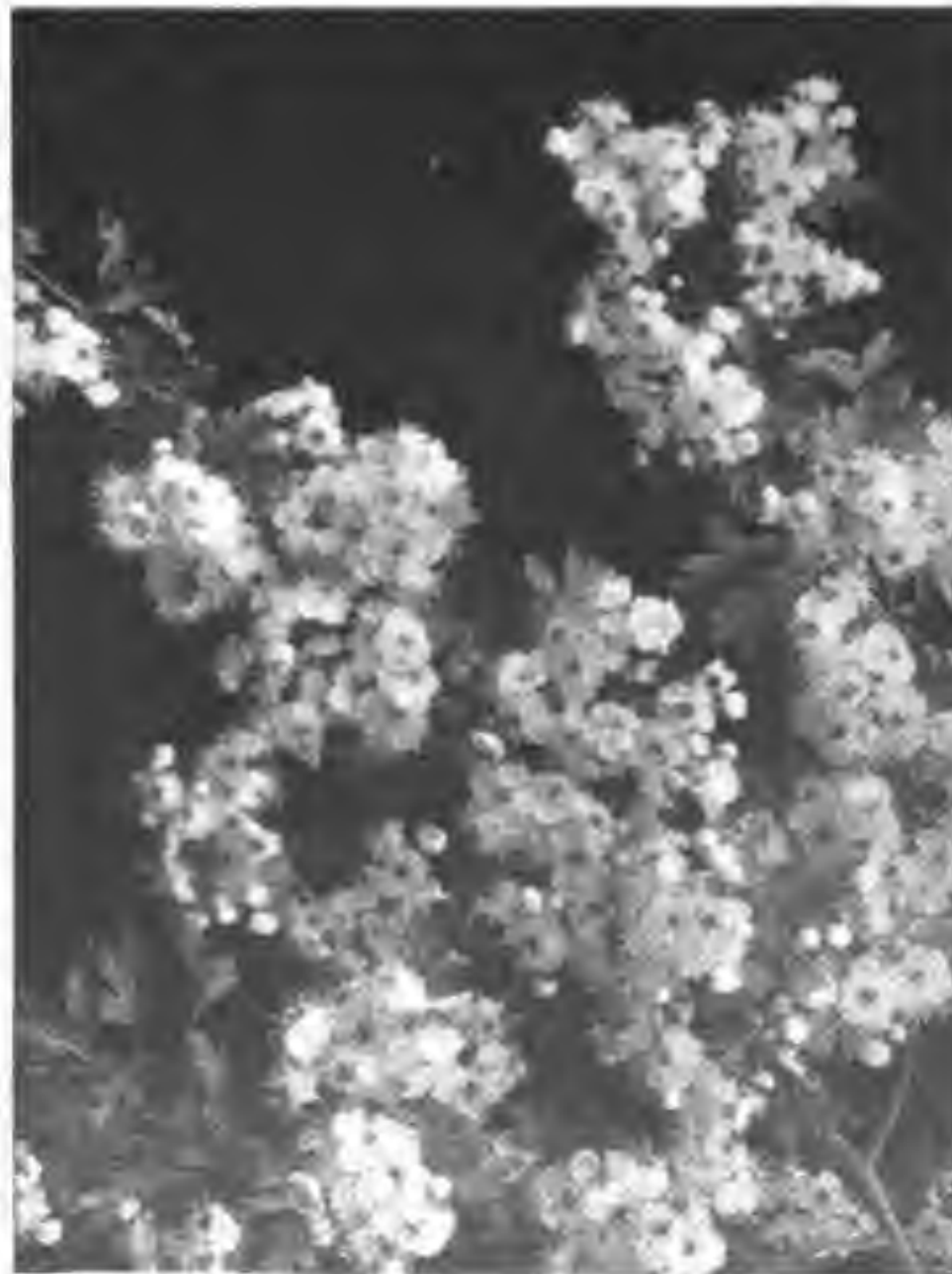
seeds, with that marvelous germ of life within them, have many strange and curious ways. There is celery seed, for instance. And, by the way, while celery isn't in the same class with double peonies, its seeds are so minute that it takes about ten thousand of them to

make an ounce. Wonderful celery is grown in California; but it is grown from French seed.

If these plants are allowed to bear seed, and that seed is planted in California, the celery produced will be rank and poor in quality. But, if this California seed is sent East and planted *there*, it will produce a fine crop. The California grower, however, must import seed for his own use from France every season.

THE best cabbage seed comes from Denmark and from Long Island, New York. From these two places it is sent all over the world. Wonderful peas are grown in England. But if the English peas are brought to this country and planted they produce, at first, a crop of poor quality. Several successive crops must be grown before they become acclimatized. Then the American grandchildren of these English ancestors, so to speak, will produce excellent peas. The best peas in this country are grown in Michigan and Idaho. If peas are soaked in water for twenty-four hours before planting they will come up two or three days sooner than those that are not soaked. And it is a curious fact that if lima beans are planted with the "eyes" down, they will come up more quickly and be less likely to rot, than those planted with the eyes up.

If you have a parsley bed, shade it from the sun after a rain. Otherwise its color



A spray of white hawthorn, one of the most beautiful of early flowering shrubs or small trees



will fade! If you raise some squashes and pumpkins, leave a piece of the stem on when you cut them from the vines.

By the way, can you tell a pumpkin from a squash? You probably think you can; because the only pumpkin you are familiar with is the Jack-o'-lantern kind. And to you a squash is the well-known Hubbard squash, nothing more. But there are many different varieties of both vegetables; and the only way to identify them surely is by the stem. Pumpkins have hard stems; squashes have soft ones.

You see how naturally one drifts from the subject of seeds to the plants themselves. But the seed interests us just because it is a plant in embryo. And here is one of the most amazing facts in nature. Someone might give you a handful of seeds—all of them exactly alike. Suppose they are sweet pea seeds. You plant them in your garden. A few weeks later you walk the



Nature's one aim and purpose has been to produce seeds! In uncultivated places there is a constant war of seeds; myriads of them fighting for "a place in the sun." The soil is not plowed and cultivated and fed and watered to enable them to live and grow. Consequently not one in a million survives.

Yet plants, like human beings, have the instinct to preserve their species. This instinct leads to the production of incalculable billions of billions of seeds every year.

**TAKE** the wild strawberry, for instance; it may be a sour little thing no larger than a pea. Yet it has as many seeds as you will find in a luscious cultivated strawberry twenty times its size. The only purpose of Nature was to keep on producing strawberries. The one essential to that end was seeds. So the wild berry has seeds and hasn't much else. Immense numbers of seeds have to be produced by all wild-growing plants, because only occasionally will there be one which can grow under the (Continued on page 193)



At the left of the path, in the picture above, is a border of sweet alyssum, known as "carpet of snow." It grows only four or five inches high and one plant will bear as many as three hundred blossoms.

The picture at the left shows a wonderful specimen of candytuft, each cluster of flowers measuring over two inches in diameter.

length of the row and pick a flower of every different variety you can find. At the end of the row you may hold a hundred blossoms in your hand, no two of them alike! They range in color from white to almost black. They are single, or double, or ruffled. They are large or small; have weak stems or strong ones, long or short. Yet all this wealth of variety was concealed in a handful of seeds which could not be told one from another.

**AT** THE seed store I held in the palm of one hand an ounce of tomato seeds. Remember! Just one ounce! Yet there, in the palm of my hand, lay the promise of fifteen hundred plants; enough to produce at least five or six tons of tomatoes. A single one of those tomatoes might weigh two pounds; more than thirty times the weight of all the seeds in my hand.

Suppose that all the seeds, from all the tomatoes raised from that one ounce, should be collected. At a very moderate estimate there would be a thousand ounces of seeds; enough to produce one million five hundred thousand plants, which would yield about nine million tons of tomatoes! Imagine it! Just one generation removed from that single ounce of seeds in the palm of one hand.

This leads to one of the most interesting facts about seeds. Of course all the fruits, vegetables, and flowers we have were originally wild. Most of them have had centuries of cultivation, but they still go on growing wild in waste places. There is one great difference between the wild and the cultivated plants. In the former,



Dahlias are now the fashion among flower growers, many marvelous new kinds having been developed. Flower catalogues list over 3,000 varieties; some with flowers nine inches across, some tiny as a button—fringed, frilled, or quilled. Some solid in color, others striped, spotted, or shaded from dark to light.





Kululak splashed ashore and found her. Tenderly he gathered her up and carried her to the dory, where he wrapped her in blankets and poured hot tea between her lips



# The Vortex

A story of revenge

By Frank Richardson Pierce

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MEAD SCHAEFFER

**A**LKI *nesika tenas chako!* "By and by our little one comes." As the girl spoke, she looked up half shyly at the man who had just entered the cabin, but it was apparent that the meaning of her words had not registered on Blunt's brain.

Rough-spoken, cruel, a brute of a man, he advanced a little way into the room, reeling slightly. She, of a different race, waited submissively for him to speak, but he said nothing. Catching his balance, he squirmed his thick shoulders free from a pack, which tumbled to the floor with a thud. Something crashed; a liquid seeped through the pack and trickled in a little stream across the uneven floor, filling the little room with the heavy odor of "white mule."

Too drunk to realize fully what was taking place, he contemplated it blankly, then lurched to the pack, spilled its contents about, picked up the broken bottle and regarded it stupidly.

With the eagerness of a child, the "klooch," as Blunt called her, commenced to examine the packages from the trading post. Having torn the wrappings away she gave a low cry of pleasure, for she had found what she was seeking—a bag of cheap candy. Greedily she stuffed her mouth with the sweets.

From where he had slumped into a chair Blunt's eyes rested on the native girl. He had not bought the candy. It had been thrown in as a present by the trader in appreciation of a settled account.

"Hey!" shouted Blunt, suddenly, "you'll get sick—eatin' candy that way. Give it to me!" And when the bag was obediently handed over to him he tossed it to the top shelf of a cupboard, adding, "Now leave it there till I tell you you can have it. I don't want no sick klooch on my hands."

"Alki *nesika*—" she began timidly, but paused. The time was not propitious for such an announcement.

Blunt had come into her life two years before. Late in spring the cannery fleet wings its way over the North Pacific, through Unimak Pass and into the Bering Sea. It drops anchor in the waters of Bristol Bay when the surface is yet dotted with small bergs. From the damp holds of the vessels pour steady streams of cannery supplies and men. Here, for the season, are gathered gentlemen and crooks; adventurers and students; men of every race and clime, including a generous skimming of hell's thickest scum.

They come to work and do work. In slack hours they gamble, fight, and occasionally slay. Some die and others go insane, but the work always goes on. From sea and river comes a steady stream of salmon, their gleaming bodies flashing silver in the sunlight as conveyors bring

them to the dock. At last from the canneries alongside the dock the salmon emerge in tins, cased. They swing through the air and drop by the sling load into the vessels' holds. Deeper and deeper ride the laden craft, until with the approach of autumn the water laps at the Plimsol mark. Then as silently as they came the ships depart, fleeing like frightened birds from the fury of the Arctic winter.

Blunt, with bold eyes, had watched the native girl feeding a labeling machine. He had whispered low words that had startled her at first. Then she had come to believe these whispers. Without compunction, Blunt had hurdled the social barrier, and a union was formed unsanctioned by either God or man.

With the coming of the first fall the girl's heart had filled with fear. Would he sail south with the others or stay with her? He had remained behind because the cabin was warm and plentifully stocked with food bought with their joint earnings, and "white mule" was obtainable at a price. He had caroused or brooded by the fire during the long winter months. When the girl displeased him, he had beaten her cruelly, but she expected that. On those rare occasions when he had smiled at her she was repaid a thousandfold.

**T**HE klooch was rather pretty, with a graceful, lithe figure and a certain slumbering fire in her dark eyes. Her feet were big and awkwardly formed, the heritage of ancestors who had always squatted beside fires or twisted and cramped their feet into *bidarkas*. It had never occurred to Blunt that the girl's love was a deathless thing. Jealousy had prompted him to transport her to a lonely cabin where other men would not be likely to see her.

"Listen, Klooch," he had said, "this year we clean up big; make plenty money. I charter gas-boat. You're an Indian, you know where salmon run heaviest. You show me? Plenty money. One, two Indian boys help us, huh?"

She was happy to serve him. Together they had toiled early and late, sometimes with the aid of a native known as Kululak because he came from Kululak Bay. Kululak, who had loved the girl long before Blunt's appearance, had accepted the situation patiently, knowing that it could not last. He labored willingly beside the girl and his successful rival. Blunt called him "the Siwash," and treated him with the contempt he had for all natives.

That second fall, when he had counted the fat roll of bills, and sometimes when he had gazed off with uncertain eyes toward the fleet, the girl had watched him closely. Pangs of fear had gnawed at her heart while his decision hung in the balance. Then suddenly he had tossed the bills into the tin box which was kept be-

neath the cabin floor. "Got a good thing," he muttered, "and I'd better hang onto it. Another year!"

The year had been a good one, but the mind and heart of the native girl were at peace. Now she could hold him forever, because, as she whispered reassuringly to herself, "*Alki nesika tenas chako!*" There was a new light in her eyes, a soft, happy light shining with the joy of expectant motherhood.

To-night, when she had planned to fill his heart with joy, he had come home so drunk that his sodden brain had failed to comprehend the words she had twice spoken in Chinook dialect.

Realizing his condition, she had gone into the little room that served as kitchen, to stir the fire. He would be hungry even if drunk. Watching her through blurred vision, he muttered incoherently, "Le's see now, the pack's about done! Two weeks and they'll sail for God's country, two weeks more, an'—" He nearly slipped from the chair but pulled himself up with a jerk. "And I'm going with 'em!" He rose unsteadily, lurched across the room and fell upon the bed in a stupor. Presently he was sound asleep.

Several hours later, when the meal had long been ready, Blunt awoke in an ugly mood. "Hey, there!" he bellowed. "I want something to eat. What's the matter with you lately, always loafing. Leave it to an Indian to be lazy."

She hastened to satisfy his wants. When he had finished eating, he sat on the edge of the bunk, rubbing his aching head. "If that Siwash shows up," he said suddenly, "tell him we don't fish to-morrow. I'm going over to talk to the big boss, see?"

For an instant the native girl was possessed by her old fear. Then she smiled. Now was the time. She crossed the room, knelt at Blunt's feet, and placed her soft cheek against his knee: "*Alki nesika tenas chako!*"

**F**OR a moment Blunt was silent, then his face paled, his hand grasped her hair and he jerked her head back so he could look into her face. "What's that?" he exclaimed, and then, anger surging over him, he cried, "You're lying, Klooch! Lying, like all you squaws do when you get your hands on a white man. You know what I'm going to see the big boss about, and want me to stay here! But I'm a white man! Did you think I was going to live with a squaw all my life? Go ahead and lie, you vixen; you won't keep me here."

"You no want baby?" she faltered in slow school English, her lips quivering.

"You lie," he repeated, shaking her roughly; "you know you lie. Say you do! Say it!"





To-night, when she had planned to fill his heart with joy, he had come home so drunk that

She was sobbing. . . . "*Alki nezika*—"

"Cut that Siwash gab!" snarled Blunt. "Talk a white man's language. Blubbering ain't going to get you nowhere. I'm going. That's flat!"

"No!" she pleaded. "Stay for baby, such nice big baby, just like you, like his . . . his . . ." she fumbled for the word, found it, and smiled through her tears, "nice baby like his *daddee*! You stay with me and baby."

As Blunt got to his feet the girl threw her arms about his knees, repeating words of entreaty. Roughly, he thrust her aside, but stood looking at her for a moment half in fear, half in rage. Then, without a word, he pulled on his shoe-pacs, donned his mackinaw, and stepped out into the night.

**I**N THE early morning hours, Blunt tied up his gas-boat at the cannery dock. The big boss, Wallace, was at his desk. He was working fifteen and eighteen hours

daily, winding up the season's business. The rattle of winches and rumbling of trucks loaded with cased salmon filled the air as Blunt crossed the rain-soaked dock. Wallace glanced up as Blunt entered. "Hello, Blunt!" he remarked without enthusiasm.

"Good morning, sir," replied Blunt; then, after a moment's hesitation, added, "I want to go outside with the fleet this season. Easy find room, won't I?"

"You?" queried Wallace, looking at him in surprise.

"Sure. I can go, can't I?"

"I suppose so; but what about the Indian girl?"

"The klooch? Oh, she don't care. She's only a squaw, and don't feel about these things as we do. Even if she did, she'd get over it."

"I am not so sure of that! I know the natives up here pretty well, and yours isn't the first case I've observed. The time has passed when a man can come up here,

take an Indian girl to his cabin as his klooch for a few months, and then go blithely on his way and forget. You may sail with the fleet; but I'll wager that long before we clear Unimak Pass there'll be a radio to a U. S. marshal, and regardless of where you land you'll be picked up, returned, and forced to right your wrong."

Wallace drummed with his fingers on the table between them, and continued bluntly: "I'd make an appeal to your manhood if there were anything in you worth appealing to. You've made a lot of money, you've brought in fish by the boatload when others often returned empty—thanks to this girl's peculiar knowledge. My advice is to do the right thing. Hunt up a priest, minister, or commissioner and have a ceremony performed. If you don't choose to take my advice, that's your privilege. The company shipped you up here, and agreed to return you. As manager, I'll give you passage south with the fleet if you insist."





his sodden brain had failed to comprehend the words she had twice spoken in Chinook dialect

The dull red of anger had mounted Blunt's cheeks, but he remained seated until Wallace had finished.

"Klooch or no klooch, I go with the fleet," he said. "I'll take my chances on radios and marshals. I got twenty thousand dollars, and part of that will hire a good lawyer—if I'm pinched."

"Twenty thousand, eh? The sum total of your joint earnings—and you're taking it all! I'm not surprised." The calmness suddenly vanished and in its place came the righteous indignation of a real man. Wallace leaped to his feet. "We'll live up to our contract and take your dirty carcass south," he shouted. "Now get out of my sight, you cur!"

His hands thrust deep into the side pockets of his mackinaw, Blunt paced to and fro on the dock, debating his chances of escape. Kululak, pausing in the act of shoving his motor dory into the water, observed Blunt's agitation. Blunt should be putting to sea for salmon or, if he did

not intend to fish, then he should have been asleep. "Huh!" grunted the native, "Blunt no like baby, huh! *Hyaas rollix!* (big mad)."

**ABRUPTLY**, Blunt's nervous pacing ceased and he set off with long strides. Kululak followed him down the beach to a lonely cabin. It was a place patronized by the rougher element of the cannery hands. Here, a human derelict known as Cultus Jim had established a crude still where he manufactured "white mule." Blunt pounded heavily on the door, and after a short interval was admitted. Kululak, his ear pressed against the shack, listened eagerly. He heard the gurgle as liquid tumbled from bottle to glass, and the satisfied "Ah-h!" as Blunt drained it. This was followed by a long silence.

"Cultus," said Blunt slowly, "you're a wise devil. You've knocked around these parts many years. When a white man wants to go to God's country and finds

that he's got a klooch on his hands, what does he do with the klooch?"

"Bump 'er off!" answered Cultus promptly; "it's the only safe way. Squaws like white men and they don't want to let 'em go. Take an old squawman's tip, and if your klooch starts squawkin', bump her off!"

"And get hung!"

"Might if you got caught!" admitted Cultus; "but suppose you was out in a rough sea and she got washed overboard. That wouldn't be murder. That'd be an accident."

Blunt handed him a bill. "Guess I'll let it go," he said; "take this and forget I ever asked you." But Cultus, wise in the way of lawless men, knew differently. "Thankee, thankee!" he mumbled, pocketing the money. "I never know nothin'; I never hear nothin'; and I never see nothin'; if I did I wouldn't be here now."

Kululak, who had made the run from the cannery at top (Continued on page 147)



# Spring Fever

*By Nina Wilcox Putnam*

**I**T IS kinda hard to say why should one season make a person feel any different from another, but they do. I don't mean quite that, neither, because I can always tell myself from Pres. Harding, for instant, but what I mean is that some times of the year make you feel one way and another season gives you an entirely different mixture in your personal carburator and you got to adjust it all over again, and spring does it the most of any part of the 12 mons.

When this Editor of this AMERICAN MAGAZINE give out the order for this spring medicine he couples the remark with well, make it good and snappy. And I says nobody feels snappy in spring unless they are a yellow dog and he says that is a bum joke. So I says well then if my jokes is no good, why I will not write the darn thing, and he says all right, don't.

Well being a married man he had ought to of known better than to say that to a wife, even when not his own. Because naturally I at once got out the key to the typewriter-garage and was just setting down to think up what could I say about spring which would be a purely original remark, when George, that's my husband, come in and interrupted me as per usual. Well, when a person is in the act of attempting the impossible it is maybe just as well they should be interrupted, but not with the handle of a rake, which is what I was.

This rake was a brand-new one of the usual size and shape of which we get such a bumper crop every spring, and it had brought George out on the five-fifteen, making a way for him fore & aft as if he was the Prince of Wales or something I have no doubt, but considerably less popular. He come in the door with it under one arm, turned to shut the door with it still there, and give my hair a good combing with the teeth of it before he knew what he was doing. So I says, for the love of tripe put that thing down in a corner before you break the lamp Aunt Nellie gave us for our wedding present and George says no such luck, it will undoubtedly stand there intact where she can see it long after we are dead and gone, but he stood the new rake in the corner just the same and then asked me had I got that Ed Smith to dig the garden yet and why and the blazes not. And I says because I was talking to a Editor all day about spring, and George says there, isn't

that just like a woman, talk talk talk and never get a thing done how do you expect we are going to have any peas to can if you don't get Ed here to dig that patch so's I can get them planted. And so I says good lord the way you talk about your garden anybody would imagine you did the work in it, I have other duties to neglect without taking on yours. Why don't you attend to it yourself. I suppose you think a woman has nothing to do all day except the things you said was the man's end of the home. And etc.

Well, after a few more conventional remarks like these, why George says all

again I could be thankful I hadn't got to the point where I read seed catalogues aloud in my sleep. It is a funny thing how spring affects some people: with one it is Baseball, with another it's Rose-cold, but in our family it's gardens. When the languid ozone gets working around the first part of April, you know, that sickly stuff which give the poets their colic, why George plans a garden not any larger than a Kansas farm. The plot he lays out would need ten men and a tractor to look after it right, but at planting time George always wishes he had plowed a little bigger piece and doesn't know how he is going to get

all his stuff in. By July 4th he don't know how he's going to get the weeds out, and wonders why on earth he ever chewed off a ranch like this. And another funny thing about George, or it would be funny if you didn't have to live with it, is the way he gets a man to dig it, our Junior to weed it, me to transplant it, and then tells the neighbors all about his garden.

Another peculiarity George has got and which makes him a sign of spring, is that towards then he believes I should get a lot of exercise. No sooner do I lay down for one instant after working like a slave, than a commanding voice from the attic will yell where are my golf clubs, and keep it up, too, until I arise off the dining-room sofa and go up and say here they are, stupid, right behind you in the corner where you put them your own self last fall. Still another peculiarity that George has got is the way he will, about Oct. 15th or so, take his summer suit and brush it off good and hold it up to the light and squint at it and determinedly ignore the thin places on the under side of the cuff and say, hey Nina this suit is not so bad, it's pretty

## What Are These Sheep-Faced Adults Going to Do?

**I**N OUR family," says Mrs. Wilcox, "we have a Junior, but he's still too small for us to buy him the kind of suit where you get two pairs of pants with it. We still got to shop for him in the depts. where suits, when the seat is gone out of them, they are gone indeed.

"Because, see, I have brought Junior up like a good mother to love the dumb and noisy animals, and kept him setting still by the ¼ of an hour at a time showing him the Zoo in pictures accompanied by such intelligent instructions as see the dreat bid horsey, sweetie, and Oh look at the 'normous elephant with his trunky-wonkey! So of course he has got a pretty good idea about animals and so 4th and can recognize a Circus-poster the very minute he sees one, and keep right on calling my attention to it until some results is effected. I don't know for sure, but I got a strong suspicion that them animal-alphabets is got out by the big circus trust or someone, and it had ought to be prevented. Anyways, Junior seems to know to the minute when the circus attendants commence raking the moth-balls out of the camels & lions, and the way that kid worries his father and self untill I and he and all go to the circus, is a crime. We simply have to do it each year, as does also his grandfather, and of course we couldn't very well ask the old man and leave out Grandma, so she has to come along too. Last year Uncle Henry and Aunt Mary was staying at our house and they went to the circus last year, too, because it didn't seem fair to let the poor child go comparatively alone, and they brought a friend of theirs and his wife along. Of course we go only because of Junior, but this year I am kind of worried over it on account he has not shown so much enthusiasm as usual and has took a notion he would rather have a birthday party instead. If he sticks to that, believe you me, a bunch of sheep-faced adults is going to be out of luck."

right, all right, have it your own way only shut up, which every wife will recognize as the typical masculine flag of trounce, and then he dove into his seed catalogues and other inspired literature, and left me to write this article which I had been told not to, and think up some stuff *re* spring. At first all I could think of was poets, but at once dismissed them as overdone.

I wished most heartily that it was to be a piece on Thanksgiving instead, on account I could easily think of so much to be thankful for, thankful I wasn't the kind of a dumb-bell George was, for ins. and thankful he hadn't crowned me with that new rake he had brought home. Then

good yet, I can use it first thing in the spring. Then he will bound me until I get him some camphor and a old moth-bag, and insist upon putting it away himself because women never do these things properly, especially on idle Sunday afternoons when there is no place to go. Then in the spring he will take off the wrappings during some other idle hour, stuff them in the garbage pail, look the suit over carefully, take the lid off the pail again and stuff the suit in after them. This seems to go with straw hats, as well. I got a kind of guilty feeling about letting last year's straw hats go that way, though. I sort of imagine I ought to keep them and



gild them and paint on a few forget-me-nots, add a ribbon bow and save them for next-Christmas presents. But I guess I only imagine so.

Another thought I had while trying to think up a few remarks about spring, was the way George's office looked one day during it when I paid him one of those pleasant little wifely visits without telephoning first in order he should pay me one of those pleasant little husbandly

checks without being able to escape, or have a conference, in time.

Well anyways, the people in that office was going about their job with all the pep of a snail with a bad case of creeping-paralysis. And it wasn't because the boss had gone out either, on account I got the check all right. They acted like that because they was dreaming of green meadows and blue skies and the great free open spaces where the ants can crawl

down your neck and the mosquitoes chew on wherever they can reach, and other beauties of nature and etc.

Yes sir, I could see *plain* that at this season something come over the entire office force that give them the same general effect as a steady diet of hot mince pie for lunch. The only difference was they enjoyed the misery which old lady Spring was handing them, whereas with the pie, why everybody will say we (Continued on page 114)

## Sid Says:

### *Find out whether you want to knit or crochet*

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "They tell me statistics show that most businesses fail and that few win out. Why is it? And heaven knows that most individuals fall way below what you expect of them. They simply don't make good. Why is that?"

One of the biggest reasons is that they lack direction of effort. By that I mean direction from within—self-direction. All successful enterprises have a clear policy, a direction of effort. They make their course of action so plain that you can stand on the side lines and see exactly what they are up to. They impress themselves on your mind so distinctly that by and by when you happen to want something in their field you turn naturally to them.

Suppose you were here in New York and wanted to take a ferryboat to Staten Island. You would go down to the lower end of Manhattan Island and take what is plainly labeled a Staten Island ferry—a boat that is known and posted as going straight to Staten Island. You wouldn't get into a boat the captain of which was *thinking* of going to Staten Island, but might not; who, if the weather continued fine, might decide to take the afternoon off and go on a picnic to Coney Island. You would say that such a captain had no policy, no direction of effort. You would not even want to patronize his craft as an excursion boat—unless he got down to dots, said where he was going, and whether he would be home in time for supper.

Yet thousands of businesses and millions of human beings are almost as lacking in clear purpose as that captain. *They* don't know where they want to go, and *you* don't know where they want to go. *They* make no progress, and *you* can't help them by your patronage because you actually can't see just what they are selling or precisely what they have to offer you.

I could take you here in New York to two wonderful restaurants, both of which have a clear policy, both of which succeed. At one of them your lunch will cost you three or four dollars. They will make enough fuss over you and put on enough airs to delight your heart, if that is the way to delight it. You will have to wait quite a while for your grub, but that is part of the game. The idea is elegance, leisure. And if that is what you want you can get it. The other restaurant is noted for its cheapness and its quickness. Low prices and speed are what it is selling. Cleanliness, yes—but no airs. You jump into it in a hurry and out in a hurry.

You can finish eating there in the length of time it will take the head waiter in the other place to make over his French into English that you can understand. And the whole price of your lunch in the cheap place will be about what it will cost you to sit down in the other. Both restaurants, I say, are enormously successful. Both have a policy, a clear direction of effort. You know what you will get, and they give it to you. And they don't ape each other. They have settled on a business and they stick to it.

What is the main reason why businesses and individuals get off the track and fail to adhere to some sort of definite policy? I should say that the main reason is imitativeness. Most of us haven't got the power to control our desire to look over the fence, see what the other fellow is doing, and try to copy him. Young people—and lots of older ones—have a hard time making up their minds what they really want to do. They look longingly from business to law to medicine to engineering, and all around the block. And frequently they light on something for which they have no real zest, simply because Pa, or a brother or a friend, is in that line.

Then they set out to try to impersonate an enthusiasm which they do not feel. Perhaps they make a half-success of it. Anyhow, they marry, take on responsibilities, and end up by going through life in a line of work which they do not really love, and in which they never can achieve anything unusual.

The pitiful struggle that small businesses make to imitate each other is best illustrated in small stores. Walk down certain streets in almost any city or town and you can see the result. If a man on the street is making a success selling rat traps you will see that rat traps have begun to appear in the show windows of other stores—no matter whether rat traps have anything to do with the real business of the store or not.

The chief result of all this lack of policy, lack of direction, is confusion. If you can't hit upon a clear policy—and adhere to it—if you keep wandering off into fields that are not your own, you confuse other people. They get so they don't know you, can't identify you, can't depend on you, and won't start out with you, because *you* don't know where you are going and *they* don't know where you are going.

To sum up—I should say that the main characteristic of failure is confusion.



# If You Are Worried— Don't Eat

How grief, anger, worry, shocks, and fears  
affect your digestion

An Interview with Arthur L. Holland, M. D.

*As reported by M. K. Wisheart*

**D**R. ARTHUR L. HOLLAND has specialized for years in the treatment of gastro-intestinal diseases. He is a member of the Attending Staff of the New York Hospital; Member of the Faculty, Cornell University Medical College; Consulting Physician, New York Infirmary for Women and Children; Consulting Physician, Misericordia Hospital, New York.

**A**PATIENT of mine, a business man who had just returned from a long vacation following a breakdown in his health, recently dropped into my office to let me see how much he had improved. He greeted me cheerfully, and there was a pleasant ring in his voice as he said he had never felt better in his life.

Looking him over superficially, I noticed that his skin was clear, his eyes bright, his hands free from tremor. Further, I found that his tongue was a healthy red, free from fur, also that his breath was sweet. A complete and most rigid physical examination confirmed these indications, and I was able to tell my patient that he was in excellent shape in every way, after which our conversation turned to other things.

During our chat the telephone rang, and my patient's wife asked to speak with him. Presently I saw a look of anguish come over his face; his hand trembled. Finally he thanked his wife for calling him, hung up the receiver, and turned to me with a forced smile.

"Bad news?" I asked.

"We've lost the law suit," he answered, referring to a litigation which I knew involved a large sum of money. "My wife called to tell me the decision was unexpectedly handed down to-day."

With an effort he then tried in a light way to take up our conversation about casual things, but the strain he was under was perfectly apparent. In speaking, he made a sort of clicking noise with his lips so that I suspected his mouth was dry.

Again I had him let me look at his tongue, and now I found that it was perfectly white. Not only was his mouth dry, but his breath was heavy. The action of his salivary glands had been completely checked. The blood supply to his mouth had evidently been diverted to his internal organs.

Actually this man did not lose money as a result of this litigation, for the case came out favorably when taken up on appeal; but the shock which came to him when he *thought* he had lost his case was

directly responsible for the acute disturbance in his gastro-intestinal tract. One might say that he should have taken the news his wife gave him more philosophically, and have avoided the acute reaction by hopefully anticipating the result of an appeal to the higher courts; but most of us, under similar circumstances, would have gone through the same emotional strain that he suffered. And what I want to stress is that such shocks, followed by periods of intense anxiety, or even by moderate worry, cause a great variety of gastro-intestinal symptoms.

Suppose the news this man received in my office had come to him when he was eating a meal? What would have happened then?

Since the flow of his saliva had stopped, it is easy to conjecture the effect of the shock on the other secretions of the digestive apparatus, particularly the gastric juice. This would probably have been checked and the tone of his stomach (its muscular force) would have been lowered, and he would probably have suffered a spasm of the pylorus—the valve-opening from the stomach into the intestines. This would have been accompanied by a sinking sensation, such as we refer to when we say "my heart has gone down into my stomach." He would probably have been unable to swallow more food; first, because of the dryness of his mouth and throat; second, because fear, shocks, anguish—any strong emotion—instantly obliterates one's mental appetite, that conscious desire for food which is an essential part of digestion, since the flow of the digestive secretions depends upon it.

Further spasms of the pylorus would probably have given this man a severe pain in his stomach. He might have experienced nausea followed by vomiting. Failure to vomit might have been followed by an attack of what is called acute indigestion.

**T**HE symptoms I have just described were recently experienced under peculiar circumstances by a prominent New York business man whose timidity had made him believe that he could not possibly speak in public. While attending the banquet of a trade convention, he was called on for some remarks. He declined at first, but was hard pressed and finally rose to his feet. He was conscious of expressing himself very inadequately, floundered through some remarks which he felt were foolish, and then, to the relief of everyone

except himself, sat down. His trouble had just begun.

Upon retiring to the lavatory of the hotel, he vomited. Later, he was taken home in a taxicab and was ill in bed for two days—solely because of the fear he had suffered while speaking. He had suffered severe pains in his stomach, due probably to spasm of the pylorus; and his stomach, having lost its muscular tone, had collapsed so that it was nothing but a bagful of victuals—a condition usually described as acute indigestion—a most unpleasant if not always serious trouble.

The direct effect of strong emotions upon the digestive tract is likely to be most pronounced if the emotional strain occurs during a meal. However, if a person suffers to a moderate degree, but over a long period of time, from worry, grief, anger, fear, the effect, while not immediately so apparent, may be even more serious in the end. The reason for this is that the secretory and the muscular apparatus of the stomach are prone to form habits.

**W**HEN a man allows himself to indulge continuously in strong emotions relating to his business, professional, or domestic cares, whether at meal times or at other times of the day, he is literally training his stomach to act abnormally. The emotion may increase the amount of acids produced, causing a chronic hyper-acidity, or it may have the opposite effect of reducing them even to the point of totally abolishing, with a chronic gastritis as a result. We know that such emotions directly affect the muscular activity of the stomach, so that food may be sent into the intestines before it has been sufficiently softened and changed in its chemistry. Thus the stomach may "get the habit" of chronically secreting too much or too little hydrochloric acid.

The first effect of acid in superfluous amounts is felt in the uncomfortable "heartburn" so frequently complained of by chronic nervous dyspeptics. This is in itself bad enough, but its long-continued action on the stomach is more serious. It also tends to over-stimulate the pancreas, with later degeneration of this important gland. As a digestive organ, the pancreas is even more important than the stomach, as its juice is essential to the final digestion of the sugars and other important food elements.

A Wall Street man I know has been in the hospital four times with a recurrent stomach ulcer. Each time under treat-



ment the ulcer has healed over. The first three attacks followed a severe drop in the financial market when he was "long" on the market; the last one followed a sharp rise in the market—but on this occasion he was "short." In each case his trouble has been directly due to the shock of his financial losses, followed by anxiety and worry. Spasm of the pylorus caused by his distressed mental condition had led to a mechanical irritation of the healed-over ulcer. Increased activity of the stomach owing to the same cause had accentuated the trouble.

Among my patients is a physician who has a very large general practice. He is an over-conscientious man who allows himself to be driven day and night by his duties. He has never given the thought he should to arranging his affairs so that routine matters of his practice can be attended to by his nurse or secretary. I have known him to sit up all night with a dying patient, though his presence could serve no purpose, and even though this duty should have been performed by a nurse. He will even hurry through his luncheon so as to be able to take a prescrip-

tion to a drug store and personally supervise its preparation.

Several times this man has been to me to complain of pains in his stomach and of inability to sleep at night. He is always worse in winter, when his practice is heaviest. I have explained to him that he is over-working and letting his cares stay with him when he should relax. After each visit he reforms for a while. Then when his condition has improved he relapses into his old habits.

NOT long ago I dined with this physician and his family. We were hardly seated at table when the telephone rang. Then I saw my friend reach down and take a telephone from a shelf concealed under the table! During that meal the bell rang five times, and each time my friend answered, giving instructions to nurses and a druggist, and arranging for rooms at a hospital for two different cases. I had here a new clue as to one of the principal causes of my friend's relapses into stomach trouble—and later this was astonishingly confirmed when I went into his bathroom and found a telephone fastened to the wall

above his tub, so that he could be in touch with anyone who wanted him even while he was bathing!

Many business and professional men are bringing upon themselves the very same trouble this physician has, by not putting aside their problems when they should. Even at meals, or when they should be seeking recreation, their minds are busy planning committee meetings, outlining projects, considering suggestions to be laid before directors.

It is really important that we should have our meals under pleasant circumstances, undisturbed by business cares. If a man must devote his lunch time to business, he should eat very lightly. At dinner he should make a point of talking with his family and friends of subjects apart from his work. I have found that an easy way of getting one's mind off one's problems when eating alone is to read a little from some favorite author. For such use I always have with me little booklets containing extracts from Kipling, or something like the Bab Ballads. The adoption of some such agreeable device as this would materially (Continued on page 196)

THESE exercises were especially designed by Dr. Arthur L. Holland for the use of persons suffering from gastro-intestinal troubles, including lack of tone in the abdominal organs and constipation. When done sufficiently they also aid reduction. They will be found beneficial for persons who are nervously inclined, and they are recommended to the man or woman of large business affairs whose physical endurance falls short of his mental possibilities.



**Breathing:** Lie flat on your back, hands at your sides, palms down. Take a deep slow inhalation, raising chest high, bringing abdomen in and turning palms up, with shoulders to the floor—hold breath for five seconds. Exhale, return to relaxed position, turning palms down. Ten times



Lie flat on your back. Draw knees up with both feet on floor. Place a heavy book on abdomen. Raise the book by contracting the stomach muscles and lower it by relaxing them. Repeat fifty to a hundred times



From flat position, place palms down, legs out straight. Raise right leg up as far as possible, keeping leg straight, toes pointed. The same exercise should be done with the left leg. Then swing left and right legs alternately, keeping both in motion as indicated by arrows

## Doctor Holland's Exercises For People With Digestive Troubles

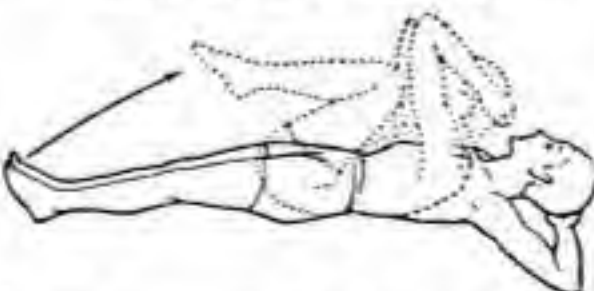
Everyone should give a reasonable amount of time and effort to keeping himself in a normal physical condition.

These efforts should be conscious and methodical. You may walk for exercise, but if your thoughts are centered on getting to your destination you will not take the deep inhalations that are much more important than the leg work you do in walking.

Your day's work is a drain on your physical and nerve power. Sleep and rest are great recuperative forces; but they do not themselves clear your system of each day's accumulation of poisons. The organs of elimination, such as the lungs, bowels, kidneys, and the pores of the skin, must be kept alive. These exercises are especially designed to stimulate proper functioning of these organs. Any man or woman who will faithfully do them each morning, as directed, will be inspired to deeper breathing and a more erect carriage, and will find himself



From flat position, hands straight behind head, raise body to sitting position (without bending knees), trying to touch toes with finger tips

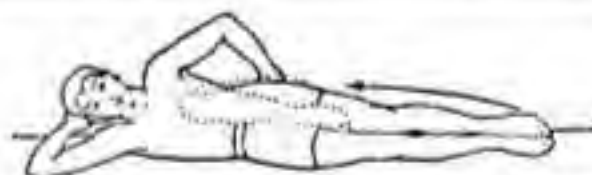


From flat position, legs out straight, hands clasped behind head, raise head and draw up right knee, trying to touch your chin with your knee. From same position, this exercise with left leg

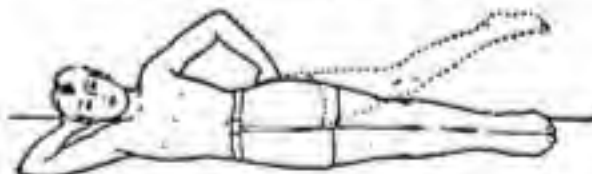
or herself conscious of greater zest, strength, and nerve force throughout the day.

The first exercise in the set should be done ten times. The second should be done from fifty to a hundred times. The rest should be repeated four times to begin with, but increased to ten or more as you become accustomed to them.

The exercises given here were selected by Doctor Holland from a complete chart of thirty-three exercises, as best meeting the needs of the average person. Through the courtesy of Doctor Holland and the McGovern Gymnasium, the complete chart with illustrations and directions may be had by readers of this magazine upon request. The request must be accompanied by a two-cent stamp.



Lie on right side, right hand under your head, left hand on hip, draw left knee up to chin, keeping toes pointed



(a) Lie on right side, right hand under head, left hand on hip. Raise and lower left leg, keeping knee stiff and toes pointed. (b) Lie on left side, same position as shown for (a). Swing right leg forward and backward from hip, keeping knee stiff and toes pointed. (c) Same position as (b). Draw right knee up to chin, keeping toes pointed. (d) Same position as (b). Raise and lower right leg, keeping knee stiff and toes pointed



Lie flat on stomach. Hands folded behind on the small of the back. Raise head and shoulders toward the ceiling



# This Boy Had The Will to Conquer

Moissaye Boguslawski used to play the piano at cheap dance halls until his fingers bled—At thirteen, he gave lessons to other children at fifteen cents an hour—From the time he was four years old he worked, against overwhelming odds, to make himself the distinguished musician he is to-day

*By Allan Harding*

SOME years ago, a slender black-haired boy used to play the piano in one of Chicago's cheap dance halls. He was barely fifteen, yet he had to play there for eight hours at a stretch, two or three nights a week.

On Sunday—known to most of us as a day of rest—he began at two o'clock in the afternoon and, with one hour for supper between six and seven, played until three or four o'clock Monday morning; twelve or thirteen hours of work altogether!

Time and again, his fingers would bleed until the ivory keys were red instead of white. Finally he hit upon the device of putting court-plaster on his fingers. It interfered with the delicacy of his touch; but as noise was the chief essential this was not a serious drawback.

In the small hours of the morning he would drag himself home to the tenement where he lived with his father and mother. But at eight o'clock, after a few hours of sleep, he was up again, practicing on his own poor old square piano, which had been bought, second-hand, for five dollars eleven years before.

It was wheezy with age. The keys, however, were still intact; and he did not have to pound them now for a mob of noisy dancers. He could develop his hands and train his fingers, even though he could not evoke beautiful music from the old instrument he played on.

The boy was Moissaye Boguslawski, now one of the best pianists in the country and one of the most successful teachers of piano playing. He has taught thousands of pupils, beginning when he himself was a boy only thirteen years old.

He received fifteen cents a lesson then, his pupils being the children of his neighbors in the Chicago Ghetto. To-day, as one of the head professors in the Chicago Musical College, he receives fifteen dollars for a lesson; exactly one hundred times the amount of his first fee. As for his own playing, it has won the praise of the most severe critics in New York, Boston, Chicago, and the other musical centers of this country.

His personal story is an extraordinary one; a story of almost incredible energy,

courage, and patience. Then, too, there is his experience as a teacher. In probably a million American homes, right now, there is a daily discussion as to whether it will pay to have Gladys, or Dorothy, or Johnnie, or little Bill "take lessons" on the piano. Boguslawski has some interesting things to say on this subject.

He is thirty-five years old now. It probably will surprise a good many readers to be told that Paderewski was older than that when he won fame as a pianist. Boguslawski looks younger than he really

is; for he is still as slender as a boy and his thick hair is actually "as black as midnight." In his make-up he is a curious combination of poetry and practical business sense.

"I was born in a tenement on Canal Street, which was then the Jewish quarter of Chicago," he said to me recently, while he was in New York making records for the phonograph and the player piano. "Both my father and my mother came from Russia. My father made a precarious living by playing the clarinet or the flute at Jewish weddings. And my mother, before she was married, worked in a cloak factory."

"That was what she *did*. But what she *wanted* to do was to become a singer. When she met my father—" Boguslawski smiled—"well, of course, she married him because she loved him. But I imagine it was *easier* for her to love him because he was a musician; at least, he played a musical instrument, and she naively imagined that she was, so to speak, marrying a musical career for herself."

"Instead, she found herself living in two rooms on the top floor of a tenement, with a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Her dreams of becoming a singer quickly faded. But when I put in my appearance she transferred her ambition to me, hoping and praying, from the day I was born, that I would become a real musician."

"What I have achieved I owe in great measure to her. When I was four years old she persuaded my father to buy a funny old square piano, so that I could take lessons. It cost five dollars, and I can remember now the trouble they

had in getting it up all those flights of narrow stairs. It took up so much room that we had to dispense with a dining table and use the top of the piano instead. I was so small that I ate my meals standing."

"An old German, named Steinbach, gave me lessons at fifty cents apiece plus ten cents for car fare. I had one lesson a week, except when there was a Jewish holiday. Poor as our home was, my mother always kept it immaculately clean. Whenever a religious holiday came around, the rooms were scrubbed almost from floor to ceiling. And on these occa-



MOISSAYE BOGUSLAWSKI

Although his name is Russian, Boguslawski was born in Chicago in a tenement house of what was then the Ghetto. He had his first piano lessons when he was four years old, on a second-hand instrument which his father bought for five dollars. He is now one of the leading professors in the Chicago Musical College, and has won a wide reputation as a concert pianist. He is only thirty-five years old. But into those years has been crowded an almost incredible amount of work; and up to the time he was twenty it was done in the face of constant privations and discouragements



sions I missed my weekly lesson, because my mother was not strong enough to do this scrubbing, and the sixty cents had to go to a charwoman instead of to Steinbach.

"Later, I had a young Russian for a teacher. He was a bit better than Steinbach, but not very good. Still, it was the best my parents could do for me; and, poor as it was, it meant a degree of self-sacrifice which you can hardly comprehend.

"I used to practice several hours a day when I was only seven or eight years old. If I had been fortunate enough to have a good teacher—who knows? I might have been saved years of struggle; but perhaps I should have missed some of the things I got from the struggle.

"As it was, I did learn to play, because I kept everlastingly at it. As a matter of fact, I was chiefly my own teacher. I was my own task-master too; and I drove myself harder than anyone else would have driven me.

"When I was ten years old, I began to go with my father to play at Jewish weddings. He had hard work to collect the full fee for me, I remember. People didn't want to pay a child a man's price, even though I did a man's work.

"WHEN I was thirteen I played in a Yiddish theatre frequented chiefly by peddlers and junkmen. Inwardly, I rebelled against the environment. I hated it!

"But I always tried to keep myself aloof from degrading surroundings. I would have nothing to do with the people. I would not drink with them—which was customary—or even talk with them."

Boguslawski's next experience was the one I have already mentioned, the one in the dance hall, where he used to play until his fingers bled.

"When I look back at that time," he said, "I wonder at the dogged persistence of that boy who was myself. During the intermissions between dances I used to push down the practice pedal, so that the piano keys would not sound when struck; and even when my fingers were cracked and bleeding I would spend the intermissions doing various exercises, especially in double-thirds, which are one of the most difficult tests for the pianist.

"I am very grateful to that boy now," he said with a smile; "for I think I may claim to have a mastery of double-thirds which is possessed by very few of even the world's greatest pianists.

"Next I set up for myself, as it were, by forming my own orchestra to play at Jewish weddings. This so-called orchestra consisted of only three pieces, and each player received three and one-half dollars a night. I took part of the money earned in this way to pay for some lessons at a cheap little music school. The instruction

didn't amount to much, but it was the best I could afford.

"About this time, I heard that Ossip Gabrilowitsch, the famous Russian pianist, was coming to Chicago. Before this, I apparently hadn't thought of trying to bring myself to the attention of any real musician. I just plodded along more or less blindly, doing the best I could by myself. But when I heard that Gabrilowitsch was coming, I determined to try for a hearing.

"In my mind I chose a Rubinstein concerto as the piece I wanted to play; but I hadn't the money with which to buy the

"After sacrificing my whole childhood and part of my youth, after working and slaving day and night for ten years, giving up everything in the way of pleasure and self-indulgence—and now to be told that it had all been useless, that I hadn't the ability to reach the goal! As we went down in the elevator after leaving Gabrilowitsch, I didn't care whether it ever stopped going down. I wished it *wouldn't* stop.

"But that was only the first reaction. Dogged determination, when it has become the habit of years, is hard to break. And for ten years I had been developing strength, not only in my hands, but in my will also. Before my mother and I had reached home this will began to assert itself.

"Before we went to Gabrilowitsch I had said that I wanted to get the verdict of a man who was competent to judge my ability. And I had declared that I would abide by his verdict. Whatever it was, it should decide my future.

"WELL, from my point of view, his judgment was one that condemned me. He admitted that I might become a mediocre musician; but there was no comfort to me in that. The only goal I cared to reach was a far higher one than mere mediocrity.

"I remember the whole experience as if it had occurred yesterday. You couldn't have found, in the city of Chicago, two people more silent and crushed than my mother and myself as we walked out of the Auditorium Hotel. But we had not gone far before something in me came to life. It welled up in me, choked me, brought tears of defiance to my eyes. And as I stumbled blindly along beside my mother, I clenched my hands and swore to myself that I *wouldn't* abide by the verdict that had been pronounced; that I *could* reach the goal I had chosen, and that I would prove that I could. That experience, instead of taking the heart out of me, simply increased my determination to carry out my purpose.

"There is a sequel to that incident which may interest you," said Boguslawski with a little gesture of apology. "A few years ago, after one of my recitals in New York, Gabrilowitsch came back of the stage to speak to me. It was the first time I had seen him since that afternoon when he had passed judgment on my playing. He came up to me, put his hands on my shoulders, and said:

"Well, my boy, time has made great changes!"

"Before he left, he engaged me to appear as soloist with the Detroit Symphony Orchestra, of which he is the conductor. I think that has meant more to me than any other recognition I have received.

"Gabrilowitsch, (Continued on page 136)

## The Ages at Which We Make the Most Progress

"THERE are two periods when human beings make the greatest progress," says Professor Boguslawski. "One is between the ages of eight and twelve; the other is between twenty and thirty.

"The intermediate period, between twelve and twenty, is the time of adolescence; a period of emotional excitement and constant distraction. The eight-to-twelve period is perhaps the most important in the life of a human being. The character is so plastic then that you can shape it almost entirely at your will.

"Parents should understand this. What they do with their children in those four years is almost unalterable later on. During that period, too, you can get a child to do more serious and more concentrated work than he will do a few years later. You can dominate him then—which you cannot do between twelve and twenty.

"When they reach their twenties, if they have the right stuff in them, you get another period of rapid development, of serious and concentrated effort. Only, now it is at the behest of their own will; not, as in the case of most of them when they were children, at the behest of some older person."

music. I thought about it by day and dreamed about it by night, and finally I had an inspiration. The man who ran the little music school I attended was going to send out a lot of circulars. I told him of my predicament, asked him to get the concerto for me, and to let me pay for it by addressing these circulars. He agreed; and by addressing two thousand envelopes I earned the coveted piece of music.

"WHEN Gabrilowitsch came to Chicago, I took my precious concerto and, with my mother, went to see the great pianist at his hotel. He listened to my playing, then he said to my mother:

"I will be perfectly frank with you. I cannot see in your boy any evidence of genius. He has some talent, and if his mind is set on a musical career you had better send him to a good teacher and let him learn what he can. But I do not see anything of great promise in him."

"Well—that was a bitter pill to swallow," said Boguslawski, shaking his head.



# A Great Woman—Who Didn't Know It

A story

*By Nelia Gardner White*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES W. ANDERSON

**W**HEN Sarah Briddon was ten and went to the two-room school at Cameron Downs, where the seats were double

and marked with the cryptic, jackknife-dug hieroglyphics of decades of learning, loving, mischief-crammed youth, the teacher said of her:

"Sarah Briddon is not an ordinary child. She's going to be known all over the country some day."

The teacher thought in her heart that Sarah would be an actress, but she did not say so aloud. Folks didn't think so much of actresses in Cameron Downs. But Sarah had a gift for mimicry, a love of the dramatic, an understanding of the subtleties of words that bordered on genius. There was a huge old apple tree that spread its branches from Frank MacKerzie's orchard over the school fence, and at recess time those who weren't playing Annie-Annie—Over, gathered under its shade. And Sarah, always in the midst, dramatized the reading, the history, and the geography. Miss Blount, seeing her from the window one day—straight and slim, her black hair in Indian-like braids over each shoulder, her feet in paper moccasins, living intently as Pocahontas—felt a thrill of anticipation for the child's future, and a pang of regret at the barrenness of her own life.

Sarah, at that time, dreamed great dreams. Sometimes she would be a second Bernhardt (though she'd never heard of Bernhardt); sometimes she would write books with more love in than her one love story, "Lorna Doone,"

possessed; sometimes she would sing before kings (gowned in white satin and with a thick rope of pearls about her neck). But always in her dreams she was great and

hewed-down-to. For Sarah Briddon realized, also, dimly, that she was not ordinary.

There was no high school in Cameron Downs, but Miss Blount urged and



Suddenly Sarah felt old and worn out and useless and disappointed. She had



cajoled the Briddons till they sent Sarah to Canisteo to high school. She didn't make any particular stir in Canisteo High School. She was a dark, vivid little thing, with startlingly direct eyes. She asked embarrassingly difficult questions in classes sometimes. She was too much absorbed in dreams to become a very integral part of the school life. She knew "Merchant of Venice" by heart, and in her little room alone at night she would give impersonations of Lady Macbeth and Rowena and Eppie. But she was shyer than in Cameron Downs days and no one ever knew of the impersonations.

**I**N HER senior year the class gave a play. Sarah had three lines to speak. For the first time someone noticed her specially. Professor Behm, head of the English department, dropped in one day to a dress rehearsal. Sarah was a gypsy girl—she

appeared only for five minutes, and then she was not important. But Professor Behm's keen eyes noted the absolute correctness of Sarah's varicolored costume, the gypsy wanderlust of her eyes, the perfection of accent in the three lines.

"She ought to have been the star," thought Behm; "I'm going to know that girl!"

But it was near commencement time. There were the commencement speeches and the examinations to fill his time. Professor Behm did not remember Sarah till he saw her in her simple white dress, fresh from the unsophisticated fingers of Miss Nellie Morey of Cameron Downs, come across the platform for her diploma. And then it was too late.

But Sarah still dreamed. She wanted intensely to be out of the ordinary. She determined to go to college. When she broached the subject her folks laughed.

"College!" said Sam Briddon. Sam ran the hardware store and made a pretty good thing out of it, too. "College! Don't none but sissies and high-brows go to college, Sally! Don't get such ideas in your head. College don't fit girls for anything useful. Why, when I was young, folks were thought pretty clever if they got to high school. College—humph!"

"I'll work for my board," pleaded Sarah; "lots of girls do. It'll just be the tuition!"

Sam thought lots of Sally. He was proud to think she'd graduated from Canisteo High School. But Hosea Butterfield was the only boy who'd gone to college from Cameron Downs. Hosea's father was the rich man of the town. Hosea was a trifling, white-trousered nonentity, in Sam's mind. He'd never done a lick of work. But Sam saw the great desire in his daughter's eyes, and he compromised handsomely.

"I'll tell you what, Sally," he said generously; "you can go down to Galloway to the normal school! Then, maybe, when Miss Blount gives out, you can get this place to teach!"

Sarah realized that her father was being generous, but her heart sank. It was college she wanted. College was so much bigger than normal. It was the pathway to the realization of big dreams. No one ever became great out of a normal school. They became like Miss Blount. But she went to normal. She couldn't bear to disappoint her father, and she knew he'd never consent to college.

"I'll teach till I earn the money to go!" she resolved in her heart.

**B**UT when she got to Galloway and had registered as a prospective grade student, things conspired to change her ambition. She had been there a fortnight when one day she passed the open door of the kindergarten room. Kindergartners were a new departure for Galloway. They'd been quite content with grade and high-school teachers before; but Bramport had put in a kindergarten course, and it was up to them to follow suit.

As Sarah passed the door, the class in dramatization was holding sway. The normal girls, somewhat stiffly, were dramatizing "The Sleeping Beauty." The stiffness, the unreality of the thing, hurt something in Sarah. Hardly conscious of what she did, she walked into the room and over to the little group.



tried to build surely and strongly, but she had a hideous sense of failure





"Yes," Chloe said in that strangely sweet voice of hers, "yes, John, Mumsie is wonderful. . . . I didn't used to realize it so much; but lately since I—I've loved you, I've known it better"

"Oh—that's not the way!" she cried: "Let me be the Princess!"

Too surprised to protest, they let her be the Princess.

The play changed from unreality to life. The Princess explored the castle and spun and slept and awakened. The others caught fire from Sarah's enthusiasm and aliveness. They saw the fairy tale in its intended beauty, with its inner meaning of a whole world's awakening. Miss Graeme, the directress, kept Sarah after the class had been dismissed.

"My dear," she said, "you are going to be a kindergartner!"

"Oh, no!" said Sarah. "I'm going to teach the Cameron Downs school, back home." The defeat of dreams was in her voice.

"You're not going to do any such thing," said Miss Graeme. "I'll assure you of a position right now if you'll change to our course. Kindergartens are just getting a foothold, and a few girls

like you in the ranks will be a godsend!"

It was three weeks before Sarah's letters home bore fruit. But in the end she took the kindergarten course. It was not just the path of her dreams; but she had come already to take second-bests as part of the game. And it was, after all, a rather satisfying second-best. It was in the story-telling that she shone most. The dramatic urgings melted into the lure of the public story-teller. She had never heard of public story-tellers before, but Miss Graeme filled her head with them. It would mean that she must go to some school of elocution before she could ever become one; but when the practice-school kiddies sat intent and world-forgetful under her words, her heart kindled to the ambition. She could and she would achieve it! She was a somebody in Normal School. Everyone admitted she was gifted. Miss Graeme saw her future as the future she would have liked for herself, but had not had

quite the ability nor the perseverance to attain. But she gave all she had to Sarah, and Sarah soaked it in gratefully.

**H**ER first year out of school, Sarah taught at the Adams Street School in Syranac. The children were Jews. Sarah liked it, but she saw herself always in something bigger. She went to the Orphans' Home once a week and told stories. Folks came to know her from that. She was undoubtedly clever. But folks did not know that her appearing each Saturday before the children was merely a means to an end; that she was training herself to appear before crowds; that she was developing her story-technique patiently, persistently. She was a good kindergartner. She could not fail to be, with her love of children, her ability to live their life with them, and her appreciation of the big things of life applied to childhood's simple activities.

She took a (Continued on page 165)



# How Some Men Spoil Their Lives By Being Stingy

*By Edgar A. Guest*

I HAVE never been able to get the psychology of the stingy man. Everybody knows him, for he is everywhere. Every circle of four or more, every club, and every organization has him as one of its number. There is no neighborhood without him.

The stingy man isn't a miser. Indeed, misers in this age are few and I personally have never known one. The stingy man is just petty and small and trifling, and makes himself the laughing stock of his companions. Whatever his attainments and whatever his accomplishments in life, he mars the joy of his character by a defect for which there seems to be no reasonable excuse.

The stingy men of my acquaintance are all fine fellows, but they could easily be finer at very little expense to themselves, and of themselves. They could be happier men to meet, and pleasanter men to do business with. I once heard it said by a frank and liberal man to his stingy friend:

"Joe, do you know all that stands between you and being a real good fellow is about one hundred dollars a year?"

Now, Joe's income has been estimated to be more than ten thousand dollars a year. In the large affairs of life he is as liberal as his neighbor. His gifts to charity are in accordance with his means; he does readily and quickly many fine things; but he spoils it all by a niggardliness in the little things. He gives away dollars, but grudges the dimes.

The old saying that charity covers a multitude of sins is true; but the reverse of it is stronger and truer, I think.

Stinginess ruins a thousand virtues.

The stingy man seems not to recognize his pettiness. It is a matter of principle, he tells you; he persists in his practices, though it costs him good service in his favorite restaurant or club, and though it causes his friends, at times, to feel abashed at his miserly tips.

I am not making an argument for tipping. It may or may not be un-American, as its enemies declare it is. The fact is that custom has established it, and I fear custom will continue it. I am going to have much to say about tipping, be-

cause my observation of the way people acknowledge the practice or shy off from it has turned my attention to this kind of stinginess. But let it be clearly understood in this connection that I am speaking of the people who can afford to tip, and who frequent the places where tips are the rule and where they are established as a part of the compensation of the employees. I have in mind the men one meets in clubs, hotels, and cafés, and not at all the fellow whose every penny is re-

in which to go back and forth to his work, and I have an idea that this radical change from his present condition would not abolish tips. So long as human nature remains unchanged, those who render personal services to others will be pleased by some substantial recognition of their efforts and, in the main, those who have been well served will be pleased to bestow tips.

The custom is one which the generous man is inclined to use for his own comfort and convenience, while the close-fisted man uses it in such a way that he causes discomfort to his friends and himself. Foolish men have abused the custom, while greedy servants have overworked the extended palm and the small-change tray. In this, at least, tipping is American—it permits every man to indulge himself a little in the pleasure of giving. The stingy man robs himself of this joy.

Waiters ought not to look disgusted at ungenerous tips, but they do. They ought not to mark the stingy man and avoid him; but, being human, they repay smallness with smallness. All this makes the guests at the stingy man's table uncomfortable and miserable. What was at the start, and would have been throughout, a delightful party has been spoiled by stinginess—or, as the host would say, by "a matter of principle." You can't help wondering if it should not be spelled "principal."

Whenever I see a close-fisted friend fumble at the change in the tray and carefully pick up the extra little nickel or dime I feel like asking him what he is going to do with it. . . . He not only has made himself look cheap for a five-cent piece, but he has made the rest of us feel ashamed.

I was at a luncheon not long ago given by one of my "close" friends at a downtown hotel in honor of a friend of his who is nationally known. The host had taken great pride in the table arrangements. No expense had been spared to insure the success of the affair. There were ten of us at the table, and the check for that luncheon amounted to not less than seventy-five dollars. Two waiters were in attendance, and (Continued on page 202)

## The Stingiest Man I Ever Knew

### Prize Contest Announcement

YOU know many stingy people. Write us about the champion tightwad of the crowd. How about the man who never has but one cigar and, taking that one from his pocket, says to you, "Sorry, Old Man, I can't offer you this. I've already had it in my mouth." Then there's the fellow who always fumbles around in his clothes hunting for his money while someone else steps up and pays for the movie tickets or the soda pop.

Think it over. Then tell us the incident that makes one of your acquaintances stand out as the stingiest person you ever knew. And, while thinking about it, include yourself in the list of your acquaintances. Maybe some story about yourself will win!

It is not the purpose of this contest to give you a chance to take a slam from ambush at some neighbor. Self-righteous and vindictive letters are not wanted. Write the incident in a good-natured way; no need to fear putting down the facts, as names will be withheld.

For the best letter of not more than 400 words we offer these prizes: \$20, first prize; \$10, second prize; \$5, third prize. Competition closes May 20th. Winning letters will appear in the August number.

Address Contest Editor, *The American Magazine*, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest cannot be returned, so make a copy of your contest letter if you want to preserve it. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE*.

quired to provide, as best he can, for the actual necessities of his family and himself.

I should be surprised if a good many people did not object to what I am saying about tipping, because they will conclude that I am an out-and-out advocate of it. I am neither an advocate nor an opponent; I am merely discussing it as a condition and not a theory. Give your waiter a salary of a thousand dollars a month, furnish him with an expensive automobile



# Just "Common" Folks— These Eighteen Hundred Heroes

Stories of some of the men, women, and children who have won the Carnegie Hero Medal—All of them risked their lives, and many of them died, trying to save others—Wonderful acts of heroism in everyday life

*By Stuart Mackenzie*

**W**HEN I was a small child, I used to sing a Sunday-school song which stated that I wanted "to be an angel and with the angels stand; a crown upon my forehead, a harp within my hand."

I liked the tune. But I always kept my fingers crossed to indicate secret reservations in regard to the sentiment! For although of course I wanted to be an angel, I decidedly did *not* want to be one right then.

Most of us feel the same way about being a hero. We would like to be one—but at some far-off time in the hazy future, not right here and now.

And yet if the test really did come now some of us would meet it without flinching. Some of us would enroll in that great Democracy of Courage whose members are found in every land under the sun.

Courage knows neither sex, nor age, nor race, nor calling. Wealth cannot buy it, nor poverty prohibit it. Neither the learned nor the unlearned have any monopoly of it. The strong sometimes possess it—but not always! And those who are most frail in body may have the bravest spirit. It is strange. And it is one of the most beautiful things in the world.

For two days I have been reading stories of heroism; about eighteen hundred of them! Stories of men, women, and children who risked their lives, who in many cases *laid down their lives*, to save others. In so doing, they have won their Badge of Courage.

These stories are told in the records of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission, which Andrew Carnegie established nineteen years ago, and which has its headquarters in Pittsburgh. In a Deed of Trust, dated March, 1904, he provided for the creation of the commission and transferred to it \$5,000,000 in bonds of the United States Steel Corporation. The income from these bonds, \$250,000 a year, was to be used to pay the expense of conducting the commission and in rewarding acts of heroism, according to a plan which Mr. Carnegie clearly outlined.

One of the things which he

specified was what should constitute "an act of heroism." He gave two essentials: First, a person would not be a hero, from the commission's point of view, unless he had tried to save the life of someone else at the peril of his own life.

The second point is less obvious. You probably think that *anyone* who risks his life for another is a hero. But he wouldn't necessarily be a Carnegie hero. To be eligible to that distinction he must have risked his life when he had *no duty or obligation to do so*.

A husband who tries to save his wife from drowning, a mother who rushes into a burning building to save her children—there would be no Carnegie Hero medal for them. They are following a natural law which every one of us should obey.

Even an animal will fight to save its mate, or its young. But there is no natural law which makes an animal, human or any

other kind, risk its life for a creature that has no such claim. When a human being does that, he performs an act of real heroism.

Neither is a man a Carnegie hero if he risks his life in performing an act for which he is paid as part of his regular work. A fireman may rescue a dozen persons from a burning building; but that is his duty as a fireman. A soldier may perform prodigies of valor in war; but that is his duty as a soldier. The captain of a vessel must sacrifice his own life, if necessary, to save his passengers. It is his duty as a captain.

And so I might go on. Human beings have made a glorious record of courage in the performance of duty. But among these eighteen hundred men, women, and children, of whom I have been reading, there is not one on whom rested any obligation to perform the act for which he was recognized as a hero; not any, *except* that imposed on him by his own impulse of pity and courage and self-sacrifice.

I wonder, for example, what you would have done, if you had been in the place of Charles F. Lentino, at one o'clock in the morning of October 5th, 1908, in New York City. Lentino—an American-born Italian, twenty-two years old—happened to see smoke coming from a four-story tenement house in Mulberry Street. He didn't live there. None of his own folks lived there. A fire in that tenement was "no business" of his.

But he *made* it his business. He ran into the hallway and tried to reach the door of the rear rooms; but the smoke and flames drove him back. Through the smoke, he ran up the stairs and kicked on the door of the rear rooms, rousing their occupants. Then to the front apartment, where a woman came to the door. She was in her night clothes, so Lentino put his own coat around her and helped her down to the street.

He could not get back up the stairs, so he climbed a water spout to a sloping ledge about one foot wide, where he was close to a window. There he helped Mary Shallow to reach the fire escape on the adjoining building, from which she could



Fourteen persons were burned to death in this New York tenement. Sixteen others were saved from the same fate by one man, Charles F. Lentino. They were not his relatives or friends. It was "none of his business" to rescue them at the risk of his own life. Some people would say he was a fool to do it. But all human life is ennobled by this glorious folly of heroism



go down to the pavement. Lentino then climbed to the third floor, broke a window, climbed through, and rescued three children from an adjoining room.

**H** HE WENT again to the third floor, got another child, and carried it down to where he could drop it to men standing on the pavement. Back to the third floor again! The mother of the rescued children was ill at the time. Lentino helped her down and dropped her to the men below. He helped her husband too. Then he climbed to the fourth story, where he assisted a whole family and two other men to escape. By this time, smoke and flames were pouring out below him and he thought he would have to jump—from the fourth story!—when the firemen arrived with a ladder, by which he escaped. Fourteen persons in the building were burned to death. Lentino rescued sixteen men, women, and children from a like fate.

Did you ever refer to Italians, patronizingly, if not outright contemptuously, as "dagoes"? Well, this man was of Italian descent. Do you like to laugh at jokes about plumbers? This man was a plumber. Only a "dago" plumber! Yet he risked his life—and *knew* that he was risking it—to save people who had absolutely no claim on him. It ought to make us more humble about ourselves, less arrogant toward others.

Another popular subject for facetiousness is the name Percy. I was reminded of this peculiar custom when I read the story of the following incident. The next time any of you Johns and Jims and Bills are tempted to be flippant about the Percys, perhaps you will think of this story:

In 1912, a man named Henrickson was out on Lake Hemet, in California, when his canoe upset. He was five hundred feet from the shore; and the water was ice-cold, for the day was the twenty-ninth of February and the mercury was only three degrees above freezing. The wind was blowing and the lake was choppy.

Henrickson clung to the canoe and called for help. Several men were on the bank, but all of them were afraid to risk their lives in the ice-cold water. All except one—Percy Walker. He was a hotel proprietor, forty-five years old, with a weak heart and other physical disabilities. He was not related to Henrickson. It was not his "business" to risk his life for the man. But he did it, just the same.

He took off most of his clothing, someone hung a flask of whisky around his neck, and another man helped him to roll



Several years ago a man named Lutz fell into the Niagara River, several hundred feet above the falls. People on the bank saw him being swept toward certain death; but no one dared attempt to rescue him, except a young Armenian laborer, Iram Kevorkian, who waded into the torrent at a point only one hundred and fifty feet above the brink and caught Lutz as the current carried the latter within reach. Kevorkian was dragged several feet along the slippery bed of the river, but kept hold of Lutz until the men on shore formed a human chain and thus rescued them both. In the picture above, X and Z show the relative positions of Kevorkian and Lutz just before the latter was caught

a log into the water. Pushing this log ahead of him, Walker had almost reached Henrickson, when the latter sank and did not reappear.

Instead of saving himself, Walker put his face under the water, trying to locate Henrickson. Then he swam to the canoe and searched under that. He called to the men on shore that he was getting very cold, and they told him to take a drink of



This is James W. Brice, Senior, a poor negro laborer, who was blind and had only one hand. Another colored man, Jones, was overcome by carbon dioxide gas at the bottom of a well. Although Brice knew the danger, he had himself lowered into the well and, with his one hand, tried to tie a rope around the unconscious Jones. Just a poor blind and crippled negro! But he had that divine spark of courage which makes heroes out of all kinds of material

the whisky; but his hands were too numb to open the flask. Someone tried to get a horse into the water, hoping to reach Walker in that way. But even the horse refused to go. Walker had been in the water three quarters of an hour. For half an hour longer, he clung to the log. They could hear him groaning, now and then.

Finally his head sank below the surface. He had died from exposure.

Some people say that "hero" is only another name for a fool. And perhaps you will claim that Percy Walker was a fool to risk his life in that vain attempt to save a man

who had no real claim on him.

But what superb folly it was! A sort of folly that transmutes the common clay of humanity into fine gold. An infinitely precious kind of folly, beside which our vaunted practical sense seems a dull and inglorious virtue.

In these stories which I have been reading two phrases occur over and over again: "Died in saving" and "Died in attempting to save." They recur so often that they are like the strokes of a bell: "Died—died! . . . Died—died!" It tolls for the passing of brave spirits; a requiem for plain, common humanity that nevertheless had reached the heights of glorious folly. A strange and motley army! But an army with banners—the Flag of Courage, before which we all stand with uncovered heads.

**P**ERHAPS, instead of Percy, the name you prefer to joke about is Clarence. I believe there is a man owing to that name who is trying to form an Association of Clarences to combat the alleged public injustice to them. He could get some interesting data from the reports of the Hero Fund Commission.

For instance: Clarence B. Shaw, aged 46, teamster, died attempting to save Cheney L. Plummer from electric shock, Carthage, Missouri, September 6th, 1920. Clarence Henry, aged 42, machinist, died saving two schoolboys from drowning, Port Clinton, Ohio, July 4th, 1921. The boys were saved through his efforts, but Clarence perished.

Clarence J. Pope, aged 20, a student at Cornell University, attempted to save another student, McCutcheon, during the terrible fire of December 7th, 1906. Clarence was making his escape, although his hands had been badly burned. He had reached a stone balcony, when he looked through a window and saw McCutcheon lying on the floor inside. After three attempts, he reached McCutcheon. But in



trying to drag him through the window, Clarence fell back over the edge of the balcony to the roof of a porch below, and thence to the ground. Fortunately, he was not seriously injured.

And how about this 15-year-old school-boy, Clarence Hitchborn? Seeing another boy, named Lampshire, struggling in the Gunnison River, Colorado, Hitchborn swam one hundred and fifteen feet and reached out his hand to him. Lampshire clutched it and climbed on Hitchborn's back, forcing him under the water.

Hitchborn could not break the boy's hold, so he waded seventy-five feet toward the bank, getting his head above water occasionally by standing on submerged rocks. But he was entirely under water most of the time. Another boy came out to them and got Lampshire ashore. Hitchborn then lost consciousness and sank. But the other boy waded in and brought him to shore, where he was revived.

THESE stories are typical of those about other Clarences whose deeds of heroism are recorded in these reports. Go on joking about them, if you want to. I guess they can stand it if you can.

Apropos of these schoolboys, I seem to recall a great many remarks—and these, too, were patronizing if not downright contemptuous—which I have heard men make about "women and children."

I wish I could tell here every one of the stories of boys and girls that are given in these reports. But there are over three hundred! Fifty-one of these children ranged in age from eight to twelve years. And seventy out of the three hundred died in their attempt to save others.

Just as an example of these little heroes and heroines, here are two stories: In January, 1913, Henry O'Donnell and Blanchard Whitworth, each of them only eleven years old, were skating on the ice in an old clay pit. Whitworth suddenly broke through at a spot twenty feet from the nearest bank. The water there was eight feet deep.

There were men and other boys close by, but no one attempted to help Whitworth; no one—except eleven-year-old O'Donnell! He was not a strong child. His left arm was atrophied. He was afraid, too. For he couldn't swim and he knew the ice at that place was unsafe. But he went, nevertheless.

Taking off his skates, and with a hockey stick in his one good hand, he walked out to within five feet of the hole and held out the stick to Whitworth, who grasped it. But when O'Donnell tried to pull him out of the water, the ice broke and O'Donnell also fell in. Twice he sank below the surface. But he kicked and beat the water with his hands when he came up, managing finally to get hold of the ice. He had

Mrs. Prince, Mrs. Parker, Miss Pierce, and four children under eight years of age, were perceived by the bull as they came out of an old shack standing in its pasture. It evidently resented their intrusion, for it immediately rushed toward them in a fury; and when they ran back into the shack, it butted against the door, snorting, bellowing, and pawing the ground. Then it ran around to the front of the shack, where it broke a window in its effort to get inside. It was almost certain to succeed, for the walls of the building were full of cracks and the doors were flimsy.

TO GIVE the others a chance to escape the front way, Mrs. Prince went out of the back door, to entice the bull around there. It responded with such furious alacrity that she barely succeeded in getting into the shack and shutting the door before the bull plunged, head-first, against it. She threw her weight against the door, but the enraged beast forced it partly open and got its head through.

Mrs. Prince had caught up a broken shovel; and, still trying to keep the door from opening farther, she repeatedly struck the bull's head with this, her only weapon of defense. Meanwhile, the others had escaped by the front way. When she knew that they were

safe, Mrs. Prince dashed out through the front door, just as the bull plunged into the shack. There it evidently became confused, for it remained inside while Mrs. Prince reached a fence and climbed over.

Please remember that the children whom she saved did not belong to Mrs. Prince. If they had been hers, she would not have been considered a Carnegie Hero.

This would have applied also to Marie Langdon, who saved three persons from freezing to death. It happened in Telma, Washington, in January, 1907, when the temperature was fourteen degrees below zero and the snow was six feet deep. It was out in the country, too, where neighbors were few and far between.

Early one morning, Mrs. Langdon heard faint cries for help. Running out of her house, she fought her way through the snow, falling repeatedly, until she met Mrs. Jacques, crawling on her hands and knees and carrying a baby, Estella, while her four-year-old boy, Henry, struggled after her. They had been forced to flee from their burning cabin.

Mrs. Langdon (Continued on page 206)



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In August, 1919, a young clerk from Chicago, named Kraft, visited Iceberg Lake, in Glacier Park, Montana. He climbed almost nine hundred feet up the right-hand cliff, in the above picture, pulling himself up by bushes. He then tried to cross the small glacier between the cliffs, but slid one hundred feet, spraining his ankle and breaking some bones. Not realizing that the left-hand cliff was bare rock and almost vertical, he tried to descend that way. After an hour's work, he reached a ledge only two feet wide, hundreds of feet in the air. He clung there until a party of tourists appeared, down by the lake. Among them was Aaron Friedlich, a young lawyer. He climbed the precipice, sometimes swinging out with his feet in mid-air and pulling himself up to the overhanging ledges with his hands and arms. He finally reached Kraft and then worked his way to the glacier, often pulling Kraft along by a canvas belt. After two hours and a half, he succeeded in reaching safety. He had been in constant peril—and all for the sake of a total stranger to him.

been in the water five minutes when men with planks rescued him. Whitworth was drowned.

In November, 1911, a little boy named Benjamin Draper broke through the ice near Cowansville, Quebec, at a point where the water was five feet deep. Doris Lewis, a 14-year old schoolgirl, went to his rescue. She held out a hockey stick to him, but he was too numb to grasp it. So she crawled forward, trying to reach him with her hands. The ice broke under her and she, too, went into the water.

She swam a few strokes to the edge of the ice. Then her foot happened to touch a rock on the bottom and she stood there, in icy water up to her shoulders holding the boy with her arm, for ten minutes, until assistance came. When taken out, she was unconscious and half frozen, but was revived.

And then there are the women. Poor, weak creatures who scream at the sight of a mouse! That's another well-worn joke. But it somehow lost its flavor for me when I read about Eva Prince, of Mason, Michigan, and her encounter with a mad bull.



# Last Instalment

# Stella Dallas

The story of a great love

By Olive Higgins Prouty

ILLUSTRATION BY J. SIMONT

STELLA set forth in quest of 172 North Blank Street the next afternoon. If it had been a matter of less importance she would have written. When Ed had given her this address, he had meant that she should write.

"Uncle Sam will find me here," he had told her. "Drop me a line sometime when the offspring's away and you're feeling lonesome."

That was over a year ago. She hadn't seen Ed since. He might feel entirely different about her now. A year was an awfully long time. Perhaps he wouldn't want to marry her now. Perhaps he'd never really wanted to marry her. He had always laughed when he had suggested it, and she had always laughed back when she had refused his crazy offers. She guessed Ed would be surprised to be taken seriously all of a sudden. She did hope he hadn't married anybody else. Ed wasn't a bit the marrying kind, but just hoping so hard made her think of all sorts of catastrophes. Perhaps he'd moved away from Boston entirely. Perhaps he was dead, or perhaps—what if she wasn't attractive to him any more? She was a whole year older, and a whole year after you're forty—well!

He'd find her alimony attractive, anyway, she guessed. Ed hadn't been very successful in his various business ventures. But say—look here, there wouldn't be any alimony, would there, if she married again? Hadn't there been some such clause? She had never given it much thought, because she had been so dead sure she never was going to marry again. Gracious, she hadn't thought of that! Well, never mind, she could contribute something in the way of funds. She had a savings-bank account amounting to over a thousand dollars. Last time she had seen Ed, it looked to her as if he hadn't a bank account amounting to anything.

"I'm sort of out of luck this year," he'd told her apologetically (the lining of his overcoat had been frayed and ragged round the cuffs. He had caught her looking at it). "But I can still give you a good time, little girl, just the same. See?" He had opened his overcoat. She had caught a glimpse of a bottle shining. He had patted it tenderly. "More where this comes from, too," he had winked; "but, say, it's awful expensive stuff now. Dearer'n a woman! Prohibition has played the devil and all with my capital, Stella." No. Ed might not scorn her little nest-egg.

She became more and more convinced he might not, as she approached the

vicinity of the address on the card. She had never been down this way before. Why, it was slums—regular slums! North Blank Street was a narrow, roughly-cobbled sort of alley. There was a row of low brick houses on each side, dilapidated and out of repair. There was a dark, damp look to the alley and a dark, damp smell, too, that reminded Stella of underground cellar stairs. Unlike most of the other doorways in North Blank Street, 172 still had all three of its numbers clinging to the battered brown paint. Stella, standing on the narrow sidewalk, reached up over the two front steps and knocked loudly just below the numbers. She knocked three times, then, receiving no answer, turned the loose knob and walked in.

"Anybody here?" She called up the rickety stairway.

"What yer want?" A young woman of about twenty, with a mop of black bushy hair, cut short, stuck her head out of a door at the rear of the hall.

Stella told her.

"Ma," called the woman in a powerful voice, "here's a lady wants to see Ed Munn."

"Ma" came to have a look at Stella, too. Both mother and daughter stared at Stella with hard, suspicious eyes. It didn't make Stella flush. She didn't blame them. It did look funny.

"He ain't here any more," crisply Ma told Stella.

"Oh, ain't he?" groaned Stella.

"No, he ain't. This is a respectable place. This ain't no dope-den."

"Do you know where he has gone?"

"Nope."

"I do, Ma. He's over at Liz Halloran's. She was tellin' me 'bout him."

Eagerly Stella turned toward the younger woman, "Say, take me there. Take me there now. I got to see him."

BUT she didn't see Ed, nor that day. Liz Halloran, a thin, haggard old woman with no front teeth, told Stella, standing in her miserable black hole of a doorway, like the opening into the cavity of a decayed tooth it was, that he wa'n't fit to be seen just then. "He's just lyin' there like dead to-day."

"How often does he get this way?" Stella inquired.

"Oh, off and on; I don't know. I don't keep track. Couldn't get no hootch. That's what done it."

"When do you think I could see him?" Stella asked.

"Oh, he'll be rousin' up to-morrow or the day after. He'll be real bright for a spell, too."

"I'll call again day after to-morrow."

An hour later, as Stella sat gazing out of the window of an electric car that was bearing her back to the apartment and Laurel, she kept saying to herself, grimly, doggedly, "I can stand it. I wasn't brought up in a pink-and-white nursery, thank God! I sha'n't mind it after a while. I'm tough as tripe. Anyhow, it's better than jumping off the Harvard Bridge."

TEN days later, nonchalantly to Laurel, Stella remarked one morning, "I sha'n't be here, most likely, when you get back this afternoon, Laurel." Laurel was attending business college daily now. "I've got an invitation for luncheon and the matinee."

"An invitation? From whom, Mother?" Stella smiled. "I haven't got so many admirers. I guess you can guess."

The color flooded to Laurel's cheeks: "Mother, you haven't accepted an invitation from Mr. Munn!"

"I'd like to know why I haven't."

"Knowing how I feel about him—how I dislike him."

"Gracious, Lollie! Honestly, it's funny! You act as if you were the mother, and I the child."

"Mother, you haven't been seeing that creature again, have you?"

"That creature! How you talk! Why, Laurel, Ed's a real nice man."

"I don't want to discuss him, Mother. I don't want to hear you stand up for him. I don't see why you're bringing him up again. I thought we'd decided we'd drop him, long ago."

"You mean you decided it. I never did. Mercy, I've got to have a little independence. With you away so much every day, Laurel, and nothing for me to do, I'd be a very foolish woman indeed to allow a notion of yours to cheat me out of a little harmless entertainment."

Thus did Stella proceed. She mustn't marry Ed immediately, on top of the discussion with Laurel, following her return from New York. Laurel might smell a rat. There must be no blundering this time. Ed must be slipped onto the field of action naturally, inadvertently. Funny how things worked around. That which Ed had been years ago between herself and her husband, through carelessness and indifference, now to-day, through diligence and effort, she must make him become again, between herself and her child—an issue, a sore point, a bone of contention. Not until then would the time be ripe to marry Ed. Steadily, unswervingly, Stella set herself to her task.

It was easier than she had supposed.



Laurel's hostility to Ed was so white-hot that even a reference to him kindled a controversy. Therefore Stella referred to him frequently, in a light and inconsequential vein, laughing at Laurel's opposition. Not only did she refer to Ed but she saw him; she made engagements with him; she kept engagements with him; she stayed out with him until after one o'clock at night on one occasion; failed to appear for supper, or to telephone, on another. One afternoon, defiantly, she established Ed in an arm chair in the living-room of the apartment, and arranged that Laurel, due home from down-town, should find him when she came in. She repeated this a week later. Oh, it was too bad! She hated to watch the slow torture her procedure was to the child. But it couldn't be avoided. Somehow she must make her marriage to Ed seem logical.

**L**AUREL'S light laughter faded, disappeared; the soft light in her eyes hardened like a disillusioned lover's. Night after night she lay, on the extreme edge of the bed, beside her mother, silent and unrelenting, and drifted into a silent and unrelenting sleep. She grew years older.

One afternoon, after a particularly difficult morning of argument with her mother about Ed Munn (afterward Stella had called good-by to Lollie out of the front window, but she wouldn't answer), she returned to the apartment to find it empty. There was a note fastened to the handle of the oven door of the gas stove in the kitchen. Laurel discovered it when she went out to get some supper.

DEAR LOLLIE: I guess you won't be much surprised. I guess you've sort of seen the way the wind was blowing. Ed has wanted me to marry him for years, and as I hadn't any good reason not to now, I'll be Mrs. Alfred Munn when you read this. I would have told you all about it, but I knew how you felt about poor Ed, and it would only have meant more fuss.

Ed's got a grand job down in South America, and he's crazy to have me go down there with him. You know I never had much of a chance to travel, and it seems a big chance for me. So I'm jumping at it. We may be gone a year or two. I'll send you an address when we get one.

I've had this up my sleeve quite a long while, marrying Ed, I mean. You can't explain everything to a child. That's why I hoped you'd stay with your father. But when you didn't, of course I had to keep my promise to Ed just the same. It wouldn't have been fair if I didn't,

and he wouldn't listen to anything else. He's been waiting for me all the time you've been growing up, and I won't say I haven't been waiting, too. I've tried my best to make you see Ed the way I do, these last weeks, but you just won't, so I've given up trying, and gone ahead and done what I think is right.

Ed and I will be back and close up the apartment, sometime before we sail. I guess we all three can fit in somehow. I expect you to be nice to him though, now he's your sort of father.

When you're out, leave the key under the mat, same as usual. Ed and I may be back anytime. Love from Your Mother.

P. S. It was too bad you wouldn't turn round this morning and wave good-by.

Stephen and Helen, returning late from town the next evening to their summer home on Long Island, were surprised upon

entering the hall to hear a sound in the living-room. They stepped to the door. It was Laurel! She still wore her hat. Her suit case still stood by the chair where she had been sitting.

"**W**HY, Laurel! Why, my dear!" exclaimed Stephen and Helen, both hastening toward her. They met her in the middle of the room. They kissed her—both of them. She returned neither caress. "What is it, Laurel?" She was very white. Her eyes had a startled, frightened expression.

"I've come back," she said quietly; "I'll stay now, if you want me—if you'll take me." She made no gesture, her expression did not change. There was fixed calmness about her, as hard as adamant.



A policeman finally discovered her and told her to move now. I've seen enough." For the instant before she had





along. "All right," she replied cheerfully. "I will. I'm ready seen straight into Laurel's heart for a fleeting ten seconds!

"What has happened, Laurel?"

"I've been put out. I've no other place to go but here. If you don't want me—if—"

"You know we want you!" exclaimed Helen. "Dear child! Come. Sit down. You're tired. You've had a long journey. Why, you haven't even taken off your hat."

Laurel remarked, not moving, making no sign of response, "Mother has married." And, after a pause, "Mother has married." It was like the wailing of a tolling bell.

Stephen said, "Oh!"

Helen said, "I shall take off your hat myself." And quickly, deftly, she removed the small toque, and laid it aside on a table, Laurel standing listless and in-

different beneath her administering hands. "There! That's better." Then lightly she went on, "You ought to have telephoned when you reached New York, Laurel."

"She's married Alfred Munn, Father," said Laurel to Stephen. And, after a pause, again, "She's married Alfred Munn," as if the tolling bell had changed its note.

HELEN touched Laurel gently on her shoulder. "Come up-stairs to your room now," she said. "We'll talk about it in the morning. I'm going to give you some food and put you to bed now."

"Father, you knew him. You couldn't stand him, either. I understand now. I see. Of course you couldn't live with her. I couldn't live with her myself."

married a man she knew I hated. She has chosen him instead of me. She has married Ed Munn. He's awful. He's horrible. An animal is clean beside him. And she likes him. My mother! She's fond of him. She's been waiting for years to marry him."

"Oh, no, Laurel."

"Yes, she has. I know. Read that!"

She drew her mother's letter from the front of her dress, and passed it to Helen.

Helen sat down on the foot of the bed and opened the folded sheets. The letter had been written by Stella in pencil, carelessly, in haste apparently. It was read by Helen slowly, painstakingly, as if it had been written in blood. She read it twice. Afterward she looked up at Laurel.

(Continued on page 90)

"Don't take it so hard, Lollie," said Stephen.

"Don't call me Lollie!"

"Don't suffer so, dear."

"I'm not suffering. I'm not suffering at all."

"Will you bring up Laurel's suitcase, Stephen?" asked Helen. "Come, Laurel." She slipped a steadying arm through Laurel's. "You must go to bed now."

THEY mounted together to the lavender-tinted room which Helen had told Stella last summer would be Laurel's. ("She'll be sleeping in that, I suppose," Stella had remarked from the threshold of the room, as she had gazed upon the bed, fresh and crisp with muslin valance and canopy. "I'll be thinking of her in that," and she had wiped her eyes.) Helen recalled the scene, the voice, the tears as now she set about preparing with her own hands the waiting bed for that absent woman's child.

Behind her, Laurel was standing, here, as down-stairs, impassive and indifferent, just where Helen had left her when she withdrew her arm that had guided her hither.

"Come. We'll undress now."

"Mother has married a man I hate." Laurel took up the interrupted motif again. "She's



# They Have Tempers, Too!

The story of Bon, the hippopotamus with a toothache, of the leopard that killed its mate because an ingrowing toe nail hurt him, and of the fight between King Edward, a lion, and Dan, a great tiger—Menagerie men know that circus elephants have corns, and that the services of a chiropodist are essential to the preservation of the peace—Here's an inside story of the troubles of a circus man

*By Courtney Ryley Cooper*

ONCE upon a time I saw a gang fight, down in the gashouse district of New York. The street had been quiet a moment before, save for two men walking toward each other and a group of be-capped, furtive-eyed individuals lounging in front of a cigar store, intent upon nothing, apparently, except loafing. The first blow was struck as the two men met!

Immediately that crowd of loafers leaped into action. They crowded about the fighting pair, darting and leaping in their attempt to reach the man they strove to overcome. At last the struggling twain broke for a moment, giving an opportunity for the gang to reach its victim,

crept upon him unaware, caught him with their heavy claws, dragged him through an opening beneath the sliding door of the cage partition and ripped him to pieces! It was the gashouse district fight all over again!

When quarrels and bickerings and temper are concerned, one encounters some strange things in the menagerie of a big circus. If you become interested enough to look behind the scenes, to find the causes for the various quarrels and feuds, you will inevitably draw one comparison: The menagerie is like a community of people. The investigator finds that everything with which a chief of police is forced to cope in an ordinary town is work for

the menagerie superintendent also. The same fights, the same hatreds are there—the only difference being that the chief of police has the advantage. He copes with human beings, to whom he can talk, and whom he can warn against future infractions of the law. The lawbreakers under the supervision of the menagerie superintendent are animals, and one can't punish a lion by fining him five bones. He doesn't know what is meant by it, and simply stores up a new grudge because he's been deprived of his food.

There is far more lawlessness in the menagerie than there is in the community. When Bill Jones comes home to dinner with a headache there may be a



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and in short order they left him an unconscious thing of welts and wounds lying upon the pavement. The gang slunk away into places of hiding, lest they be discovered upon the arrival of the police.

Not so long ago, I saw another gang fight. This time the scene was not a city street but the "permanent cages" of a menagerie in the winter quarters of a big circus. The victim was a hyena, the gang composed of striped Bengal tigers. But the tactics were just the same!

One began the fight, centering every attention of his victim upon himself. Then, while the howling, loathsome hyena strove his best to ward off the attack of a superior foe, the three other Bengal

Above: Suzanne, monstrous captive gorilla on exhibition in San Diego, California, is very vain. She likes to have her nails manicured. Since her keeper first performed the nail-polishing act, Suzanne has taken much pride in keeping her nails in trim. A manicure every week is her motto. Her owner has made a standing offer of twenty-five dollars to any young woman manicurist who will undertake the act of keeping Suzanne's nails in order.

In oval: Four little baby seals were recently brought from Southeast Alaska to Seattle's Woodlawn Park Zoo. On their arrival there, the youngsters went on a hunger strike, because they were too young to eat fish, and refused to take any kind of nourishment. Three of the youngsters died as a result of their hunger strike. The only remaining one, named "Jigge," is being brought up on a gun filled with condensed milk. The photograph shows two of the keepers of the Zoo "shooting" the food in the gun into the little fellow's mouth.







INTERNATIONAL NEWSREEL



Nature in fashioning the camel seems to have decided that just any old shape would do. And the camel, by way of retaliating for the figure that was wished on him, developed the worst disposition of the menagerie. He's the champion grouch of the animal world. To the right above is a hippopotamus. Imagine that mouthful of toothache, and then you can appreciate the story of Bon, the big river hog who went on a rampage because his tusk needed filling

quarrel because of his grouch, and he may tell his wife that she's the world's worst cook; but as a rule he doesn't pick up the ax and carve his initials on her head with it. But when someone crosses a lion that's suffering from headache—the sky's the limit. Into action leap his claws and teeth, and unless there are plenty of prod-bars and feeding forks handy, the result, all too often, is another family murder. When a jungle beast is the owner and possessor of a splitting headache he doesn't care how soon he kills his mate—the quicker the better. After which, perhaps, he can get a bit of uninterrupted rest.

In the menagerie, a headache is a perfectly good alibi. It wouldn't amount to much for a man to stand in court and announce that he killed his wife because his head or tooth ached, or because he had an ingrowing toe nail. But in the menagerie, the justifications are a bit different.

Animal men realize that the caged charges under their care cannot understand what is wrong with them, or what gives them such a terrific grouch, and so the men blame themselves when these things happen, and render a verdict:

"We the jury, find that the Lioness Trilby came to her death because she bothered Duke, who was suffering from indigestion."

**F**OR, let it be known, all these things happen with animals. Headaches, indigestion, sore feet, tuberculosis, pneumonia, rheumatism, toothache, ingrowing toe nails, and even insanity are all logical excuses for assault and battery, even murder, when the culprits are the caged beasts of a menagerie or zoo. To

say nothing of the hundred and one elemental and emotional causes which bring trouble, and which, by the way, can be found also on the police blotters of any large city. Just as greed, hate, avarice, theft, the desire for power, the difference between races, viciousness and downright cantankerousness cause work for the police of a community, so do these things breed excitement in the menagerie. Behind every quarrel of the cages there is a reason.

Perhaps the physical ills—indigestion, rheumatism, headache, and the like, are

To make a baby crocodile swallow something is not the easiest job in the world, but it can be done, as this picture shows. The crocodile is a highly developed reptile, found in tropical regions where water abounds. One variety lives as far north as Florida. "Crocodile tears," a figure of speech in common use, sprang from an erroneous belief that the creature shed tears over his prey



Monkeys are like people in many ways, one of them being the kind of ailments they contract. Here is one with pneumonia. A doctor has wrapped him in a pneumonia jacket in an effort to save him from the effects of the lung trouble captivity brought upon him. The expression on his face indicates that he is not feeling so well to-day, thank you





the occasion of most brawls. Sounds a bit unusual, doesn't it, that animals should be subject to the same ailments as humans? Yet, on consideration, it shouldn't. The construction of the body of man or beast is about the same.

Rheumatism with animals comes most often from inbreeding. When the father and the mother of the beast are too closely related, the result is a knotty, stumbling cub, practically saturated with rheumatism. The further result is a mean-minded animal, built upon the same principles as the human incorrigible. More than one "untamable" beast has been cured of rheumatism and then has become perfectly tractable. No mind in the world can be peaceable with every joint of the body aching!

**T**HE same is true of toothache, and in one instance at least I've seen it lead to some surprising things. Whether you know it or not, the hippopotamus, contrary to general belief, is one of the most amiable animals of the whole menagerie. A great river hog, he has little thought save his tank, his carrots and hay—and to be let alone.

In one of the big shows is a hippo so tractable that he is allowed to wander almost at will. Until a few months ago his wanderings, especially when the show was in winter quarters, were made things of continual woe by two baby elephants which persisted in tormenting the poor old hippo by every sort of trick that came into their brains. They would slap him with their trunks, then move swiftly away. They would butt him about the yard, steal his food, and in general make life a burden, while the hippopotamus did nothing save grunt in piteous fashion, and strive his best

to get out of their way. Then came the change.

Bon, as the river hog was called, on a warm day in spring, waddled as usual into the winter quarters yard. The two elephants were there to receive him, and to start their usual pranks. But the first move brought disaster. Wide went the long-toothed mouth of the hippo, a bellowing

grunt came from his big throat, and the elephants started hurriedly in the other direction. Bon, pig eyes

up the hole. Nearly three weeks was required for the task, as it was necessary to kill the nerve by degrees, with the hippopotamus lashed by a perfect network of chains and his big mouth held open with blocks and tackles. But it was accomplished—and since then Bon has been his old amiable self again.

**A**S TO the indigestion and headaches, sometimes they go together, and sometimes they don't. Indigestion almost invariably causes headaches, while the headache, as a solitary ailment, is caused by an oversupply. (Continued on page 222)



Photo by "Hartmann" Studios.

This giraffe has sore throat, a very distressing thing, as you will agree when you consider the amount of throat he has to get sore. As this picture shows, an indispensable part of a giraffe doctor's equipment is a stepladder. This queer creature, tallest of the mammals, lives in Africa



ARNDT STOLL

Bathing an elephant is quite a job. The big fellow can perform the act for himself if there is a river handy, but this picture shows a New York Hippodrome elephant who, being without a river in which to disport himself, must be kept clean by his guardians. The process is much the same as that employed in putting out a fire

This elephant has a weak ankle, hence the iron braces. In the accompanying article Mr. Cooper tells of the trouble a menagerie man has if he lets his elephants develop corns. This picture shows still another problem, that of helping the giant mammal hold up his great weight

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# Tips From an Envelope Man

Useful points about your mail—What to print on your personal or business envelope—The best ways to address letters to insure prompt delivery—Story of the inventor of the “window” envelope

*By James Logan*

Vice-President and General Manager, United States Envelope Company

**W**E HAVE known about envelopes for nearly four hundred years. We have been using them more or less for a hundred years, but they have been in general use for only fifty years. To-day we have more uses for them than our ancestors ever thought of, but the ordinary correspondence envelope remains as it always was.

This is not because new varieties have not been invented. Thousands of patent envelopes have, in fact, been tried, but the single practical innovation is the “window” envelope.

Some twenty years ago, A. F. Callahan, of Chicago, believed that if a transparent panel could be let into the front of an envelope the inside address of the letter would show through, and thus not only the writing of the address on the outside would be saved, but the possibility of getting letters into wrong envelopes would be avoided. He took some samples to the treasurer of a large corporation. The treasurer reached into his desk and pulled out a soiled, frayed envelope bearing a canceled stamp.

“How much do you think this envelope cost us?”

“I do not know this exact envelope,” answered Callahan, fingering the paper, “but in large lots it ought to cost—”

“Large lots nothing! I mean this one envelope!” exclaimed the treasurer. “It cost us exactly \$5,280. The mailing clerk put the wrong letter in it—a letter that gave away a price. We had to readjust a contract. When it was all over we were exactly \$5,280 to the bad.”

Callahan sold that corporation and others quite a number of orders, but the envelope was by no means the instant success that might be imagined. The safety feature—the insuring against getting the wrong letter into an envelope—was not enough.

The trouble with many inventors is that they do not take manufacturing difficulties into account; they hardly ever carry their ideas through to really marketable products. That was true of this en-

velope, which did not become a big success until the chemists found a cheap way of treating a special wood pulp so that it would be transparent, nor until William D. Slater invented a machine to turn out the envelopes by the thousands. Then it began to sell, and its use for sending out bills and statements is now almost universal, though it is never used for personal correspondence.

It saves business millions of dollars a year by avoiding the addressing of envelopes—and that aside from the losses

is a penal offense to tamper with mail—a boss has no right to open an employee’s mail.

The patent non-openable letter envelopes are of various kinds; some have interlocking devices which have to be torn before the envelopes can be opened. Then there is the wax seal, which is as safe as anything can be. In the few cases in which it would make a great difference to have a letter read, and there is a suspicion that it might be intercepted—as during the war—the letters are sent in code and if possible by hand.

A safety envelope is the sort of thing that people ought to want—and do not. The easily opening envelopes usually have a piece of string or wire under the flap which, when pulled, cuts the paper. But people sometimes complain that it is harder to find the string than to use a letter opener! I wound up one company that had spent three hundred and fifty thousand dollars trying to sell a wire envelope. An envelope, by the way, should be opened by slitting under the top flap. The sender ought to be careful that his letter is so folded that it does not crowd the envelope and thus be torn when the envelope is cut.

The smallest envelope is one for a single toothpick; it is made of rice paper and is crimped instead of being pasted. No one knows how many uses have by now been found for envelopes; if anyone had all the information his answer would be

good only during the moment that he gave it, for a new use is being discovered every minute. Goods that used to be wrapped up are now put into envelopes; for instance the umbrella envelope and the suit envelope are common. Some hotels serve rolls in envelopes—many food products use them. In fact, it is hard to draw the line as to where the envelope stops and the package begins. There are few freak styles any more. An envelope is made to fit the papers or the articles that are to be enclosed in it, and is not made odd merely for the sake of being odd. Years ago, when (Continued on page 210)

## Why Some Letters Are Never Read

**“T**HE Post Office Department has always been against the envelope that is printed all over with only a small space left for the address,” says Mr. Logan, “but this kind was used until a few years ago in the belief that thereby advertising might be had. It is now recognized that the envelope is a carrier of a letter and not an advertising medium, and that too much printing not only increases the hazards of delivery, but also may cause the envelope to be tossed away unopened as an advertisement. The development of selling by mail has taught that an envelope should not try to say what is inside the letter—else the letter may never be read.

“The post office likes the return card to be in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope, but most personal stationery uses the flap. Since the purpose of the envelope is to get the letter to its destination and back to the sender if the addressee cannot be located, both the address and the return address ought to be plainly typed or written, so that the postal clerk and letter carrier can get them at a glance.”

it prevents through misdirected letters.

Introducing a new envelope is a gamble, but that does not bother the inventors. They seem to think the public is eagerly waiting for a chance to buy an envelope that cannot be opened and resealed without detection, or one that is self-opening. However, only the inventors are worried by having mail surreptitiously read and by the trouble of opening an envelope. The public is not interested, not to the extent of changing its buying habits. Anyone who has a great fear that other eyes will read his mail hires a post office box and gets the mail from it himself. It



# A Wonderful Salesman Of Transportation

After selling newspapers, mowing lawns, and husking corn, as a boy, John A. Ritchie got his first transportation job as a railroad baggage truckman—His rise in the railway field and his extraordinary success with New York City's "Fifth Avenue bus" lines is full of drama—To-day he heads the largest motor-bus company in America

*By Merle Crowell*

**G**ET me right, now. I'm not a worker of miracles—and I don't like to be called one. But I think that I *do* know what goes on in the head of the man who works with his hands!"

"Smiling Jack" Ritchie bent toward me across the desk and his soft brown eyes glowed.

"There's no man in this company who has worked longer or harder for less money than I have," he continued. "And having been knocked from pillar to post, and kicked out of one job, I believe that I have learned something of the hopes, ambitions, fears, and pride of the average worker."

"And you handle your own men in the light of what you found out as a laborer?" I suggested.

"Handle 'em!" exploded Ritchie. "My dear man, labor can't be *handled*! It can be *led*! And to-day the workers of the country are groping for real leadership as never before. Every human being craves sympathy and understanding. When he gets that he will give in return the thing on which all business progress is based, which is cooperation."

"What is cooperation, anyway? Why, it's nothing more or less than helping the other fellow to help you. It's inside play. My men know that I'm strong for them—that I'll give them anything within reason. They know, also, that I hold my job by grace of a board of directors. And their sense tells 'em that if I go to the directors for more money or more privileges for the working force, I won't get what I want unless I'm a *successful* president—unless the company is paying real dividends. So it's up to them to *make* me successful. That's what I mean by helping the other fellow to help you."

"He'd have made a corking evangelist!" I said to myself, and then, as an afterthought, "But he is one."

Evangelists are the expounders of a gospel. John A. Ritchie's gospel is a gospel of labor.

President of the largest motor-coach organization in the country, Ritchie has been writing transportation history with

a bold pen since 1918. In that year he was put at the head of the company that operates the big green "Fifth Avenue busses," with which every visitor to New

York is familiar. The company was slipping toward financial shoals, and it was Ritchie's job to save a smash. Here are some of the things that happened:

In four years he *doubled* the company's annual earnings per mile by increasing the number of passengers from 22,000,000 to 60,000,000. He accomplished this without opening a single new route or putting added busses into operation. This meant that nearly three times as many passengers were using the same equipment. Moreover, he did not make a single change in the personnel of the executive organization he inherited. What is more, he raised the wages of the men under him to make a war-peak scale—and *kept them there*. To-day they are receiving higher pay than any other transportation workers in the country, with the single exception of locomotive engineers.

This accomplishment made Ritchie a national figure; and when a group of Chicago financiers and business men—including members of the Armour and Swift families; John Hertz, president of the

Yellow Taxi Company of Chicago; William Wrigley, the chewing-gum king, and Charles MacCullough, the banker—decided to span the length and breadth of the Middle Western metropolis with motor busses, Ritchie was unanimously invited to put the pretentious program across. He took his new office a few months ago, and since then he has been organizing and developing this huge system, both in the operation and the manufacture of busses.

The Chicago Motor Coach Company's operations, when fully under way, will cover eighty-eight miles of route, about three and one-half times as much as is served by the Fifth Avenue Coach Company, the next largest bus operators in the United States. From "the Loop," its lines will extend south for fifteen miles, west for eight miles, and north for eleven miles. The entire property, with its six hundred and fifty busses, will represent a total investment of more than nine million dollars.

When Ritchie left New York he was



MR. RITCHIE, NEW YORK CITY

JOHN A. RITCHIE AND TWO  
OF HIS MEN

Mr. Ritchie is president of the Chicago Motor Coach Company, the largest motor-bus organization in America. Its operations, when fully under way, will cover more than eighty-eight miles of Chicago streets, and will represent an investment of more than nine million dollars. Born in Halifax, Nova Scotia, forty-four years ago, Mr. Ritchie has worked his way up through the ranks to a recognized position as one of the great transportation geniuses of the present day. After a distinguished career on the Illinois Central Railroad, he became right-hand man, in 1907, to the late Theodore P. Shonts, head of New York City's complicated subway, elevated, and street-car system. In 1918, at Mr. Shonts's request, he took hold of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. In four years he doubled the annual earnings of this company, which operates the green busses on Fifth Avenue, and he increased the annual number of passengers from 22,000,000 to 60,000,000. As the result of his sensational success in this job, he was called to Chicago a few months ago to take his present post



tendered a testimonial signed by every employee in his organization, a warm and glowing tribute of loyalty and respect. The spirit that prompted that resolution must have gone to Chicago along with him, for one finds a similar enthusiasm among his new employees. This sentiment is really more than enthusiasm; it is a devotion that amounts almost to an obsession. Ritchie used to be a radical union labor man, and he is still sympathetic toward the union idea. But the last two union organizers to visit his men were chased from the shops with monkey wrenches.

"Jack Ritchie is union enough for us!" the men shouted as they hastily retreated.

It's interesting to watch the big broad-shouldered Scotchman, with his engaging smile, as he circulates among the force. Packed away in his extraordinary memory is the first name of almost every man there; and it is that name which he always uses. He has the happy faculty of mingling with the workers, visiting them in their homes, dandling their babies on his knee—and at the same time losing nothing in authority or respect.

"That's because there's no bunk in it," one of the drivers told me.

"This idea that 'familiarity breeds contempt' is all rot!" Ritchie remarked. "It does nothing of the kind, unless the one who is 'familiar' has something contemptible within himself. One's superiority is demonstrated by what one *knows* or *does*, not by a holier-than-thou aloofness!"

"MANY bosses blunder in failing to understand that the laboring man is twice as sensitive as the average college graduate who makes a little more money and stacks up a little higher in the social scale. The workman is sensitive about his lack of education or his lack of opportunity, and unless you meet him as man to man he thinks that you feel above him.

"To express conscious superiority over a man is to humiliate him. You've kicked him in his pride, the place that hurts most. He becomes dissatisfied and inefficient. The foreman, for instance, who is always trying to show off, who impatiently snatches a piece of work from the hands of a laborer and does it himself, is doing more to foment a strike than a whole squad of union agitators.

"The policy of trying to run men according to set rules and regulations is just as bad. In some shops and offices you'll see rules posted up all around—and they're neither decorative nor useful. Human nature is to me the most wonderful, the most mysterious thing in the world, and I've studied it enough to find

out that men can't be covered by blanket regulations. No two human beings are alike; you can't 'herd' them economically. They've got to be treated as individuals, and treated with sense and sentiment. Industrial life won't run without sentiment any more than a home will. We're all creatures of sentiment; otherwise, why our wives and sweethearts?"

"Both in New York and Chicago one of the first things I said to my executives was, 'Now, boys, we're not going to hire and fire. Henceforth, we're going to *engage* and *educate*. Human beings are human beings. Most of them are reasonably decent and reasonably capable. If we can train our men right and keep them

merchandising presents the same difficulties. A woman going into a dry-goods store and buying a couple of yards of ribbon has a chance to see it and feel it before she pays for it. But transportation is different. If the customer is dissatisfied, there is no refund. That's the psychology back of the customary kicks against public service corporations.

"One of the first things I discovered when I took hold of the New York Company was that more revenue was urgently needed. We workers needed it for higher wages and salaries, not to mention the replacing of equipment, and the stockholders needed it for returns on their investment. Since the city refused to let us open new routes, there was only one way to get more revenue. That was to make more people ride with us. How could we do it?"

"WELL, one thing was certain: All that we had to sell was *service*. And if we wanted to attract more people we had to make that service more attractive.

"Our 'Civility Campaigns,' which received rather wide-spread comment, were part of our endeavor to increase the attractiveness of that service. Courtesy is always attractive. Still, it takes more than 'campaigns' to keep up a steady flow of thoughtfulness and kindness. These habits are at their best when they are instinctive and spontaneous. So it was up to us executives to see that our 'salesmen of service'—the men on the busses—were so happy and contented that civility came natural to them. By making a big family affair out of it, we succeeded.

"Moreover, I think that we proved the falsity of the old adage that no amount of effort can make a public utility corporation popular. For a long time we urged our big army of passengers to criticize us. We had rather boasted of the fact that our men were courteous under all conditions; and when you boast of anything it's a direct challenge for wise guys to walk

up and kick you in the slats if they see the slightest opening.

"What happened? In a six-month period, during my last year there, we carried between twenty-five and thirty million persons, and received just *ninety-three* complaints for incivility—which was one complaint for every 280,000 passengers. We investigated these ninety-three complaints thoroughly and impartially. No evidence was disregarded. We found that in sixty-one cases the employee was plainly at fault; in thirteen cases the passenger was plainly at fault; and in nineteen cases the responsibility was divided.

"This improvement kept right on. I notice that in two (Continued on page 120)

## To the Lady Who Complained of Couples "Spooning"

MR. RITCHIE, as a letter writer, is the equal of the late Mayor Gaynor of New York. To a woman who complained of couples "spooning" in the balmy spring evenings on top of the busses, Ritchie replied:

"Where, in this great city of ours, are Bob and Betty to go, safe from the slander of idle tongues, to carry on their love-making? Let us not forget that in the city Betty seldom knows the luxury of a front parlor for the exclusive entertainment of her Bob, as does her more fortunate small-town sister. In the city, the 'best' room is usually the living-room, where, after supper, Dad, surrounded by his family, enjoys his pipe, while Mother 'clears' the dishes. There's no privacy there for Bob and Betty.

"Then in the city there is the absence of the old front porch, with its old-fashioned hammock and clinging vines to shut out the peeping rays of the light on the street corner; the old gray horse—his color is against him—from the nearby livery stable, which is 'in the know,' and with rein around the whip-stock stands without hitching; the old lover's lane on the edge of the town, where the stars are the only critical observers; the moonlight excursion up 'mud-bottom' creek to nearby picnic grounds, and the many other advantages we can recall which the small-town lovers enjoy over their less fortunate brothers and sisters in the city.

"Realizing all these handicaps of the city-bred youth, who can find the heart to deny or criticize an occasional indulgence in innocent love-making—the greatest of all life's mysteries—whether it be atop a bus, in the park, or any other old place!

"No, we don't believe we care to have our conductors run the risk of interfering with such matters. Many times, we fear, they would be more wrong than right."

tight, we'll save a lot of this ruinously expensive item known as the "labor turn-over."

"We stick strictly to this policy. If a man is temperamentally unsuited to be a driver or conductor, we put him in the shops, where the busses are manufactured and repaired. If he doesn't fit in one shop job, we find another one for him. Has it paid? I'll say it has! It gives us about one tenth the average normal turn-over of a transportation company.

"This policy, together with other kinds of fair treatment, keeps men happy and on their toes. I tell you that a man has got to be 'up and coming' to sell transportation to the public. No other kind of



# INTERESTING PEOPLE

## From Ranch Hand to Millionaire

**N**INETEEN years ago, at the age of thirty-eight, Walter L. Hodges was in debt and hauling gravel at \$2.50 a load. To-day he is a millionaire, having sold his gravel business for \$1,100,000 in cash! He did not strike gold in the river bed, sand-bag a rich uncle, nor make a fortune on a factory site. On the contrary, luck continually ran against him.

In 1903, Hodges was plodding away on a little ranch which he did not own, earning a hard living for the six or seven people dependent upon him. His mother-in-law fell heir to a note for three thousand dollars given by a teaming company. The company could not pay the note, nor the interest. Hodges went to Los Angeles to try to effect some sort of settlement, and got sixteen mules and four wagons for the debt.

"The next thing," said Hodges, "was to decide what to do with sixteen hungry mules. There was no chance to sell them. I did not dare take them out on the ranch, where they would eat their heads off—and ours too. So I began to look around for something to do with those mules, and found a gravel bed down by the river where I could get gravel free. I hired three drivers, got on one of the wagons myself, and began hauling gravel at two dollars and fifty cents a load."

At the end of two years of shoveling and hauling sixteen and eighteen hours a day, Hodges had not made a dollar! But he had become convinced that concrete was a coming product.

"I decided definitely to stick to the gravel business; but I either had to get more for it or haul it cheaper. There did not seem much chance to get more for it. There was too much competition, and men worked for small wages in those days. Then I must get it cheaper. The only way to do that was to find a shorter haul. The spring before, I had noticed as I drove by the Arroyo Seco that a freshet had washed in a large fresh bank of gravel. If I could get that, I thought, every year the high water would fill up with fresh gravel the beds we had shoveled out—a perpetual supply. And it was four miles nearer town, which meant an extra load a day for each team.

"I started out to get that gravel bed.

The owner wanted three thousand dollars for five acres. I looked around for a partner who could raise the money, and found two men willing to go in with me, one of whom was able to borrow five hundred dollars at the bank. We bought the five acres, paid the five hundred down and gave a mortgage due in two years for the balance."

They were closer to the market now and the demand for gravel at two dollars and a half a load was steady. But still the

get the overalls, hurried to a wrecking company that handled all sorts of old machinery, including rubber belting. In three days I had fitted up a long, heavy, movable belt running from the crushing platform down into the arroyo. One man could load more rock onto this belt and have it dumped at the crusher than four could handle before." It was then the business began to show a little profit.

On September 2d, 1905, Mr. Hodges saw in the paper one evening that a contract had just been let for the first concrete bridge in Los Angeles. It justified his faith that the age of concrete was coming; and it was a chance for a big order—the biggest he had ever had. He took his hat and without waiting for his supper caught a street car up-town.

"After two hours' inquiry I finally located the contractor for that bridge. It was ten o'clock, and I was so afraid I was too late, or that he was not at home, that my fingers shook as they fumbled for the bell. But the contractor was at home; he came to the door with a newspaper in his hand. 'My name is Hodges,' I said hurriedly. 'Have you bought your crushed rock for that bridge?' . . . 'Come in.' He did not answer my question direct, but I knew he had not.

"He sat and figured for five minutes. 'I'll need about six hundred loads,' he said; 'and I'll need it delivered right on the dot.'

"I can deliver thirty loads a day, or even more if necessary. And I'm the only man in Los Angeles who can do it.'

"The contractor twisted in his chair at that; I think he knew it, and was afraid I'd hold him up.

"How much do you want for the job?"

"That was one of the most painful moments of my life," Hodges laughed. "I did not know how much he would stand—and yet I needed a good profit on the job.

"Five dollars a load," I answered, after a moment's uncertainty.

"He cleared his throat twice, scratched his head, put his hands in his pocket. I could feel my heart bumping my ribs.

"All right. You've got the job."

Hodges grinned reminiscently: "That contractor afterward confessed he would have paid seven dollars a load, and I confessed I would have taken it at three—so



Nineteen years ago Walter L. Hodges was in debt and hauling gravel at \$2.50 a load. To-day he is a millionaire, having sold his gravel business for \$1,100,000 cash. Read the story of how he overcame an amazing series of obstacles when luck was continually running against him

profits dodged them. There were boulders in the canyon. It was necessary to buy a rock crusher. That year they lost thirteen thousand dollars. But Hodges was not ready to quit. The demand for gravel was good, the supply unlimited—why did the profits leap away?

"For one thing," said Hodges, "it was taking too long to get the rocks up to the crusher. We had no bins into which to dump rock as crushed, and from which the wagons could load without waste of time. We got lumber and built bins. Soon after these were done, I went up-town one day for a new pair of overalls. The department store had just put in an escalator. As I rode on the thing an idea struck me. I jumped off and, without waiting to



I guess that we were just about even."

Next, Hodge's company got an order for gravel and crushed rock for a new auditorium. They had begun to make money. It seemed the right time to expand. He built a large plant outside the city. But machinery was expensive, operating expenses high, and competition fierce. Seven months later, when he was forty-six years old, and had been in the business eight years, he was thirty-five thousand dollars in debt, and losing money!

On Saturday he met his pay roll, and knew it would be the last. On Monday one of his notes at the bank for ten thousand dollars fell due. He went to the bank and asked to see the president.

"Well, what is it?" asked the banker crisply, as he dropped into the chair facing his customer.

"I'm through," Hodges said. "I can't meet my note—I'll turn over my outfit

—machinery, teams, wagons, everything I have. I hope it'll pay off the thirty thousand I owe the bank."

The banker looked at Hodges hard for a moment, then exclaimed, "The dickens you will! How much do you need?"

The banker lent him fifteen thousand dollars more. Hodges paid his most pressing debts, and went out to look for machinery to replace his worn-out steam crusher. He bought a big steam shovel that had been used on a railroad job, and found it would do the work with a zip. Then at last the tide set his way. In twelve months he had paid the bank every dollar he owed and had a surplus. For two years profits piled up. Then a fire swept the plant and caused a \$70,000 loss, but Hodges built a better plant than the one that burned. Next, a tremendous flood swept down the San Gabriel River, and buried the big steam shovel under

30,000 cubic yards of sand. The loss from the flood was over \$80,000.

But after that the business grew so big that losses of a few thousand or ten thousand were merely incidents of the day. In May, 1922, Hodges sold his interest in the business for \$1,100,000 cash.

More than a millionaire in nineteen years; and he comes out of the fight with the robust strength and mental keenness of a man of thirty instead of fifty-seven.

There is not a shade of sham or pretense about Hodges. He is a straightforward, positive, pleasant man with a personality. If you had seen Hodges hauling gravel twenty years ago, you might not have been impressed by his personality, but you would be to-day. This isn't because he has made a million, but because the very atoms of a man are bound to go through a big change in his fight up or down.

WILLIAM H. HAMBY

## The First Woman Guide in Government Service

**A**LMA D. WAGEN, living on the plains near Mankato, Minnesota, as a little girl, longed to get nearer to the mountain tops and dreamed much of the days when she would be able to climb as her soul led, in the gorgeous theatres of nature. To-day Miss Wagen is the only woman mountain guide in America. Every year she guides parties among the mountains for the Government, in Rainier National Park.

They used to call her the "Windmill Climber" when she was a little girl, because she spent her spare time in climbing the windmills on her grandmother's farm near Mankato. She called them her "mountains."

"I wanted to get up among the clouds and to feel myself free as the birds and the air, and to be able to shout my freedom as loudly as I liked without having someone point to me sadly and say, 'It is not pretty for little girls to climb windmills,'" said Miss Wagen.

When she was old enough to break home, ties she went to Washington, and joined the Seattle Mountaineers' Club. She taught mathematics in the Stadium High School in Tacoma in those first days, and spent her first money in outfitting herself with a handy suit of hiking clothes. Then she spent all her spare time in hiking over the mountains. One summer she set out to climb wherever she pleased, and she went from Port Angeles on the Straits of Juan de Fuca to the Pacific Ocean, climbing over the Olympic Mountains en route. She had such a free and happy time on this trip that the next summer she went to Alaska, where she walked from Seward and scouted over the mountains for an entire season.

"It was like the opening of a new life to me," she said. "At last I had found the time and the place to climb, and I climbed hills and mountains and learned everything I possibly could about climbing. Then I looked for new fields to conquer, and in 1914 I walked through the Glacier National Park, and found my life work right in the National Parks. There were places to climb, and I wanted to teach other women the joy of climbing."

Her next trip was a most thrilling one.



Alma D. Wagen, born on the plains of Minnesota, had the zest of the mountain climber in her soul. As a child she climbed the windmills on her grandmother's farm. Later she went to Washington, and joined the Seattle Mountaineers' Club, spending her spare time in hiking over the mountains. Her big opportunity came during the war, when she offered her services to the Government. She has just completed her fifth season as a mountain guide in Rainier National Park.

She walked entirely around Mt. Rainier at the tree line, a distance of more than a hundred miles, ending the trip by climbing the summit from the north side. This is a feat that is very seldom accomplished.

"The usual way," she said, "was by making the ascent from the south around Gibraltar Rock; but by that time I felt that I could climb any mountain that ever reared its head in the air."

The next year she was the guest of the Chicago Prairie Club, and went to Yellowstone to explore the canyons, and to get into the unbeaten tracks that the average tourist never sees when she goes through on a hurried vacation trip. Miss Wagen took her time and climbed everything worth climbing. In 1917 this young nature lover was in the heart of the Cascade Mountains, where she scaled not only Mt. St. Helens, but walked from this point to Mt. Adams. Then she walked to Mt. Hood, in Oregon.

"And there," she says, "I felt the winds blow between the worlds at last, on the snow-capped peak of Mt. Hood. No one but a mountain climber can know the joy it brings to reach the top at last, and to realize that you are alone with the fresh, free air, while you rest and enjoy the view and plan for other peaks to conquer."

When the war took away the men guides, Miss Wagen realized that here was her chance to offer a unique service to the Government. She has now completed her fifth season in the Guide Department of the Government. Her favorite trip is to Pinnacle Peak. She has successfully conducted parties to the Nisqually and Paradise glaciers and on to Camp Muir, which is ten thousand feet above sea level. The Government has just completed a stone hut here which will accommodate twenty-five persons overnight.

"Mountain climbing is the greatest sport in the world," says Miss Wagen. "If I could only make tired people realize the invigorating effects of pure mountain air in tired bodies that are worn with months of intensive work in busy offices! There is no better fun in the world than that of sliding hundreds of feet on the snow in midsummer, when you know the rest of the world is sweltering below you, or to know the wonderful exhilaration of viewing range on range of mountain peaks that rise in tinted ranks against the sky."

Miss Wagen has taken special courses in botany and geology with Professor J. B. Flett, who is called "The Mountain Man," and who accompanies many of the mountaineer parties to obtain data on the flora and fauna of the Park; she makes this her avocation. ELISABETH SEARS



## At 70—He is Still Watching for Opportunities

**I**T IS worth while for you to know how many things you can do that will enable you to earn a living. Some men win out by concentrating on one line of activity. Others are versatile and resourceful, and are able to change from one job to another profitably.

Each must decide for himself which he will be—a specialist, or a specialist plus something else that he can do in an emergency, or with advantage to himself. Much can be said on both sides of the question.

Frank C. Riblet, of Cleveland, is a type of the versatile man, and is still going strong at seventy. Summed up in a sentence, Riblet has been a train "butcher," a locomotive fireman, an engineer, a real-estate dealer, a liveryman, a photographer, and, last of all, he has drilled an oil well in Texas that is making money for the investors.

Riblet was born in Galion, Ohio, where his father owned a general store. He got the idea that he did not have to work. Reverses came and he was told that he would have to hunt a job. After casting about a bit, he became a train "butcher" on a run between Crestline and Indianapolis, on the New York Central. After selling candy, peanuts, and papers for a while he fired on a locomotive. Next he became an engineer. He was in the railroad business for eleven years. All this time he was trying to figure out a way to make more money. He wanted to get into a business for himself. Finally, he went to Cleveland to try his luck in selling real estate. He sold lots and small stores for two years. One of his favorite methods was to trade a lot for a grocery, develop it and find a buyer. He plunged right in and was successful in a small way. Lack of capital hampered him.

One day he went to a livery barn to get a horse belonging to his father. While there he fell into conversation with the owner, who shot this question at him:

"Where can I get a partner?"

"What do you want him to do?" asked Riblet.

"Buy hay and oats, and look after things about the barn."

"What about me taking the job?"

"You might do, if you have enough money."

"How much do you want?"

"You may have a half-interest for eight hundred dollars."

"All right, I'll take it."

When they got down to terms, the following agreement was made: Riblet was to pay \$86 cash—all the money he had; give notes for the balance, and pay the notes off at the rate of \$100 a month out of the business. Each man was to draw \$25 a week for living expenses. Riblet had figured that his share of the earnings would be \$200 a month, which would provide for his \$25 a week, and take care of the notes. He also arranged for buying his partner out as soon as possible.

When Riblet went to the livery barn that day he had no idea of becoming a liveryman. He had never lived on a farm, and did not know anything about horses. But he plunged in and soon became an expert. At the end of five weeks he bought out his partner with borrowed money, and went ahead alone.

His barn was in an alley, and he looked about for a better location. He found it on Superior Street, next to the old Masonic Temple. Another liveryman was doing business on that spot, and Riblet



Frank C. Riblet, of Cleveland, has been a train "butcher," a locomotive fireman, an engineer, a real-estate dealer, a liveryman, and a photographer. Recently he drilled an oil well in Texas that is making money for the investors. All his life he has been on the lookout for "opportunities," and at seventy he is still ready to grasp them. "I've learned to act promptly when I see an opportunity," he says, "for the man who always waits for a 'sure thing' seldom gets anywhere."

decided to buy him out. He turned in three city lots as immediate payment, and notes for the balance. Later, a formidable rival leased the ground from under Riblet, and gave him three days in which to move his horses and buggies. Then Riblet went across the street and took a ninety-nine-year lease on land next a big hotel, and erected a five-story livery barn—the finest in the city.

For over twenty-five years Riblet was in the livery business in Cleveland. Much of the time he carried a bank balance that ran into five fat figures. Then came the need for a change. Mrs. Riblet's health failed, and the doctor said she would have to go to another climate, preferably Arizona. Riblet sold out and took his wife into the Far West in search of health. They lived in Arizona three years. The

expenses of the trip and sundry adventures with gold mines made a nick in Riblet's bank roll; but Mrs. Riblet recovered. When they came back to Cleveland, Riblet wanted to get into the livery business again; but he saw the incoming tide of automobiles, realized that the livery business must go, and that he must make another venture.

One afternoon he started with his nephew to visit a horse show at the Central Armory, and while on the way they stopped at a post-card photograph gallery to have their pictures taken. Riblet asked the young man in charge many questions about the business, and in the course of the conversation the photographer said:

"This place does not belong to me. I wish it did. My boss pays me fifteen dollars a week, but I am worth more. I have notified him that I am going to quit at the end of the week."

"How would you like to work for me," inquired Riblet.

"Are you a photographer?"

"No, but I am going to become one. Do you see that vacant store across the street? I expect to put in a post-card studio over there, and I want you to run it for me. I'll give you twenty dollars a week for a year. How will that do?"

"Fine!" exclaimed the young man. "When do we begin?"

"This afternoon."

Riblet rented the store, and invested seventy-five dollars in a camera and other fittings. His newly employed manager obtained a release from his boss, and within twenty-four hours the Riblet studio was doing business.

Just as he had done in buying a half-interest in a livery barn, Riblet decided to become a photographer without knowing anything about the business.

Riblet was fifty-six when he made this venture, but he acted with the audacity that has characterized him all his life. He made money from the start with his post-card gallery, and for the last fourteen years he has been "official post-card photographer at Euclid Beach." People come in droves to have him take their pictures, and he is obliged to employ half a dozen assistants.

Recently Riblet got interested in Texas oil wells. In place of plunging on stock, he sent a trusted man into the oil country to buy up promising leases. Then he went among his friends and raised enough cash to drill a well. They struck oil the first shot at thirteen hundred feet. Riblet used a peculiar argument in raising capital. He did not make any promises, but impressed upon each one that the risk was very great. He suggested that each one put in only what he could afford to lose in case of failure.

Riblet is a compact, alert, well-preserved man of seventy, who could easily pass for fifty. He talks and acts with youthful enthusiasm, and is just as much inclined to look ahead as any young man of twenty-five. ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG



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# Campbell's SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# Telltale Table Manners

(Continued from page 28)

as inaudible, they turn into a kind of performance.

Just take that simple rule for the spoon, for example. You know, of course, that you can tell the sheep from the goats by noticing whether one uses the Front, or the Side Entrance. But exactly why is it that the side, and not the point of the spoon should be put into the mouth?

Simply because it's more graceful. The Front Entrance of the spoon causes the hand to project over the table in an awkward way, and it "features" one of the least beautiful parts of the human body, the elbow. Besides, the soup is less likely to be spilled 'twixt the cup and the lip. Just as Ruskin showed that the most beautiful tools are the most efficient, so are the most graceful motions most effective. In every art, even the art of eating, economy and skill both make for beauty.

At any restaurant, in any home, you can thus tell at a glance the well-bred and the artistic from the uncultured. But you don't have to look for a savage Sword Swallower, eating with his knife, or a meek Shampoo, with his napkin tucked into his neck, or a finicky Fish Feeder, crumbling her bread into her soup, to recognize that such a person is vulgar, or ignorant, or a rustic. There are lesser faults just as revealing.

"**IGNORANCE** of table etiquette," Sharpie told me, "not only stamps a person as socially an outsider, but even in business affairs it often puts a man at a disadvantage. Why, last March, now, I met an oil company promoter from the Southwest. He asserted things about his company that, if true, would enable me to make a lot of money. I suspected, however, that he was bluffing."

"I see. And so of course you invited him to luncheon?"

"No; dinner, of course. At my club. And I made that dinner just as elaborate as possible, too. Several courses. Artichokes, alligator pears, asparagus—three pretty good tests for the tyro—and all the other tricky foods I could get, squabs, for instance. Fruit, too—peaches. Ever realize what a superior strategic position you have when you're the host, instead of the guest? It's a fact. You can study him at your leisure, you see, and so detect any faults or weaknesses or bad habits."

"Well, I soon discovered that this chap wasn't to be trusted. Part of his game, you see, was to pretend to be of a good family. But what d'you think? he used the Touch System!"

The Touch System? Of course I couldn't think of anything but typists, or "touching" him for a loan.

Sharpie though, was used to my playing the stupid Doctor Watson to his Sherlock Holmes. "Why, I mean," said he, "that he touched everything near him. Touched his knife. Kept touching his fork. Twiddled his spoon. Played with his glass. Arranged and rearranged his bread plate and salt cellar as he talked. I had told the waiter, you see, to delay us as much as possible between courses. Get the idea? So, when I saw my man begin to crumble

his bread and mark on the cloth with his spoon while waiting, I knew I had him!"

Poise, I suggested—refraining from every useless or too impulsive motion—might be considered the hall mark of the gentleman or lady. What an actor has to learn, first of all, I believe, is to stand still and let his arms simply hang. "If you don't know what to do," they say, "do nothing!" And the reason I suppose why, at table, one should when not eating keep at least one hand in the lap is only because there they are least noticeable, and one isn't tempted to Touch.

"Oh, it's not merely that he wasn't well bred," protested Sharpie. "He was nervous. When I saw that he couldn't control his hands I knew he couldn't be at ease mentally. His mind was leaking. Wasting force. And so I could surprise him, or frighten him, or embarrass him, as I wished. He said things that he hadn't intended to, and he didn't say things he had planned."

**B**UT if many innocent folk have had manners through ignorance, some there are, queerly enough, who commit faults deliberately, actually priding themselves upon a mistaken finesse. You know the ridiculous pretentious fools who purposely say "between you and I" and "whom" for "who," quite scorning you if you correct them? Well, there are errors committed at the table just like that.

Let us pass lightly with a smile over the lady of the Divorced Digit. That little finger of hers, extended so self-consciously, is an airy attempt at sophistication and elegance. It is the absurd sign-manual of the Would Be. "See that little finger," she seems to say; "ain't I stylish!"

More to be wondered at, however, more overt, more fatuous, is the Table Ostrich.

The Ostrich of fable, you remember, hides his head in the sand, and so foolishly considers himself hidden. Equally illogical is the Table Ostrich who raises a curtain of mock modesty; and, behind a large, white, noticeable napkin, hides an elaborate and always prolonged picking of his teeth.

Now, to pick one's teeth openly, heaven knows, is bad enough. King Edward VII, I am told, used to do it. Selah. Most decent people prefer to grin and bear it. But to wave a white flag over it, so to speak, and make the operation plainly visible across the room, seems to me to be the very Pike's Peak of human folly and vulgarity.

In fact, I wonder if the commoner practice of Home Dentistry—hideous though it is to contemplate that chasing of the tongue around the teeth, so leisurely, yet so assiduous—isn't more excusable, on the ground of ignorance. The Home Dentist doesn't, at least, pretend to be refined. But oh, lord, the contemplative thoroughness of exploration! And then, at last, oh, that delightful discovery and capture of an elusive something lodged in a fascinating cavity! Well, the only adequate punishment would be one that fitted the crime. Were every Home Dentist compelled to watch a colleague fixedly until the last raspberry seed were located, surely

never again would he dare to practice in public view.

Suppose now we put aside the extreme vulgarities, as well as the finer subtleties of table manners. I have eaten in surveying camps with men who combed their mustaches with their forks. I have sat at table with Italians too exquisite to touch even a banana with their fingers, using daintily only the knife and fork. Which I preferred, I hardly dare say. The stevedore, of course, is not trying to behave like a gentleman. But those who make of a meal a social function, however modest, may be supposed to care how they appear.

Culture, you know, has tended more and more toward the disuse of the knife. In polite assemblages it is always dispensed with in the fish course; it is not provided, sometimes, with such tender meats as breast of chicken. Society, as such, also frowns often upon even the spoon. Wherever practicable, it favors the fork. With vegetables its use for cutting is imperative.

Do you, dear reader, ever commit *Vegecide*? Thou shalt not! As with a dagger do you slash innocent, young lettuces? Into the heart of a placid boiled potato do you plunge the cruel knife? Repent! It is social suicide.

But prithee why? If there is a rule that nothing soft (except fruits) should be cut with a knife, there should be a rational reason for it. Well, for one thing, the use of the fork singly, the Bachelor Fork, one might say, makes the eating of vegetables more graceful and less conspicuous, because the knife doesn't then have to be taken up, laid down. But the true reason for this preference, I fancy, is more esthetic. Isn't a potato, for example, when cut by a fork, not only more mealy and toothsome, but also more agreeable to the eye?

**FRUIT**, of course, you do have to pare, usually. No one can possibly quarrel with that. But as for slicing it with a knife well, you may not be so fastidious as I am, but isn't there something about that slick and slippery look that's a bit unpleasant? Let's not be too squeamish. After you've pared and quartered an apple or pear, better bite right in, why not? Even Mrs. Grundy admits that for most finger foods—except the gooey ones and juicy ones—human teeth are best.

Talk about "war to the knife"! Have you ever heard of the "war to the fork"?

"Do you mean to say," a friend recently asked me, "that you'd use your fork in your left hand to eat with?"

"Do you mean to say," I replied, "that you switch your fork from the left hand to the right every time you eat a mouthful?"

And that is the difference, you see, between the American and English customs. In London, if you are invited to dinner, you needn't be at all afraid, while you're holding your knife in your right hand, to pick up food with your fork in the left—when you use it prongs down, that is—lifting pieces of meat, for instance. But in America, beware! It's forbidden by many, yes, even by most well-bred persons.

And so, intelligent Reader, I shall have





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to leave it to you. In this American method—laying down the knife, shifting the fork from left to right and back to left, taking up the knife again—aren't there obviously superfluous and conspicuous motions? Isn't simply taking up food with the left-hand fork less noticeable, more easy, natural, graceful? To my mind the constant use of this Lightning Change of the fork in the hands of a persistent Zigzag Eater—watch him eating a steak, for instance—why, it isn't eating so much as juggling.

What can be the real reason for this elaborate manipulation? Undoubtedly the old-fashioned aversion to left-handedness. Perhaps you are one of those talented creatures so born, for every natural left-hander I've ever met has been gifted. But didn't your fond but misguided parents, and your school-teacher as well (with a grandmotherly dislike for everything exceptional and even unconventional), force you to use your right hand?

**B**UT let's come down to something more definite that we can all agree upon. A custom "of so frightful mien, as to be hated needs but to be seen." A habit so widespread that if perchance you should have any desire to study it face to face, all you have to do is to drop into the nearest drug store.

Lizzie-Lick-the-Spoon. Ah, me! See her there, with her strawberry sundae, regarding herself pensively in the mirror? One elbow on the counter, she holds a heaped spoonful of ice cream in the air on a level with and near her pretty mouth. In and out that spoonful goes, and she takes a little lick at every trip. In and out, in and out, while her eyes grow dreamy, in and out, licking a little more, a little more, thinking over her last love affair—in and out. And at last, nothing but a creamy film left upon the spoon, down it goes for more, much more. Then up again, licking, in and out. Talk about conserving food! Your average All-Day Sucker will make one spoonful last for ten timid tastings.

Oh, that spoon, that simple little dangerous spoon! It will tell more about you, sometimes, than the lines on your palm. Look out! Stir your tea with it one minute too long, too eagerly, and you'll never understand why she said "No." Leave it sticking upright in your cup, and your name is Booby.

The Booby Trap, so called because with it you can upset a cup of coffee over the tablecloth with the least unguarded gesture, is an antique custom. In your grandfather's time, though, the Booby Trap was more pardonable. Considerable stirring it took in those days, you know, to sweeten his coffee with molasses; and one could hardly blame the old gentleman for sometimes forgetting to remove his spoon from the cup. But the dangerous practice still survives, that slanting spoon too often sticking up in the air like a railroad semaphore set at Danger. It puts the owner outside the social pale just as unmistakably as dirty hands would, at table.

And so also does Harpooning. Now, quite irrespective of its being a violation of any arbitrary rule, isn't it rather impulsive and conspicuous to reach out over the table with your fork and spear a piece of bread, and so carry it back to your own plate? If it is, then certainly it is bad manners. Why should anyone be afraid

to take it with the hand? He'll have to use his fingers when he eats it, anyway; and, so long as he doesn't touch the other pieces, the easy removal is harmless and less conspicuous.

Harpooning, you see, like many other mistakes, is done merely from a misunderstanding of the fundamentals of propriety. Good manners, I must again insist, proceed primarily from good sense. Surely anything that is eaten from the hand may be taken from the plate with the hand. Therefore well-bred persons pick up olives with their fingers if they wish, even when a pair of tongs is provided for the purpose.

And then—of course you know what the Harpooner does when he has so triumphantly secured his bread, don't you? Yes, you're right. He Mulches it.

Ever hear of those wise fools of doctors who never will do a simple thing if they can complicate it? The Egoistic Eater is like that. His idea of curing hunger is, first of all, to Perform an Operation. And so Mr. Mulcher seizes his slab of bread, and holding it either in the air or jammed hard down upon the tablecloth, he Mulches it. Like a mason applying mortar to a brick wall he smears the entire surface with butter. And then, knowing not that "What is Bitten goes not Back to the Plate," he devours, in progressive, semi-circular bites, the slice in its entirety.

Mulching is inelegant, because it is an unduly conspicuous and unbeautiful process. It attracts the unwilling eye of the beholder mainly because it is so long continued. The Mulcher's preparation of his food is too emotional, too absorbed, too serious. His eating also is awkward; while a fragment of bread, dabbed with butter, may be swallowed almost unnoticed.

**N**OW let's pause a moment. I fancy I hear someone murmuring, "Oh, what's the use of all this finicky fussing? Why not be just natural? We don't pretend to be anything but just simple home folks."

Yes, all right. But why not be home folks of the year 1923, instead of back numbers? You have electric lights in your village, no doubt, and a phonograph in your sitting-room, haven't you? A radio and farm tractor, perhaps. But who had such luxuries fifty years ago? City folk, rich folk—what you perhaps call aristocrats. Who has them now? Why, they're the necessities of your daily life! Don't you see that it's just the same way with manners? Don't you see that the whole country follows the ways of the metropolis socially as well as in every other way? It must advance with the city, or it rots. Fifty years ago would the average small-town boy who had never gone to the city take off his hat to a girl he knew on Main Street? No more than he would then have worn silk shirts and she silk stockings. But the telephone and the motor car have drawn city and country together. Fifty years ago Father poured out his coffee into his saucer to cool it. To-day Mother has doilies and flowers on the table as a matter of course. Why call it "putting on style"? Call it progress, keeping up with the times!

Isn't it a bit antiquated, then, to be a Self-Starter, for example—to begin at the table to eat too soon, eat too enthusiastically, eat away with too obvious and oblivious relish of a favorite dish? All such careless habits are as old-fashioned as the using of snuff.

I knew an old fogey in side whiskers, once, whom they all called Monkey Cheek. Whenever he was surprised in his engrossed private feasting at dinner, instead of swallowing his mouthful first, he would attempt to answer with a lump of food bulging out one side of his face, the way a monkey hides a peanut in his cheek and pretends it isn't there, the way a would-be-respectable tobacco chewer stows away his quid when he meets his pastor.

Oh, well! One might cite forever such Enthusiastic Eaters—the Soup Tilter, and the Seed and Stone Spitter, and the Great American Royme, or Two-Handed Corn Eater (you can always break the cob, you know, and hold half with one hand).

**T**HE underlying principle of the Assembled Meal is the same that inspires other obnoxious performances I have mentioned. To wit: You care a good deal more for the food than for the society at the table. And you show it.

And there we discover the main fault which impels most exhibitions of a lack of manners. Conventionalized good taste forbids at all times any unnecessary betrayal of emotions or instincts. The aristocrat (from whom all manners are derived) satisfies his appetite with graceful deliberation. No gusto, no hurry. Elegance is ease. The unpardonable sins at table, therefore, are greediness and haste. A well-bred person doesn't smack his lips with enjoyment; neither does he gnaw his bones like a dog—Bruno Bones, you know.

A meal at which guests are present, you see, is rightly a dual affair, in which the conversation, the social interchange, should always be the major object and the food subsidiary. Happy he who can with grace manage both at the same time.

If you have tact and observation, though, you needn't worry. Of course anyone unused to formal occasions may, at first, make some inconsequential error. If he has been accustomed to the plethoric tumbler, for instance, or the two-pound goblet of commerce, he may not know how, gracefully, to embrace the more feminine wine glass; and, instead of lifting it properly by the stem, its slender waist, he may grasp it with the popular Equator, or Bust Hug, leaving on it thereby, the marks of his fingers. Or, he may fold up his napkin. He may use the wrong fork.

Still, if he doesn't hurry—if he pays more attention to his neighbors at table than to his plate, he won't go far wrong.

So the main thing is, don't take your eating too seriously. Go easy; watch what the others do. That one warning might save the most unsophisticated diner-out. And, too, consideration for others, self-restraint, dignity, and common sense, those lovely qualities upon which all manners are founded, have an inspiring way, thank God, of shining in the most unexpected places. Men in overalls there are who would need but a hint or two to become finished diplomats. Abraham Lincoln may, in his time, have eaten with his knife, but I'll bet it didn't take him long to fall in with the traditions of the White House.

Indeed, I would venture to say that no person with delicate perceptions and sympathies, with a balanced character and a rich soul, could possibly make himself ridiculous or even criticized—no, not even at the table of a king.





## STRENGTH AND SAFETY IN THE BODY OF STEEL

If you could see the main body structure of Dodge Brothers Business Sedan before the enamel is baked on, and before the interior is furnished, you would be profoundly impressed by its strength.

You would see that every panel, every pillar, and every rib is steel—that even the door sills and window mouldings are steel.

You would see that all of these parts and sections are electrically welded together into one staunch steel body, with no bolts or rivets to work loose, nothing to rattle or squeak or warp.

And you would realize that, like the all-steel Pullman coach, this unique construction—originated by Dodge Brothers for this car—represents the last word in protection to passengers—the ultimate achievement in closed car ruggedness.

**DODGE BROTHERS**

*The price of the Business Sedan is \$1195 f. o. b. Detroit*



*Patents Pending*





Every ScotTissue Towel contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissue the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.



## Thirsty Fibre personifies cleanliness

Millions of Thirsty Fibres are found only in ScotTissue Towels.

These Thirsty Fibres give ScotTissue Towels their pleasing softness, immaculate whiteness, fragrant freshness and quick drying-power, enabling them to absorb instantly four times their weight in water.

A clean, dry, never-before-used towel for every user every time—that's the sanitary story of ScotTissue Towels. A really individual service that assures perfect protection from contagion.

Those who are careful to observe the accepted standards of modern business, both toward patrons and employees, adopt ScotTissue Towels for their wash-rooms. They enjoy a cleaner, safer towel service—a more economical service too.

Stationers, druggists and department stores sell ScotTissue Towels, 40c a carton of 150 (50c in Canada). Less by the case of 3750 towels. Buy a carton or a case today. Or, we will send, prepaid, the towels or \$5 outfit upon receipt of price.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.  
New York Chicago Philadelphia San Francisco

# Scot Tissue Towels

for "Clean Hands in Business"

© 1925, S. P. Co.

## No Fool Like a Middle-Aged One

(Continued from page 33)

thought she was my grandmother. You flattering child!"

She pouted prettily.

"Of course, I didn't think *that*, but I didn't think she was your wife, either. Why, you're nothing but a great big boy. That's why I think you're so nice."

Dick's face flashed with delight.

"I've a great big boy of my own," he cried. "When you see Dick, Junior, you'll realize how old I really am."

"Old! You don't look a minute over thirty. You must have married when you were very, very young."

Dick didn't deny that. Thirty-two was young; but to-day, slicing and fanning and playing exceptionally bad golf beside this slim strip of a girl, he felt that forty-one—especially when you didn't look it—was even younger.

"Anyhow," continued Marcia, "I like older men. They've so much more sense and charm than boys like—well, Hugh Attaway, for instance."

Dick tugged his cap well over his eyes and said slyly, "You didn't use to think that. Alicia told me last night you and Attaway were once engaged?"

"Puppy love!" she cried. Then, with a shrug of her shoulders, she changed the subject. "Weren't those waltzes heavenly last night? I adore dancing with you, only I wish our orchestra was as good as the one that plays at the Biltmore at tea time. Dancing to it is simply divine!"

"Is it? It's been a long time since I did any tea-time dancing. Seems like a college-boy stunt to me—dancing at tea time."

SHE threw back her head, and her eyes challenged his eyes.

"Well, when you look like a college boy, it's all right to act like one, isn't it? But not, of course, if you feel very, *very* old."

Dick flushed at the insinuation. Seized with a fatuous desire to prove to this young thing just how boyish and daring he did feel, he took up the challenge.

"Well, how about our dancing to this divine music some afternoon?"

"Heavenly!" she cried, but added soberly, "Only, of course, you don't mean it, Mr. Ramsey."

Gazing down upon those red, red lips and into those provocative brown eyes, Dick threw caution to the winds.

"Of course, I mean it, silly child!" he declared, clasping the slender hand held out to his. "Only, if you don't want me to feel very, very old, you must promise, while we're dancing at least, to call me Dick."

She laughed, a cool, young, and assured response. Squeezing his fingers slightly she said:

"All right . . . Dick."

The way she said it charmed him. It was as if she, who was so young, had discovered in him some kindred quality which made him eligible to her comradeship. More, it was as if she had recognized in him that youthful quality of mind of which he, himself, was so conscious.





# We Save Men

## Ten years every morning

By V. K. CASSADY, Chief Chemist

### GENTLEMEN:

Do you know that Palmolive Shaving Cream is now used by millions?

Three years ago we chemists were still working to perfect it. Now it is famous almost the world over.

And it is saving its users every morning, we figure, about ten years of time.

#### *Made to please*

This is its history.

Here is a soap laboratory 60 years old, famed for some great creations. One is Palmolive—now the leading toilet soap of the world.

We found that shaving soap could be vastly improved, so we started to work on that product.

#### *Asked 1,000 for advice*

First we asked 1,000 typical men what

they most desired in a shaving cream. The five things they agreed on are cited in this ad.

Then we worked 18 months. We made up and tested 130 formulas, to meet those desires to the utmost.

#### *'Twill be your choice*

Now we have a shaving cream which every man will choose when he knows it. Tens of thousands have taken the pains to write us to this effect. And not one user, so far as we know, has ever changed to another shaving cream.

Now we ask you to try it—you who have not done so. We have made this to please you, and it will. Give us a chance to show it. Send the coupon for a ten-shave test. Cut the coupon now.

Ten Shaves  
**FREE**

See Coupon



# 5

things men  
desire

- 1—Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
- 2—Softens the beard in one minute.
- 3—Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
- 4—Strong bubbles, to support the hairs for cutting.
- 5—Fine after-effects, due to palm and olive oils.

## PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM

### 10 SHAVES FREE

Simply insert your name and address  
and mail to  
THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
Dept. B-414 Milwaukee, U. S. A.





# Make Big Money

Get into business for yourself  
Secure exclusive territory franchise on

## PAIGE & JEWETT

Charles — of Iowa writes me: "Dear Mr. Jewett—I had \$2,500 last year when I began with your cars in this town of 5,000 people. Today I am worth \$5,000, have a real business, and drew more last year than I ever earned on a salary."

## Earn \$5,000 to \$50,000 a year

This advertisement is addressed to every man in America whose ability and ambition qualify him to succeed in business for himself or with a good partner. We have hundreds of openings right now for such men. Right in your own town, or near-by, such an opportunity likely exists—even if we have a distributor or dealer already established. Please read every word of this advertisement. Then write me personally. Although we have nearly 2,000 Paige and Jewett dealers and distributors, I can find a place for you—if you are an ambitious, able man—to grow rich in business for yourself.

### Openings Now for You with Investment as low as \$1,000

Paige and Jewett merchants frequently start with as little as \$1,000 capital. With this they do \$30,000—\$40,000—even \$50,000 a year business. Our liberal financing plan makes capital of less consequence than character and energy. Handling Paige and Jewett you need little capital, because you turn your capital so fast. No other retail business permits a man to turn his capital so fast. Profits come from small margins on big volume—which is sound business. And this fastest growing of all industries needs good business men, able salesmen, small capitalists. It offers them the world's most profitable opportunity to get into business for themselves.

### Paige and Jewett—the Ideal Foundation

Read our advertisement about the Jewett on the opposite page. Read it twice, and see if you know any car that can match the Jewett in quality and performance, at anywhere near the price. In less than a year after the Jewett was introduced, we had sold more than 25,000 cars—a world's record, we believe, for a new car at this price. Surely you could sell such a fine six-cylinder car at \$995. And some Paige cars, too! For Paige is one of the three largest-selling high-grade Sixes—a leading fine car today, and costs only \$2,450.

Lots of men who have gone into the automobile business have not succeeded because they did not

Henry R. — of Ohio writes me:

"Dear Mr. Jewett:

You used to be in the coal business, and you told me when I started handling your car in this coal-mining town 10 years ago, that it looked like pretty lean pickings to you. You remember I had only \$250. So I thought I would write you that my January 1st statement shows I am worth \$100,000, and I have made every penny of it handling your cars in this town you thought wasn't a good field to sell in."

pick the right cars or the right Company. This Company has been established since 1909. It has been continuously under the same officers and the same directors. Last year we did \$38,000,000 worth of business. You will be in right if you are a Paige and Jewett distributor.

In a Middle Western city there are three hustling young men who started with our cars five years ago with only \$15,000. They have made a good living all the time, and are drawing handsome salaries today, and their firm is worth \$200,000!

### Four Kinds of Men are Wanted

1—The capitalist, small or large, who wants to own or be a silent partner in a profitable business that will add rapidly to the money invested and earn its own capital for expansion. We can point out literally hundreds of opportunities for investments up to \$50,000. We can help you get the organization and men needed for success.

2—The business organizer and manager gets ahead fast as a Paige and Jewett merchant. If you are such, we can put you into this profitable business for yourself and help you find additional capital if needed. Also the salesmen and mechanics needed.

3—The go-getter salesmen—successful with life insurance, specialties, office equipment—with or without motor car experience, makes an ideal Paige and Jewett dealer or distributor, with the right office man and service man to back him up. If you are a pace-setting salesman put your time into building a future for

yourself. If you haven't got the money, we can get it for you, and the other men you need.

4—The capable service manager is often the cornerstone of an automobile concern's success. If you are good enough in this work to deserve to be in business for yourself, alone or with a partner, tell us about your experience. We can help you get located and help you to a future as big as you want to make it.

Remember these opportunities exist nearly everywhere—very possibly in your own town or near-by—even if there is already a Paige and Jewett dealer or distributor there. When you write me, say [1] which of the above four classes you are in, and [2] where you prefer to locate, and [3] how much capital you want to invest. Please address me personally.

H. M. JEWETT, President

PAIGE-DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY • DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Manufacturers of Paige and Jewett Motor Cars

At home, though he had ample opportunity for doing so, Dick did not mention his tea engagement for next Wednesday with Marcia. This was not due to fear of Alicia's displeasure, for Alicia was too broad-minded to object to such a harmless adventure. He knew she wouldn't mind, but somehow he disliked the idea of bringing her in on it.

The meeting he had anticipated surpassed in realization even what he had hoped for. In a big picture hat, caught up on one side; in an odd black frock with a wide white ruff about the neck, Marcia was arresting: Dead white skin and poppy lips; slanting, sleepy eyes, above which dark brows curved in a slim, perfect arch—Marcia had had her eyebrows plucked—a voice which dripped words, smooth and golden as honey; a slender, lithe figure, which fairly melted in the dancing embrace; feet which glided insinuatingly; hands that clung to one's arm—such was the glamour and youth of Marcia!

Dick's eyes devoured her. She went to his brain like a brace of prohibited cocktails. He felt proud, pulsant, exultant. He felt as frolicksome as young Attaway, who had chosen this same afternoon to swirl with Mrs. Farnham at the Biltmore.

"Rather nice dancer, Attaway," he said patronizingly; and he grinned when Marcia said:

"He can't compare with you."

"Now you're flattering me," he returned, serene in the belief that she meant every word.

FROM that moment, he was her plaything; and the fact that Alicia was called South to the bedside of a stricken sister gave Marcia ample opportunity to pull the strings and press the button and see her plaything jump. They motored, danced, dined, and golfed, sweetly oblivious of the extent to which Green Lawns, New Jersey, was scandalized.

"Ramsey's making a thoroughgoing ass of himself," was Bob Payne's disgusted comment. "No fool like a middle-aged one. As steady and fine a chap as ever lived, and then all of a sudden—bloody! What in the Sam Hill has come over him, I'd like to know."

Janet, with ironic lips, supplied the answer: "Second youth. When he was working hard he didn't have time to remember that he was a faun. Marcia's simply flattered to the eyes by Dick's attentions. He's flattered to the brain by hers. They don't care a fig for one another. One's so young it's painful, and the other thinks he's so young it's more than painful—pitiful. It's a joke!"

Bob puffed out a cloud of smoke, and growled, "It beats me. What's the little minx's game? What's Alicia going to think when she hears the talk?"

"She probably won't hear the talk," Janet replied thoughtfully. "People seldom do when it's about them."

The same train that brought Alicia home brought a new resident to Green Lawns, a widower from Texas.

"We got to talking on the way out from town," Alicia told Dick that night after they had come from hearing prayers in the nursery. "He's bought the Johnsons' place, that beautiful estate overlooking the club. His name is Quentin. He has a son and daughter—both in college. Made





## What Jewett gives you for \$995!

**O**VER 25,000 Jewetts eagerly purchased in one short year! Purchased on facts of design and performance amazing in the thousand-dollar field. For example, Jewett Six at \$995 gives you—

**THE STURDIEST CAR OF ITS SIZE OR PRICE,** whether four or six. Weighs 2805 pounds—200 pounds more than “light sixes.” Has a husky six-inch frame with wide top flange, in-built corner braces and four sturdy cross-members. High-duty Paige-Timken axles front and rear. A car you know will stand up for years.

**THE LARGEST MOTOR** in a medium-sized car. The Paige-built Jewett Six motor of full fifty horsepower fills the hood! Compare with other cars of Jewett’s size or price. Jewett’s moderate engine speed insures reserve power that tedious hills and soft roads never tax. Also it delays wear and makes a long-lived motor.

**MOST POWER FOR ITS WEIGHT.** Jewett’s 50-horsepower motor has 249 cubic inches piston displacement. The car weighs 2805 pounds. So Jewett, in spite of its husky strength carries but 11½ pounds of weight to each cubic inch piston displacement. Comparable cars carry 14 to 16 pounds. That’s why Jewett performs so much better.

**THE BEST-OILED MOTOR** in a moderate-sized car. Hollow crankshaft, high-pressure system forces 2 gallons of oil a minute through all main and connecting-rod bearings. Steady oil-stream defeats friction and cools bearings. The Jewett motor is insured a long life—and however tough the going, will not overheat.

**BEST-PERFORMING CAR IN ITS CLASS.** Jewett Six hill-climbing records, the country over, are common knowledge. Jewett accelerates from 5 to 25 miles per hour in 7 seconds. It goes 2 miles an hour in traffic, or 60 on the highway—in high gear. That’s Jewett performance, because it has ample power.

**EASIEST-HANDLING CAR YOU EVER TRIED.** The new Paige-type clutch has a driven member one-third the usual weight; adjusts itself to speed changes readily. So you can shift gears as fast as hand can act—without miss or clash. Even from high to second, at 30 miles per hour. And this clutch with six springs instead of one engages so gently that you cannot stall the motor nor jerk the car.

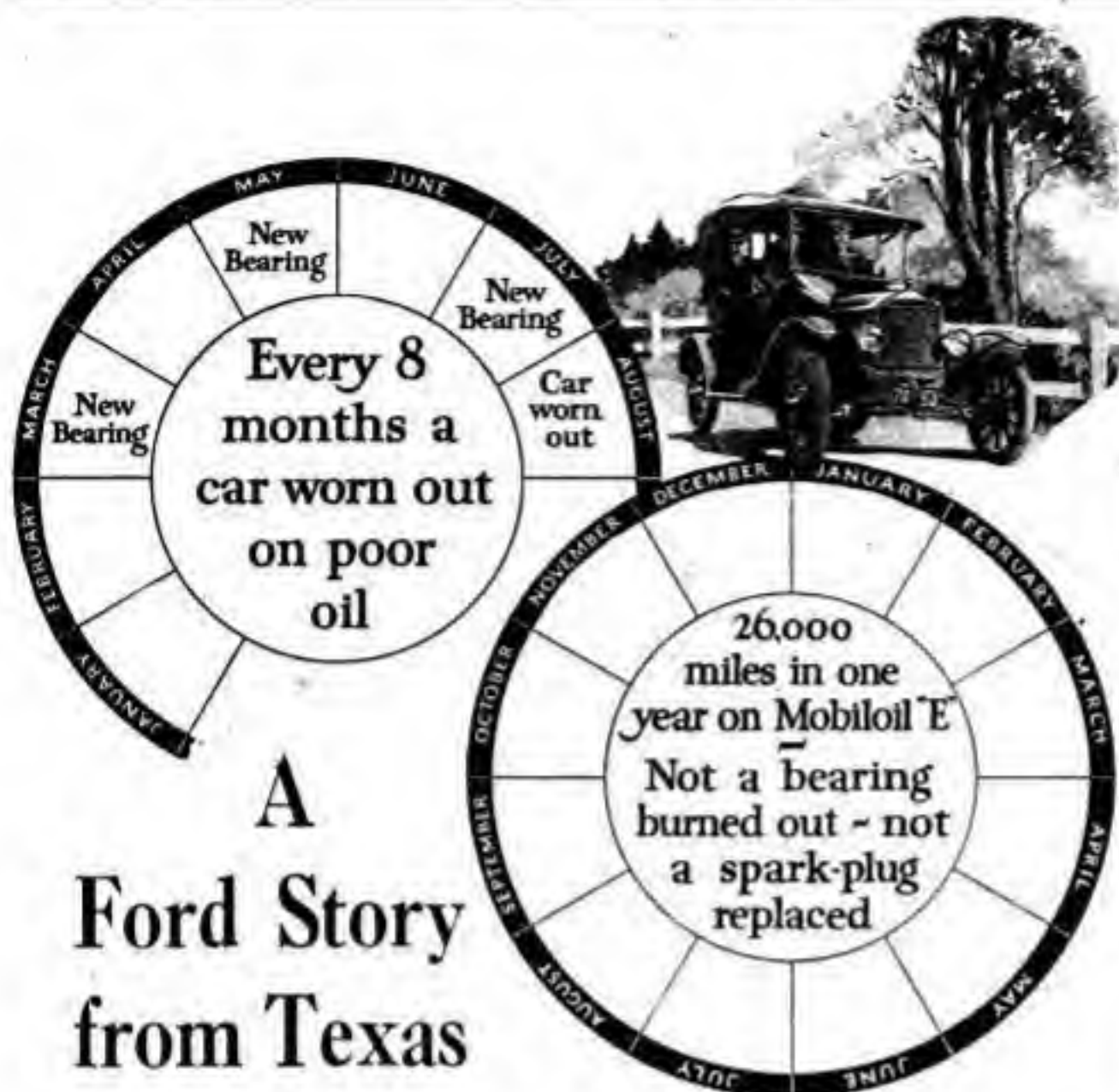
Ask the Jewett dealer to show you this amazing car. Put it through its paces yourself. Jewett Six will stand comparison with any car, yet the price is only \$995!

Touring \$995  
Roadster \$995  
Coupe \$1445  
Sedan \$1465

**JEWETT SIX**  
PAIGE BUILT

Special Touring \$1150  
Special Coupe \$1595  
Special Sedan \$1665  
*Prices at Detroit, Tax Extra*





## A Ford Story from Texas

*What bad roads and low speed taught this hustling salesman*

A SALESMAN in Greenville, Texas, travels for one of the big tire companies. In much of his territory the roads are unusually poor. Occasionally he must travel for miles in low speed. He used to burn out a bearing about every two months.

Every eight months his employers found it necessary to replace his used Ford with a new one.

In 1921 another new Ford roadster was given him. Then this salesman began to use Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

"E" won—as usual.

After one year with "E," he reports: The car has run approximately 26,000 miles. Not a single bearing has been replaced. Not a single spark plug has been removed.

And the cost of lubrication has been cut to a third of what it was on his former car.

The unusual growth in the use of

Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" throughout the whole country means only one thing: *The proof of the oil is the using!*

While your engine is warm, draw off your old oil and refill with the proper amount of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

Send today to our nearest branch—or ask your dealer—for the booklet, "Your Ford—Four Economies in its Operation."

For the differential of Ford cars use Gargoyle Mobiloil "CC" or Mobilubricant as specified by the Chart of Recommendations.



IN BUYING Gargoyle Mobiloil from your dealer, it is safest to purchase in original package. Look for the red Gargoyle on the container.

The Vacuum Oil Company's Chart specifies the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil for every make and model of car. Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is the correct grade for Ford's. If you drive another make of car, send for this booklet, "Correct Lubrication."

### DOMESTIC BRANCHES:

New York (Main Office)	Boston	Chicago
Philadelphia	Dayton	Pittsburgh
Indianapolis	Minneapolis	Kansas City, Kan.
Milwaukee	Des Moines	Dallas
Buffalo	Rochester	Oklahoma City

VACUUM OIL COMPANY

money in the oil boom at Wichita Falls. Rather a dear in a bluff, whole-souled way. We must have him over to dinner soon."

Dick nodded absently, agreeing to the suggestion in the preoccupied manner which Alicia had already noticed several times since her husband had met her at the train.

When Tom Quentin was invited to dine, Sally Farnham was asked, too, in order to make a foursome for after-dinner bridge.

Mrs. Farnham thought it was too sweet of Alicia to want her. To show her gratitude, she was at her charming best throughout the evening. Looking a cool and untouched thirty, she laughed, sparkled and chatted, outdoing even Alicia in efforts to make Mr. Quentin feel at home.

"I know what it is to be lonely," she cooed, failing to return Dick's lead and thereby losing game and rubber. "In this big, big world, nothing counts like friends, true friends. . . . Mr. Quentin, don't you think so, too?"

Mr. Quentin did think so. "Right you are, little lady," he agreed.

"And to think you're going to live in that big, big house all by yourself. It does seem a pity," she purred on, playing an ace where she should have finessed the queen. "Don't you think it's a pity, my dear?" She turned to Alicia.

But Alicia, who was now her partner, and who had a keen interest in good bridge, put down her cards and said:

"What I really think is that it's too warm an evening for cards. Suppose we go out on the terrace."

"Well," grinned Dick when their guests had said good night and motored off together, "he may as well buy his marriage license. He's lassoed. They couldn't be cleverer with the lariat out West than little widow Farnham is right here within hailing distance of effete New York."

A GLINT of quick humor crinkled the corners of Alicia's gray-green eyes. She slipped her hand through Dick's arm.

"I'll wager myself," she returned gayly, "that he won't be living in that big, big house alone very long."

Nor was he. A few days later young Attaway awoke to the grim and disillusioning realization that he had been quite definitely shelved by Mrs. Farnham, and a few weeks later he was one of a small gathering to witness the quiet little wedding in Mrs. Farnham's home.

He had been invited by telephone.

"I do want you, Hughie dear," Mrs. Farnham gurgled. "You've always seemed just like my own dear little boy."

Hugh wanted to cry out hotly that she hadn't always treated him as if he were her own little boy. But he didn't. He went to the wedding and sat through the ceremony, a grim-visaged, beautiful youth with hurt eyes and lips that twitched in the white mask of his face.

At the reception that followed, however, he was the gayest of the gay. He capered about and laughed a great deal, and made light fun of finding the ring on the ribbon which he pulled from the wedding cake. When the beaming pair drove off, he showered them with rice and tied a white slipper to the car. He'd show 'em he didn't care!

It was surprising how little he really did care. His very wise mother, who had





## In Society since 1842

We like to think that the growth of Whitman's, from the little shop in Philadelphia in the time of President Tyler, is due to the bed-rock devotion to quality on which this business is founded.

From the fair shoppers in 1842, drawn in quaint Victorias, who called at the Whitman shop, it is a far cry to the thronging thousands who now buy Whitman's Chocolates every day in every town in America.

In stage coach days folks from New York, Boston and Richmond always took home Whitman's when they visited Philadelphia.

Now the Whitman quality, with the modern improvements and infinite variety, can be had conveniently in nearly every neighborhood in the land.

The names Sampler, Salmagundi, Fussy, "1842", Super Extra, Pink of Perfection and Pleasure Island are full of significance for candy buyers. Each stands for the satisfaction of a special taste in confections.

Simply look for the Whitman sign on the selected store that is agent for the sale of Whitman's Chocolates.

# Whitman's

## Chocolates



STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.  
 Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip  
 New York Branch: 215 W. 33rd St. Chicago Branch: 1537 Michigan Ave., South  
 San Francisco Branch: 449 Minna St.





*"Select Proper Foods From the Grocer and You Won't Need to Hunt Vitamins at the Drug Store," say Medical Authorities.*

The importance of the vitamin element in food, to promote growth, health and energy, is well established.

Grape-Nuts contains vitamin from the wheat berry—brought to you as Nature intended it to be used. The addition of cream or milk gives a further supply of vitamin to this splendid food which for more than a quarter of a century has been famed for its nourishing, health-giving qualities.

The iron, phosphorus, and other mineral elements so necessary for adequate nutrition, together with roughage to promote healthful regularity are included in Grape-Nuts.

Crisp and naturally sweet, Grape-Nuts charms the appetite, and digests easily. It is ready to serve from the package, and is truly economical because a moderate quantity provides an unusual amount of nourishment.

## Grape-Nuts

THE BODY BUILDER

*"There's a Reason"*

Made by  
Postum Cereal Co., Inc.  
Battle Creek, Michigan



raised no objections to his constant attentions to Mrs. Farnham, who had, in fact, joined with sweet and ready accord in his every praise of her, helped him to realize that.

About the time Hugh, through his mother's diplomacy, was beginning to regard his past attentions to Mrs. Farnham as acts of chivalrous and impersonal gallantry, Dick was noting a change in Marcia.

One night at the Country Club, he accused her ruefully: "I don't see you much these days. Getting bored with your chum?"

Marcia colored.

"Of course I'm not, you big silly, but, well . . . that is, your wife's home now, and anyhow"—she hesitated—"people are talking about us, Dick."

His eyes flew wide at that.

"Nonsense! Why should they?" he cried.

Marcia pulled her hand away from his and said slowly, with downcast eyes, "But you're married, Dick, and"—she hit on a felicitous thought—"Mother doesn't approve."

He glowered. Dash the gossips, anyway. Why, they were nothing but two kids together! Being young wasn't a crime, was it?

"But what does Mrs. Ramsey think?" queried Marcia, suddenly conscientious.

Dick stared at her. "Why, nothing, of course. What could she think?"

He captured Marcia's elusive fingers again. "Then it's the talk that's keeping you away from me, not the fact that you're bored?" he pursued eagerly.

Marcia withdrew her hand. She laughed, and rose.

"You big silly!" she cried again. "Of course, I'm not bored." She moved away from him, light and pliant as a lily. "I've got this dance," she explained over her shoulder.

He watched her go. Youth! He loved youth. He had an ominous feeling that he was losing it forever as she swayed for an instant in the doorway.

"Don't forget mine's the next!" he called.

**B**UT she was not to be found for the next dance, nor yet for the sixth, which he also had with her, and he wandered disconsolately through the crowds, his eyes seeking her slim, sprite-like form.

"Looking for someone, Dick?" said a voice at his elbow.

He turned about with a quick start and looked into Alicia's eyes, which spoke to him faintly of amusement—or was it sadness? He could not tell which. Flushing, he shifted his gaze, and said, "I had this dance with Marcia."

Alicia's brows quirked in the uneven arch that had charmed him in their courting days. It gave him a sense of guilt.

"Marcia?" she intoned.

"Miss Adams," he explained in confusion, and again flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Ah, I see, Miss Adams, of course." She smiled. "I saw her with young Attaway a moment ago. They went toward the veranda."

She moved away, light as a blown leaf. Dick followed her.

"Are you dancing this time?" he asked, suddenly conscious of the fact that he had





\$1335

*The Good*

# MAXWELL

Good Maxwell manufacturing is scientifically organized, down to the last man and the last detail of every department, with one and only one object in view. That object is to put so much

more into the car than the public has been accustomed to getting that any one can recognize the superiority under the hood and in the chassis, in appearance, performance and running cost.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, \$885; Roadster, \$885; Club Coupe, \$985; Four-Passenger Coupe, \$1235; Sedan, \$1335





## Like a Nut

### Wheat cells must be broken

There is food in a nut, but the shell must be broken to get it.

So with wheat. There are over 125 million food cells in a kernel, which must be broken to digest.

That's why Prof. A. P. Anderson invented Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. The grains are steam exploded—shot from guns. And every food cell is thus blasted.

#### The ideal foods

That fact makes Puffed Grains the ideal form of grain food. By no other cooking method are all food cells broken.

In Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice, digestion is made easy and complete. Thus every food element feeds.



#### Flimsy, flavory bubble grains

This also makes whole-grain foods tempting. Puffed Grains are like bubbles, flaky, airy, thin. They are puffed to eight times normal size—made four times as porous as bread. The grains crush at a touch and melt away into almond-flavored granules.

Millions of children are better fed because this process made whole grains delightful.

## Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice

Serve Puffed Wheat in every bowl of milk. It forms a practically complete food. Induce your children to eat more wheat, more milk, by making them outgoing.

This is the finest breakfast food children ever eat. Mix also with your fruit. House with malted barley for lovely nutrition after school.

not done her the courtesy of looking after her program before he initialed his with M. A.

"Yes, with Mr. Quentin," she said, and her voice threw a cool mist between them. "There he is now!" she cried, and stepped forward to meet the bluff Texan.

Dick winced as he heard her gay laughter, and his thoughts became incoherent.

"Ah, I see, Miss Adams, of course." Why, of course? Why that odd little look in her eyes? Why the cool mist that crept so chillingly from her quiet tones? Had Alicia heard the gossip? Did she misunderstand? He felt resentful.

It was the hot, unreasoning anger of youth toward those who are unmindful of youth's fine, fresh raptures which burned within Dick as he went seeking Marcia. He wanted Marcia terribly. She, unlike Alicia, was young enough to understand.

His search for her took him to one side of a palm-screened corner of the veranda. Here, he paused for a moment to look out on the moon-shot expanse of a little lake. Standing quietly there, he heard voices, young voices, protestant, arguing. One of the voices, Marcia's voice, was speaking his name.

"Dick Ramsey? That old thing! He's my idea of nothing at all. Why, he's old, Hugh. He's thick and gray. I'm so tired of him I could die."

"But, Marcia, why—"

"Just to get even with you for going with that hateful old widow." She gave a cruel little snicker. "My, but he's easy! I kept telling him how young-looking he was till I actually got him to believing he looked like a two-year-old. The silly old thing! Why, I'd never have given him a glance if it hadn't been for you and that widow."

"Darling!"

THERE were murmurs as of young vows exchanged. Then Hugh's voice rose masterfully: "Not a day later than November, mind you!" A chair scraped backward. "Come on, sweetheart. They're playing 'Love Nest.' " He laughed happily. "I want to dance to that now we're going to have a love nest of our own."

Stunned, numbed, jarred to his very core, Dick stood, stone-like, long after they had gone. Something precious—his faun-like ideal of himself—had been snatched away. He felt thick . . . gray . . . old.

"Dick?" Alicia's voice was calling him. He looked down into her eyes. How long had she been standing there? Long enough to have heard? Somehow he didn't care. With a dispirited gesture he swept his hand across his brow.

"I'm tired," he said. "Let's go home."

He did not speak on the way home, though Alicia chatted gay nothings, relating something droll Quentin had said. He was thankful for her chatter. It made his own silence less obvious.

At the house they separated. He went to his dressing-room, she to her boudoir. He took a long time to get into his lounging robe. Finally, Alicia called him, and he went into their bedroom to find her, charmingly kimonoed, sitting in a big wing chair.

She held out her hand, and he sank blindly on penitent knees at her side.

"Tired, dear?" she asked, her fingers in his hair.



# It's a - Burroughs and yet it's - only \$125

**T**HIS inexpensive machine puts another brain into your business to add up cash sales, to add and check charge sales and to relieve your brain of many other figuring jobs. That is how thousands of Burroughs Machines quickly save more than enough to pay for themselves in every sort of business from the biggest bank to the smallest retail store.

Any investment you make in any size or type of Burroughs Machine will pay you a profit. Burroughs terms are so easy that a Burroughs usually pays for itself before the user has had time to pay for it.

Look under "Burroughs" in your phone book, ask your banker, or mail the coupon now.

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Balance in Easy  
Payments Monthly



### Caught a \$40 Error in One Account for Bisenius & Sons of Cascade, Iowa

"In proving our charge sales with the Burroughs, we found numerous errors—one account alone had a \$40 error. These errors in charge sales convinced us that we were probably making similar mistakes in cash sales. Now the losses saved in both will more than pay for the cost of our Burroughs each year."

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"We use our Burroughs to check each account before the bill is paid," says the Park Grocery Company, of Ballard, Washington. "We've found that the errors saved in checking our sales slips alone have more than paid for the machine."

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Bigger Profits**

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Please send me complete information  
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Install the Alemite System, use it regularly, every 500 miles, and you will never be bothered by the squeaks or rattles which destroy your car.

For the Alemite Compressor develops a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch—more than enough to force out all dirt and line the entire bearing surface with clean lubricant.

Because it provides the most positive and most economical method of chassis lubrication Alemite has been installed on 3,000,000 cars. You can't afford to do without it.

### *Springs, Too, Should Be Thoroughly Lubricated*

Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers will keep the springs functioning correctly at all times.

They positively exclude all dust, grit and water and bathe the springs constantly in clean lubricant.

They silence spring squeaks forever, prolong the life of tires, and add to the good riding qualities of the car.

Ask your dealer about Alemite Lubricating Spring Covers or write for full details.

*A Product of*

**THE BASSICK MANUFACTURING COMPANY**

2640 N. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Illinois

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His face against her knees, he cried, "Oh, Alicia, I feel so old!"

She bent over him, fragrant as a kiss. "Why, Dick, what nonsense! You're nothing but a boy!"

He lifted his head, searching her eyes. But he saw no amusement in them. They were lighted with sincerity, love—and a great truth. It came to him that to behold his own best and truest reflection a man must see himself through the eyes of a woman's love.

Suddenly his sense of shame and humiliation lifted. His arms went about Alicia. She drew his head to her breast.

"Sweetheart!" he whispered; and she answered him: "My own dear little boy!"

## Stella Dallas

*(Continued from page 65)*

Laurel gave a little shrug. "You see."

"Yes. I think I see," said Helen slowly.

"I thought it was for me she gave Father the divorce, so I could come and be with you. And it made me glad. It made me proud. But I was mistaken. It was for him. It was to marry him—that creature. He's her kind, down underneath. She is his kind. She chose him. Father's right. The others are right. I'm the one who's been wrong about her all this time. Oh, Mrs. Morrison, she's killed my respect for her, and she knew she would—we have been quarreling about that man for weeks—she knew she would! But she didn't care. She didn't care." Thus pitilessly Laurel sunk her sharp young teeth into the hand that hurt.

Helen murmured, "Greater love hath no woman than this."

Laurel didn't hear her. "I'm very unhappy, Mrs. Morrison," she stated dully.

Helen replied, "You are very tired. You need sleep. Does it hook behind?"

VERY tenderly, as if she were handling a precious body from which life had departed, Helen unfastened Laurel's dress. She slipped it off her shoulders. It fell to the floor. Bare-armed, bare-shouldered, a shiver ran through Laurel, like a breeze rippling a docile sail. Helen put both arms about her shelteringly.

"Oh, Mrs. Morrison! Mrs. Morrison!" Laurel cried out at the touch, and suddenly the storm broke, the long withheld flood burst, the boat tossed, the sail strained and pulled. But Helen's hand was firm and steady on the tiller. She held Laurel close.

"That's right. Cry. You'll feel better. Cry. Cry."

Later in the morning, she would show Laurel the rainbow.

The proof that Helen's rainbow was real, no illusion, no mirage, came in the form of a shadow the following fall. It is dark by five o'clock in the afternoon in New York in November. Returning one late afternoon with Laurel from a tea, where with a dozen other girls of her own age she had been "assisting," Helen observed, as she left the car and crossed the sidewalk to her own door, a shadow, a stationary shadow, cast upon the sidewalk.

There was an alley running down to a rear entrance at the spot where the shadow





The Mark  
of Quality



Robert Owen, business man and philanthropist of the early nineteenth century, was the originator of the personal trade-mark. He put his name on every package of yarn he made, saying, "I'm proud of my goods and I stand back of them with the best thing I own—my name!"

Robert Owen's creed by which he won great business success, was, simply, this:—"I have found that the best way to look out for No. 1 is to look out for No. 2."

## The Covenant in the Name

**I**N the markets of the world today there are names which carry the weight of written agreements. To the buying public they represent the maker's personal contract to maintain the highest standards of quality.

This desirable public acceptance must be guarded unceasingly by the manufacturer if his vantage ground is to be preserved.

The Firestone organization is keenly alert to the responsibilities as well as the rewards, in the ratification of the Firestone name by car-owners everywhere. The public, expect-

ing more in Firestone Cords, is given more for the money.

The thousands of expert workers, employed in the building of these fine tires, are fully conscious of the covenant made under the Firestone pledge of Most Miles per Dollar.

With production facilities and working conditions conducive to the most efficient effort, they have brought the Firestone Cord to its present high point of perfection—fulfilling the trust imposed in this name by so great a following.

*Most Miles per Dollar*

# Firestone





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"Well, I've picked the man to take my place. You remember Wilson? A year ago he came to me with a plan urging its adoption, and promising that it would

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"He has made good on every promise and in some cases exceeded his original estimate. That man has vision. He recognizes the direct relation between investment and profit. He'll make a tremendous success."

"You refer," said one of the directors, "to that change in our records? Was Wilson responsible for that?"

"Yes, he worked out the whole plan with visible equipment, —Acme Visible Equipment. It puts facts at your finger tips and in an almost human way brings out the unusual conditions so that the proper action may be taken."

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The accomplishments of Acme equipment are available to you. Our Record Service Department is equipped to give you specific suggestions for obtaining these results.

A letter detailing your problem will bring definite information.

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ow fell. Once inside the house, Helen had mounted to an upper room and, raising the drawn shade in a bay window, gazed down into the alley, just back of the spot where the shadow had lain.

There was no one there now.

Quickly she turned and raised the shade of the window opposite. This window looked toward the rear of the house and commanded a view of the narrow, ill-lighted tunnel, along which towered the high, spiked walls of several scores of rear entrances. Proceeding along this tunnel, closely skirting the high spiked walls, Helen could make out the outline of a woman, a short, stocky woman. Twice she stopped and looked back at Helen's roof.

Helen's first impulse was to raise the window, to call. She hesitated. It might not be she. The alley lights were dim and far away. And if it proved to be, was it wise to establish communication with her when she was taking such pains to avoid it? No. Laurel's mother knew best. The minute she became even a recognized shadow in her child's life, she ran the risk of defeating the object of her sacrifice.

Laurel believed her mother was somewhere in South America, and submitted without protest to the futility of locating her, submitted, too, without protest to the futility of breaking her determined silence. If she even suspected that her mother was near by, in hiding somewhere, watching, looking on, in the old, eager, anxious way, she would not be content till she had found her; and if she found her, and if it proved indeed that it was as Helen had persuaded her to hope, that her mother had married Alfred Munn for *her* sake, as likely as not, no, more likely than not, Laurel would insist upon returning to her mother under whatever circumstances. She was capable of it.

LAUREL was almost her old self now. She smiled again, laughed again, shone and glowed again, over old delights and joys, over new delights and joys. Occasionally, the troubled, hurt look would steal across her features. And at such times, Helen knew that Laurel was doubting again, suffering again, longing to be brought face to face with actual proof of her mother's high motive. But it was better that the doubts should remain than that her mother's act of self-abnegation should be robbed of its fruit. Helen pulled down the window shade, and went downstairs.

It was not until she was in her own room with her door closed, with the window draperies drawn close, seated before her dressing table brushing her shining hair that she thought about the alimony. Stephen had felt just as she had, when she first broached the subject to him, that of course Laurel's mother must live as she was accustomed to live, whatever had been the terms of the divorce. So far however, Stephen had failed to establish communication of any sort with Stella. She had left her Boston apartment as a bird a nest, and the route she had taken was as trackless, as scentless as the bird's through the air.

She had left no trace of any kind, anywhere, not even with her lawyer, not even with her bank, from which she had withdrawn her account. Since her marriage to Alfred Munn not a single check of





## Follow his example—

### Uncle Sam paints *his* property regularly

UNCLE SAM has been in business long enough to know that property that is not kept up, runs down. Here is what he wrote us from Washington about his mail boxes: \* \* \*

"All postmasters are required to make periodical inspection of street letter-box equipment, and to report to the Post Office Department when it is in need of painting or repairs. The Department supplies the standard green paint, and the postmaster is authorized to hire local painters.

"As to frequency of painting the letter-

box equipment, it is found that while the equipment in some localities requires painting more often than in others, as a rule, painting *once a year* is found to be sufficient to fully protect the equipment. Undoubtedly, painting at regular intervals lengthens the life of the equipment."

\* \* \*

Uncle Sam is right. State governments, municipalities and private citizens take notice.

How often do you "save the surface" of the property you own? Save the surface and you save all.

It costs more not to paint than to paint. Rust and rot go on till you check them. Paint and varnish NOW, or you'll pay far more, later, for repairs and replacements. Don't put it off—put it on.

#### SAVE THE SURFACE CAMPAIGN

507 The Bourse, Philadelphia  
A co-operative movement by Paint, Varnish and Allied Interests whose products and services conserve, protect and beautify practically every kind of property.

"Save the surface and you save all" — *Paint & Varnish*





## Your straw hat should be comfortable

**M**OST MEN part with a soft felt hat as reluctantly as with a pair of shoes that have grown old gracefully.

But changing from felt to straw needn't be a painful process. It isn't for the man who wears a Knox Straw Hat. The Knox hat conforms to the shape of his head; it feels comfortable.

On balmy days when your dress is precise in every detail, you'll be proud of your Knox Straw Hat and more, too, you'll appreciate it thoroughly for its comfort.



THE KNOX  
"COMFIT"

A few rows of fine soft braid make this straw hat self-conforming. Once on a man's head the "Comfit" makes its own selling argument. It is as comfortable as a Knox Cap.

*In leading stores throughout the country wherever the Knox Coat of Arms is displayed, you are assured of style, quality, and courteous attention.*

NEW YORK  
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SAN FRANCISCO  
51 Grant Avenue

# KNOX HATS

FOR MEN  
AND WOMEN



Stephen's had been cashed by her. Not a single check had even been received by her. They were returned to Stephen unopened, with the recurring announcement "not known" in the corner of the envelope.

Helen looked into eyes that were troubled as she gazed into the mirror before her. "It might have been she! She might need money! Should I have called, after all?" Usually Helen could depend upon her first instincts in regard to such matters. Her first instinct had said, "No." By the time Helen's hair was rolled again in its soft knot at the back of her head, her eyes had lost their troubled look. Of what importance was money to a woman who was willing to pay for her child's happiness with the child's love, if it menaced that happiness; and communication, even secret communication, would menace it. It was far safer that she, Helen herself, should remain in doubt as to Stella's hiding place. It was necessary to be so very honest with Laurel.

**B**UT others were not as protective of the shadow. That same evening a few hundred miles away, in a dainty and exquisite drawing-room in Milhampton, Massachusetts, four women in dainty and exquisite gowns stood before an open fire, stirring black coffee with tiny gold spoons in tiny porcelain cups. Their motions were as dainty and exquisite as the room, as their gowns. So, too, were their voices and their accents.

They chatted lightly, inconsequently, touching now one subject, now another, like humming-birds passing from one flower to another, whiling the time away in as amusing a manner as possible, till the men should join them for bridge.

"Oh, yes," sighed Phyllis, "one sees the name of Laurel Dallas in the New York society columns frequently now. The new Mrs. Dallas is doing her best for the child. I call it awfully decent of her."

"Oh, it shouldn't be difficult," said Myra, "with her social position."

"And the child really is rather of a beauty," Mrs. Kay Bird contributed. "That helps. There isn't a suggestion of her mother in her."

"How fortunate! What has become of that dreadful woman, anyhow?" asked Rosamond.

"Oh! Haven't you heard, my dear?" Mrs. Kay Bird raised slim bare shoulders in surprise. "Myra, haven't you told Rosamond you saw the poor thing in New York last time you were down?"

"I haven't seen Rosamond. I returned only night before last."

"Oh, well, tell her. Do. Prepare yourself for a choice bit, Rosamond."

Rosamond placed her empty coffee cup on the mantel and curled up cosily in a corner of the cushioned divan.

"Tell me first, please, about the divorce. You know I was in Europe all last year. I didn't get a bit of the gossip, and there was no account of it in the papers sent me."

"There was no account of it in any of the papers," Mrs. Kay Bird informed her. "Stephen Dallas obtained his divorce without even a flutter of a struggle, which does not surprise any of us who know the facts. We agree with the former Mrs. Dallas, it would have been inexpedient for her to contest her husband's charges."

"Oh, did he make charges?"





## "I'm Making Real Money Now!"

"SEE that coupon? Remember the day you urged me to send it to Scranton? Mary, that was a red letter day for both of us.

"Mr. Carter called me in to-day, and said he had been watching my work ever since he had learned that I was studying with the International Correspondence Schools.

"Then he asked me if I thought I could take over George Stevens' job. I told him I was sure that I could—that I had had that goal in view ever since I began studying with the I. C. S.

"I start to-morrow at an increase of \$60 a month. Think what that means to us—a better home, more comforts, more of everything worth while."

HAVE you ever stopped to think what it is that makes the difference in men's salaries—why one man earns \$35 a week, let us say, and another \$75 or \$175?

It isn't that one man has been endowed with so much more natural ability than the other or has had so much greater opportunities. No—it

isn't that. It is largely a matter of training.

The \$35-a-week man is simply a routine worker. He is doing the same work that a hundred or a thousand other men could do equally well. He has no special qualifications that make him stand out from the crowd.

When "times are slack," as the saying goes, he is always the first to be discharged. It follows that he is likewise the last to be promoted when times are good. There is, to be very frank about it, no special reason why he should receive an increase in salary.

It is different with the man who has trained himself to do some one thing just a little better than the other men in the office or in the shop. He is the man who attracts the attention of his employers. He is the man *they think of first* when they want a man for a position higher up. He is the man who receives the promotions and the increases in salary—*because—he is the man the firm cannot afford to lose!*

You know that these facts are true just as well as we do. The question

for you to decide is whether you are going to be a small-salaried man all your life or whether you are going to move up.

WHAT you have done with your time up to now accounts for what you are *To-day*. What you do with your time from now on will decide what you will be *To-morrow*.

Make that *To-morrow* something to be proud of. You can do it if you really try. Success knows no age—no creed—no class. Nothing is impossible in this broad land of Opportunity. The lives of Lincoln—Ford—Edison—Steinmetz—Vincent—Wanamaker—Wahl, and countless other *men who wouldn't stay down*, are proof of it.

There is hardly a man in a position of wealth, influence and power to-day who did not start from a far humbler niche than yours.

But remember this: You cannot win success by sitting back and just wishing for it. It would hardly be worth while if it came as easily as that.

It takes work—hard work, sometimes—but if you are willing to put your shoulder to the wheel, the International Correspondence Schools will help smooth the path for you and bring you to the final goal far quicker than if you tried to make the journey alone.

One hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you bigger money, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means.

At least find out *how*—by marking and mailing the coupon that has brought success to so many other men just like yourself. It doesn't cost you a penny or obligate you in any way to do this, yet it may be the means of changing your entire life. Do it—*now!*

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Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet "Who Wins and Why" and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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In every section of the country every building must undergo a never-ending battle with the elements. It may be rain, or snow, or extremes of temperature. Nature's destructive forces are continually at work ready to rot and ruin—unless your buildings are adequately protected with paint and varnish.

Keep your home protected with Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes. With a film no thicker than this thin line  you can save the surface—and when you save the surface, you save all.

For 38 years Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes have been the standard of the industry. They protect property completely. They increase its value. They add to its attractiveness.

Acme Quality Paints and Varnishes are sold by thousands of dealers everywhere. There is one for every surface, indoors and outdoors. If you do not know the Acme Quality dealer in your town, write to us. We will gladly send you his name and our literature.

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# ACME QUALITY

**Paints—Enamels—Stains—Varnishes—for every surface**



"That's the usual proceeding, my dear."

"And what were they?"

"Well, he lives in New York. You know the New York laws, I suppose."

Shrugs. Soft laughter.

"And the child," Phyllis added, "was placed immediately in the custody of her father."

"Oh, dear! You never can tell what a woman is at the core, can you?" deplored Rosamond. "Why, when we first knew Stella Dallas she didn't seem really *bad*—though she always was awfully ordinary, of course. Even after that time you saw her at Beaver's Beach, Myra, I couldn't believe she'd really fallen as low as that. I thought you must be mistaken."

"Tell Rosamond about New York, Myra," said Mrs. Kay Bird.

Myra, too, placed her coffee cup on the mantel, and extending a slender hand to a silver box near by, selected a cigarette.

"I saw Stella Dallas in New York, Rosamond," she announced impressively. "I saw her down near Washington Square. I was down there seeing a friend of mine who has the darlinest studio in an old stable. I saw Stella Dallas with the Munn man again. They seemed to be on quite familiar terms."

"Did you really?"

"It was not a pretty sight, I assure you. The Munn man was intoxicated, I think. Anyway, she had to help him walk. I won't say *she* was intoxicated, too, because I don't *know* that she was, but she didn't look *right*, and she has coarsened—oh, terribly, girls! A woman of that sort always does. And has lost her self-respect as to appearances, as is also usual, I believe. Her clothes were really shabby and *his* were in actual rags. City's dregs—that's all I could think of as I looked at them—city's dregs."

"How unpleasant," shuddered Rosamond.

"Disgusting, was my word," said Phyllis.

"Revolted, was mine," laughed Mrs. Kay Bird. Myra extended a languid arm. "Please pass me the matches, Phyllis. Thank you, dear. She's a depraved woman, girls," she announced. "Always was, and always will be. Oh, here come the men!" She flipped her match into the open fire. "Let's cut for partners."

MISS LAUREL DALLAS was to be formally presented to New York society at a tea given at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Dallas, on the afternoon of November the twenty-first, from four until seven-thirty o'clock. Several luncheons in her honor were scheduled for the week following the tea; also, several dinners. The names of Miss Dallas's various hostesses were mentioned. So was the fact that Brightswood, her parents' summer home at Green Hill, Long Island, was to be opened over the Thanksgiving holiday, and filled with a house party, including a number of this season's debutantes. One of the most anticipated affairs of the season was the ball to be given for Miss Dallas in early January. So the papers said; so the various society columns repeated and repeated again. "Miss Dallas is one of the most popular debutantes of the season, etc., etc." ("Oh, she'll like that," thought Helen to herself.) "Her picture is printed





COURTESY OF MRS. H. A. B., JR.  
—and then HE bought a Philco.  
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had through the failure of ordinary batteries? We would be glad to hear from you.

## Wanted—a Philco!

Cranking a big, stiff-jointed motor is "no business for a lady"—anytime. In emergencies—when battery failure means distress and even peril—safety demands the lavish, steadfast power of a Philco Battery.

And that's why motorists, by thousands and thousands, are replacing their ordinary batteries with Philco Slotted-Retainer Batteries—the highest-powered, longest-lived Philco Batteries ever built for automobile service.

Just a turn of the switch—a touch of the starter—and your motor whirls! No "flunking" where danger threatens. No stalling in traffic. No leaving you stranded, night coming, miles from a service station.

Philco's tremendous reserve power—its rugged, shock-proof strength—its day-in, day-out dependability—are due to Philco exclusive over-size construction plus famous time-tested features that make its two-year guarantee conservative.

Install a Philco NOW. Safeguard yourself and family against hand-cranking experiences. Get the assurance of quick, sure-fire ignition—brilliant lights—a blaring horn. A Philco now costs you no more—in many cases even less—than just an ordinary battery.

Philco Slotted-Retainer Batteries are built for every make and model of car. There's a Philco Service Station near you. Write for address, if necessary.

**Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia**

*The famous Philco Slotted-Retainer Battery is standard for electric passenger cars and trucks, mine locomotives and other battery uses where long-lasting, low-cost service is demanded. Whatever you use batteries for, write Philco.*

**PHILCO**  
SLOTTED-RETAINER  
BATTERIES

*with the famous shock-resisting Diamond-Grid Plates*



### 3-Point Superiority

1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short-circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.
2. The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.
3. The Quarter-Sawn Hard-Wood Separator—made only from giant trees 1000 years old; quarter-sawn to produce alternating hard and soft grain. Hard grain for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grain for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is the battery for your car.

#### LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

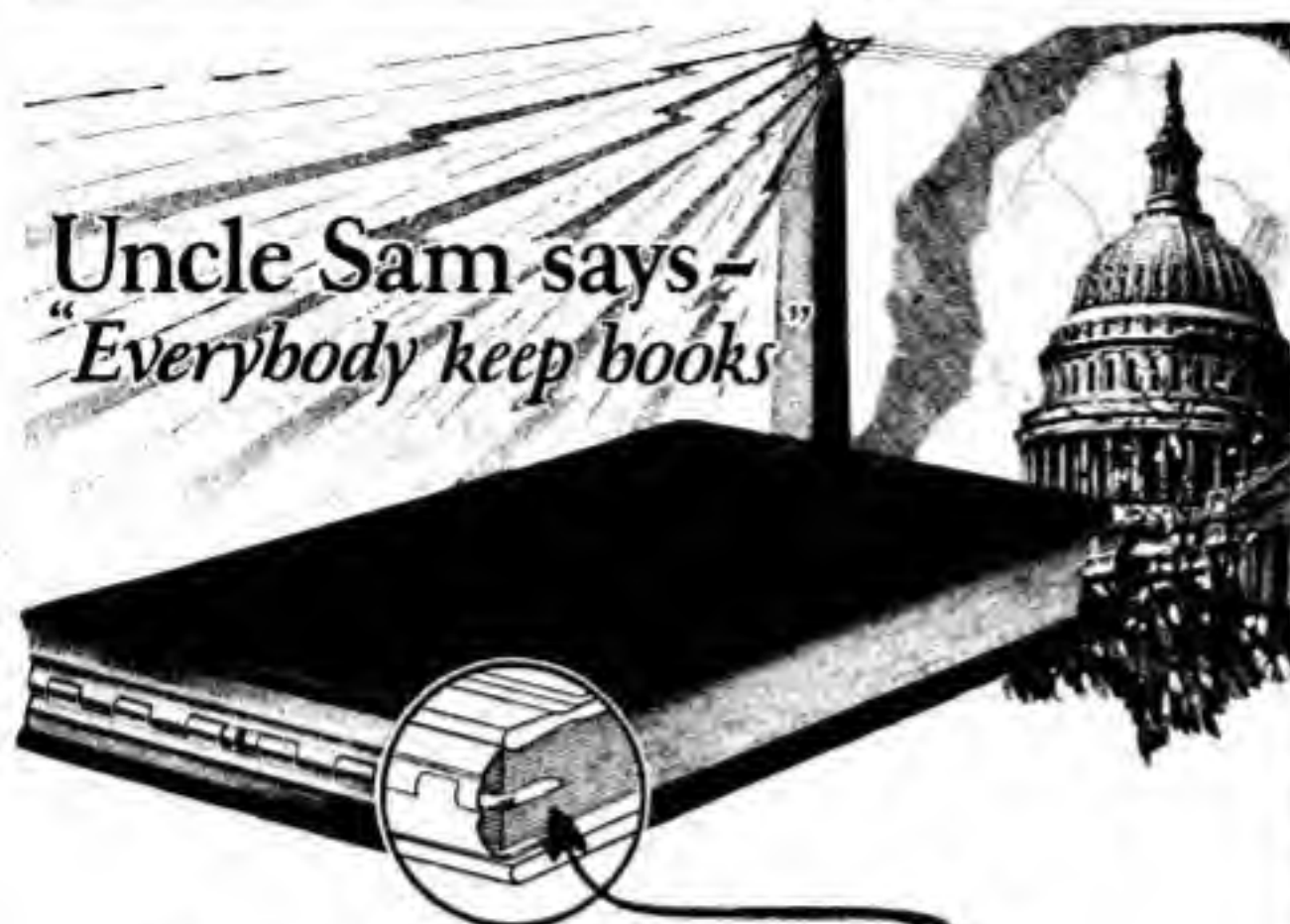
of Philco Service. Over 5500 stations—all over the United States. There is one near you. Write for address, if necessary.

**PHILADELPHIA**  
**DIAMOND**  
**GRID**  
**BATTERY**

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

RADIO DEALERS—Philco Dynamic Radio Storage Batteries are shipped to you charged but absolutely DRY. No acid sloppage. No charging equipment. No batteries going bad in stock. Wire or write for details.





## Use a NATIONAL Radio Ledger

*A small, handy account book for merchants and professional men*

**S**CRAPS of paper, envelope backs, and paper-covered note-books are losing popularity as bookkeeping equipment.

Income tax and modern business requirements have made individuals demand loose leaf convenience in their personal and business accounting.

Radio Loose Leaf Ledger is a new and wonderfully handy ledger for keeping private records and family budgets; and for the merchant and professional man, to keep a concise, complete record of all of his business transactions in one small book.

Radio Ledger is a big value at a small price.

You'll be proud to own a Radio Ledger with its lustrous Black Texhide binding, sparkling nicked back and cloth tabbed index. There is nothing that equals it at its price.

Radio Ledgers are sold by stationers. Ask your stationer to show you one today. If he can't supply you, write us his name and address. We will mail you descriptive literature and see that he supplies you.

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Every RADIO Ledger No. 08603 includes:  
Radio Binder, Rich Black Texhide Binding, Heavily Nicked Back with patent opening and locking lever, Cloth Tabbed Index, 200 Sheets of one of these printed forms: Regular Double Entry Ledger, Debit, Credit and Balance Ledger, 2 column Journal, Cash Receipts, or Cash Disbursements. Sheet size 6 1/2" x 9" in.

Ask for booklet

below." ("She'll cut that out," she smiled.)

Helen avoided newspaper notoriety usually. Stephen wondered at her willingness to allow Laurel's name to appear frequently in print, and in conspicuous print. He wondered at another sudden oddity of Helen's. The servants wondered at it, too. In fact, it was one of the servants who brought it to his attention. Twice, lately, upon arriving home in the late afternoon, he had noticed that the shades in the house were not all drawn. He had been able to look into Helen's room on the second floor, and see Laurel seated under the light at the piano, playing. He spoke to the parlor-maid.

"I know, sir. It hardly seems safe, sir. But it's Mrs. Dallas's orders, sir."

Later to Stephen, Helen explained, "But it looks so pretty from the street. Why shut in all our loveliness? I'll run the risk of burglars."

Even on the afternoon of Laurel's tea, Helen ordered the shades raised. She went even further. With her own hands she pulled back the lace curtains in the bay window where she and Laurel were going to stand to receive their guests.

"It only looks out on the alley," she deprecated.

**I**T RAINED on the morning of Laurel's tea. It rained in torrents.

"Gracious! Don't it pour!" exclaimed Stella for the dozenth time to the woman next to her, and for the dozenth time to herself, "Twon't make any difference, though. They've all got limousines." Then out loud again, "Gracious, don't it pour!"

Every few minutes she looked up from the machine which she had been feeding with coarse white cambric all the morning and gazed anxiously out of the streaked window beside her toward the building opposite, against the dark background of which she could see the rain sweeping.

About noon she exclaimed, "Say, it looks lighter! Say, don't it look lighter to you?" Then, "It is letting up. It looks to me as though it was letting up a little," and, finally, "Gosh, it's going to clear off!" And it did!

At five o'clock that afternoon, when Stella, with a hundred or so other women, emerged from the big black building, the air was clear and crisp and cold. Stella, once on the sidewalk, stood still and gazed straight up. Yes! It was all right! The stars were shining like mad, up there, at the top of the canyon, beyond the dizzy precipices.

This was Stella's fifth week in the shirt-waist factory. She must be getting used to it, she guessed. She didn't feel a bit tired to-night. If it wasn't so late, she wouldn't have minded walking the whole way. Laurel would be all dressed now. People would be just beginning to arrive. Gracious, she must hustle. But she'd simply got to go over to the room for a jiffy first. It wouldn't take long. She had locked the door on Ed, but she always got to feeling nervous after a whole day's absence, during the times he was bad.

Stella was pretty sure that this landlady guessed what was the matter with Ed, but she could never feel certain how many of the roomers were "on." There are roomers who find it helps to pass away the time to make a fuss over a thing in the house, like Ed. Stella didn't want to have

## National Blank Book Company

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A push of your thumb opens "Radio" so sheets lie flat for easy writing. Sheets are easy to insert and take out at any place in the book. "Radio" sheets are held firmly by four long prongs. The prongs lock automatically when "Radio" is closed. No loose parts or key to lose. No intricate mechanism to get out of order.

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## The Promise of Happy Days

**S**OME day in June, when happy hours abound, a wonderful girl and a wonderful boy will leave their friends in a shower of rice—and start to roam.

Then life will surely slip its tether and youth will be full of the promise of happy days to come.

Give them a Jordan Blue Boy, the bright sky overhead, the green turf flying by—and just beyond the hill a thousand miles of open road—then a quiet inn for dinner.

This rare car of personality and charm is a great companion of our freer hours.

It carries a thrill, even through the busy traffic down the avenue. It leaps light-footed to the throttle in the park.

It is balanced, as a fine piece of mechanism should be—economical as your good judgment requires—powerful beyond the need of hill or speedway.

There is a pride of ownership in the Jordan that reveals a love for things that really count. It's like old money—old treasures—good taste without display, and judgment that is rare.

Jordan cars are chosen by those who, being imitated much, must ever display cautious judgment.



# JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc. Cleveland, Ohio



Many a family knows from painful experience how true is the old song:

"They pushed the damper in and they pulled the damper out but the smoke went up the chimney just the same."



From a drawing by CAIDA HICK  
© ARCO 1923

## No longer true!

THE PROGRESS of heating science up to the time when the American Radiator Company was formed is pretty well summarized by this old song reprinted above.

Homes were either too hot or too cold; and no matter what you did to the damper the smoke went up the chimney, carrying most of the heat along.

One of the first steps taken by the American Radiator Company was the establishment of a department for determining definite performance standards for its boilers and radiators. That department developed into the Institute of Thermal Research, the largest laboratories in the world devoted exclusively to problems of better warmth.

Here materials are tested and every

new type of boiler and radiator must prove in advance precisely what it can do.

Architects have long been familiar with the service of the Institute of Thermal Research. It is one large reason why they so often write "AMERICAN Radiators" and "IDEAL Boilers" into their specifications. Dealing as they do with life's most sacred investment, they like to insist upon materials from which scientific tests have eliminated every element of chance.

The little book, "Better Warmth and Better Health," published by this company, contains ten definite suggestions for saving coal, and other information of value to every home owner.

May we send you a copy? A card to either address below will bring it to you at once.



Institute of Thermal Research  
of the

American Radiator Company

where the ratings of boilers are definitely determined by tests with chimneys of many different sizes and heights.

# AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

*IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators for every heating need*

104 West 42nd Street, Dept. 58  
NEW YORK

AMERICAN IDEAL  
RADIATORS BOILERS

816 So. Michigan Ave., Dept. 58  
CHICAGO



to move again. This landlady had been awfully decent about the rent since she had got a job. Gracious, but it hadn't taken that thousand dollars long to fade away! It cost something to keep yourself and a sick man—who has to have a "particular kind of medicine"—going these days, though you didn't buy yourself a single rag, nor spend a cent on theatres, or the movies, or desserts—

Everything was all right at the room, thank heaven! Stella stopped only long enough to light the candle placed upon the chair by the door, hold it aloft a moment and gaze down upon the double bed. Ed was still there, still harmless, breathing heavily, inert and unconscious.

There wasn't much furniture in the room besides the bed—a commode, a table, and three chairs. One of the chairs was an old morris chair. It was worth all the rest of the furniture put together to Stella. It was Stella's bed. Surprising how well you can sleep on an old morris chair if you work hard daytimes, or even on the floor if you get cramped. It's all in the matter of getting used to it.

The candle spit and sputtered, as if it objected to the scene it lighted. Stella didn't blame it. It wasn't especially beautiful. Stella would be busy in the room till midnight, when she got back. She did like a neat room to sleep in. It looked like somebody's back yard just at present, with all Ed's clothes and a few of her own hanging up to dry on a cord she'd stretched back and forth from wall to wall, and Ed's unwashed breakfast dishes on the floor beside the bed. He'd roused enough to take the nourishment she'd left for him, apparently.

She blew the candle out, put it back upon the chair, closed the door and locked it, descended four flights of bare stairway and went out again beneath the stars.

STELLA could have spoken to Laurel if the window had been open. She was as near to her as that! She could see her as clearly as if she had been inside. How lucky the curtains had been forgotten again. How lucky this particular window had been selected to stand in to meet the guests. Lord, but Laurel's flowers were lovely! The papers hadn't exaggerated any, Stella guessed. Laurel, standing in the midst of her garden, was like a great big flower herself.

Stella had never seen her look more beautiful. Her dress was white, chiffon she thought—made over something silvery that made her shine as if there were dew all over her. No dress Stella had ever provided for Laurel could *touch* this. One of those artists, whose address only the few and fortunate possess, had made this fairy dress for Laurel, Stella guessed. My, how she became it! Gosh! She looked like a regular queen to-night! She carried a sheaf of white orchids on her left arm. Through the chiffon ribbon that tied the flowers, Stella caught a glimpse of something that looked like diamonds sparkling on Laurel's wrist! A moment later, as Laurel turned a little, she caught a glimpse of what was clasped about her throat. Pearls! A string of pearls! Oh, Lollie! Oh, dear, dear Lollie! She had come into her own! She was being crowned in her rightful kingdom at last!

Stella left the window for a moment and stole to the front of the house. Yes,



## Half a century of confidence means something!

THE nice thing about Listerine is that it does what an antiseptic is supposed to do—guards against infection—and does it *safely*.

For half a century now people have trusted this very excellent and dependable product.

And the longer you have it around the house the more uses you discover for it. Just glance through the following list of some of the purposes it serves:

### Some of its many uses

A safe, unirritating antiseptic for cuts, wounds and scratches, affording protection against infection while Nature heals.

As a gargle for throat irritations to ward off more serious ills.

As a spray in nasal catarrh.

A safe and fragrant deodorant in matters of personal hygiene. Delightful after shaving.

Effective in combating dandruff. Useful in many skin disorders.

As a mouth-wash to correct unpleasant breath (halitosis).

Always have Listerine near at hand in your home. Then you will have the comfortable feeling of knowing the antiseptic you use is sure in its work—and *safe*!

LAMBERT PHARMACEUTICAL COMPANY  
SAINT LOUIS, U. S. A.



# The physician found that the glands of her mouth had dried up—

**A remarkable case showing the influence six tiny glands have in protecting the unreplaceable enamel of the teeth**

**A**n interesting case has been reported by a leading physician.

A woman entered a hospital complaining of dryness in her throat and of difficulty in swallowing. Her teeth which had always been sound had suddenly begun to decay "in a frightful manner."

A thorough examination by the physician showed that the six small *salivary glands* in her mouth had ceased to pour out their constant stream of healing, germ-free fluids.

We have here, the physician says, the explanation for the rapid progress of tooth decay in this patient. The acids produced by fermentation of small food particles (which are present even after a thorough brushing of the teeth) were not diluted by the saliva. They acted with full strength on the enamel of her teeth, rapidly eating it away.

To provide protection against these deadly acids which are constantly forming in every mouth, nature intended the six tiny salivary glands situated in the cheeks and under the tongue automatically to flush the teeth and gums every moment in the day and night.

Although these glands are small they can win their fight against the acids if they can be made to function normally. In a healthy mouth they secrete more than a quart of *alkaline* fluid per day.

This fluid neutralizes the acids and washes them away.

**Why in so many apparently healthy mouths secretions are often insufficient**

The way we live today makes it difficult for our glands to work at their normal rate. Nature expected us to stimulate and exercise them by chewing hard, tough food.



*Examination showed that the acids were acting with full strength on the enamel of her teeth, rapidly eating it away*



*Diagram showing the position of mouth glands. 1—the parotid; 2—the submandibular; 3—the sublingual. Identical glands are located on the right side of the face.*

A new instrument for the study of the glands of the mouth shows that they are 20 times more active when we chew than when the jaws are at rest. This is why only 2 out of every 100 savages had bad teeth—the rough, raw food they ate kept the glands well exercised, healthy and active. The soft foods we eat today, often hurriedly swallowed, do not keep our glands exercised and active.

***Pebeco keeps the glands of your mouth at work***

Pebeco is a dentifrice prepared especially to assist the natural processes causing these glands to work. It does for us what the chewing of hard food did for our primitive ancestors. Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. By its mere presence in the mouth it causes the glands to flow for a long period of time. It never exhausts the glands—it never checks their natural action.

For washing the teeth and keeping the outside surfaces polished no better dentifrice than Pebeco can be made. It works quickly and efficiently without wearing away the enamel or injuring the edges of the gums. Its constant use gives you teeth as

beautiful as nature intended you to have. After a thorough cleansing with Pebeco—it has just enough tang to it to exhilarate—your mouth feels as refreshed as does your body after a bath, and you have the convincing feeling, too, that you have done for your teeth and mouth all that science can teach you to do.

Take home a tube tonight and note its invigorating and refreshing taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and beautiful. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

***This simple gland test will show you***

Send us ten cents today for material for testing whether your own salivary glands are active enough to protect you against these deadly acids. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet—"How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. E-5, 635 Greenwich St., New York.



There was an awning running from the front door to the street, there was a man in livery at the curbing, shouting numbers; there was a long row of automobiles on both sides of the street, reaching far away in both directions. All for Lollie. Stella glanced up. Every window was faintly aglow. Through one of them that must have been open she could hear music, dance music—piano, violins, saxophone, and drum. All for Lollie! She went back again to her window in the alley.

Everything was as it ought to be. Even Lollie's mother was as she ought to be—also wearing a gown made by an artist, also wearing pearls, also beautiful, also queenly. My! She was made for the part. As the guests approached her, Stella observed that there was that look of high approval and homage in their eyes that should be in the eyes of everybody who shook hands with Laurel's mother. Stella observed, too, that when the guests shook hands with Laurel, with the little queen herself, there was more than high approval in their eyes. There was sudden and spontaneous pleasure, and afterward murmured words of praise.

FOR more than an hour Stella stood in the shadow of an electric pole, and feasted and feasted. A policeman finally discovered her and told her to move along.

"All right," she replied, cheerfully. "I will. I'm ready now. I've seen enough." For the instant before she had seen straight into Laurel's heart for a fleeting ten seconds!

Laurel didn't know it. Laurel had no idea that her mother's eyes were in the depths of the mirror she had gazed into, at her own reflection.

It had happened like this: Stella had seen it all. She had observed the first faint flush of color creep down the back of Laurel's neck as a young man had rushed up to her, and eagerly taken her hand in his in greeting. Apparently, the young man had asked Laurel to dance with him. As yet she hadn't left her post in the bay window. She had hesitated, had glanced around the room—the guests were beginning to thin out—then had accepted the invitation.

Still flushed (her neck was still pink beneath her pearls), she had looked about her for a place to lay her flowers, spied the window sill, had taken three steps toward Stella and laid her flowers down, almost as if in Stella's lap; paused, raised her eyes. The window was just in front of her. The clear plate glass, with the light behind it, was a perfect mirror. Laurel gave herself a long look. Six feet away Stella caught that look, hugged it to her close. She had never seen anything so dazzling, so luminous, in all her life before! It wasn't meant for her. It wasn't meant for anyone on earth. It was like catching a bit of shooting star—of shooting heaven.

The young man to whom Laurel gave her hand a moment later, the young god who had made Laurel look at herself like that, was none other than Richard Grosvenor. Stella would have known him anywhere.

"That's all right then, too," she murmured.

"Didn't I tell you to get along there?"

"Yes, sir. I'm going. I was only seeing how pretty the young lady was."

(The End)



## Who picks the food she needs?

**YOU** can let the child pick the flowers, but the food-needs of a growing child are so vital that Mother herself must select her daughter's food.

Mothers should know that while oatmeal leads all cereals in food value, there's a *difference* in rolled oats.

*The superiority of H-O is due to an exclusive process of Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting the oats in the old-fashioned way.*

Thorough Steam-Cooking in closed kettles at 250 degrees, dextrinizes the starch and makes the oats digestible. Pan-Toasting over live coal fires at 650 degrees, produces that delicious H-O flavor.

H-O oats are plump, curly and brown—exclusive characteristics made possible only by the Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting process.

Oatmeal made from H-O (Hornby's Oats) has distinctive color, flavor and texture, unlike any other oats.

For free trial package, write the H-O Cereal Company, Inc., Department "C," Buffalo, N. Y., or Ayr, Ontario.



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## Four Out of Five Wait Too Long



*Make sure your teeth  
are sound*

Tender, bleeding gums herald Pyorrhea's coming.

Don't delay. Start the fight at once. First of all, go to your dentist for tooth and gum inspection. Then, brush the teeth, twice daily, with Forhan's For the Gums.

Public dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, wait too long. Don't be one of this sorry, neglectful majority.

Pyorrhea, when it strikes, is a merciless foe. The gums recede. The teeth loosen or must be extracted. Germs gather and infection often sweeps through the system.

Forhan's For the Gums, when used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep the teeth clean, the gums firm, the entire mouth healthy. It is the time-tested formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S., pleasing to the taste and recommended by the foremost dentists.

Buy a tube today. Brush your teeth regularly with it, morning and night. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

# Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

*More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea*

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



## Mary Pickford Describes Her Most Thrilling Experience

(Continued from page 34)

little money. And at thirteen she went to New York all alone, determined to get this chance.

"I lived with a woman in a little flat so crowded that we were always falling over each other," she said. "But the woman herself was poor, and it was good of her to take me in at all. I used to call her 'Aunt Minnie,' although she wasn't related to me in any way. For weeks I haunted the agencies and the manager's offices, sitting there for hours at a time, with the other people who were hunting a job as I was.

"We would wait and wait, until finally somebody would shoo us all out, telling us we could 'come again next Monday.' I was always either going out, to try my luck at another office, or being turned out along with the rest of the weary, waiting crowd. It doesn't seem to me I ever saw anybody except office boys, who apparently despised us all, without exception.

"It was summer and terribly hot. I used to think I would melt; and the little money I had was melting away! I wouldn't spend a nickel for car fare, but walked the hot pavements until my feet were almost blistered.

"THEN I had what I thought was a wonderful idea. I would write letters to the leading actresses, tell them that I, too, was going to be a great actress, and ask them to help me. I began to write: to Maude Adams, to Julia Marlowe, to Mrs. Fiske. But suddenly, I had a still more wonderful idea: I would go to see these stars and present my case in person.

"The only leading actress who was accessible just then was Blanche Bates. This seemed a great piece of luck, however, for I knew she was under Belasco's management, which was the very height of my own ambition. Over and over again I had tried to see him; but as usual I never got past the office boy.

"I determined now to ask Miss Bates to help me. It meant spending money for car fare, for she was playing in Brooklyn, but I would have to be extravagant for once. I had only one dress—but I put it on ten different ways!" laughed Mary.

"Miss Bates has told me her side of the story since then. It was a terribly hot day, but I finally reached her hotel and was admitted to her apartment by a colored maid, named Carrie. I have good reason to remember her, for she helped to bring about the most wonderful day of my life.

"Carrie and I had quite an interview. She was such a contrast to the office boys I had been dealing with that I quite opened my heart to her. And if other people had been as responsive as Carrie was my troubles would have been over long before they did come to an end. It seems that she went in to Miss Bates and asked her to see me. But it was so hot, and Miss Bates was tired, and she thought I was just another of the stage-struck little girls who were always bothering her;



# "It's the Plug Hat Gets the Snowballs"



**T**HE first portable electric suction sweeper on the market was The Hoover.

It is the first today.

Year in and year out it has renewed and reinforced its leadership by the unremitting thoroughness of its work.

Only a product of unique and special virtue can do that.

It is always the outstanding thing that is the tempting target; and like the leader in every field The Hoover is the focus of competitive attack.

So far as we can learn, this attack assumes only one character.

It does not deny the efficacy of Hoover design, Hoover construction, or Hoover performance.

But it seeks to spread the impression that The Hoover is hard on rugs.

Do you think The Hoover is hard on rugs?

*If it were, would it be the largest selling electric cleaner in the world, with more than a million satisfied users?*

*If it were, would it be the choice of rug experts as the preserver of carpetings beyond price?*



No, dear reader, The Hoover is not hard on rugs.

It is only hard on competitors.

**THE HOOVER COMPANY**  
NORTH CANTON, OHIO

*The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners  
The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ont.*

# The HOOVER

*It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*





*This*  
screen door closed—  
*without a slam!*

**T**O have the screen door close every time it is opened and to have it close in *absolute silence*—what a comfort that would be, what freedom from annoyance!

But you have only to apply Sargent Door Closer 520! This closer is small in size—exactly suited for use on the screen door and doors inside the house. It is reasonable in price. Yet it works as silently and surely as the larger Sargent Closers you have often seen on commercial buildings. It may be used on the outside of the screen door, or between the screen door and the house door. It is quickly put up. A diagram with every closer explains its easy application to any door.

Use Sargent Door Closer 520, also, on the back-stairs door, the refrigerator room and lavatory doors and on the storm door in winter. It will add much to the safety, convenience and silence of your home.

"520" is for sale by hardware dealers everywhere.

**SARGENT & COMPANY**  
Hardware Manufacturers

45 Water Street

New Haven, Conn.

so she refused. Carrie urged my cause, but she couldn't make any impression. Finally she said to Miss Bates:

"I never have asked you a favor, but I'm going to ask one now. Won't you *please* tell this little girl that she can go to Mr. Belasco and say that you sent her?"

"Oh, all right!" said Miss Bates. "Tell her that, if you want to."

"When I got this message, I went as fast as I could straight to the theatre where Mr. Belasco's offices were. They were up three long flights of stairs. I had often climbed those stairs; and always, before this time, they had seemed interminable. But now I fairly ran up and, breathless but triumphant, confronted my old enemy, the office boy, and announced haughtily:

"I want to see Mr. Belasco! I have a message from Miss Bates!"

"This didn't have the expected effect on the office boy. Nothing does affect them. If Shakespeare himself came along and asked to see a manager, the office boy would say, 'Whaddayou wantta see him about?'"

"But it happened that Mr. Dean was in his office close by and heard my imperious demand. He had me shown in, and wanted to know what I meant about having a message from Miss Bates. At first I wouldn't explain. I wasn't going to be put off by anybody! I demanded to see Mr. Belasco. You see, I was absolutely desperate by this time, and I had the courage that comes with desperation."

**E**VEN in the telling of the story, there was in Mary's eyes such a glowing depth, such intensity, such fire, that I wondered how anyone could have resisted her. Evidently Mr. Dean came under the spell, just as Carrie had. For he finally promised that he would try to get her the interview she wanted.

"I had to wait a long time though," she said. "Weeks went by. I climbed those three flights of stairs so many times that I seemed to be always either going up them, hoping—or coming down, with one more disappointment added to my long list. Then, at last, they told me one day that Mr. Belasco had agreed to see me at the theatre that night, after the play was over."

"Aunt Minnie went with me; and at eleven o'clock I met Mr. Belasco on the stage. The actors had gone to their dressing-rooms and the place was empty and almost dark. I was frightened, more frightened than I have ever been, before or since. The chance I had longed for, and worked for, and prayed for had come. I didn't *dare* to fail. But it would be over so soon! Just a few minutes; and then—

"As I walked toward Mr. Belasco, he looked at me—and his eyes seemed to pierce clear through me. I didn't speak; *couldn't* speak! After he had studied me a moment, he said, 'Well, young lady! So you want to be an actress?'"

"Oh, no, sir!" I said earnestly. "I've been an actress for eight years!"

"I was thirteen then, but I was small and looked only about ten or eleven. So when I said I had been an actress for eight years, it amused Mr. Belasco."

"I want to be a *real* actress now," I went on. "I've been doing dreadful parts in dreadful plays. I've wasted eight years, and I mustn't lose any more time!"







*Hamilton No. 920 in  
"Byron" Case \$172*

In its case of fashionable green or white gold (14k engraved), this watch is a thing of beauty. 17-jewel, five-position adjusted movement. Attractive dial with raised gold numerals.



## *A reputation for accuracy*

WHEN you want to know the correct time, consult a watch that has a reputation for accuracy. The Hamilton's reputation for accuracy is so great that it has become known as the Railroad Timekeeper of America.

To the virtue of accuracy, the Hamilton Watch adds that other requisite of a modern timepiece—beauty. The Hamilton is a beautiful object that men and women take pride in owning. Men like the Hamilton Watch because it keeps accurate time. Women also like it because it is dependable as well as dainty.

Jewelers take pleasure in selling the Hamilton Watch because of its accuracy and durability.

It is now possible to get Hamilton accuracy, dependability, and service at a very reasonable cost. Our Number 974, movement only priced at \$25.00, can be fitted by your jeweler in a case to suit your pocketbook.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.



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The watch of today and of tomorrow, too, is this 17-jewel, three-position adjusted movement. Its case is engraved green gold, and the dial hand-engraved, with inlaid enamel numerals.



*Hamilton No. 910 in  
"Franklin" Case \$46*

You'd like this watch, with its fancy metal dial, 17-jewel, adjusted movement, and engraved green or white gold-filled case.

# Hamilton Watch

"The Watch  
of Railroad  
Accuracy"



# Hanover Shoes

Styled for Comfort  
Built for Wear



Style 283D  
Russia Calfskin  
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**T**HE snug, shapely fit of a kid glove—with the ease, comfort and roominess of a slipper. *That's Hanover Style!*

Full-weight, full-seasoned, oak-tanned leather—fashioned by masters in the shoe-making craft. *That's Hanover Quality!*

Conservative models for men of restraint. Smart, individual styles for men who want something "different."

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This is possible because we are the only shoe makers in America who sell exclusively through our own stores. If there is no Hanover Store near you, we will fit you from Hanover. Send for catalog.

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Exclusively for Men and Boys

"He smiled at that and said, 'But why do you come to me?'"

"I knew enough about human nature even then," said Mary, smiling herself, "to understand that everyone loves appreciation. 'But I was sincere; I wasn't just trying to flatter him when I told him that I had made up my mind to begin at the top and then—if I must—go on down."

"You are the top," I declared. "So I have come to you first. If you refuse me, I shall go to Mr. —;" and I named another manager.

"That made him smile again. 'Well,' he said, 'we will give you a trial, anyway.' And he handed me some poems and asked me to read them to him."

"Oh, no, sir!" I said. "Please! I don't know these poems. If I try to read them to you, I can't do myself justice. I'm going to do a scene from one of the plays I've been in. You won't like it. I know it's awful. It's what I want to get away from. But it's the only kind of thing I really know."

"All right!" he laughed. "Have it your own way." And he called to the electrician, who was waiting for us to get through, "Louie, turn on the lights for the young lady."

"He climbed over the rail of the stage box and settled himself, while I dragged two chairs to the center of the stage and explained to him that one chair was a poor woman and the other was a policeman who was going to take her to prison. I was a little boy, pleading with the policeman to spare the unhappy female."

"The lights blazed on; and I fell on my knees between the two chairs. I was supposed to be pleading for the poor woman; but my torrent of passionate appeal was really for myself—for the chance which I had to have! If ever I put my whole heart and soul into anything, I did it then. I was terrified lest he might stop me and say, 'That's enough. It's awful!' And I poured out the lines in a mad rush of feeling—in a perfect agony of determination that I *would* be heard."

"When I had finished, there was absolute silence for what seemed to me a long time; but I suppose it was only a minute or two. Then Mr. Belasco said, 'Put out the lights, Louie!'"

**S**HE stopped and looked at me with a little smile—but it was a rather tremulous smile. She was not acting. She was living the whole thing over again—body tense, hands clenched, eyes glowing. She made me see and feel it too; the frightened little girl, face to face with her fleeting chance, passionately determined to be heard, tremblingly awaiting the verdict—and then the silence broken by that abrupt order: "Put out the lights, Louie!" The words actually gave me a cold thrill, a little shiver along my spine.

"It was as if he had said to me: 'Put out the lights!'" she went on. "The lights of your dreams and your hopes—put them all out!"

"The stage suddenly went black, except for one solitary light at the side. And I stood there in the shadows, my hands like ice, my heart like lead, watching Mr. Belasco as he climbed onto the stage and walked toward me. He led me over to where the light shone down on us and again looked into my eyes for a long minute. Then he took my face between his

hands and said, 'I think we *will* make a "real" actress of you, little girl.'

"Can you imagine how— No! you *can't* imagine my reaction of feeling! It was like coming suddenly to life, after being almost dead."

"Aunt Minnie and I went up to his office and I signed a two-year contract that very night. When he asked me my name, I said; 'It's Gladys Melbourne in New York—but I'm Gladys Smith in Toronto!'"

"That amused him too. I had picked out Melbourne for a stage name because it seemed very high-sounding to me. He agreed that Smith would be a handicap for an actress, but he didn't approve of Melbourne; and it was Mr. Belasco himself who chose the name I have kept ever since. I had been christened Mary Gladys Smith. I always hated the 'Gladys' part and was only too glad to drop it for 'Mary.' He asked me about family names; and I recalled that my mother's grandmother was a Pickford. So I began the most wonderful day of my life as Gladys Melbourne and ended it as Mary Pickford. It was almost like being born again."

**I** WAS with Mr. Belasco two seasons then. The first part I took was that of a little Southern girl, a half-starved child, who should have been only skin and bones; whereas I, in spite of my own poverty, was decidedly plump. I was very modest, and it embarrassed me terribly when the problem of hiding my legs was discussed quite openly. It was settled by having me wear pantalettes. But that embarrassed me even more! At the dress rehearsal, I tried to tuck up the offending garments; and I'll never forget my humiliation when, as I reluctantly came forward, Mr. Belasco called me over and pulled down those pantalettes."

"The two years with him were invaluable to me. I did not have big parts, or earn much money, but when we got back to New York at the close of the second season, I had saved two hundred and fifty-five dollars. Most of it went for clothes which I needed, and to help my mother. It was summer then, and the regular theatres were closed. So I turned to the moving pictures. It seemed a dreadful come-down for anyone who meant, as I did, to become a great actress on the real stage. But I had to live! So I got a job with the old Biograph Company—and that settled my future, although I didn't know it then."

"Tell me some of the thrills you have had since you became a moving picture star," I said. "You must have had a good many."

"Yes, I suppose so," she agreed. "I remember one narrow escape when we were making a picture called 'In the Sultan's Garden.' They put me into a sack and threw me from a boat into the Hudson River. They had tried to take every precaution, especially as I couldn't swim. The sack was not really tied. I could open the top easily. And they had put sandbags in the bottom of it, so that it would sink and leave me free."

"In the play I was to be rescued by an American naval officer, who was to reach the scene in a ship's cutter. They had hired a New York police cutter for the occasion and had put an expert swimmer on it to do the rescuing. They had several





## Keeping your child's hair beautiful

*What a mother can do to keep her child's hair healthy—fine, soft and silky—bright, fresh-looking and luxuriant*

**T**HE beauty of your child's hair depends upon you, upon the care you give it.

Shampooing it properly is the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out all the real life and lustre, the natural wave and color, and makes the hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

While children's hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, their fine, young hair and tender scalps cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating mothers, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

### When oily, dry or dull

If your child's hair is too oily, or too dry; if it is dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy;

if the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch; or if dandruff is accumulating, it is all due to improper shampooing.

You will be delighted to see how easy it is to keep your child's hair looking beautiful, when you use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo.

### The quick, easy way

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water is sufficient to cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly.

Simply pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out quickly and easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil—the chief causes of all hair troubles.

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**D**ON'T envy that chap with the bow tie that hugs his collar with such an air of jaunty style. Just step into the nearest haberdashery and give the countersign—Spur Tie Bow! Say it once—and you'll get 50¢ worth of the biggest neckwear value in the world. Twice—and your dealer will produce two of the snappiest bow ties you ever wore—for \$1.00.

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other expert swimmers at hand in case of an emergency. So they thought—and I hoped—that everything would be all right.

"They threw me overboard and I came up, free from the sack. But the man who was running the cutter was not a moving picture actor, and he was so excited that he lost control of the boat and headed it straight at me. I should have been crushed between the two boats if it hadn't been for one of the swimmers I just spoke of. He leaped into the water, caught me and pulled me down, just as the bow of the cutter passed over my head and crashed into the other boat.

"I had another narrow escape when we were making the screen version of 'Pollyanna.' I got off a train in one of our moving-picture storms. They are made, you know, by sending up sheets of water from great hose, and then directing the blast of airplane propellers against the water as it comes down.

"They wanted it to look like a particularly driving storm; so they had got an extra propeller or two. You've no idea what a force those blasts of air have! I was absolutely powerless against it—and it was carrying me toward the train, which by that time was in motion. I fought it with every ounce of strength I had, but I simply couldn't stop! I was getting nearer the train all the time; and I knew that the men operating the propellers didn't dream that I couldn't help myself. They thought I was just acting. In another second, I should have gone under the wheels, if it hadn't been that I was actually blown off my feet and fell flat. I believe that was the narrowest escape I've ever had.

"**W**HEN we were making a picture called 'The Hoodlum' I risked my life, I suppose, but it was in another way. That was the year of the influenza epidemic. I had been ill with the 'flu' myself for four weeks. The picture had been held up all that time and I felt that I must begin working again as soon as possible. The doctor told me I was crazy, and that he wouldn't be responsible for the consequences. But I don't think any outsider realizes the sense of obligation which motion picture stars feel in regard to their work. If the star is laid up, the whole picture stops. Dozens, perhaps hundreds, of people have to be idle. So you take your life in your hands, if necessary, to let the picture go on.

"We were making scenes in which I had to be out in another of those driving rainstorms. Every night, for eight consecutive nights, I was drenched to the skin, from eight o'clock in the evening until midnight.

"The 'rain,' driven by propellers, cuts your face with the force of needles. Even through my clothes, I could feel the sting of it. Between times—for we would do the same thing over and over, to be sure of getting it right—I would be wrapped in blankets, and would sit there in my wet clothing until it was time to go on again. I never sat down to my 'dinner' until two o'clock in the morning. But I lived through it. And after all," she added, shaking her head, "it wasn't a very good picture anyway."

After that we got to talking again of the days when she was poor and struggling.





## "The School of Hard Knocks" vs. Organized Training

WHAT was "good enough for your father" doesn't *have* to be "good enough for you"—not in this, the Twentieth Century.

Most men try to advance in business thru daily attendance at an institution we all know—"The School of Hard Knocks."

It's too *slow*—too *uncertain*—question-marks stud every step of the way.

Then, too, as the years roll by—slowly at first, then faster and faster—the gray creeps up around our temples.

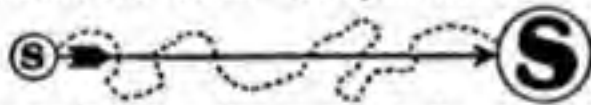
Within the last two decades there has been made available a direct, undeviating road to success in certain highly specialized and lucrative branches of business.

Let's start at the beginning—  
—picture your present measure of success by the small letter "s."

—and let the *capital* letter "S" symbolize the larger Success you want to attain.

Your problem, in a few words, is to get from the small "s" to the big "S" with as little lost motion and time waste as possible.

There are two routes. Compare them.



One way is uncertain—slow—devious and wandering—often obstructed, and difficult at every turn.

This is the way unthinking men take. It's the way you'll take if you *prefer* to do the laborious pioneering yourself—to toil unaided thru the forests of perplexity; and—if your span of life is *long* enough—eventually you may arrive.

But the road of routine experience is mighty hard and mighty slow.

The other path is the straight line—the shortest distance between two points—the route of *organized training*.

Following this route, your road is wide and clear and plain ahead. Pathfinders—generations of practical business men who have won recognition as outstanding authorities in their special fields—have gone ahead of you. And the result of their work and research and toil gives to you the priceless heritage of their experience—organized training which makes the short, sure route from the little "s" to the larger "S" of real Success a certainty.

Your progress is *sure*, for you follow the identical path which has carried hundreds of thousands of other men to the goal of their dreams.

"The greatest men in the country secured their education thru the basic correspondence school principle—home study. Many of them have done this without the direction of effort and supervision which correspondence schools give. This being true, certainly it is possible for the average student to do as much under a staff of skilled instructors.

"The faculties of correspondence schools of national standing compare favorably with those of the universities. Their influence penetrates to the remote quarters of the country. That means the open door to the *best* instruction for everybody."

The two paragraphs above are the words of one of this country's most respected educators, Dr. Russell H. Conwell, university president, who is known internationally thru his famous lecture, "Acres of Diamonds."

It is well worth while to go back and read them again.

All fair-minded men rebel instinctively against injustice. The greatest injustice of all is that which a man works upon himself and his family when he fails to take advantage of a tried and proven method whereby he may enhance the cash return from his working hours by increasing his value to employer and self.

And the man who has been staking his future—all his hopes and dreams—on "The School of Hard Knocks" can do no wiser thing than to investigate the shorter route—the straight line road of organized training as exemplified in the courses of this institution.

*J. J. Phelps*  
President  
LaSalle Extension University

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Upon request, the book "Ten Years' Promotion in One," and material completely descriptive of the course and service that interests you, will gladly be sent without cost or obligation. Just indicate your choice by checking, and write below your name and address.

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**A** FRESH summer morning, bright with sunshine, gay with colorful garden blossoms. A cool and charming living room. The morning paper; the early mail. And the wide, soft spaciousness of the Kroehler davenport.

What an inviting hour of rest and relaxation, in the delightful atmosphere of a dignified, well-ordered room—the grateful luxuriousness of a deep-cushioned davenport!

Who could guess that they both serve a double purpose—that the room became at night a spacious, airy sleeping place; the davenport a wide, roomy, comfortable bed!

Daytime gives no evidence of the Kroehler davenport's nighttime use. A few minutes' smoothing and tucking in of the covers, a quick, deft motion, and all evidence of a bed, with its easy springs and sleep-welcoming mattress, vanishes; folded secretly away beneath the soft cushioning of the davenport seat.

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# KROEHLER

## *Davenport Bed*



And, thinking of the contrast between then and now, I said to her, "How does it feel to have a million dollars to spend?"

"But I never do have it to spend!" she protested. "Of course, all of the house expenses are borne by Douglas, while I take care of Mother's home. But we share the studio expenses, which are very heavy. Then, too, I have a good many other responsibilities. I told you that I am a serious person—and I take my responsibilities as seriously now as I did when I was that funny little girl who thought she was the head of her whole family."

"But as for myself, I don't care for great wealth, nor for a show of it. Why," she laughed, "when I came to New York last winter I intended to buy myself a chinchilla coat. I thought I wanted it very much! But I went home without it. I decided that I didn't need it, and that it would be foolish for me to spend all that money for something I could easily get along without."

"Anyway—" she hesitated, then went on very earnestly—"you won't think I'm posing when I say that I don't really like to wear loads of furs and cover my head with beautiful dead birds. It is true that I have a squirrel coat. But sometimes I find myself looking at it and imagining that I brought up all those little creatures and loved them. I'm afraid it sounds foolish for me to say that I don't feel quite happy about things like that; but it's true. I want to be reasonable. Perhaps I need a fur coat for warmth sometimes. Well, I've got one. But I don't need to buy fur coats galore just because I have the money. I'm not a vegetarian, either. But I don't eat much meat; and I eat less and less meat as I grow older."

"AS FOR spending money, there are beautiful ways of doing it; and I try to find some of them. I don't want great wealth for myself. But I'll admit that I want comfort. And comfort to me means quality, not quantity. I could be happy in a log cabin—if it was bright and cheerful and clean. I hate disorder."

She made a gesture which took in the room, where the maid had been interrupted in the midst of packing.

"I don't want a lot of elaborate food. But what I do have I want to be nicely served. I remember that when I was a child we had some dishes that had violets painted on them. I hated to eat off those dishes, because it struck me as ridiculous to be having food served on violets! I love flowers. I love them too much," she laughed, "to eat bacon and eggs off them."

"Poverty is not beautiful," she went on thoughtfully. "But there is a wonderful thing about it: If you are poor, you want so many things; and you want them with your whole heart and soul! When you want things that way you work for them, struggle for them, fight for them. I don't believe anyone ever gets what is really worth while without struggling for it. And poverty gives you the incentive to make the effort."

"You've told me the most thrilling experience you've had," I said. "How about the most amusing one?"

"Well—I don't know," She thought it over for a moment. "Probably the things that happened to me when I was so desperately poor would seem funny to other people. But they seem tragic to

# Old English Wax

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Old English Wax brings out the hidden charm of the wood in a mellow, velvety lustre. Such a finish is hard, lasting, and proof against scratches and heel-marks. Once waxed, the floors will retain their beauty for a lifetime with only an occasional "touching up" of the places most used.

## Wax floors the new, easy way

Just as easily as you push a carpet-sweeper, so can you use the *Old English Waxer-Polisher*. It does two things—waxes, then polishes the floor. Of course, a soft cloth will always be a satisfactory way to apply wax and polish the floor. But the *Waxer-Polisher* is quicker, easier, and uses less wax.

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Old English waxed floors look expensive—but are not. Old English Wax is made with a large proportion of hard, high-grade, imported wax, so it goes farther, lasts longer, and therefore costs about one-third of other finishes.

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☐ Send me your free book, "Beautiful Floors, Woodwork, and Furniture—Their Finish and Care."  
☐ Send me, all other—send, an *Old English Waxer-Polisher* with a Can of Wax Free at the usual time—send me a 25¢ gift—Denver and Wichita, Co., Canada, 24, 50, Winnipeg and West, 2007, which I desire.

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**TYPEWRITERS**

me. Douglas says I have a 'Canadian sense of humor,' which I don't think is intended to be complimentary," she said with a laugh. "I'll tell you! Let's ask him!"

Opening the door into the next room, she said, "Has anything funny ever happened to me, Douglas?"

There was a brief pause; then came the cryptic reply: "Marie Pinkerton!"

"Of course you'd say that?" she exclaimed with a little grimace, as she closed the door.

"That's the family joke," she said. "When Douglas and I were abroad, we had an Italian boatman one day who appeared to be very much interested in us. As a rule, everybody seemed to know all about us. But this man had to ask—and did. When he had found out who Douglas was, he wanted to know about me."

"Douglas became quite pompous. 'Why,' he said, 'my wife is Mary Pickford, the best-known woman in America!'"

"Is that so?" said the man. "Well, Mr. Fairbanks, you are of course very wonderful. But Marie Pinkerton! You will have to admit that she is even more famous than you are!"

## Spring Fever

(Continued from page 51)

ought to be known better, which fact makes it impossible to get any sympathy, even from ourself. Yes, spring is the time of the year when the office force commences to long for the great out-of-doors and tears off to the first Wild-West picture that shows at their theatre to revel in the clean air of Arizona. I personally myself advise they should actually put this impulse into railroad or jitney tickets every once in a while—there is no cure like a hair of the bug that bit you!

Not that I have got anything against the country except the taxes. Not much, the country is where I live 99¼ per cent of the time. I am merely pointing out where strong medicine should be taken only in small doses by them who are not used to it, especially these days when you never know what you are getting because while the bootlegger himself may be perfectly honest, why somebody may have put it over on him see, as George so truly says! I like the country best, even in spring when the roads is so bad and it's hard to get any decent canned vegetables on account they have not stocked up yet for the summer visitors, and you can't decide whether or not to take off the storm-door for you don't trust this weather because it's most unusual, same as it always is. Indeed I do love the country and I only come to New York whenever I get the opportunity.

In the good old days when things were not like they are now but a whole lot worse, housecleaning, sulphur and molasses and a young man's fancy used to be featured heavily in all spring scenarios. How I look back on those splendid, by-gone times when Mother used to worry the heavy parlor carpet with a vigorous broom, hounding the dust from corner to corner and back again, finally the both of them giving it up just about where they had started, exhausted yet happy, for all





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For about four dollars you can put a durable, weatherproof, heat proof and *waterproof* coat of Valspar Enamel on your Ford Sedan! For about two dollars you can buy enough for an open Ford. You will give it that "spruced up" appearance that makes people stop and wonder when you got the new car.

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**Radiola V or Radiola RC Complete \$142.50**

**The New Way:** Complete for dry battery operation, including three new type WD-12 Radiotron vacuum tubes; pair of head telephones; "A" battery consisting of three dry cells; "B" battery consisting of three 22½ volt units. \$142.50.

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A long distance receiver built for a life time—ruggedly—solidly. A sensitive detector, with two stages of amplification. Mahogany finished—attractive—and simple to operate.

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was just as before. How I look back at it and down on it and everything!

As for sulphur and molasses, well I never saw both in the same place at one time. But I thought I had better mention them to make the story sound kind of complete.

In our family we don't do spring house-cleaning. In fact we don't do any at all. The Whoosis Vacuum Co. does it every once or twice in a while when we can think of and afford it both at once. George says in his lucid intervals that I am a perfect wife, because I leave things lay so he can find them where they fell. Under pressure he will even admit that the most of the things I have to find for him, why he cleaned them up himself!

I don't suppose our family is average, but I will mention here one very peculiar fact that I have noticed about us and spring, which is that, while all the year around you got a feeling the garage men is not as truthful as some, why in the spring you know it. Every autumn they will tell you that the spring is the best time to sell a second-hand car, and it listens like reason. But when spring spreads forth her challenge to long underwear why we find out that the garage-man was and is what Geo. Wash. was and is so well noted for not being. The truth of the matter is that the best time to sell a second-hand car is a year from whatever time it is when you want to sell it.

When I was so much younger than I am now that I used to make out I was older, a person could detect signs of spring in millinery shops, and a part of that ½ melancholy x dreamy = restless feeling in the part of females located just below the neck, was due not to spring per se, as the French say, but the fault of the milliners, which they would deliberately go and fill up their windows with the kind of reasons why girls leave home. A person could tell it was going to be Easter pretty soon just by looking at the straw hats all trimmed with flowers and California fruit. But now-a-days there is no use trying to check up the calendar that way because straw hats for females don't come into demand much after Jan. 1st and the Easter millinery will all very likely have fur around the brims to keep the women's brains warm. Well, I don't want to make no personal remarks especially in print, but I will say that at my Thursday bridge club I have seen reasons for them hats, and where a woman which was your friend until she was your bridge-partner and even kept it up until she reneged, well, in such a case, winter or summer their head is apt to remain solid ice unless protected properly.

A few other remarks could be passed about spring, such as ain't it curious how dagoes will spend hours of it digging dandelions out of your lawn free gratis for nothing, when later in the season you couldn't hire these same ones to do it for love nor money. Or a person, if they hadn't been told not to bother writing the article might say that spring is another of the times when you find out that skirts is going to be a different length and that the cook is leaving, because both observations is pretty safe for any season.

But if in spite of instructions not to write no article on spring, a person was to go ahead and do it anyways, why it would





The crate on the left is one of several crates designed for a manufacturer of automotive axles. It takes the place of the crate shown on the right.

The advantages of the new crate are: a marked saving in lumber; a considerable decrease in weight; more rigid construction; prevention of side play; better protection for the drum; lessened labor cost.

A further instance of what Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are doing for shippers every day.



## Better Crates with Less Lumber

**A** YEAR'S experience with our special Crating Service has brought out one very significant fact.

It doesn't pay a concern to be too sure that its crating practices cannot be improved.

Some of the most startling savings our Crating Engineers have effected, have been made for concerns who were entirely satisfied with the containers they were using.

A year's work among many industries in many parts of the country has proved that in the great majority of cases our Crating Engineers have been able to build better crates with less lumber. And where savings in lumber have not been possible they have built stronger crates and effected other savings of equal importance.

**H**ERE in brief is the story of the two crates pictured above:

The new crate, designed to carry a 3-ton truck axle, requires 36.3 feet less lumber—a saving of 52%.

It weighs 112 pounds less than the old crate.

These two items represent a saving of \$2.02 per crate.

Labor cost is reduced approximately 50%.

The structural advantages of the new crate over the old one can readily be seen: the lock corner construction makes it stronger and more rigid; the notches in the end members prevent the side play which often weakened the old crate in transit; redesigning of the side members

affords better protection to the brake drum.

Shippers who have adopted scientific crating report other advantages—of perhaps even greater importance than factory savings. It eliminates damage claims and speeds up collections. It decreases sales resistance and so gives the salesman a new selling tool. Safe packing builds good will.

**T**HE services of Weyerhaeuser Crating Engineers are offered to executives of business concerns—by appointment on request.

There is no charge for this service. This organization feels that the position of lumber as the standard material for shipping containers imposes the obligation to deliver 100% value with every foot of lumber we sell.

For crating purposes, this organization supplies from its fifteen distributing points, ten different kinds of crating lumber, of uniform quality and in quantities ample for any shipper's needs.

A booklet, "Better Crating," which outlines the principles of crate construction and explains the personal service of Weyerhaeuser Engineers, will be sent on request to any manufacturer who uses crating lumber.

Weyerhaeuser Forest Products are distributed through the established trade channels by the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company, Spokane, Washington, with branch offices at 208 South La Salle Street, Chicago; 220 Broadway, New York; Lexington Building, Baltimore; and 2694 University Ave., St. Paul; and with representatives throughout the country.



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# Do you buy your bedding as intelligently as your clothes?

When you purchase a suit, a dress or a coat, you insist on knowing exactly what you are getting—all-wool, silk, linen or cotton.

When you buy a mattress and spring, does the same intelligent care and knowledge of the best materials guide your choice?

Yet the garment is worn for only a season or two, while the bed—good or bad—settles for many years to come whether you enjoy deep, strength-restoring rest or suffer broken, irregular sleep and all its serious consequences.

Set aside enough time today to call on your furniture dealer and examine the Simmons springs and mattresses he has provided in a wide variety of styles and prices to suit any income.

Test them all. Compare the bed you are using with a Simmons spring and mattress of fresh and buoyant *new* material, that fully meet your ideas, needs and tastes.

Then decide for yourself whether vigor, energy and personal success are not worth more than the cost of Simmons sleep comfort.

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# From the Great White Way to the Great White Spaces

Get away from the grind of your daily routine. James Oliver Curwood is waiting to take you, while you sit in your easy chair, to the magic outdoors of the great Northwest, where thrilling adventures make your blood run fast.

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COME to the great magic land of the Northwest—come where the breath of Romance stirs in the blood of men and women—come to the land of adventure, strange, enchanting, wondrous. Stand under the great open sky—gaze at the wondrous Red Moon and the North Star—hear the cry of the wolf pack—thrill to the magic of the forests—sit by the soft glow of the camp-fire—come to the top of the world and feel the spell of the vast

white wilderness! You do not have to stir out of your easy chair to do it.

James Oliver Curwood takes you to the North Country, where splendid adventures are always happening—where romance steadily spins her golden web of enchantment. Here is great drama, played by great and fearless men who quicken your red blood and lift you clear of care and worry, carrying you far and happily into Adventureland!

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"The Hunted Woman," "Baree, Son of Kazan," "God's Country and the Woman,"  
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There never was a writer with the compelling power of James Oliver Curwood. His books have that gripping, brutal interest of big things done in a big way. Whether you read about "Baree, Son of Kazan," the story of the little Indian wolf-dog, or about "The Hunted Woman," the appeal fairly takes you by the heart. You find yourself gripped by the great writer's power. As his hand has done before, he brings to you the atmosphere of the North, the appeal and mystery of

the wilderness, the power of man and the overpowering domination of great, untamed natural forces.

Here are the houses and tragedy, the great and dramatic of a great and glorious country. More than 1,000,000 copies of these books have been sold. The tales have been masterfully made by moving picture companies.

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# These men made your telephone



*Japanese.* Prepares the silk used in the covering on the telephone cord.

*British Indian.* A swarthy miner of mica—insulation inside the telephone.

*Brazilian.* He drains rubber from a tree. Rubber forms the case of the receiver.



*Irishman* raises flax, from which is made linen paper—used in the condenser.



*Pennsylvanian* coal miner. Grains of coal, inside the transmitter, are the vocal cords of your telephone.

*Russian.* He mines the noble metal, platinum, used in your telephone.

*Egyptian.* We must go to the Nile Valley for certain cottons used to insulate wires.



## —and the workman at Chicago

FROM a slab of rubber, a bundle of vegetable and animal fibres and a curious medley of minerals brought from every corner of the world, this man's skill produces a marvel of precision and ruggedness—your telephone.

He is one of 28,000 men and women at the Western Electric works in Chicago. As makers of telephones and the countless items of telephone apparatus, they are setting the standard for the whole world.

## Western Electric

Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

No. 2 of a series on radio materials.



Amid strange scenes in strange lands, the picturesque types above are gathering some of the 19 materials needed to make your telephone.

*Alaskan.* Your telephone needs gold too, and here's the man who digs it.



what goes on in his men's minds and hearts when they're away from work. One's home life has a whale of a lot to do with one's efficiency.

"Several years ago one of my drivers, a man with a top-notch record, ran into an expensive limousine. The automobile was badly smashed, and we got a big bill for repairs. The investigations of the foreman and superintendent showed that the accident had resulted from nothing but downright carelessness on the part of the driver. So his discharge was ordered.

"Now, I have a rule that any man who is discharged from this company has a right to appeal to me personally. And if he doesn't appeal to me I'm likely to send for him. Which was just what I did in this case.

"Now, tell me all about it, Jim," I said, when the driver had drawn up his chair.

"There's nothing to tell, Mr. Ritchie," he said, his voice getting a bit husky. "I was to blame. I haven't got a leg to stand on. My mind was wandering, and I never saw the blooming machine until I had crashed into it."

"But, Jim, if you weren't thinking of your driving, what were you thinking of?" I persisted.

"Well, Mr. Ritchie, if you must know, I was trying to puzzle out what I could do. You see, my wife's sick and ought to be in the hospital, and doctors' bills have been heavy, and I haven't got the money to send her there, and—" The tears came into his eyes.

"COULD you blame that poor chap for letting his mind wander? And to think that we almost fired him!... What did we do? Why, we sent his wife to the hospital and sent him to the country for a fortnight. She came back well, and he came back happy, and he remained there after one of our best drivers!

"Just from a selfish standpoint, it's to our interest to see that our men and their families are healthy and out of trouble, to see that they lack none of the irreducible fundamentals of sound living.

"Our men and their wives know that this interest of ours is genuine. That's why they respond to it. And, let me tell you, it's a good thing for any company to stand in right with the women-folks in the homes of its workers. If industrial misunderstandings arise, it's the wife who says, 'Here's your pail, Bill! Take it and go to work. The company's been square with you, and it's up to you to stick by it!' Or else, 'They've trimmed you, Bill, every chance they've had. Now here's where you can get back at 'em! Don't worry about me and the children. We'll make out all right.' And Bill is pretty likely to do what she tells him."

Ritchie is one of those big-hearted individuals who are never quite so happy as when they are doing something for someone. He is continually furnishing free rides in his busses to convalescing ex-service men, delegations from orphan asylums and old folks' homes, and other inmates of hospitals and social service institutions.

Not so long ago a school-teacher in the slum districts was anxious that a score of her shut-in youngsters should have a chance to tour the city in a bus. However, none of them could afford to pay more than ten cents for the ride. Ritchie turned a car over to the little troop. When



## Look Tomorrow

Note the glistening teeth you see

Wherever you look you can see, if you will, the evidence of a new dental era.

Millions of people are brushing teeth in a new way. Not in America only, but all the world over. For leading dentists of some fifty nations are advising this new method.

### The war on film

Dingy teeth and most tooth troubles have been traced to film.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. Then, unless removed, it forms cloudy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many serious troubles.

### Became alarming

The situation became alarming. Tooth troubles constantly increased until very few escaped. Beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

So dental science began a search for effective film combatants. Two were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

**Pepsodent** PAT. OFF.  
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, which whitens, cleans and protects the teeth without the use of harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

Able authorities proved these methods efficient. Then dentists everywhere began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern requirements. Those two great film combatants were embodied in it.

The name of that tooth paste is Pepsodent. And wherever careful people live it is being used today.

### Fights acids, too

Pepsodent also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Pepsodent, with every use, multiplies their power.

### Easy to prove

Pepsodent quickly proves itself. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

If you watch the results for a single week, you will want them always. Cut out the coupon now.

### Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

**10-Day Tube Free** 1061

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## DIFFERENT from ALL OTHERS!

Mouth acidity is the cause of most dental disease and decay. Dentists and physicians have prescribed Squibb's Milk of Magnesia for years to neutralize acidity, and as a protection for the teeth and gums. No product ever employed does this as effectively and as safely as milk of magnesia!

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them clean and attractive! You can use Squibb's Dental Cream with absolute confidence, knowing that it embraces every principle that dental authorities declare essential for the care of the teeth and gums!

It polishes the teeth beautifully! It neutralizes mouth acidity—and in this way helps to prevent tooth decay, pyorrhea and other dental diseases, and it does this safely and pleasantly—no other dental cream can possibly do more!

Prove it yourself! Mail the coupon below for a free trial-size tube.

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Mail this coupon, properly filled out, to:  
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the long ride was over he ordered the driver to stop at a fashionable restaurant. Here the children were treated to all the ice cream they wanted.

The company received two dollars and twenty cents in fares. Ritchie's ice-cream bill was exactly thirty-three dollars.

Whenever a service complaint is received, "Smiling Jack" Ritchie personally dictates the company's reply. He has a gift for letter writing very reminiscent of that for which the late Mayor Gaynor, of New York, was famous. In his letters one finds the same homely philosophy—as well as the occasional sharp barb that leaves no sting. If the investigation of a complaint shows that the conductor or the driver was not at fault, Ritchie stands squarely behind him. In the event of unjustified and unprovoked abuse, he does not mince words. To the writer of one savage letter he replied in part:

Your spleenful designation of the conductor (although he was partly wrong) as a "stupid fool" rather aroused my resentment—a resentment that gradually melted into sympathy as I realized that with a disposition as cantankerous as that displayed in your letter, what an utterly unhappy and lonesome individual you must be!

Then there occurred to my mind the legend of an old European innkeeper had inscribed on the wall of his inn: "You will find at Trochate excellent bread, meat and wine—provided you bring them with you."

This philosophy is equally true with courtesy and respectful attention and consideration, provided, again, that you take these excellent things with you wherever you go; in which event, you will invariably find everyone you meet as respectful, polite, and courteous as you yourself.

THERE are many more letters of a similar tenor—showing both a sense of justice and a sense of humor. Ritchie dearly loves a joke, and he laughed merrily as he told me a number of little incidents that he had heard from his men.

"One afternoon," he said, "a conductor, as he was collecting the fares on top of a full car, noticed a little youngster in his mother's lap who was watching him eagerly and crowing at each tinkle of the bell that followed the insertion of a dime into his automatic receiver. After making the rounds, the conductor had got half way down-stairs when he was called back by the woman with the child.

"'Young man,' she asked, 'won't you let Baby have your bank to play with? He just loves to hear the bell ring!'

"But we've had stranger requests than that. I remember the case of one woman who asked the conductor if he had a city telephone directory, and seemed rather indignant when he told her that he hadn't. What she expected to do with a telephone book while riding on a bus was a secret that she did not reveal.

"Perhaps the most extraordinary of all incidents, however, occurred a while ago on one of our most fashionable routes. A well-dressed woman who was strolling along the sidewalk suddenly held up her hand in signal for a passing bus to stop. As the driver brought the big car to halt, she walked leisurely up, put on daintily shod foot on the step, tied her shoe lace, stepped back to the driveway with a pleasant smile and a 'Thank you'—and motioned for the bus to proceed.

"On another occasion, during a severe summer shower, a young woman asked





## The Gulbransen Educates, Inspires, Entertains

*Your son—your daughter—*will take the Gulbransen right into their hearts and lives. First playing for the pure love of fun, they will unconsciously progress to an understanding and appreciation of the very best in music.

*You—wife—and you, yourself—*after the day's cares, need mental and moral stimulation. Surely the Gulbransen, playing delightfully any piece of music you wish to hear, provides that.

The Gulbransen entertains—and educates and inspires as it entertains. It will lift you out of the rut, broaden your vision, and make for higher ideals in your home life.

The Gulbransen is easy to play—and easy to play *well*. You'll be surprised how quickly you become skilled—how soon you learn to bring out the very soul of music. Four simple Instruction Rolls easily teach you how.

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Count the  
Pedal Strokes on  
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Over 100,000 Sold  
and More

**Send This Baby for a Baby**  
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Mail to Gulbransen-Dickinson Co.,  
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# GULBRANSEN

## The Player-Piano



## THE SHRINE

## OF CLEANLINESS



**L**ITTLE worshipers at the shrine of cleanliness, performing their devotions with soap and brush and towel . . . learning unconsciously, as Youth always learns best, the lesson that will serve them all their lives . . .

What better school can they attend than the modern bathroom? And what stronger urge can one have to make the bathroom the finest room in the house? Nothing can be too good for the home's shrine of cleanliness.

To have a bathroom fitted with Kohler Ware is to realize a deep-seated ideal of what is due to self and family. No fixtures more completely express the present-day standard of worth

and beauty in bathroom equipment.

In every city there are good plumbing dealers who have known Kohler quality for years and who will gladly advise you. You will find, we surmise, that Kohler Ware is much less expensive than you supposed, and that for a moderate investment you can have the bathroom you have pictured.

If it is an *extra* bathroom that you most desire, put it to the Kohler dealer to discover the surprisingly small space that will suffice.

\* \*

May we send you our booklet of Kohler Ware for bathroom, kitchen and laundry?

**KOHLER**

Look for the name "KOHLER" inconspicuously fused into the enamel of every Kohler fixture. It is your guaranty of genuineness and of these distinctive Kohler qualities — (1) the beautiful snowy whiteness of the durable Kohler enamel (2) the uniformity of that whiteness in every Kohler fixture

# KOHLER OF KOHLER

Kohler Co., Founded 1873, Kohler, Wisconsin - Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wisconsin  
BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

MANUFACTURERS OF ENAMELED PLUMBING WARE AND KOHLER AUTOMATIC POWER AND LIGHT 110 VOLT D. C.



the conductor if he would not have the driver run her over to her home, more than three blocks off the route, in order that she might not ruin her new hat. The conductor explained patiently that, while the car did not run on rails, it could hardly be considered part of its contract to go three blocks off its beaten route, particularly with twenty or thirty other passengers aboard. She appeared very disappointed.

"At one of our busiest corners an elderly woman, richly dressed, started to board the car with a big Newfoundland dog which she had on leash. The conductor informed her politely that no dogs were allowed to ride.

"Very well," she said, with a resigned air, "I'll let him run behind. But you must instruct your driver not to go too fast, and not to get in very heavy traffic, for Prince has a sore foot that interferes with his running."

"As in all transportation companies, a goodly percentage of our men are Irish, and frequently they manage to save a situation with a jest. On last Washington's Birthday afternoon a well-loaded bus drew up at a busy corner. Two women, one elderly and the other young and good-looking, started to get aboard.

"One seat on top, one seat inside!" called out the driver.

"My dear man," expostulated the elder woman, "you wouldn't separate a daughter from her mother, would you?"

"Sure an' I wouldn't!" he grinned, giving two bells for the car to move on. "I did it once in my life, and I've been regretting it ever since!"

**RITCHIE** was born forty-four years ago in Halifax, Nova Scotia. He was the only boy in a family of seven. His father, a brawny Scotchman, served as engineer on small Cunard liners plying between Nova Scotia and South America.

When Ritchie was three years old his father gave up the sea and brought his family to Brooklyn, New York. Two years later he moved to Freeport, Illinois, where for a short time he held an important position in an infant beet-sugar enterprise. Presently the enterprise collapsed—and it proved to be the last steady job that the former engineer was destined to hold.

Ritchie's childhood was far from happy. So tongue-tied that no one but his mother could understand him, he always felt ill at ease in the presence of strangers. It was only after long, patient practice in slow speaking and singing, under his mother's constant guidance, that he finally mastered his impediment, and was able, at the age of nine, to enter school.

During his brief period of schooling, the boy managed, by selling papers, mowing lawns, picking berries, and husking corn in the local canning factory, to earn enough money to pay for his clothing and books and to give his mother some slight assistance in her struggle to make ends meet. At fourteen he left school altogether, to become office boy for a local manufacturing concern. His wage was three dollars a week.

To the healthy, high-spirited boy, the dull round of licking stamps, sweeping floors, running errands, and copying correspondence in the big letter press eventually became irksome. The most interesting feature of this phase of his career



## Some Will Keep Their Youth and Beauty

The bride who starts with old, out-of-date kitchen methods that make work hard and hours long, will probably leave her charm in the kitchen.

But if she starts with modern, time- and labor-saving appliances in her kitchen she will save herself many weary hours and many heartaches. One of the most important needs in any kitchen is a modern kitchen cabinet.

The wide preference for the Sellers is due not only to its beauty, but to the wealth of labor-saving features which have been developed by Sellers and which are combined in no other cabinet.

There are, for example, the Automatic Lowering Flour Bin; the Automatic Base Shelf Extender; the Sanitary, Acid-Proof, Porcelain Work Table; Extending Table Drawer Section; the Special Silverware Drawer; Ant-Proof Casters and many others.

See the local dealer who carries the Sellers. He will tell you that a Sellers, even with its many conveniences, costs no more than any good cabinet. And most dealers will gladly arrange terms to suit your income. If you do not recall the Sellers dealer, please write to us.

G. I. SELLERS & SONS Co., Elwood, Indiana  
Canadian Branch: Sellers Kitchen Cabinets, Brantford, Canada



Automatic Base Shelf Extender  
—Now brings base shelf and contents forward within easy reach.

If you are going to build have your architect plan for a Sellers. Free kitchen plans sent upon request.

# SELLERS

## KITCHEN CABINETS



# CURTIS Woodwork



The makers of Curtis Woodwork  
guarantee complete satisfaction to all users.  
"We're not satisfied unless you are."

Like other fine products, Curtis Woodwork is patented. But only the genuine carries with the trademark "Curtis" and the year "1866," when Curtis Woodwork first appeared.

Only the genuine gives the quality and proven value which is the direct result of Curtis' plan. The only way you are sure of getting it is by looking for the Curtis trademark.

Curtis Woodwork is manufactured on the principles of large production and rigid inspection, careful workmanship, and lowest cost.

For your local Curtis dealer show you the Curtis trademark. Or write to the Curtis Co., 453, Clinton, Iowa.

## What Kind of Woodwork Do You Like?

Now-a-days you can choose it as you do your furniture or automobiles

**WOMEN** will spend days selecting beautiful rugs, pictures or china.

How much more important is their choice of woodwork, which gives the home its character, affords a setting for all its treasures and lasts a lifetime!

Today, at slight expense, you can enjoy the woodwork and built-in pieces that once graced only mansions.

This has been made possible by quantity production. Curtis designs are drawn by famous New York architects. The same careful selection of woods is made, and the same skillful workmanship prevails as if the woodwork were for you alone—only modern, automatic machinery reduces the former high cost of production.

The stairway shown on this page illustrates the refinements that are apparent in any piece of Curtis Woodwork you may select. Every detail of this stair is completed at the factory. Your carpenters save hours of labor, and need only to set it up. Each piece comes marked. No nails mar its appearance, as the treads are wedged into the risers. The balusters dovetail into the treads, making a foundation that holds the hand rail strong and firm.

Whether you merely want a door or a bookcase—or woodwork for an entire house, it will pay you to look over the designs at your local Curtis dealers. If intending to build, he can get you a \$1 plan book free.



Entrance C-105. Did you know there are 28 standard types of entrances? You will find one to suit you in our free booklet "Entrances and Exterior Doors."



Mantel C-547. Suitable for the Colonial or English home. There is a type of fireplace for every home, so you will find by asking for our free booklet on "Permanent Furniture."

# 1866 CURTIS

Send This Coupon for Valuable Information

The Curtis Co.'s Service Bureau, Dept. 453, Clinton, Iowa  
Send me the Plan Books checked below. If they do not meet my requirements I will exchange or return them in good condition in ten days for my money.

Vol. XI	39 homes—bungalows	\$1.00
Vol. XII	39 homes—1½ and 2 story	1.00
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Vol. XVII	39—7 room homes	1.00
Vol. XVIII	25—8 room homes	1.00

NOTE—The Curtis dealer in your town can obtain any of these plan books for you free of charge. If you prefer, present this coupon to him.

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was the manner of his quitting it. At the end of two years he was discharged for throwing wet copying rags at his boss's demure young secretary.

His next job was as stock and shipping clerk for a manufacturer of hardware novelties. This brought him into contact with the railroad. The bustle and bigness of the transportation field touched his imagination, and at the age of eighteen he left his factory job to start in pushing baggage trucks at the Freeport station of the Illinois Central Railroad. From this time the support of the family fell entirely upon his shoulders.

While juggling baggage for fourteen or fifteen hours a day, Ritchie felt the first summons of a definite ambition. He decided that he would like to get out of overalls and become cashier of the Freeport station. Realizing that he needed more education to hold down such a position, he began to attend night school.

During his service as a baggage man, the hardships of his lot, together with the periodical cuts in pay and lay-offs without notice, to which most of the railroad workers were subject, fired Ritchie with a sense of injustice. Not only did he become a radical union labor man, but he took a solemn oath that if ever he got in a position of authority he would treat his men as he himself would like to be treated.

**FROM** the time he finished his night-school course, Ritchie forged rapidly ahead. Within a few years he was promoted from truck pusher to warehouse foreman, freight clerk, billing clerk, night ticket agent, general night ticket agent, and finally yardmaster at Freeport. The fact that he had studied stenography and bookkeeping at night school made possible his subsequent promotion to division accountant. Later he became chief clerk to the superintendent of the Freeport Division.

Before long Ritchie demonstrated that he had a genuine genius for analyzing figures. In those days, steam railroad costs were arrived at in rather a hit-or-miss fashion. The young Scotchman decided that every item of railroad operating expense should be trailed to its lair, and charged definitely against the department or departments responsible for it. Moreover, he was able to take a tangled mass of data and reduce it to such simple terms that any intelligent worker could understand it. Presently he was given a free rein in this field, with the self-created title of "operating statistician."

Eventually John F. Wallace, vice president of the Illinois Central, transferred Ritchie to his own office, where he could take the whole road as his field of investigation. Here he made a study of every angle of operation. His researches attracted national attention.

In 1907, twenty-seven vice presidents and comptrollers of important steam railroad lines in the United States were summoned to Washington to give testimony before a Congressional commission. Ritchie was also asked to attend—as the sole representative of the practical operating men of the country. The range and comprehension of what he had to say on the stand was probably the high light of the entire hearing.

At this time Theodore P. Shonts had just finished his work as chairman of the





## Woman's Work is Simplified— Time, Strength and Money Saved



C. H. LEONARD

Wide-awake women are delighted to learn how the Leonard saves and serves; how it makes meal-planning easy, saves time and toil, and gives the housewife extra hours for rest and recreation. The Leonard will keep your meats, salads, vegetables and fruits fresh, sweet and clean.

Ten walls of insulation are built into the Leonard to prevent the cold escaping and heat entering. Ice lasts longer in the Leonard—another great economy.

The Leonard food chamber is one piece triple-coated with porcelain. No seams or cracks. No scratch can mar it. Corners are

rounded. Porcelain extends clear around the door frame. Easy to clean. Many other Leonard perfections. Furnished with water coolers and outside icing doors when desired.

One out of every six refrigerators sold is made by Leonard. It's real economy to get your refrigerator one size larger than you think you need. Ask why before you buy.

See the nearest Leonard dealer. If you cannot find him, write us and we will see that you are supplied.

## Leonard CLEANABLE Refrigerator

*"Like a Clean China Dish"*

Send for actual sample of porcelain, and catalog illustrating over 75 styles and sizes of refrigerators. Mr. Leonard's own booklet on "Selection and Care of Refrigerators" will be mailed, too.

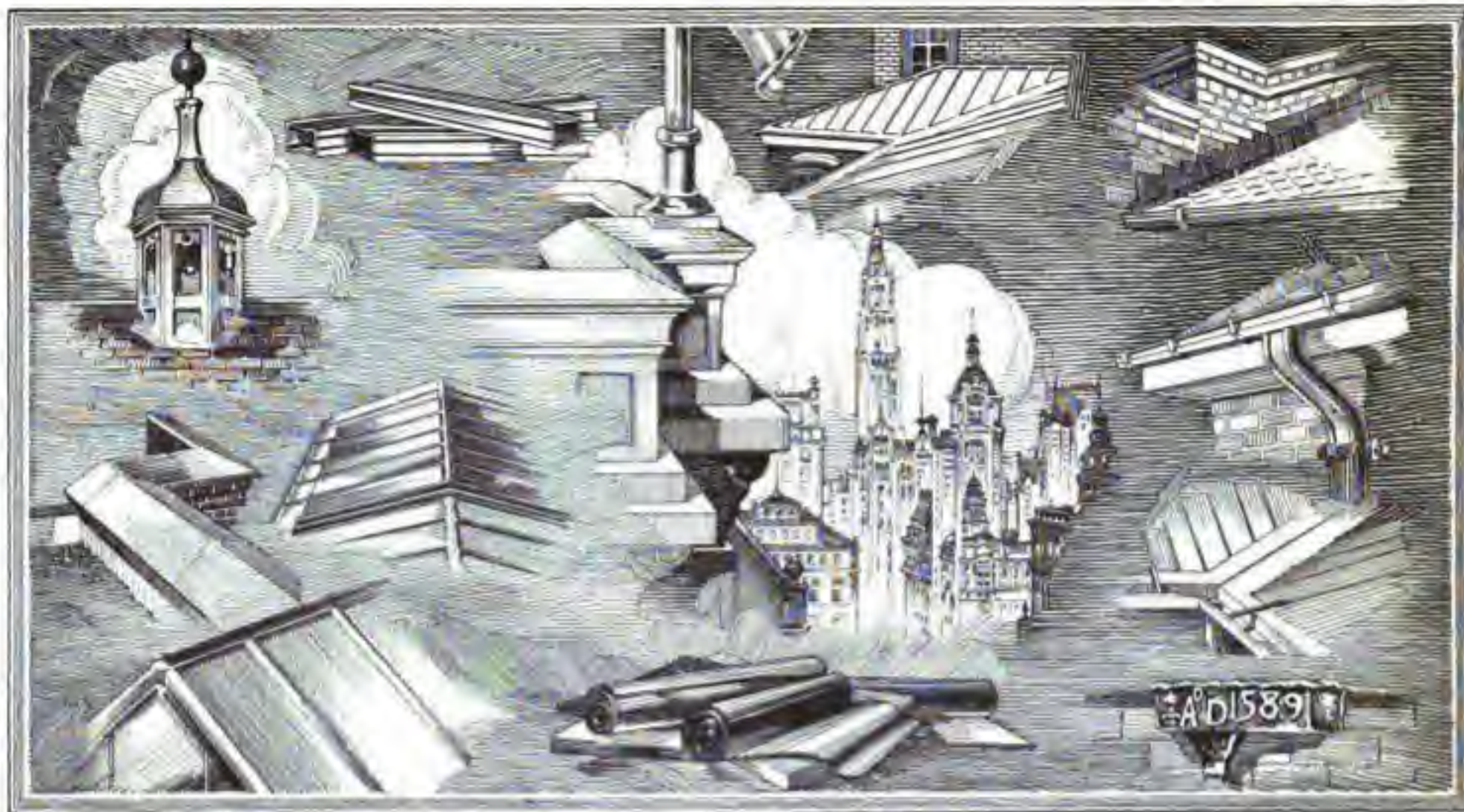
*There is a Leonard size and style to suit every purse*

**Grand Rapids Refrigerator Company**  
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*Be sure the refrigerator you buy is made in Grand Rapids, the fine furniture center of the world*







## There's no wear-out to lead

**W**EATHER and time have no effect on lead. You can place it underground and leave it there for centuries. Or you can put it on top of the tallest building and subject it to every attack of wind, rain, and storm.

For roofs of buildings and for rain-water drainage, lead has been used for several centuries. A leaded dome dated 1553 still stands intact on Barnard's Inn Hall, in London. On an outer wall of Windsor Castle, England, a pipe-head made of lead has served since 1589. The cathedrals of France have been protected by lead roofs since mediæval times.

### Lead on the roof

Lead in the form of Hoyt Hardlead sheeting is used on many buildings today where permanent, water-tight roofs are desired. This lead hardened with a little antimony has less weight per foot than ordinary metallic lead. It is rust-proof and lasts longer than any other metal suitable for the same purpose.

This same hard lead is employed in other ways than as sheeting for roofs. On many of the finest buildings in this country are pipe-heads, leader pipes and bands, gutters, hangers, flashings, copings, made of lead to insure protection against rain and storm. This lead is also used in the construction of skylight framework and ornamental figures.

These are parts that are usually costly and difficult to renew. But make them of lead and after the first cost there is no other.

### Keeping this lead in place

These building products are not only made of lead, but lead in the cinch expansion bolt assists in fastening them to the building. These bolts and lead-coated screws and nails help to secure gutters, bands, and other parts of the lead drainage system to the walls. And they do not pull out.

### Where you know lead best

There are a hundred-and-one other uses to which man has put lead. None of them, however, is so familiar as that of lead as paint. Tons of pure metallic lead are corroded every day to produce the white-lead that protects the outside walls of thousands of houses.

Manufacturers know the value of white-lead in making paint and use white-lead as the principal ingredient in the paint they make. The professional painter puts on what he

"Save the surface and you save all" — Dutch Boy

calls "lead-in-oil," which is pure white-lead mixed with pure linseed oil.

Property owners are becoming more and more aware of the necessity of protecting their houses against deterioration. "Save the surface and you save all" is a truth wise men do not deny. And they are saving the surface and their investments with white-lead paint, which is impervious to moisture and adds indefinitely to the life of a building.

### Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy you see here is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.



Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flattening oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among the other products manufactured by National Lead Company are came lead, litharge, lead wire, shot, lead wool, and lead plumbing materials.

### More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York Boston Cincinnati San Francisco  
Cleveland Buffalo Chicago St. Louis

JOHN T. LEWIS & BROS. CO., Philadelphia  
NATIONAL LEAD & OIL CO., Pittsburgh



Isthmian Canal Commission and was on his way to New York, where he had been called to take charge of the tremendous transportation problems involved in the metropolitan maze of subways, elevated railroads, and surface lines. A recognized leader in the railroad field, Shonts had retained his interests in the Chicago and Alton, the Iowa Central, the Minneapolis and St. Louis, and the Toledo, St. Louis and Western railroads, while he had been bossing the digging of the "Big Ditch." So he stopped off at Washington to consult with several of the executives at the conference.

"You ought to drop in at the hearing and listen to this man Ritchie of the Illinois Central," Shonts was told. "He's the only operating man we have ever seen with a thorough understanding of railroad finances."

Shonts adopted the suggestion. For half a day he watched and listened to the young Scotchman from the Illinois Central. Then he left for New York. Several weeks later Ritchie received a telegram from Shonts asking if he could come to New York at once. The ensuing conference resulted in Ritchie serving for several years as Shonts's confidential adviser, both as to the finances and the operation of the lines under his control.

In addition to running the subways, elevated roads, and street-car lines, Shonts was a guiding force in the financial direction of the Fifth Avenue Coach Company. Worrying over the diminishing profits of the green bus lines, he made Ritchie president, with instructions to put the company back on its feet. Both men thought that the appointment was temporary. It turned out, however, that in this new job, with its intimate human associations, John A. Ritchie had found his real life work. The only reason he accepted the Chicago offer was because he felt that he was being given a wider opportunity for services.

## Have You Quit Asking Questions?

(Continued from page 41)

laboratory has come our ability to make dyes out of coal tar, and perfumes and flavoring extracts out of the same black, sticky refuse.

Out of the curious experiments of the laboratory at any time may come some discovery that may devastate the earth or change the entire conditions of the dispute between labor and capital; or some new force from the atom that shall relegate the steam engine and the gas engine to the scrap heap.

This is an age of research. And research is at least one-half monkeying.

We want our children to amount to something, to have forceful personalities. The degree of force that a person has depends entirely upon the amount of urge or desire there is in him. And chief among these urges is curiosity.

This urge may be frittered away, just as we can fritter away money or love. It may result in making us simply busybodies. When we run to the window to see who is calling at our neighbor's across the



## Know the Joy of A Smooth Healthy Skin

THE first step towards attaining a healthy skin is right living—spending hours in wholesome outdoor activities, etc. But the second, and equally important, is *proper* cleansing. Your skin is like a delicate fabric—easily injured by rough scrubbing or the use of a harsh, caustic soap. Why run the risk of hurting it by using anything that happens to be handy, when you know that Resinol Soap protects it?

Try this exceptional toilet soap for your complexion and see how gently yet thoroughly it cleanses the pores and helps to overcome skin defects. Take a Resinol bath and note the healthy glow that follows. Place it in the nursery and keep baby sweet, clean and contented.

A trial size cake will prove to you the delights of Resinol Soap. May we send you one free? Write Dept. 4-G, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

BUY RESINOL SOAP BY THE BOX FROM YOUR DRUGGIST OR TOILET GOODS DEALER

# Resinol Soap







HEINZ has developed a new delicious, prepared food—ready to heat and serve. A durum-wheat macaroni made by Heinz, cooked with a specially imported cheese and an appetizing mushroom sauce—a wonderful combination of food and flavor. You can serve it every day and for your best occasions. Try it; your grocer will refund purchase price if it fails to please you.

street, when we open and read another person's letter, when we listen in at a telephone conversation or peep through keyholes—that is curiosity run to waste.

It is a morbid curiosity that makes us like to read details of scandal in the newspaper and tattle about the intimate concerns of people that are none of our affair.

But we are guilty of loose thinking when for this reason we condemn all curiosity. For the desire to know is a precious and indispensable element of the human mind from which all great human achievement has arisen.

Robinson, in his interesting book "The Mind in the Making," tells of Galileo, whom he describes as a thoughtful youth and doubtless given to rich and varied revery. One day when seventeen years old he wandered into the cathedral of his native town Pisa. In the midst of his revery he looked up at the lamps hanging by long chains from the high ceiling of the church. Then something very difficult to explain occurred. He found himself no longer thinking of the building, the worshippers, or the services. As he watched the swinging lamps, he fell to wondering if their oscillations, whether long or short, did not occupy the same time. Then he tested this hypothesis by counting his pulse, for that was the only timepiece he had with him.

**T**HIS curiosity, however, was not enough to produce really creative thought. Others may have noticed the same thing, and yet nothing came of it. To be really creative, ideas have to be worked up and then "put over" so that they become a part of the body of useful knowledge. Out of Galileo's curiosity about the swaying lamps in the cathedral came the highly accurate pendulum clock. From this also came the successful refutation of the old notion of falling bodies.

Newton, whose curiosity was said to have been awakened by the falling of an apple, eventually proved that the moon and all the heavenly bodies were also falling, and discovered the great law of gravitation.

On the 28th of October, 1831, three hundred and fifty years after Galileo, a man named Faraday was wondering what would happen if he mounted a disk of copper between the poles of a horseshoe magnet. As the disk revolved an electric current was produced. This would doubtless have seemed to be the idlest kind of curiosity to the solid business men of the time, who were just then denouncing the child-labor bills in their anxiety to avail themselves of the full results of earlier "idle" curiosity. Yet out of Faraday's curious experiment have come the infinite applications of electricity as motive power which have transformed the world.

There is no doubt that one kind of people who hold humanity back, who impede necessary reforms and keep the world enslaved, is the class we call reactionaries. These are the obstructionists. Professor Robinson truly says that these are not merely the stupid masses, but the rationalizing theologians and most of the philosophers and moralists, all "busily, if unconsciously, engaged in ratifying existing ignorance and discouraging creative thought." The great trouble with these people is their lack of legitimate curiosity. They are satisfied with what is, and do not sufficiently want to know what it is.

And now the question comes home to each one of us: Am I sufficiently curious to be justified in calling myself alive? And is my curiosity trained so that I am curious about the right things and in the right way? Or do my curious instincts simply dribble away into idle and perhaps vicious channels. Here are a few tests:

Take it in your business. Are you curious enough to want to know all about that business and everything that pertains to it?

And do you realize that the knowledge that such curiosity obtains would be to you a great source of power?

If you are a clerk in a dry-goods store, have you ever wondered about the different goods you sell, the silk, the wool, and the cotton, and where they all come from?

There are many things which distinguish the able business man from the amateur, and not the least of these is the fact that the master of any business takes pain to inform himself about everything pertaining to it.

If you are a school-teacher, are you curious enough to find out the various theories of education and to examine and test them in your classroom? Did you ever wonder why some pupils are quick and some are slow, and why a certain child will learn one subject eagerly and be very stupid in others? Without a healthy and persistent curiosity you will be a very poor school-teacher.

If you are a mechanic, are you satisfied with just doing the duties that fall to you, or are you inquisitive upon the whole subject, and do you spend much of your spare time in digging into the mysteries of mechanics, reading all sorts of books, talking with well-informed people, and making curious experiments? Whether you are going to be a great mechanic or a little one depends very largely upon the amount of curiosity that is urging you.

If you are a parent, are you studying your children as interesting problems, making a note of their peculiarities and trying to find out why they exist and how to handle them? Do you know there is such a science as child training and a lot of books published upon the subject? Have you ever tried to find out the laws of child growth and the best methods of developing intellectual and moral strength in your child?

**A**ND there are few people who have better opportunities for indulging a legitimate curiosity and equipping themselves with useful knowledge than the traveling salesman. You are visiting all sorts of towns and meeting all kinds of people. Are you curious to note their differences? And do you study over them and try to find out from them the best way to handle men, and the best way to increase your own efficiency?

Take it in the matter of books: Every book is a challenge to your curiosity. It is all well enough to read a magazine or a novel, and to spend from fifteen minutes to two days pursuing a lot of fictitious characters and following an involved plot to find out how it all comes out. This is indulging your curiosity. It is not necessarily bad. Fiction has its educational value. But does this sort of thing exhaust all your curious impulse? If so, you are apt to become sloppy-minded and vacuous. The mind that is fed on fiction alone will become as anemic as a body that is



# COLOR



**L**UXEBERRY White Enamel does far more than lend an atmosphere of simplicity and charm to the breakfast room.

Wherever it is used in the home it serves an important scientific function—that of raising the degree of all colors used in conjunction with it and intensifying their natural warmth and beauty.

Refinish your woodwork with Luxeberry White Enamel. Your rugs and draperies will possess new depth of tone, your furniture added richness and the walls a freshness that will delight you.

Unless you use Luxeberry Enamel you cannot hope for Luxeberry effects. Luxeberry is the standard of comparison among enamel-makers—and is without equal.

Luxeberry Enamel is made in white and six rare color tones. It is the achievement of the makers of Liquid Granite Floor Varnish and Luxeberry Wood Finish, the original hard-oil varnish.

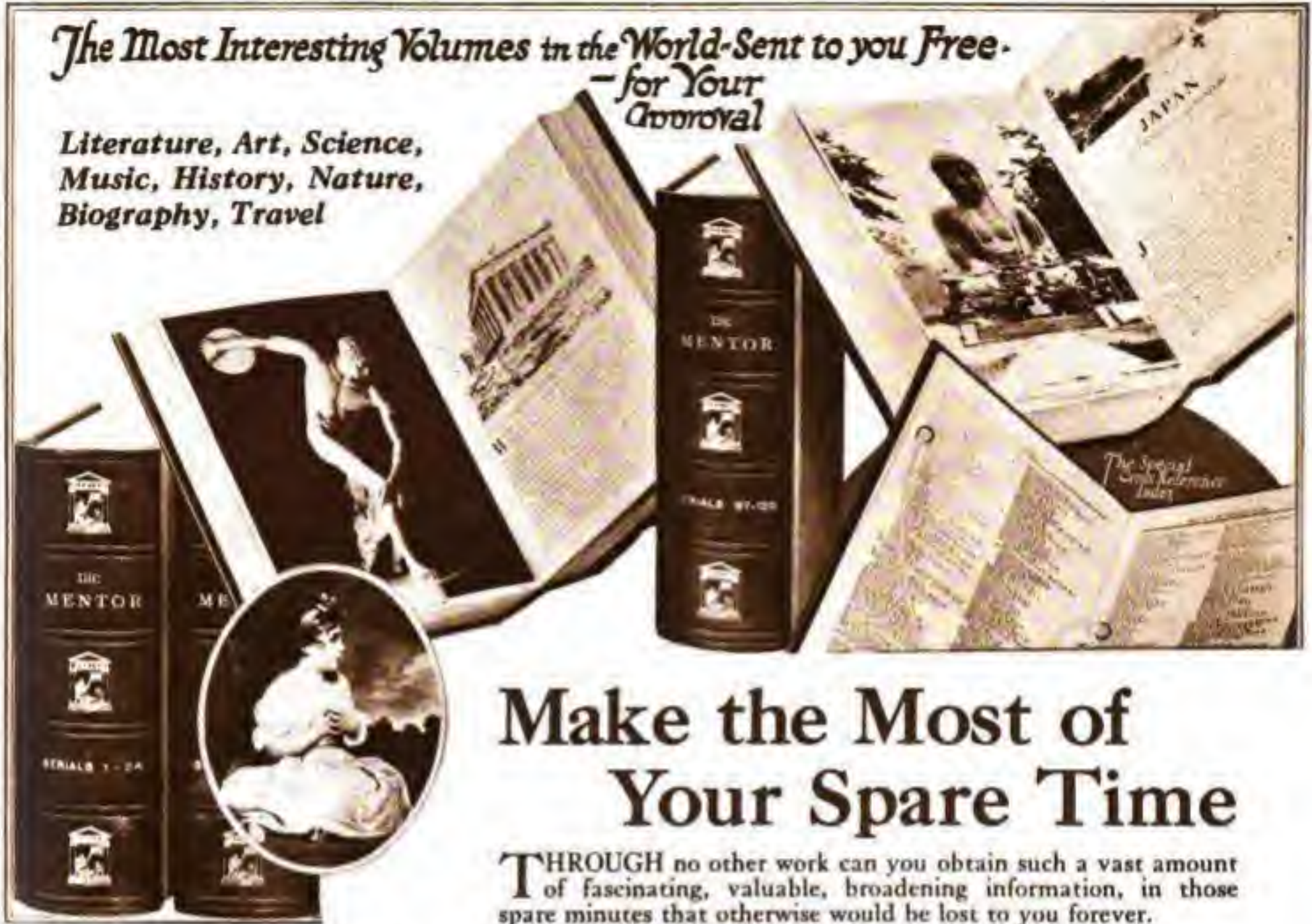
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Send me, on approval, your Mentor Library in five volumes, with the special cross-reference index. If not satisfied, I may return the set after a week's examination, and you will cancel my order. Otherwise, I will remit \$3.00 each month until the full price, \$36.25, is paid. Until that time, title will remain with you.

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nourished by nothing but ice-cream sodas. Does not a scientific book ever challenge your curiosity? Or a book on economics or art or morals or history?

Of course it is harder work to study than it is merely to read; but that simply means that study requires more of the steam of curiosity to make it go, just as an actual railroad locomotive requires more steam than a boy's toy engine.

And the amount of enjoyment you get out of the world you live in depends largely upon how well your curiosity has been encouraged and trained. Haven't you noticed that you do not respond very well when people talk to you about the beauties of nature, and the joy that comes to us from the world we live in? That is because you have not been sufficiently curious.

**Y**OU walk through the forest as a stranger. Don't you ever wonder at the different kinds of trees, and want to know their names and their habits?

Are you acquainted with plant life and with the individualities of the different flowers and grasses and mosses?

Do you know the stars that have been looking down on you every night of your life—which are the planets and which are the fixed constellations? Do you know the rocks, or have you never been sufficiently curious to study enough geology to give you a pleasing acquaintance with the earth upon which you tread? Have you never been curious about the laws of chemistry and the composition of the foods you eat and of the clothes you wear?

If you had curiosity enough, and had it trained enough to push you forward in these directions, would not the world be a much more interesting place to live in? Would you not be less easily bored?

In your own home, have you any decent sort of an equipment of the machinery of curiosity? Have you an unabridged dictionary in which you can find out all about any new word you happen to hear? Do you have a gazetteer of proper names that can satisfy your curiosity about some person or place that has newly come to your attention?

Do you really care to know what is the proper pronunciation of this or that word, and have you a book that will tell you?

Have you an encyclopedia, and are you curious enough when you read about Armenia or Czecho-Slovakia or Uruguay in the newspapers, to go to it and find out just exactly the necessary facts? Have you an atlas, so that on the map you can satisfy your curiosity as to any unfamiliar place of which you have heard?

And, above all, are you bringing up your children with all the means of stimulating and training their healthful, natural, and creative curiosity, or are you letting their curiosity run wild, to lead them into inefficiency, idleness, and perhaps evil?

Are your children curious enough about their own bodies, to know what happens to their food after they have swallowed it, and why? A child is eternally asking why. And the more alive he is the more he asks the question. And are you just as constantly trying to equip yourself either to answer his questions or to show him how he can find out the answers for himself?

Curiosity is our most dominant instinct, and we would do well to give it its due attention.



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playing gingerly with that ineffective thing, the new diplomacy—Queen Marie of Rumania, by her woman's wit, is marrying an empire. And ever since the weddings of 1921, which tied Rumania and Greece into double bow knots, life with Queen Marie has been just one trousseau after another. Don't miss "Marrying an Empire," by Frederick L. Collins—a brilliant picture of Rumanian royalty—more alluring than the most fascinating fiction. It's in the May issue of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

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—well, until she met Lord Somerleigh. All her life Pamela (and she was all of seventeen) had been pampered by her artist father, who thought of her as an elf rather than a girl. She was something to look at and admire—something to paint in glowing colors. But as a real flesh-and-blood girl—the kind that a man would barter his soul for—impossible! All the desirable men at the Cape Cod summer colony thought so anyway—that is, all except Lord Somerleigh, and the way he discovers the real Pamela is an adventure in romance that makes Cinderella's experience seem like a slumming tour. Read this delightful Phyllis Duganne story, "Peter Pam," in the May issue of WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION.

## And in the Same Issue

"Settling Down in Polynesia," by James Norman Hall;  
"The Horseshoe Over the Door," by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding;  
"Bachelor's Wives," by Laura Spencer Portor;  
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The May

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## This Boy Had the Will to Conquer

(Continued from page 55)

in that first unhappy interview, gave me one piece of advice: to study with some good teacher. I never had done this, because I never could scrape up enough money. But now I redoubled my efforts, went without everything except the bare necessities of life, and so was able to have some lessons from Rudolf Ganz, the celebrated Swiss pianist who was then teaching in Chicago. He went back to Europe after a time; but meanwhile I had gained a great deal from his instruction—the only really good instruction I ever had."

"It seems too bad that some wealthy patron, or patroness, did not take an interest in you," I said.

"I'm not so sure of that," replied Boguslawski. "As a matter of fact, a rich woman did seem inclined to take me up at one time. But it involved a sacrifice of my artistic independence to which I could not consent. If the chance had come when I was a child, my parents and I probably would have taken advantage of it. But the struggles I had gone through had made me old for my years. They had also made me strong in my determination to own myself."

"WHEN a young artist becomes the protégé of some wealthy benefactor, this benefactor almost inevitably assumes a sort of proprietorship. The artist is at his patron's beck and call; and this, it seems to me, must inevitably undermine his independence, personal and artistic."

"It is quite different when the money is advanced as a loan to be repaid later. Some companies which manufacture pianos have done this. They finance a young artist, launch him, and advertise him. He repays the money out of the receipts from his concerts when he begins to give public performances."

"Even pianists who already have made a reputation, and who wish to give a season of recitals, are sometimes financed in this way. One very well-known man, a really distinguished pianist, told me recently that when he has repaid the advances made to him, and has discharged all the expenses of his season, he is lucky if he has four thousand dollars left for himself."

"I have never regretted that I decided to stand on my own feet. I continued to do this, by teaching and by playing at the everlasting round of Jewish weddings, until I was almost twenty. Then, one day, I met a musical friend who told me that the Kansas City Conservatory of Music needed someone to be at the head of its piano department. When I said that I would apply for the position, he laughed at me."

"What!" he said. "You think you could fill that position?"

"Yes, I do!" I declared. "I simply haven't had the opportunity to show what I am capable of. This will give me the chance. It will be sink or swim. But if I have to swim, or drown—well, I won't drown! I can promise you that."

"He looked at me for a moment, then



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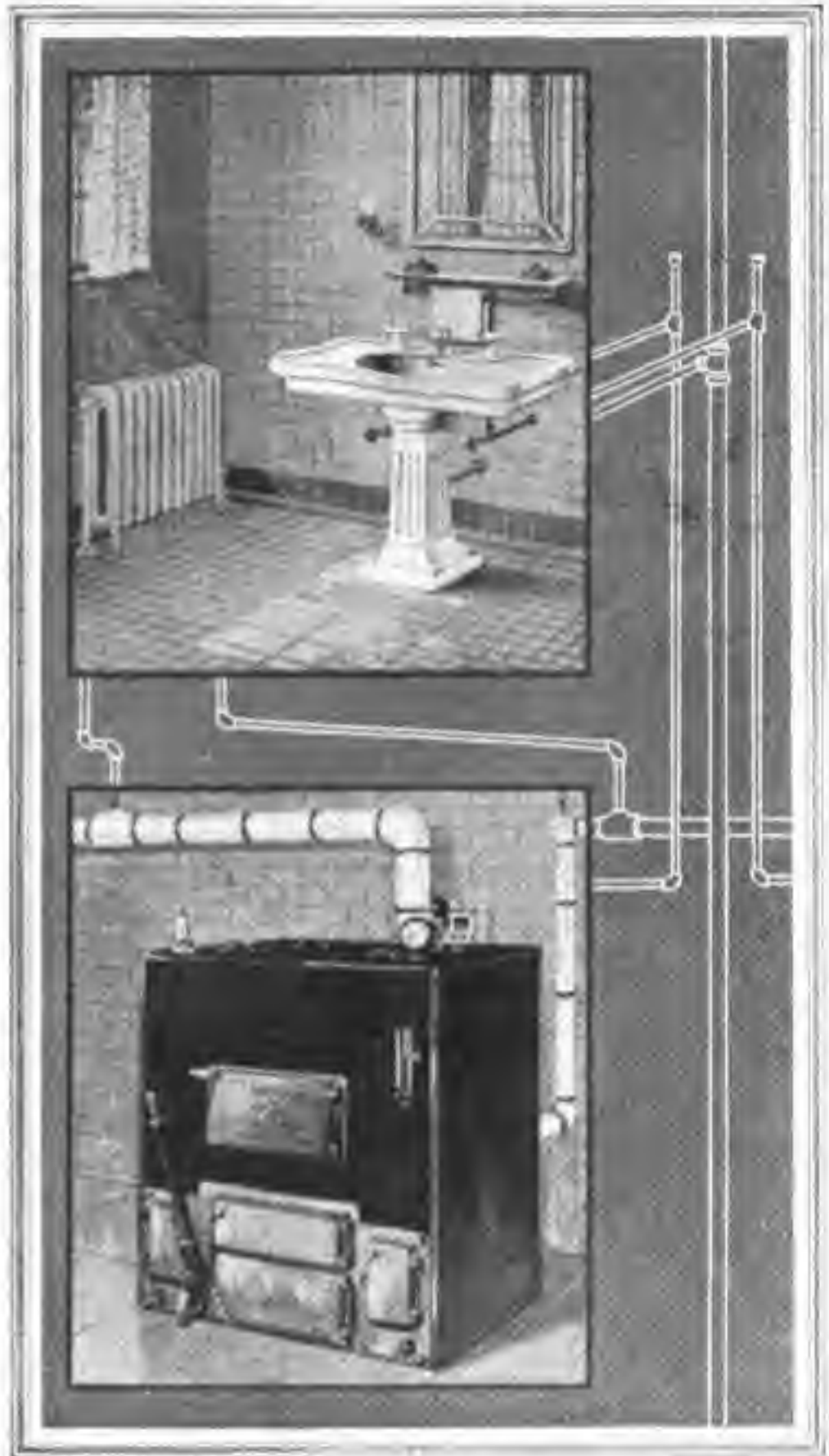
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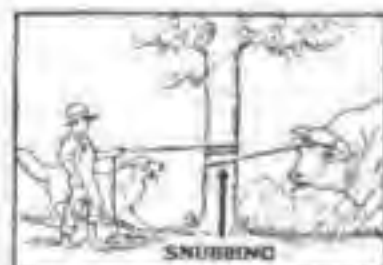


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he said, 'All right! If you have that much confidence in yourself, I have enough confidence in you to recommend you for the position.'

"I wrote my application and my friend did recommend me. The director of the Conservatory was to be in Chicago in two weeks. I spent the interval raising a mustache, so that he wouldn't think I was a mere boy. And I got the appointment.

"I went to Kansas City on a salary of fifty dollars a week—which was more than I had ever before earned. The conservatory charged pupils one dollar a lesson; and sometimes I gave as many as eighty-five lessons a week. That was about fourteen lessons a day, six days in the week. After teaching all day long, until six o'clock, I would snatch a hurried meal, then practice until midnight.

"The second year I was there I persuaded the board to raise the fee to two dollars a lesson. It is never right to continue to sell goods for less than they are actually worth; and I knew our 'goods' were worth more than we were getting for them.

"I also convinced the heads of the school that it would be to its advantage if I appeared in public recitals. Art is no exception to the rule that advertising is necessary, if the public is to see and appreciate what kind of 'goods' you have to sell.

"My immediate object was to become known in and around Kansas City; because that was the field from which the conservatory drew its students. So I began to give local recitals. You probably will laugh"—and he laughed himself,— "when I tell you that while I was working on a program for a recital I used to try the pieces on the janitor.

"**Y**OU see, I felt this way about it, and, what is more, I still feel the same way: I had two things to accomplish: First, my execution must be technically good. The janitor was not qualified to judge me on this point, but I didn't need him for that anyway. I was my own severest critic in regard to technique. But the other thing I had to do was to *interpret* the music; get its message across to the audience. I do not care how mechanically perfect a man's execution may be, if his playing leaves his hearers cold, if he has not made them feel the meaning and the beauty of it all, then he is not a great musician.

"He does not have to choose between playing to the critics and playing to the crowd. He must, of course, have a mastery of technique. But the humblest listener, who doesn't know one note from another, can be made to feel the beauty of music.

"That is why I tried my pieces on the janitor. I could take care of the technique myself; but I wanted to know whether I could make music that would reach and satisfy others. He wasn't easily satisfied either! I can assure you that I felt as happy as if I had received the plaudits of the multitude when he would say, in his blunt fashion:

"Well, Mr. Boguslawski, you done that fine to-night, I like it!"

"For several years, I went on building up a local reputation. Then I thought the time had come to meet the acid test of a New York hearing. This city is the great clearing-house of musical opinion. The critics hear probably ten times as much



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good music as anyone else in this country. They are almost fed up on it. Even if I should give a recital here, I didn't know whether the leading critics would come to hear me. But I determined to try it, at any rate.

"It costs a lot of money to hire Carnegie or Aeolian Hall, much more than I had saved at that time. But thanks to the late Mr. W. R. Nelson, of the Kansas City 'Star,' the matter was arranged, and my wife and I came on. I was so frightened by the ordeal ahead of me that I was sick in bed for twenty-four hours before the recital. When I reached the hall I was so white that even the stage attendant was moved to pity.

"Don't take it so hard, sir!" he said, patting me on the shoulder as if I had been a scared child. "Why, the last time Mr. Paderewski played here, he was so nervous that his friends had to take him and shove him onto the stage! You'll be all right when you get out there."

Evidently the attendant was a good prophet; for I have seen the notices which appeared in the New York papers the next day, and they must have brought intense happiness to the young musical Lochinvar who had come out of the West. The great critics did go to hear him; and Boguslawski returned to Kansas City carrying the laurels of a well-earned success.

He stayed there several years longer. Busoni, one of the most famous pianists in the world, gave a recital in Kansas City during that time, heard Boguslawski play, and begged him to go back to Europe with him and study with him.

"IN ONE way, that was a temptation," said Boguslawski to me. "I had the greatest admiration for Busoni. But I felt that I wanted to stay in America; that, such a I was, I was the product of America. So I decided to keep on as I had begun. After a while, the offer came of a professorship in the Chicago Musical College, one of the leading musical conservatories of this country. I took it. I am associated there with men like Felix Borowski, Percy Grainger, and Leopold Auer, the most famous violin teacher in the world.

"Chicago and the entire Middle West are a wonderful field for the musician. From Minneapolis to St. Louis, and from Detroit to Denver, a great musical awakening is going on. It is a wonderful thing to have a part in this. As a boy I used to dream of personal recognition. That has come; and of course it is very gratifying. But I am sincere when I say that if I had to choose between personal success as a soloist and helping to make music a part of countless other people's lives, I should choose the latter.

"For instance, I love to teach. I really do. People have an idea that a musician teaches under protest; that he does it simply for his bread and butter. My teaching brings me not only the necessities but all the luxuries I have any real use for. But it brings me far more than that. Every new pupil is just one more opportunity for me to enrich people's lives. For that is what an appreciation of good music does; and if the student gains nothing else from his study, he does gain this appreciation.

"I suppose there are hundreds of thousands of men and women who took piano lessons when they were children and who



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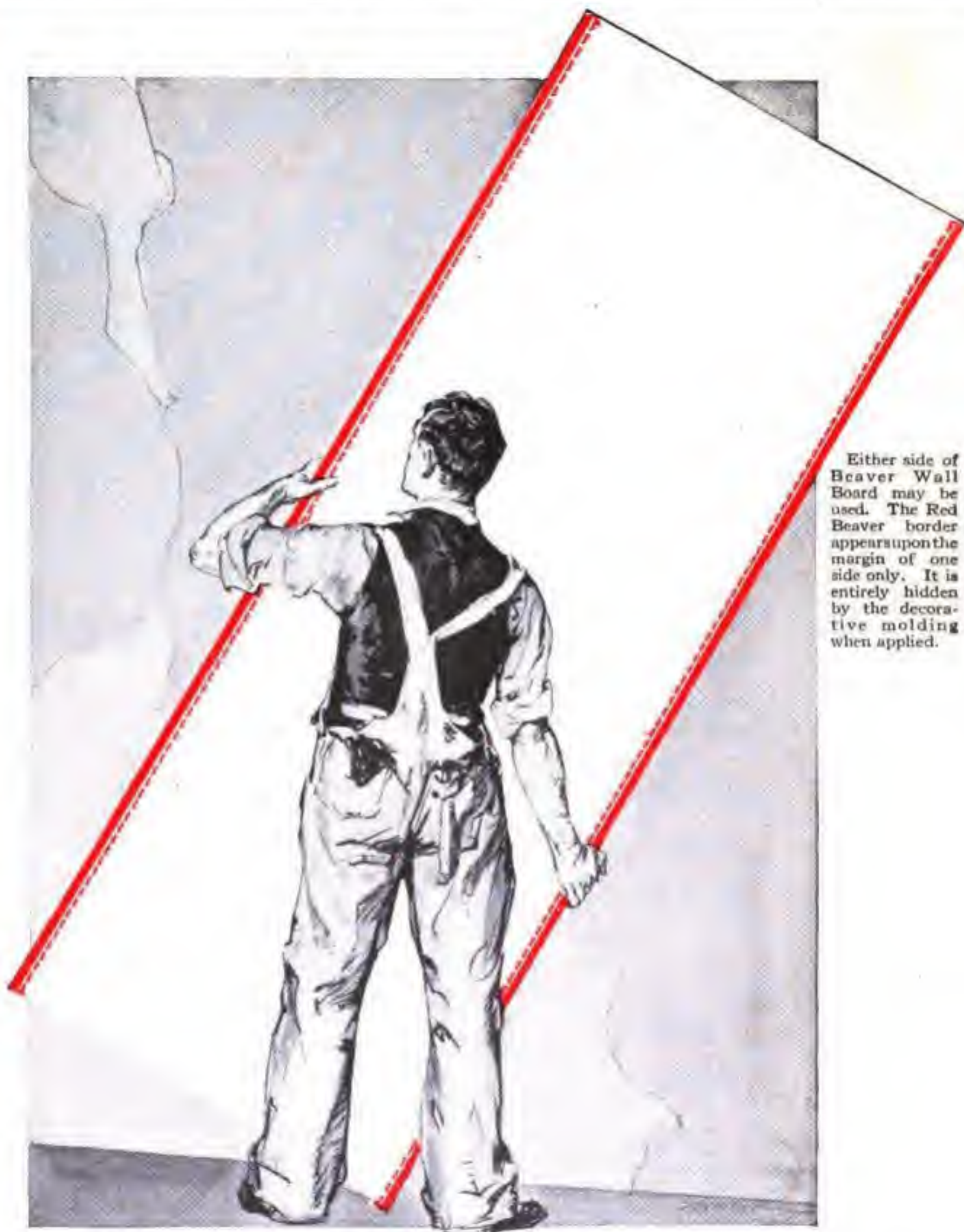
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almost never touch a piano now. But that does not prove that the time and money spent on their lessons were wasted. I feel confident that the audiences at all the best concerts and recitals are composed very largely of these people.

"They will tell you apologetically that they haven't 'kept up' their music. But they *have* kept it up! You don't have to play a piece of music yourself in order to, I might say, possess it. If you enjoy and appreciate it when someone else plays it, then it is yours in the highest sense."

"But do they get this appreciation even though they have no great talent themselves?" I asked.

"Yes, they do," was the earnest reply. "Talent is rare."

Boguslawski stopped, thought a moment, then shook his head.

"That is not true," he went on. "Talent is *not* rare. It is less rare than it used to be. In fact, it is not uncommon. The thing that is rare is the force that makes it possible to *develop* talent to its highest possibility. If you ask me what is the one thing I look for in a pupil, the one sign that tells me the boy or the girl will achieve something worth while I can answer you immediately: It is the *will*. I would rather have a pupil with just an average degree of talent, but with a supreme and unshakable will to conquer by hard work, than to have a brilliant, but careless and indolent genius.

"I THINK I am safe in saying that some of the most distinguished musicians are not geniuses at all. They have become great by pure force of will. I have one pupil, a little boy of eight, who is almost certain to achieve something far beyond the ordinary. Not because his talent is remarkable, for it is not. Sometimes he seems almost dull. He is timid and lacks personality. He speaks so low that I have to bend my head to catch what he says."

"But the child has the *will* to conquer. He just stubbornly goes at the job as if it were his only concern in life. He practices four hours a day. Not because anybody else makes him; but of his own will! He will succeed. He will do it by main force—but *he will do it*. And that is the quality I look for. It is what I would look for if I were sizing up people for any other kind of a career. Give me the person with the *will* to do and to achieve, and you may take all the brilliant ones who think they have genius, and therefore can succeed without any particular effort."

"I have found that girls possess more talent than boys. By 'talent' I mean natural ability. They also learn more quickly and they work more conscientiously."

"With these points in their favor, you would naturally expect that they would reach a higher goal—but they don't! Not as pianists, at any rate. Even the greatest women pianists cannot be put on the same level as the greatest among the men."

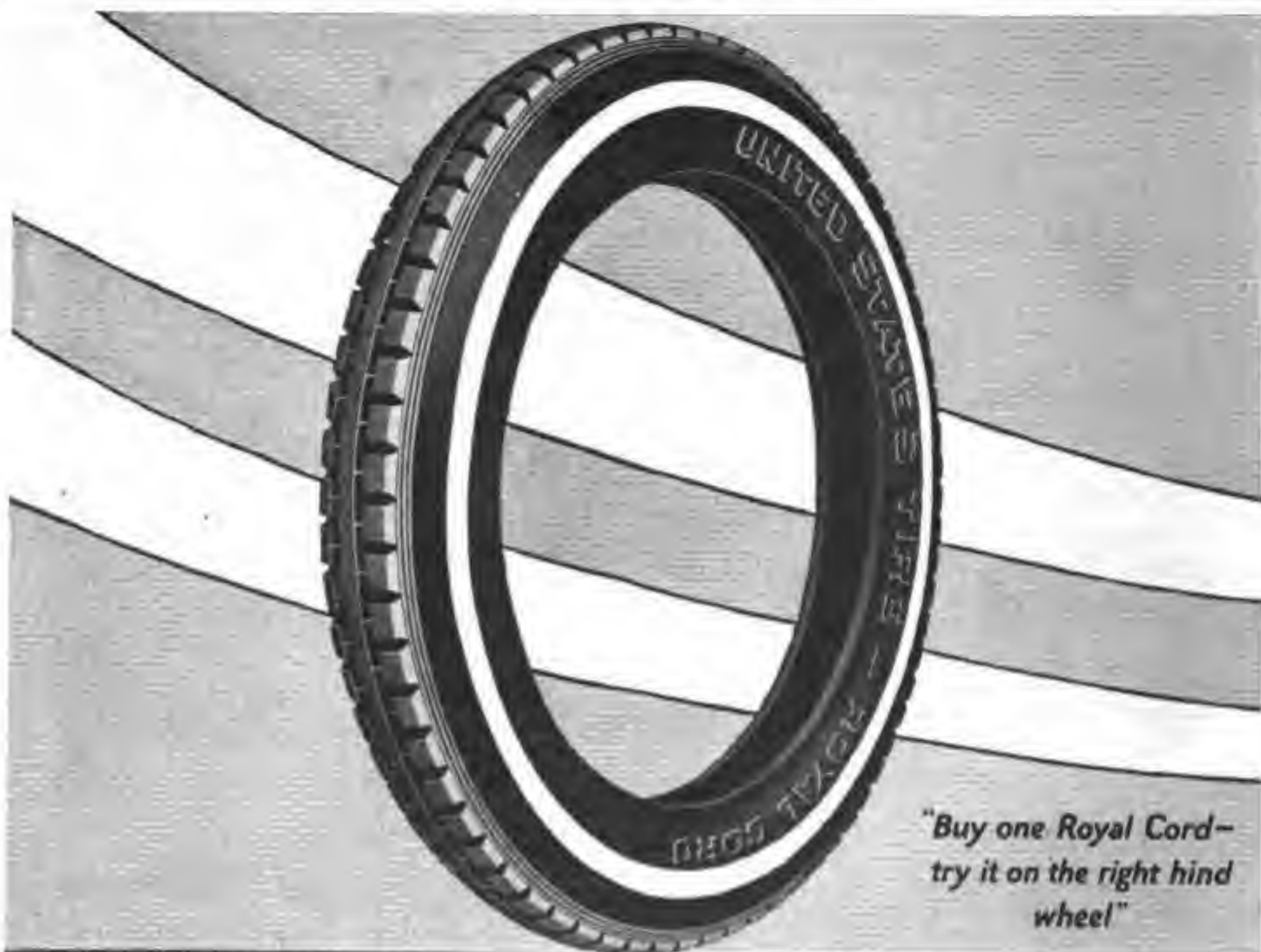
"I think I can explain this. Here is one significant detail: Women play too fast! That doesn't sound important; but the explanation of it is *very* important. Men have a sort of *patience* which women lack. They can 'bide their time' better than women can."

"Suppose a man and a woman play the same composition, perhaps a long and in-









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tricate one. The woman plays it with a great rush of feeling. She is swept forward by her emotions. She is in their power—they are not in *her* power. But the man will not be hurried; he builds up his effects with undeviating design; he has his emotions, but he keeps them in their place, so to speak.

"His is the patience of conscious purpose and conscious power. 'I know what I want to do,' he seems to say; 'but I will take my time in the doing.' So his grasp is more deliberate, and therefore stronger. The woman wants to show you everything in almost feverish haste. The result is that she may stir your emotions, but she won't give you the impression of mastery and controlled ability which the man conveys.

"However, when it comes to appreciation of music I think the women are superior to the men. I am speaking now of the average audience, not of exceptional cases. The average man wants 'fireworks' in his music; something like the 'Rakoczy March' for example. He likes brilliant effects; the obvious in extremes. Women have a much subtler perception. They appreciate the finer shades, both in meaning and in execution.

"Possibly this is because of the very thing we were speaking of just now. A great many more girls than boys receive piano lessons. And perhaps this explains why more women than men appreciate good music. Those early lessons were not thrown away. The few hundred dollars which their parents invested in lessons years ago are paying dividends now in a pleasure and a satisfaction which I do not think would otherwise have been possible. The little girls who are practicing their exercises to-day will largely make up the music-loving audiences of twenty or thirty years from now."

## The Vortex

(Continued from page 40)

speed, was not surprised to find a light gleaming in Blunt's cabin as he approached. When the klooch admitted him he saw that she had been crying. For causing her grief he would have enjoyed ripping deeply into Blunt with his keen knife, but at school he had been taught obedience to the white man's laws, strange as they were.

"He hurt you?" he demanded, without even the formality of a greeting.

"A wound of the heart, not the body!" she replied dully.

"A deeper wound and more lasting!" he commented grimly. "But he sails with the fleet; then it will be over."

"No!" she cried. "He must not sail! He must stay with me and the little one who will come with the snows of January. He cannot go now. Go for me to the commissioner and lay it before him—he is just!"

Kululak shook his head slowly. "It is not best. He is determined. Better the commissioners and marshals were not here to force him, because, for fear of them, he plans to slay you as I would the caribou. Alive, you can cause him much trouble, but the dead neither speak nor lift a hand."

DON'T SAY UNDERWEAR—SAY MUNSINGWEAR



**MUNSING  
WEAR**

*Quality assures  
Comfort and Service*

FORM FITTING KNITTED  
LOOSE FITTING WOVEN  
GARMENTS IN THE  
MODISH STYLES

**THE MUNSINGWEAR CORPORATION**  
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA







## Why Your Wife Buys You Sealpax!

**WHEN** a woman goes shopping, she looks for *value*! Details that generally escape the eyes of the average male citizen—*she never fails to notice and appreciate!*

Sealpax *quality* appeals to a woman's shopping instinct. She invariably buys Sealpax because of its *visibly better* construction and the cleaner way in which it is sold.

And when you wear Sealpax, its exclusive features, generous cut, and unrestricted freedom make you duly grateful! Its *coolness* brings you ease of mind and satisfaction.

The long wearing service of a Sealpax garment is due to Sealpax quality. The enormous sale of Sealpax is due to its popular price. **TODAY—get Sealpax at your dealer's!**

THE SEALPAX COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.

# Sealpax

**The Better Athletic UNDERWEAR**  
**Sold in a Cleaner way**

*Lady Sealpax*  
Sanitary Athletic Underswear for Women



*Sealpax*  
Sanitary Athletic Underswear for Children

A look of wonderment, sorrow, and fear came into her eyes. "He would kill me," she faltered, "kill me and the little one who is to come?"

Kululak told what had passed between Blunt and Cultus Jim. "It was thus spoken!" he concluded. "I shall watch over you as never before." Her eyes softened at his loyalty; then, as her thoughts returned to Blunt, the fire in her dark eyes burned with hate. "Remember," warned Kululak, as he departed, "you must not go to sea with Blunt."

She did not answer. Love was fighting to thrust aside hate. With this conflict came doubt. Perhaps, after all, Kululak was mistaken.

Shortly after noon Blunt returned, not as the klooch expected, reeling from white mule, surly and brutal, but clear-eyed, smiling. Awkwardly he thrust a bag of candy toward her. She accepted it, watching him closely.

"You're pretty good klooch," he whispered, and kissed her. "Guess I'll stay this winter after all."

Then she knew that Kululak spoke the truth. Behind this sudden kindness, calculated to disarm suspicion, she saw plainly the sinister motive.

**THAT** night and the next Kululak slept beneath an overturned dory, not a dozen yards from the cabin. To his listening ears came Blunt's voice. "Klooch, the big boss wants more fish. We'll go out to-morrow."

She objected, but Blunt insisted, and then, to the listening man's amazement, the klooch agreed. Kululak slept soundly the remainder of the night, but with the coming of dawn he grounded his motor dory on the beach and stepped out with the air of one who has been far away.

"Hello, Blunt!" he said in his school English, "fish to-day? Sure! Need the money, huh?"

"The klooch and I are goin' out," replied Blunt carelessly. "We won't need you this time; maybe next, though!"

Kululak cocked a critical eye at the weather. A stiff offshore breeze was blowing. "All right!" he replied reluctantly; "come back to-morrow!" When Blunt carried some gear to the gas-boat, Kululak hurried to the cabin. "You're going?" She nodded. "No! No!" he begged, "this is the day he's waited for."

"And my day!" she replied calmly. "He shall remain here! I'll keep him! Not for me, but for the little one who comes with the January snow. He will be here even when the little one is bent with age. And now, go!"

Kululak obeyed reluctantly.

There are places along the shore of the Bering Sea where the tide sometimes goes out beyond the horizon, leaving a vast expanse of sand bars, quicksands, and mud flats, intersected here and there with sloughs of sluggish water. In its lazy moods the tide returns, one wave after another, each rolling over the flats until it is gradually spent on the vast expanse of sand and mud; yet each advancing wave claims and holds a portion of the waste. At full tide the waves again lap the tundraed shores.

Again, the tide returns in angry mood—an offshore wind whips back the waters and holds them in check until, at last, as if infuriated at the interference, the sea





## Wide Acclaim Hails Plus Value

THE new Overland has achieved everywhere the greatest success of its career. Enthusiastic public approval substantiates our sober belief that Overland—at its record low price—is the greatest automobile value in the world today.

The body of the touring car is *entirely of steel*, beautifully finished in hard-baked enamel. The hood is higher. Body lines are longer. Tires are *first-quality*

Fisk oversize. Seats are lower, and deeply cushioned. And Triplex Springs (*patented*) give Overland smooth riding qualities equal to cars of much longer wheelbase.

The powerful Overland motor gives faithful performance with remarkable economy—twenty-five and more miles to the gallon of gasoline.

Examine this new Overland—drive it—and realize its superlative excellence.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO  
Willys-Overland Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

The New  
**Overland**  
TRADE MARK REG

Touring

• Roadster

• Coupe

• Sedan





*AT PYTCHLEY HUNT\**

"Well, Archie, I see you've been buying some new tyres."

"New tyres? Not at all, Sir. I've driven those Kelly Cords steadily for nearly a year now."

**T**HAT Kelly Kant-Slip Cord tires retain the appearance of newness for an astonishingly long time is, of course, a source of pride to the owner. But this is as nothing when compared to the satisfaction derived from the long, economical mileage they deliver and the sense of safety given him by "the tread that removes the dread of skidding." It costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

\*Drawing by Laurence Fellows, London.



risers up in its might and rushes inland in a mighty overwhelming wave known as "the Bore." An irresistible deluge, becoming a vortex as it hurls itself against the uplifted land, the Bore is feared alike by man and beast. The thunder and roar of its voice can be heard before it is seen. This is one place where sometimes the tide is late; where it waits, momentarily, not for man, but another force of nature—the wind.

Blunt had often watched the onrushing of the Bore and its latent power had never failed to fill him with a mixture of fascination and dread. Sometime to-day there would be a Bore, he knew. The wind was already whipping the shallow waters of the flats. But to-day he did not fear it. His plans would take the gas-boat far to sea, safe from Bores and sand bars.

With a final glance about the cabin, Blunt shouldered food and a small breaker of water, and ordered the klooch to follow. Quietly she donned warm clothing and followed him aboard. As usual, and because she alone knew the hidden dangers of slack water, she took the wheel. Her strong little hands gripped the spokes and sent the craft through safe channels as the powerful motor drove it ahead. Blunt was engineer, a duty having the advantage of warmth on blustery days.

The miles slipped astern rapidly. From time to time the klooch changed her course, maneuvering in a way that would have alarmed Blunt had he been above deck to observe. Once she heard him coming, but a quick twist of the wheel sent the craft on another course. He glanced along the horizon, saw no other craft, then went below.

**P**RESENTLY the klooch lashed the wheel and descended to the engine-room. Love may have urged her to go down hoping that fate would intervene; that something to change the course of things the last moment might appear. "You like baby come?" she whispered, her eyes alternately hopeful and glittering.

His grimy hands caressed her, yet a strange trembling of his fingers as they touched her throat whispered a warning. "Sure, Klooch," he said, "now you run back to the wheel before we run onto a bar." Outwardly at least she was as submissive as ever as she obeyed his command. He looked at his fingers curiously. "She was never nearer death than just then," he muttered.

The blue haze of the engine-room was stirred by a vagrant draft: a small grease-coated port light opened and the klooch's dark eyes peered down upon him. Then the port was closed again.

With soft steps she made her way astern, and slashed the tow line of the dories, setting them adrift. Amidships she paused and cut the lashings of the *bidarka*, a light skin boat completely decked over save for a round hole for the paddler. Then she returned to the wheel.

Dead ahead, a matter of yards, the water whitened above a hidden bar. Her practiced eye calculated the distance, the pull of the tide and speed of the boat. With a final twist of the wheel, she slipped the lashing in place, stepped quickly to the *bidarka*, and with the full strength of her young body lifted it clear of the deck, and silently lowered it into the water. It pitched and tossed as it skimmed over the

# Great News for Shavers from Williams



## The New Doublecap Stick



### Doublecap more convenient

Take hold of the stick you now use. Then take hold of Doublecap—its new convenience is striking. Here for the first time is a shaving stick that gives you a full, whole-handed hold, even when the stick is worn down.



### Doublecap more sanitary

Doublecap is protected by a quickly removed sanitary fibre wrapper—a departure from the old-fashioned troublesome tin foil; then further protected by a special wrapping, hermetically sealed. Around the center of the stick is a threaded metal ring, to each side of which a cap is screwed. While you are using one end of the stick, the other end is protected from exposure.



### Doublecap 100% economical

This is the Re-load. Doublecap Re-loads cost less than the original Doublecap package.

Months hence, when you have finally used up the original stick, remove the thin wafer of soap remaining within the metal ring. Just push it out with your finger and stick it on the top of a Doublecap Re-load.

**N**OW you can get Williams' famous Shaving Stick in a really perfect holder; a holder that gives you not a mere finger-tip hold, but a firm, full-hand hold.

The new Doublecap Stick has the same magic-like power of all Williams' Sticks, to make your shave pleasant, more comfortable, quicker. It gives the same thick, busy lather. It has the same toning effect on the skin. And, quite as important for an easier shave, you can get a big man-sized hold on it.

Even the small free trial size of this Williams' Doublecap Stick proves its new convenience. Every shaver, certainly every stick user, should get this proof. Send postal or use coupon below—now.

## FREE

to every man who wants better shaving

Mail this coupon for  
Free Trial Size Doublecap Stick

The J. B. Williams Company,  
Department 75, Glastonbury, Conn.

Send me the free sample of Williams' New Doublecap Stick.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# HATCHWAY



## BUTTONLESS!

Not a single button, front or back; not one unnecessary trouble-maker in its entire design; nothing but ease and comfort and freedom from annoyance—that's the

## HATCHWAY NO-BUTTON UNION SUIT

It's difficult to realize, until you actually see this new kind of underwear with your own eyes. See it now at any good store. It is designed to conform perfectly to the lines of your body. It has to be that way without a single button to pull and stretch it into shape.

See these garments at your favorite dealer's today. He can get them for you. It has been a big job to keep dealers stocked up this Spring, but if you have any difficulty in getting just what you want, we will be glad to see that you are supplied, delivery free anywhere in the United States. In ordering, please state size and enclose remittance to our mill at Albany. Send for free catalog illustrating complete line of Hatchway No-Button Union Suits and Hatch One Button Union Suits photographed on live models.

Men's Nainsook Suits, \$1, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$5 (the \$5 garment is all silk).

Boys' Nainsook Suits, \$1, \$1.25.

Men's Knitted Suits, \$1.50, \$2, \$3, \$3.50.

Boys' Knitted Suits, \$1, \$1.25.

FULD & HATCH KNITTING CO., Albany, New York

HOODS UNDERWEAR CO., Ltd., Toronto, Canada, Licensed Manufacturers of their type for Canada

### DEALERS

Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway No-Button Union Suits, or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

surface, despite her steadying hand.

The gas-boat grounded with a violent shock. Blunt was sent sprawling. He crawled to his feet, cursing the klooch for her carelessness, and reversed the engine. The laboring craft vibrated and tossed in a futile effort to work free. Blunt stopped the engine and hurried up on deck. His enraged face became ashen as he realized what had happened. With the skill that only a native can acquire in the handling of skin craft the girl was skimming over the water. The tiny *bidarka* was awash most of the time, but the unwavering rise and fall of her paddle was comparable to well-oiled machinery. Blunt cupped his hands and bawled at her; then he whined his pleas with no better success.

Unless some other craft came to his rescue he was helpless. About the boat's hull the water gurgled like the current of a sluggish river. He watched it with silent horror, felt the craft heel slightly as the depth of water no longer lent its support; then ahead sand became visible where a few minutes before all had been water. In the distance the low shore was barely visible. Soon, as far as he could see in every direction, there would be only the bars, mud flats, slack water and sloughs of the great bay. Then the tide would return—an onrushing wall of water, sweeping everything before it! The launch would be battered down and smothered. "And what of me?" he repeated, "What of me?" Less chance for him than for the launch, and he knew it, unless—his frightened eyes sought the shore; then he removed his clothes to the last stitch. "A strong man might do it," he reflected, "and I'm a strong man."

HE LEAPED over the side, cursing the chill of the water. It was knee-deep where he stood, and deeper on toward the shore. He rushed about the sand bar cursing his plight. A thousand devils of doubt rushed in to torment and jeer at his helplessness. An hour of inactivity passed, tortured his very soul. Then the last of the water trickled off into sloughs and low lakes. He began the frantic race for shore.

From the first he commenced to run, splashing across shallows, stumbling through mud, calling upon his great strength to the utmost. A slough barred his path, and he unhesitatingly plunged into the icy water and swam its breadth. Quicksands in patches and sticky mud across which he could neither swim or walk blocked his path at intervals. Detours around these obstacles cut deep into his strength and the precious minutes remaining. "Give me a chance! Give me a chance!" he screamed, the torment of fear clutching deeper with each new obstacle.

He plunged into a small lake, swimming desperately, then as its icy waters chilled him, he suddenly turned and swam back, urged on by the horror of cramps. The effort had cost him dear in strength. He stumbled as he reached the land, but fear of the Bore drove his exhausted body toward the distant shore.

"I'll make it! I'll make it!" he screamed, half insane with joy. "Give me strength to make it; to get my fingers on that klooch's throat; give me revenge, and I'll die happy."

Something was crashing in his ears with the violence of thunder. He stirred slowly and raised himself from where he had fallen.



# Willard Has Both

As good a wood-insulated battery as can be made and  
the only battery with Threaded Rubber Insulation



Since the beginning of electric starting and lighting, wood-insulated Willards have been tested and approved by millions of motorists. They sell at prices within reach of any car owner and are made in sizes and capacities for all makes of cars. There is no better "buy" in a wood-insulated battery, but it will pay any car-owner to seriously consider the superior merits of Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Car owners buy this better battery not only for greater assurance against repairs, but also because Threaded Rubber lessens the danger from overheating in summer and of freezing or exhaustion in winter. Its uniform porosity also assures a definite increase in vim and punch to start a stiff motor. Winter days now seem far off but don't forget that they'll come again!

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY,  
CLEVELAND, OHIO

*Made in Canada by the*  
Willard Storage Battery Co., of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

# Willard STORAGE BATTERIES



# Take your store to the places where farm folks gather

Month after month, in these advertisements, *Farm & Fireside*, The National Farm Magazine, has emphasized to retail merchants this thought—that you can increase your sales to farmers by bringing your merchandise to the attention of more farm people.

We have shown in one of these advertisements, for instance, how the Ottawa Farm Machinery Company of Ottawa, Illinois, not content with waiting for farmers to come to them, took their line of McCormick-Deering farm equipment (as advertised in *Farm & Fireside*) direct to farmers. As a result, their annual sales were increased 25 to 50 per cent.

We have cited other instances. How a hardware merchant increased his sales of Devco Paints (as advertised in *Farm & Fireside*) 75 per cent in a single week! How an Arkansas merchant doubled his weekly sales by bringing his *Farm & Fireside*-advertised merchandise to the attention of more people! How a furniture merchant trebled his sales of Hartshorn Shade Rollers (as advertised in *Farm & Fireside*)!

## Why farm sales increased

In every case, the sales of these merchants increased in direct proportion to the number of people to whom the merchandise was shown. In every case, they found a receptive audience—an audience composed largely of farm families who already were interested in the products shown as a result of long-continued advertising in *Farm & Fireside*.

To increase farm trade, take your store to the places where farm folks gather. During the next few months there will be a number of such opportunities—county and district fairs, farmers' institutes and agricultural short courses, farm auctions, bazaars and com-



munity gatherings—opportunities, all of them, to show merchandise, and to make sales, to a greater number of people.

"We always have a booth at our county fair," an Iowa merchant reports. "We display only plain, honest merchandise that every farmer knows about—such merchandise as you folks advertise in *Farm & Fire-*

side. And we find that, year after year, farmers are interested in seeing and examining the products with which they have become acquainted through advertising."

Try a booth at your county fair this year. Plan special sales for days when farmers' meetings are held in your town. Exhibit your goods, when possible, at farmers' institutes. Arrange with your local auctioneer, if you handle any of the more expensive articles in the list below, to auction off one brand new article at each farm sale.

Emphasize, in your talks with farm families and in your printed announcements, that the products you are showing are advertised in *Farm & Fireside*. By doing this you are reaching out to hundreds of the more prosperous farm families in your community—farmers who look upon *Farm & Fireside* as their guide to better farm methods, better farm living, better farm merchandise.

## Send for this free book

Hundreds of merchants are increasing sales, increasing their number of customers, by taking their merchandise direct to the farm homes. We have compiled a number of these experiences into an interesting booklet, "Projected Selling," a copy of which will be sent free to any merchant who requests it.

Learn the facts about Projected Selling—the new method of increasing farm trade. Just write us on your letterhead, "Send me 'Projected Selling,'" and your copy will go to you by return mail.

The Crowell Publishing Company  
381 Fourth Avenue, New York City  
*Farm & Fireside*, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's The National Weekly, The Mentor

# FARM & FIRESIDE

## The National Farm Magazine

### TIE to these products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine  
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining  
Agricultural Gypsum  
American Fence  
American Pad & Textile Company  
American Radiator Company  
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.  
Anthony Fence  
Brush Spray Pumps  
Black Flag Insect Powder  
Brown's Bench Jacket  
Harpes's Seeds  
Capwell Horseshoe Nails  
C. W. & Q. R. R. Company  
Champion Spark Plugs  
Chandler Motor Cars  
Chevrolet Vaseline Products  
Chevrolet Cars  
Clark Grave Vaults  
Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton

Cleveland Metal Products Co.  
Clothcraft Clothes  
Colgate's Toilet Preparations  
Dandelion Butter Color  
De Laval Separators & Melters  
Devco Paint & Varnish Products  
Dietz Lanterns  
Godge Brothers Caps  
Dr. Hess Stock Tonic  
Dr. Hess Poultry PAN-A-CE-A  
Duro Pump & Manufacturing Company  
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company  
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco  
Essex Cars  
Eveready Flashlights  
Freezone  
General Motors Corporation  
Gillette Razors

Gibson Musical Instruments  
Glastenbury Underwear  
Goodrich Tires  
Goodyear Tires  
Great Northern Ry.  
Green Guild Watches  
Hansen's Dairy Preparations  
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles  
Hartshorn Shade Rollers  
Henderson Seeds  
Hood's Canvas Footwear  
Hooder Kitchen Cabinets  
Hudson Cars  
Ingersoll Watches  
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment  
International Motor Trucks  
International Tractors  
Iver Johnson Weapons & Firearms  
Kelllogg's Corn & Beans

Laden's Menthol Cough Drops  
Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments  
Mellin's Food  
Mildred Coconut Oil  
Musterole  
National Electric Light Assn.  
Northern Pacific Ry.  
Oldie Tyme Socks  
Overland Cars  
Paper Envelope Cutters  
Pettin Sales Co.  
Perfection Oil Heaters  
Pepsodent Tooth Paste  
Pillsbury's Flour  
Planet Jr. Implements  
Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products  
President Suspenders  
Prest-O-Lite Batteries  
Rat-Nip  
Red Star Timer

Renfrew Devonshire Cloth  
Roo Cars  
Royal Fence  
Sapello  
Semi-Solid Buttermilk  
Shaler Vulcanizer  
Sloan's Liniment  
Smith & Barnes and Strobber  
Pianos and Player Pianos  
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees  
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation  
Stewart Custom Built Auto  
Swift's Products Accessories  
Union Carbide  
United States Tires  
Vellastic Underwear  
Viko Aluminum Ware  
Willys-Overland, Inc.  
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



en face down in the mud. Over the flats, louder than the dismal wind, came a new sound. A low, distant roar, at first faint, then louder, then dying away.

"The Bore! The Bore!" he screamed. Ahead, the flats were smooth and hard. He still had his chance, and as he fled again toward the shore line and safety, the thudding of his naked feet on the sand, the pounding of his heart and gasping of his lungs drowned even the voice of the Bore.

A half-mile he ran, a half-mile that took heavy toll of his dwindling reserve of strength. Then he stopped abruptly. The devil himself, toying with a lost soul, could not have spread a more entangling web than the spread of mud and slime at his feet. The roar of the Bore was louder, steady, dominating even the terrified drumming of Blunt's heart. He turned and saw the mighty onrush, miles in width, its seething crest standing out white against the leaden horizon; saw it smother bars, fill pools and sloughs, yet always seeming to increase rather than diminish.

The instinct of self-preservation shook off the spell, and he turned and fled once more, his feet sinking deeper and deeper into the slime, until, with a despairing scream, he sank to his knees. The dilated eyes told of reason gone. From the lips that had dripped oaths in the hour of his extremity, now came a strange gibbering—and then laughter; a shrill, weird laugh that matched the grin of mania on his face; a laugh that would have congealed the blood had anyone been there to hear.

And the Bore, its roar triumphing even over the wind, thrust out a tongue of white water toward this object in the slime; it hissed menacingly, and then, smothered the creature's laughter with its tumbling crest. An arm, strong, white and clean, gleamed an instant in the backwash of the gigantic vortex, then vanished. The Bore rushed on!

THE klooch stirred uneasily and shivered. Slowly she opened her eyes. The tundra beneath her was wet from her clothing. Near by, well above high water mark, was the *bidarka*. She passed her hand wearily over her eyes as if to sweep away the horror of the last few hours, the frantic effort that had been required to paddle to safety, skimming this slough and that, working up channels and carrying the *bidarka* over bars.

Her eyes turned seaward. The black waters of the Bering Sea covered the flats now; small swells, oily and restless, rose and fell. "Always," she whispered, "he will be here, always for the little one who comes with the January snows."

From over the waters came the steady "pop! pop! pop!" of a marine motor. Presently it stopped and a dory grated on the beach. Kululak splashed ashore and found her. Tenderly he gathered her up and carried her to the dory, where he wrapped her in blankets and poured hot tea between her lips.

"*Alki nesika tenas . . .*" she murmured.

"Sure thing!" he blurted in cannery American, patting her soft cheek gently. "To-morrow we see preacher, huh? Sure Mikel!" At this point Kululak's cannery slang failed him. He had a picture to portray and he painted it with the glowing colors of his own dialect. He talked of a long, long trail, flowered with happiness and free from the barriers of race.



# Blame Yourself

## If This Message Doesn't Bring You A Big Salary Increase

Take any ten average men who are in blind alley jobs at low pay. Analyze each case without prejudice. You'll find that every one of them is solely and entirely to blame for his poor earning power. Every one of them has had a golden opportunity. They either have failed to recognize it, or, recognizing it, lacked the courage to follow it up. But now comes your chance. If this page doesn't bring you a big increase in salary—quick—you have no one to blame but yourself.

By J. E. Greenslade

LET'S be specific. What do you want in life? You want more money than you're getting. You want your own home, a car, membership in a good club, you want to wear good clothes, educate your children and put away enough money to make you independent. If you are like other men, you want to be your own boss in a position that grows every day in interesting fascination. You want to travel, see the world, and meet the wide-awake people who are doing things.

All right. I'll tell you a quick, easy way to accomplish all this. If you don't take it you are the only loser. You are the only one who will have to face the accusing finger of the man you might have been. If you do take it, you'll thank me the rest of your life for putting this information in your hands. For now it is possible for you to quickly enjoy bigger earnings, and have all the joys in life that your bigger self demands. If this was a guess I couldn't print it. I know it to be a certainty. It is proved by the cases of thousands of other men who have done exactly the same thing. Listen.

### What It Brought These Men

Charles Beery, a farm hand of Winterset, Iowa, was offered this chance. He took it and jumped from \$18 a week to a position paying him \$1,000 the very first month. J. P. Overstreet, Denison, Texas, was on the Capitol Police Force at less than \$1,000 a year. He wasn't content with a bare living and he jumped to an income of \$1,800 in six weeks. F. Wynn, of Portland, Oregon, an ex-service man, wanted the joy of a real success. He earned \$544 in one week. George W. Kearns, working on a ranch for \$60 a month, took the quick road I offer you and in two weeks he earned \$524. Warren Hartle of Chicago was a railway mail clerk for ten years—in as deep a rut at as low an income as any man could stand. But he wanted success, he longed for the good things of life that he saw other men having. He took my advice and earned over \$7,000 the first year.

### The Secret Is Yours

But, of course, you want to know how it's done. I'll tell you. Although none of these men had ever sold a thing in their lives—though many believed that a salesman must be "born" a salesman—we took them, without experience or training of any kind, and in a short period of time made Master Salesmen of them. Then our Employment Department

helped them to select the right position and they were off with a boom to the success they had dreamed of.

The National Salesmen's Training Association can do exactly this for you. If this big organization of Master Salesmen and Sales Managers had raised the salaries of only a few men, then you might call it luck. But we've been doing it for fifteen years, day in and day out. Today we're so accustomed to the amazing increases in salary our members receive that we take them as a matter of course.

There is only one thing I ask of you in return for this offer. Don't let the idea of a big salary, the thought of traveling all around the country and meeting worth-while people, make you think that the job is beyond you. Keep an open, unprejudiced mind on this subject—at least until you have seen the remarkable book that I want to send you without charge.

### Read This Free Book

This book, "Modern Salesmanship," explains why thousands have quickly succeeded in the selling field—how it is easy to make big money once you are in possession of the Secrets of Selling—how you can quickly get these fundamental secrets, apply them and achieve a quick and permanent success. This is the book I will send you, absolutely free of obligation and expense. Read it through and then decide for yourself.

But remember this one thing: This is your opportunity. If you don't realize a big salary increase from this message, you have no one to blame but yourself. Send me the coupon before you turn this page and I'll send "Modern Salesmanship" immediately.

National Salesmen's Training Association  
Dept. 23-E, Chicago, Illinois

National Salesmen's Training Association  
Dept. 23-E, Chicago, Illinois

I am willing to investigate the opportunity you offer without cost to myself. Please mail me Free Proof that I can become a Master Salesman and qualify for a good sales position. Also send me your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship," and particulars of membership in your Association and its Free Employment Service. This is all free of cost or obligation.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....  
Age.....Occupation.....






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## What I Would Do With a Million Dollars

### FIRST PRIZE

#### Not So Much to the Family—More to Helping Others

**T**HIS morning I woke to find myself heir to a million dollars. The family cannot believe it at first. Are we to have a life of ease after the years of struggle and deprivation?

Son wants a sport car; Daughter wants fine dresses and "inner circle" friends. I hope God will give me the courage to say "No," and to give my boy only enough for a good education and wholesome pleasures and my girl enough to place her on an equal plane with those girls in that class of social life where friends are made through personal worth and not by the gleam of gold. The little wife and mother shall have what she wants—richly does she deserve all that she asks for, and only too small will be her requests.

The burden of debt shall be lifted from the little church, yet the pleasure and need of giving shall in no way be removed from those who meet there for worship.

Many dollars will be used in establishing profitless factories, which will give such work to unemployed in place of charity as will be a benefit to the community and an aid in building up the country. These self-supporting, contented groups of workers will know that their toil is helping their own business, that its proceeds are turned back into their pockets, and that its welfare is their own welfare.

What money is left I will use to build libraries, to pay health instructors, to beautify cities, to help the struggling student, to reward notable achievements, always trying to hold in view the plan that only honest need, desire, or effort on the part of the receiver will merit my interest. I hope that my life, hard but happy, is not going to be spoiled because I am given the trust of a million dollars.

The alarm jangles; I sleepily shut it off, and arise to my work wondering what I would do with a million if it were a reality, not a dream.

H. B.

### SECOND PRIZE

#### She Would Improve Her Small Home Town

**B**EING a government clerk, working seven hours a day, living in Washington and earning a little better than a living may sound "real swell" to the folks back home, and it really is compared with being tied to a kitchen stove and sink ten or fifteen hours a day on a farm, for a mere existence, but my Heart, Home, Relatives, and Friends are in a pretty little village among the hills of New England.

What would I do with a million dollars? Would I dress in beautiful clothes and ride



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you the trouble of writing a letter

through Main Street in an expensive car? No indeed! Would I give large sums to Charity and call it enough? No, again.

First, I would go back to the pretty little village and anonymously, if possible, have installed a much-needed water and sewage system for health, convenience, and fire protection. Next I would build a High School, Auditorium, and Community Center for the thirty or forty students who now ride from seven to twenty miles in busses and on trains every day to get an ordinary high-school education. I would have movies, properly conducted dances, and socials in the community center. I would complete the plans for a public Playground, Baseball Park, and Tennis Courts that have been tabled for ten years for lack of funds and the necessity of the "Younger Set" to leave town to find employment.

Donations? Yes, selected; particularly a trust fund for the little struggling country church, and other places where I know it is needed.

Now for a little selfishness, but not too selfish, as I would not care to go alone on a trip to Niagara, Salt Lake, Yellowstone, California, Panama, Rio de Janeiro to the World's Fair, Cuba, Florida, and back home to see how my plans were progressing. With my home remodeled, an automobile, some good books, and all my friends, what more could I ask? Hope the Million is not overspent, I would like a trip abroad.

MISS E. C. B.

### THIRD PRIZE

**What to Do with It? Why, Keep It for My Own Use**

**T**O BE diplomatic, I suppose I should say that if I were to wake up some fair morning the proud possessor of a cool million, I should play "Lady Bountiful," and philanthropically relieve myself of a goodly portion to alleviate suffering.

But as a remote descendant of George Washington, I cannot conscientiously say such. Therefore I'll tell the truth, and as a consequence, talk myself out of the prize.

My friends would expect me to "live up to" so vast a fortune, and I would try to do so. After having purchased an imposing dwelling (such as are seen in movie books), a car for each member of the family, and a few other little things it takes to impress one's neighbors, I'd have about five hundred thousand, or half of it, left. "What would I do with that?" you ask.

I would hang on to it as none but one who had once lived in a shingled bungalow, and had at last achieved her "dream home," and dreaded a reverse again, could hang on. For I would live in a constant, grinding fear of the "money not holding out."

Of course if I did what I *should* do with the million, I would open coal yards in some of the large cities, where all needy people would be allowed to carry away as much as they were able, without the aid of wagons, or any other vehicle. Thus, I would eliminate all but those worthy of charity, for there would be but a scanty number who would carry coal in sacks unless they were in real want.

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## Vision

(Continued from page 16)

"There is only one man who fits that description," I said. "You must mean Willard Straight."

"Yes, Willard Straight," he answered. "The other man had all the advantages, apparently; but he never saw beyond his own business and social circle. Straight had Vision."

It was too good an opportunity to be missed. There was the word that eludes definition, and here, sitting in front of the fire, was the man who, probably more than any other American, has seen the word at work.

"I wish you would talk about some of the Men of Vision you have known," I said to him. "And tell me one thing, particularly: Is this mysterious quality something that only one in a million can possess—a gift, like rich parents, or talent for music? Or is it latent in average folks, needing only to be recognized and fostered? How do you discover it in the men you employ? Who was the first man you met who had it in unusual measure?"

**IT WAS** a good fire and the chairs were comfortable. I threw on another log and turned out the lamp. Somehow, firelight seemed appropriate for a talk about Vision. How many men, I wondered, have dreamed dreams and conquered empires in front of an open fire?

"I don't have to hesitate over your last question," Doctor Mott began. "The first man of really great vision whom I knew well was Dwight Lyman Moody. You do not hear his name so frequently these days, for events move fast and even outstanding men are quickly forgotten; but I think I could undertake to guide you to at least a hundred cities in this country and point out some beneficent institution, or influential man, or group of influential men, as living proofs of the vision of D. L. Moody."

"You remember his story. When he was four years old his father died, leaving nine children. The little stony farm was mortgaged and the creditors took everything, even the kindling from the wood pile. Dwight was tossed about from pillar to post, receiving a very meager schooling—he was never a scholar in any sense—until, at the age of seventeen, he was offered a place in a store on condition that he attend church and Sunday-school regularly. The part of Boston where he lived was dense and dirty, filled with ragged youngsters. It was not long until Moody had recruited a corps of them as a Sunday-school class, and in that crowd of rough-talking, hard-hitting young rowdies Moody found his vision. From that day he lost his enthusiasm for making money and became an enthusiast about men. Having saved a thousand dollars, he resigned his job and went to work heart and soul in the mission he had established. You can easily imagine the consternation of his relatives and practical advisers."

"Your thousand dollars will be gone in no time," they exclaimed; as, indeed, it was.

"Never mind," replied Moody. "I am working for God, and He is rich."



"In that faith, backed up by tremendous energy, he set out on his career, which exerted an influence on his generation hardly second to that of any other man.

"You ask me to give a working definition of vision, and I should say in answer that it is the capacity—

To see what others do not see.

To see further than they see.

To see *before* they see.

"The third part of the definition is fully as important as the other two. George W. Perkins had framed in his office a quotation from Roosevelt which ought to be in almost every office: 'Nine tenths of wisdom is being wise *in time*.' A man may be greatly hampered by education or opportunity; he may be able to see only a few inches beyond his competitors. But if he trains himself to keep looking, if he can manage to see those few inches twenty-four hours ahead of the crowd, that is all the advantage he needs.

"Moody had vision of all three sorts. He had a wonderful power of looking into men and seeing possibilities which the world had not discovered, and of which even the possessors were often unconscious. Literally, I never saw him discouraged about any man; there was always something good, something that could be stirred and appealed to. Now, just think for a minute what power that sort of vision gives. The amount that any one of us can accomplish is governed by the tools with which we must work; and those tools, in most instances, are other men. If we go through life suspicious of other men, expecting nothing great of them, prepared for repeated disappointments, we are merely dulling our own tools. Moody expected *much* from every man he met; and the man, rising to meet the expectation, became twice as effective or ten times as effective a tool for Moody's work.

"IN THE same way he had a vision of the cities that he visited. They might be dirty, and sodden, and lacking in pride or spiritual enthusiasm—Moody never saw them so. He saw them transformed by the power of a great ideal and of a great Saviour; he would stand before an audience which had come into the huge hall apathetic and, it might be, unexpectant, and picture to them the possibilities of human life in that city with an audacity that was perfectly sublime. And the audience went out with his vision to make some part of it, at least, come true.

"Finally, he had a vision of money in its power to work for human betterment, and he held that vision up before the men of wealth in such a way that hospitals, city missions, association buildings, colleges, and churches literally blossomed under his touch. One of his biographers tells an incident which is worth quoting:

"He set out one day with a prominent clergyman in Edinburgh to raise money for a mission in that city. The minister, who was known and had access everywhere, went from one home to another, asking for ten pounds or fifteen, and congratulated himself on his success. But Moody was far from happy.

"I saw it was going to take all winter at that gait," he said. "And so (not daring to criticize him), when we came to the next house (that of a very grand and wealthy woman) I said, 'How much are you going to ask her for?'"

"Oh, perhaps fifty pounds."

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"I kept still, but when the door opened into the room where she was, I just pushed ahead and said:

"Madam, I have come to ask you for two thousand pounds to help build a new mission down at Carrubers Close."

"She threw up both hands and exclaimed, 'Oh, mercy! Mr. Moody, I cannot possibly give more than one thousand.'"

"This reply astonished the timid minister so much that he almost fainted, and when we got outside he said: 'You'd better go ahead.' And I did."

"I am not sure whether Moody and Andrew Carnegie ever met," Doctor Mott continued. "If they did they must have enjoyed each other. Of all the men of business whose vision had impressed me, and there have been many, I think Carnegie deserves to be mentioned first. Always he saw a little farther and a little sooner than those who were pitted against him; his whole life teems with evidence on this point. When hardly more than a boy in years he had seen in the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's works the first small bridge built of iron. It proved a success.

"I saw that it would never do to depend further upon wooden bridges for permanent railway structures," he writes. "An important bridge on the Pennsylvania Railroad had recently burned, and the traffic had been obstructed for eight days."

"Thousands of men saw, or read about, that fire. To them it suggested nothing except that a new wooden bridge would have to be built.

"**H**ERE is a paragraph by Carnegie himself to the same effect:

"While visiting the Continent of Europe in 1867, and deeply interested in what I saw, it must not be thought that my mind was not upon affairs at home. Frequent letters kept me advised of business matters. The question of railway communication with the Pacific had been brought to the front by the Civil War, and Congress had passed an act to encourage the construction of a line. The first sod had just been cut at Omaha and it was intended that the line should ultimately be pushed through to San Francisco. One day, while in Rome, it struck me that this might be done much sooner than was then anticipated. The Nation, having made up its mind that its territory must be bound together, might be trusted to see that no time was lost in accomplishing it. I wrote my friend, Mr. Scott, suggesting that we should obtain the contract to place sleeping cars upon the great California line. His reply contained these words:

"Well, young man, you *do* take time by the forelock."

"Out of this flash of vision, promptly acted upon, grew the negotiations which resulted in the formation of the Pullman Company. Carnegie had been wise in time. But many men in their youth have vision, only to lose it, and draw more and more into themselves as they advance into middle age," Doctor Mott continued. "The inspiring thing about Carnegie was the fact that his vision kept so clear and keen up to the very end of a long life. It was pathetic to hear him tell of his hunger for books as a boy; but even as he talked about it his eyes would light up, he would lean forward and begin to tell of his libraries, and how he meant to put good books within the reach of boys in every town, so that no boy, in the future, should starve as he had.

"The war thrust deep into Carnegie's heart and undoubtedly hurried his death.

He had dreamed so long of a warless world and invested so heavily in his dream, building the splendid palace at The Hague, and establishing his international foundations of various sorts. Yet even through the smoke and suffering of the battle he kept his eyes focused on his vision. He began to see before the end that out of the war must come some sort of international understanding, that all which he and other great builders had done in drawing the world close together with bands of steel, and wire, and ships, and other methods of communication, especially in the promotion of conference, consultation, and common action, must necessarily bear fruit. So he died, as he had lived, discounting discouragements, refusing to accept any limitation as final, looking always at the something better and bigger just beyond.

"Thus, though they differed so widely in externals, Moody and Carnegie seem to me to belong together, as illustrating the power of vision. And with them, if I were to select a representative from the statesmen I have known, I should put Roosevelt. He lived so much in the limelight, so many of the illustrations of his vision and vigorous action in obedience to that vision have been printed, that dozens of anecdotes occur to any who knew him.

"Once when I saw him in the White House I happened to mention the fact that I was preparing a little book on the 'Future Leadership of the Church,' and a series of accompanying pamphlets. Now, that is rather a technical subject, so to speak, not a matter in which a busy President of the United States might be expected to show any special interest. He had a thousand problems on his calendar pressing for decision; the most that could have been expected from him was a casual word of friendly interest. But Roosevelt kindled at once.

"I'd like to write a letter to go with that book and those pamphlets," he exclaimed.

"I told him that I should be delighted, of course; and I went away, supposing either that he would forget the suggestion, or that I should receive a brief note, bearing obvious evidence of the pressure under which it had been prepared. Imagine then my surprise to receive within a week a long, carefully-thought-out letter—a real, outstanding contribution to the purpose which the book was seeking to express.

"A FEW months later I called on him again, this time just before a journey to Russia, where I had been invited to address the students of the principal universities; and an almost identical thing happened.

"I want to send a message to the young men of Russia," he exclaimed. "Will you take it for me?"

"The message proved to be a four-page letter, which reached me in New York shortly before I sailed. It revealed marvelous foresight as well as insight regarding the limitless possibilities of the Russian peoples."

"Those incidents have no great historical significance," Doctor Mott went on. "Hundreds of men could tell Roosevelt stories of the same character. But trivial as they are, they throw a great light on the secret of Roosevelt's power. His vision saw an opportunity in even the smallest occasions; the great structure of



his influence was built up out of thousands of little things. I say to men sometimes, 'If you have lost something, the place to look for it is where you think you lost it.' If you have lost vision, the place to find it is at your right hand. Moody found his vision in the crowd of urchins who lived in the same street; Carnegie found the vision of his bridge company in that crude little iron bridge in the Pennsylvania shops; Roosevelt saw in every man who came to him an opportunity to broaden his influence for good.

"That seems to me to be a partial answer to another part of your question," Doctor Mott continued, "the part in which you ask whether vision is a quality that only one in a million can hope to have, or whether the seeds of it are in all of us. The beginnings of vision are in us all; we cannot quarrel with fate on that score. So sure am I on this point, so confident that vision develops with exercise, like a muscle, that the tests I apply to men who are to be associated with me are tests that seek primarily to determine whether the processes of development are at work. Of course I want to know a man's background, and to have his own statement of his purposes, as he conceives them. But beyond that I want to know not how far ahead he thinks he can see at the moment, but whether growth has stopped or is going vigorously on.

THESE are the tests:

"1. Does he do little things very well? A great deal was said and written, especially during the war, about executives who take no cognizance whatever of details. My experience with executives has been that the biggest of them are frequently 'detail men' to a degree which would astonish the man on the street. They delegate great powers, to be sure; but the little things which they touch—and they touch many of them—they care for with a fine precision and thoroughness. No man can be more damaging in any organization than a would-be executive who, in his reach for larger things, despises and neglects the little responsibilities confided to his care. Such men are visionary, not men of vision.

"2. Has he learned the meaning of order as to time and place? Napoleon fought his earlier and most brilliant battles against forces far superior to his own. But he arrived always a little before the opposing generals expected him. Men who have the beginnings of vision get to the place of their engagements at the time appointed, or a little before.

"3. Has he learned the meaning of priorities? Does he do first things first? So few men think things through before they start. Hence the work of the world is constantly delayed because some perfectly well-meaning individual, who has been working with good conscience, is busy on an operation that ought to be Number 20, when he should have started and finished Number 1.

"4. How does he use his leisure? If I can know what a man does on street cars and trains, on holidays, and in the free hours of the evenings, I can give a pretty good guess as to where he is headed and how likely he is to arrive. The first time I saw Roosevelt after his election to the Presidency he was standing in the rear corridor of a Pullman car, where he had slipped away to escape the reporters and politi-



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cians who had been crowding around him all day long. I was curious enough to discover what book he had in his hand. *He was reading Plutarch's 'Lives.'*

"5. *Has he intensity?*" Emerson said, "Nothing great was ever accomplished without enthusiasm." There are men who come into your office bringing something electric with them; you feel the throb of their interest even before they speak. And there are other men who bring nothing but the vague, undefined desire for a job. Unless I, myself, am stirred, even if only a little, by the energy and magnetism of a man, I have very grave doubts whether he will create much of a stir in any position he may seek to fill. This may sound very unscientific; it may seem to attach an undue importance to first impressions. But, after all, business is made up of a succession of first impressions; few busy men have time to read letters of recommendation, and few discerning men attach great importance to them. They warm toward a man, or are cold, according to the thrill, or the lack of thrill, which he carries with him when he steps through the door.

"6. Moreover, I want to be sure on this point: *Has he learned to take advantage of momentum?*" Or does he, with a small success, lean back upon his oars? Almost every biography you read impresses you with this fact—that, while it may take years to lay the foundation of a big achievement, the achievement itself is a matter of a few years, sometimes of a few months. It is like one of these modern skyscrapers, whose parts have been fashioned in steel mills hundreds of miles away. Day after day you pass what appears to be only a hole in the ground, sunk with painful toil through the solid rock. Then the foundations appear, and suddenly, as if by a miracle, the building is buckled together and stands complete. Businesses are like that; men are like that. A man will work for years preparing himself; at length comes a little recognition, a little success. That is the crucial time. If he slackens his effort, if he begins then to take things a little easier, he has staked out the boundaries of his career. But momentum, rightly accelerated, increases in geometric ratio; there are times when a month is worth a decade if a man who has been pushing hard knows how to push just a little harder.

"THOSE are not new tests," Doctor Mott concluded. "All executives, I imagine, apply them in one form or another. If a young man measures up to them, even though his vision at that moment extends only to the job immediately before him, I feel pretty confident that he is coming out all right. He can develop his vision. There are three perfectly definite things which he can do to develop it:

"First of all, he can mingle with people who have vision. They are not all in New York or Chicago; every Main Street has men in whose presence it is easier to believe. Nor are all the men of vision still alive; thousands of them live only in books, and must be cultivated there. In my own library the largest section is devoted to biography; it is a favorite form of reading with me. I have already referred to that time when I found Roosevelt, at the beginning of his Presidency, renewing his friendship with the great

statesmen and generals and sages of the ancient world. I went home from that trip and dug out my own copy of Plutarch and read it through again. I finished with a renewed consciousness that no man can spend long hours with Plutarch's characters and not take on quality. The Men of Vision are our slaves; every book shop offers us the service of their inspiration and guidance, for a few pennies. How shortsighted we are if we pass our whole lives in the company of those who are no bigger than ourselves.

"THERE is some power in nature that enlarges and lengthens a man's vision. Just how to define it I do not know, but I have experienced it myself and many men have testified to it. It is, in my judgment, the second source of help open to every man. Cecil Rhodes, you remember, built his house in a place which commanded a view of the great Table Mountain. When I was there I was told that it always made him uncomfortable when a visitor sat with his back to that wonderful outlook; Rhodes would stir uneasily in his chair and finally ask the visitor to turn around. Sitting there, often alone, and looking out over the audacious achievements of nature, he built the dreams that became an empire. It is not by chance, as someone has remarked, that all the great religions have come to us out of the East. There is something in the vast expanses of the desert which sets the souls of men to brooding on the wide-reaching and eternal things. I said a little while ago that the place to find vision is right around you, and I do not mean to say anything which will contradict or detract from that statement. But many men never see, because they do not take the time to think. It is worth while at frequent intervals to get away, into the woods or mountains, or beside the ocean or on the edge of the great plains, and there to revise our petty and immediate concerns in the presence of Nature, whose spaces are so vast and whose processes are so patient, so eternal.

"Finally, there is Faith, the third source of vision and the most important. You know there is a verse in the Bible which reads: 'Faith is the substance of things hoped for.' I have never liked that translation; the marginal reading seems to make the meaning much clearer. 'Faith,' it says, 'is the giving of substance to things hoped for.' That throws a very different light on the matter, doesn't it? Plenty of people talk about Faith, by which they mean a flabby hope that somehow everything will come out all right. That Faith is futile, it disgraces the name. Real Faith says: 'I believe in myself. I believe in other men.' As Moody did. As Carnegie did, suggesting as his chief claim to fame that he had 'known how to get men around me who had more brains than myself.' And, 'I believe in the significance of the universe, that somehow behind it there is a great guiding Mind.'

"In crossing the Pacific last spring I talked for a long time with Admiral Baron Kato, on his way home from the Washington Conference, now premier of Japan, and one of the powers of the present-day world. Said he very earnestly:

"All the peoples of the world are looking to America for light and faith."

"For the faith which sees clearly and works confidently to bring things to pass."



## A Great Woman—Who Didn't Know It

(Continued from page 58)

class in Sunday-school—for the same reason she told stories at the home. It was there she met David Bruce. Bruce was a student at the university. He was studying for the ministry. Just an ordinary man, with not even a special talent for speaking—an ordinary man who wanted to be useful. He was very boyish then and good-looking in his big, fair way. He did not look much like a theological student.

Bruce noted Sarah's class before he noticed her. It was made up of boys at the difficult age of ten. Another class, boys the same age, was unusually riotous. Bruce looked from this class to Sarah's. Every pair of mischief-capable hands was quiet. Every pair of trouble-hunting eyes—black, blue, and brown—was absorbedly watching Sarah's face. So Bruce watched, too. Bruce soon began coming to Sunday-school more to watch Sarah than for scriptural guidance. In time he came to know her.

Sarah had not counted on having any David Bruce upsetting her dreams. But she married him after she'd known him just seven months. Her folks were pleased. They thought she had done well.

After her marriage Sarah had some bitter moments before her ambition yielded to her love. Even then it was only a half-surrender.

"I don't have to be ordinary just because I'm married," she insisted to herself. "A minister's wife has all sorts of opportunities to use her ability. David is going to have a big church some day, and I'll have to be ready when the time comes—to do my half."

SO THE dream still clung. But four babies came then, like a little flight of stairs—Kathleen and Philip and David, Junior, and Chloe. They lived in Coryville when the children were born.

Sarah had been so glad of the first one. The planning and the waiting and the extra tender loving from David were very sweet.

But when Chloe came, Sarah was a little worn and quiet, and the first wildly exquisite sweetness of motherhood had become a little dulled. They had to move when Chloe was only six weeks old, and it took so much strength and so much money. The fun of making the little salary stretch was not so full of laughs as it had been. For one extra—that didn't seem much; but shoes and stockings and hats for four—that did mean pinching. And Kathleen was starting in school; that meant books. David was shabby.

Measles and whooping cough and croup—Sarah came to know them all, sometimes with a horrible fear in her heart. She learned how to sew. And now she no longer saw herself a public idol. She admitted to herself that it was out of the question with the four little Bruces.

She brought her stories out of the past. She had purposely let them go. It somehow hurt to remember them. But she got them out and memorized them anew, lying awake nights to go over them in her

# Who Raises Checks?

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F. J. Colladay, 40, in an attempt to pass a check raised from \$48.50 to \$26,148.50, in Cleveland, on January 2nd, was arrested and convicted to Ohio State Prison, Columbus.

Colladay, whose right name is Fred Wm. Unger, is believed by the authorities to be a member of "a gigantic ring of check operators." He refused to betray his pals and took his medicine. His confederates are still at large.

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On January 2nd he attempted to cash the check at the Cleveland Trust Company but was arrested by Bank Detective John Shibley. As Convict No. 47752 he is now doing 10 to 20 years in Ohio State Penitentiary.

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mind. One day it came to her that they were even more beautiful than when she had told them to the seventy little Hebrews of the Adams Street School. She grew fascinated at bringing out their hidden meanings and delightful phrasing.

The attic of the new home at Arden Center Sarah fixed up for theatricals. She called it the nursery to David, but it was in reality the stage on which her dreams were played. She scrimped on carpets and dishes and hundreds of little things to further the dreams. The parlor curtains that had seemed quite all right for Coryville were three inches too short for Arden Center, and they showed wear where baby hands had pulled at them; but Sarah kept them white, and darned them—and bought a book of fairy tales.

They had been married twelve years before the realization that David was an ordinary man came to Sarah. Always before he had been a brilliant young man working toward a big goal, and she and the children were working with him. But the time came when she saw him as he was: faithful, energetic, loving, kind—but ordinary. She knew then that they would go on living in places like Arden Center to the end of the chapter. It did not lessen her love for David. It added to it a fierce, protective tenderness. But the dreams all went into the children.

Kathleen was like her mother—vivid, dark, a joyous little mimic. Philip was like his father—lovable, but quite commonplace. Davie, Junior, was quiet and dreamy; but he had a startlingly keen humor and a passion for books; Chloe was the puzzle. She was undeniably beautiful, but with a far-off, proud beauty hard to understand.

"At any rate, they shall have a chance to become big men and women," Sarah vowed to herself. "They must have a chance from the beginning."

SHE realized after a few years that their home, while comfortable, was not different from many, many other homes of Arden Center. She had been going to have a new suit, the first in five years, that fall. She had gone without butter for two years in its anticipation. But she went to the city and spent the money for a picture, a copy of a very great painting. It was a good copy. David was disappointed that she had not bought the suit. Sarah took down three pictures of no value and hung the new one. It transformed the whole house for her, and she watched its influence creep into the lives of her children.

She saw that the plain or fussy clothes of the Arden Center children all were from the same mold. She began to make her children's clothes different.

To the one good picture were added in time three more equally good. The little shelf of books became many. It meant potatoes boiled in the skin to avoid waste, an intense care of the little stony patch they called their garden, hours of study as to how to get the most out of a yard of gingham, stockings darned and redarned and then patched. But Sarah, watching Kathleen unfold dramatic powers far above what hers had been, and David writing little compositions with a touch of genius in them, was glad to sacrifice.

Other boys and girls were always in their home. Sarah blessed the stories and the pictures and the hard-taught,



homemade lessons that enabled her children to pick the chaff from the wheat of these friendships. Sometimes she felt far away from them all herself, and she was hurt at the feeling. She wanted to let them know she understood their strivings, their temptations, their dreams. But she couldn't tell them; so she made pop corn for the crowd instead.

Chloe continued the enigma all through her school days. Yet somehow her mother hoped the most for Chloe. It seemed to her as though, back of the child's queenly silence must lie something big and powerful. Yet she showed no special aptitude for anything.

"They must go to college," Sarah and David had agreed from the beginning.

When the time came Sarah took the children and went up to Syranac. David stayed behind in Arden Center.

Sarah took college girls to room. She had to earn money some way. It hurt at first that she had to break up the privacy of their own home, but it had to be roomers or perhaps something more difficult. Sarah determined, however, that it should still be their home. And she made it so. Two of the well-loved pictures came from Arden Center and a few intimate pieces of furniture, and dishes and most of the books. Even with second-hand furniture, Sarah found she could make the roomers' rooms homelike. She tried to put in each girl's room at least one thing that made it distinctive, a something such as she had tried to put into her own children's rooms and lives.

KATHLEEN took up work in Fine Arts. She was soon the acknowledged leader of the College Dramatic Society. Philip studied engineering, which was quite what Philip should have studied. Perhaps he lacked the vision ever to make a great engineer, but he would make a faithful, accurate, dependable one. Davie's boyish talent for composition continued to develop and he wrote, wrote, wrote. Davie would write something remarkable in time—one of the literature professors told Sarah so. She knew he would, too.

Chloe made no special mark in anything. She was unapproachable still, and yet there was a sweetness in her lovely gray eyes, a charm about her quiet speech that entranced her mother. She liked athletics, and she got fair marks in languages; but she didn't shine anywhere. She would have been very popular if she had let herself go a little. In small, subtle, not-to-be-expressed ways, Sarah thought she was more unselfish than the rest. But all the time Sarah had a sense of waiting for her to wake up to her destiny—to unfold into something marvelous and dazzling.

Sarah had dreamed that in Syranac she would have a little chance to unfold herself. But it took so much contriving to make clothes enough for Kathleen and Chloe, so much time to look after the roomers and keep the home a home, it took so much energy to keep bills down so that there would be enough for books and tuition, that there wasn't much opportunity left for self-improvement. The children helped, all of them. The boys found lots of outside work, and Kathleen earned quite a bit giving readings in unimportant suburban towns for an entertainment bureau. Chloe went out



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# GENERAL ELECTRIC

evenings and stayed with the children of the professors. She even washed dishes occasionally for the professors' wives. Her mother objected to the latter. Chloe's lovely lips went down, wryly humorous:

"Thirty cents an hour—it doesn't take many dishpans full to make a new shirt-waist, Mumsie!"

For four years Sarah and the children stayed in Syranac. They'd all gone to college together. Rather a queer situation; but Kathleen had waited a couple of years for the rest to catch up; the boys had always stuck together, and Chloe, with a little extra tutoring and a couple of entrance conditions, managed to hang on. They were known on the campus as "The Bruces." They couldn't have come at all unless in the way they had—with the rooming house and Sarah to sew and mother them all.

At commencement time David came up. He was happily proud of his boys and girls, and still much in love with Sarah.

Kathleen had the leading part in the college play. Sarah could have cried with joy at her ability. Kathleen had been offered a chance to go abroad and study. She would be famous. She was almost famous now. She was, at least, very important in her own small world and beginning to be talked about outside it. Philip had a fine chance with an Oregon firm. Davie had already had real encouragement from a worth-while publisher. It was their last night in Syranac that Chloe came to her mother, who was up in the girls' bedroom.

"Mumsie," she said—she seemed far away as always, and yet Sarah noted that her eyes were gloriously alive, that her lips smiled in such sweet tenderness that it hurt—"Mumsie, I'm going to marry John MacCullam."

SUDDENLY Sarah felt old and worn-out and useless and disappointed. She had tried to build surely and strongly, but she had a hideous sense of failure. Kathleen and Philip and Davie—all where she had dreamed they would be. But Chloe—somehow she had depended most of all on Chloe, and Chloe—was going to be married!

Married to Dean John MacCullam of the College of Pedagogy, a young man to be a dean and a very brilliant man; but somehow it was not what she had dreamed of for Chloe. The sense that everything was finished, that she was not needed any more, turned Sarah suddenly sick. All her dreams—and now nothing. She knew suddenly that she had been mistaken. She had thought that when her children made true her dreams, she would feel a share in the fulfillment. Their life would be hers. She would feel the success that had been denied her, in their success. But it was not so. They had all made good—and she was not part of it. They could all go on quite well without her. She had thought part of the glory would fall on herself. It did not even remotely touch her.

Sarah longed unaccountably to put her head on David's shoulder and cry. Not that David would have understood her tears. But David was somewhere with the boys. Kathleen was at the theatre. All the roomers had either gone home or out somewhere. The house was very quiet. Sarah remembered that the boys

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had asked her to have something to eat at nine. It must be almost nine.

She put on some slippers in place of her new uncomfortable in-honor-of-Commencement shoes, and crept down to the kitchen. But once there she couldn't seem to think of the nine-o'clock feed for her boys. She felt so old and tired. She would sit down just a minute. She went into the living-room and sat down in the quiet of the June dusk.

Suddenly she heard a man's voice from the veranda. John MacCullam's. Then Chloe's in reply. They were talking of her!

"Yes," Chloe said in that strangely sweet voice of hers, "yes, John, Mumsie is wonderful. I'm glad you see it, too. I didn't use to realize it so much; but lately, since I—I've loved you, I've known it better. You know, we've never had much in the way of money. Ministers' families aren't apt to. But still, it seems to me, we've had *everything*. See what Mumsie's made Kathleen into; Kathleen's going to be great! And Davie too. I remember now all the stories and games when we were little, and I can see they all had a purpose—though of course they were just fun then.

"And she's brought out the very best in Philip. Philip's no genius, but he's going to get ahead!"

THERE was silence for a minute. Sarah waited breathlessly. There was an inaudible whisper from John MacCullam. Then Chloe's voice again.

"But I'm not envious of the rest," she said softly. "I think sometimes that I've got the very best of all from Mumsie. I'm not as clever as the rest. I've sort of stood off and looked on at them all my life. But by looking on I think I've caught a vision of home-making that maybe the rest of them have been too busy to see.

"To make a home, John,—such as my mother has made—out of nothing! It seems incredible. In little towns where there were no books, no amusements, no good music, no anything! But she gave them all to us right within our own walls. There wasn't any money; it just came out of her, somehow. And above everything there was love. Why—she and Dad—"

Another silence.

"I think I have an idea, dimly of course, but a sort of realization of how we can make a big thing out of our home. And when I think of some of the careless, inspirationless homes I've been in—that's a pretty big heritage, John. I wish I could tell Mumsie what she's done for me. But you know how you just *can't* say things to your own folks that you live with day after day! Only, it seems as though I must tell her how wonderful she is, how dear, how out of the ordinary, how—"

Sarah got to her feet blindly, and stumbled out into the kitchen. She opened the table drawer, took out the bread knife and began to make sandwiches hurriedly, satisfyingly man-sized sandwiches. She opened her last jar of grape conserve. She got out the coconut cake. Once she wiped her eyes quickly on her apron. But back of the tears was radiant joy, and, better than joy, peace.



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Suppose that every Monday morning all the people who have a hand in furnishing your telephone service came to your door for your share of their pay. From the telephone company itself, would come operators, supervisors, chief operators, wire chiefs, linemen, repairmen, inspectors, installers, cable splicers, test-boardmen, draftsmen, engineers, scientists, executives, bookkeepers, commercial representatives, stenographers, clerks, conduit men and many others, who daily serve your telephone requirements, unseen by you.

There would be tax collectors to take your share of national, state and municipal taxes, amounting to over forty million dollars. There would be men and women coming for a fair return on their money invested in telephone stocks and bonds—money

which has made the service possible. Then there are the people who produce the raw materials, the supplies and manufactured articles required for telephone service.

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When you pay your telephone bill, the money is distributed by the company to the long line of people who have furnished something necessary for your service. The Bell System spares no effort to make your service the best and cheapest in the world, and every dollar it receives is utilized to that end.



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AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES  
*One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service*

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A CONDENSED set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

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Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, to soothe and blood-purifying diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

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Four big monthly issues of America's liveliest outdoor magazine (regularly 25c per copy) and "Fishing Facts"—yours for \$1.00. "Fishing Facts" alone 50c.

Ask 2. OUTERS' BOOK CO.  
302 North Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.







By what you might call a process of natural selection, every man with an extra tough beard sooner or later becomes an addict of Mennen's. Some men have naturally docile beards. If allowed to grow, such beards are of fine, silky texture. These men are to be envied, for they have no shaving problems. Any soap, cream, or salve will soften their beards. Shaving with them is little more than a gesture.

But it is an altogether different matter for the fellow whose face around five o'clock begins to look like a miniature field of Kansas corn stubble. That kind of a beard is a stern reality. Its owner goes through a regular course of trying every razor and shaving preparation. He becomes a shaving skeptic.

But at last he buys a tube of Mennen's—not hopefully, but because he *must* try something else. I doubt if we've ever missed out on one of these tough cases.

Mennen's will positively soften the meanest beard that ever soured an otherwise cheerful nature. I'll back up that statement in a few minutes—in the last paragraph to be exact. Furthermore, these mean beards, when Mennenized, come off smoothly, gently and as closely as you like. The skin isn't drawn or irritated. There is no after smart.

For Mennen's, in addition to being a great beard softener, is a skin conditioner. It contains Boro-glycerine. After one Mennen shave, Boro-glycerine is the name of a friend. It is a healing emollient which softens and relaxes skin tissues, is mildly antiseptic and keeps your skin soft, pliable, and healthy. A tough beard almost invariably means tender and easily irritated skin.

The creamy, non-drying Mennen lather can be built with any water—cold or hard—without rubbing with fingers.

Buy a tube of Mennen's. Use it for a week. If not convinced, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.

*Jim Henry*  
(Mennen Shave-cream)

## Wheels Within Wheels

(Continued from page 15)

When at last dinner was over, Rob Peters made for the library, where he was joined by Ralph Howland. These two held confab, until Magee, in the billiard-room adjoining, overheard parts of the conversation and, unable to stand it longer, walked into the library.

"This is a private session, Mr. Magee," Peters said.

A quick glance at Howland made Austin Magee drop into a chair, with the easy remark, "All right, Mr. Peters, go ahead with it."

Instead of which, Rob Peters rose and went angrily from the room.

The two men looked at each other.

"I've had news," said Magee, glancing about warily; "I can't go into details to-night; but there is a hope—"

"Lord, man, there's long been a hope—can't you say more than that?"

"Not to-night, Mr. Howland; and, besides, I want to speak to you now about this mine matter."

Ralph Howland stared at his secretary as if he had voiced some terrible treason. Then he said coldly, "Magee, I have not asked you to do that."

"I know it, Mr. Howland, but—"

"You know it; then you have nothing to say. I thought you must have mistakenly imagined I wished you to discuss it."

"I did not, nor do I wish to discuss it; but I do want to warn you—"

"You warn me! Austin, have you taken leave of your senses? You never spoke like that before! I will overlook it this time—but not a second time!"

"There will be no second," and very quietly Magee rose to go.

"Wait, Magee, a moment. What about the—the other matter?"

THE secretary hesitated a moment, for he was angry beyond all bounds. An instant of reflection, however, made him turn and sit down again. Drawing a memorandum book from his desk near by, he began a low-toned conversation which was steadily and continuously carried on by the two men for a quarter of an hour or more. They were so intent that they did not hear Leonard Swift's entrance.

"What's this?" Swift asked sharply. "I inadvertently overheard a part of what you were saying and I think I should be told all."

"Tell him, Mr. Howland," Magee got up suddenly. This time he went straight up-stairs to his own room.

In the hall he met Rob Peters.

"Howland at leisure?" he asked. "I'd like a few words with him."

"Mr. Swift is with Mr. Howland," Magee returned curtly, and passed on.

It was not long after this that the thunder, which had subsided to mere rumblings, began to grow louder. Another storm, doubtless, following the earlier disturbance. Mary Howland, in kimono and slippers, came from her room, evidently looking for her husband, but Edith Mills intercepted her in the hall.

"Come into my room, dear," she said.

"No," said Mary, "I want Ralph," and she went on down-stairs.

Next morning the sun rose clear, and the October landscape was as gorgeous and beautiful as if it had not been whipped and torn by the electrical storm of the night before. The few servants earliest on duty were about and one of them opened a back kitchen door in response to a knock.

Conrad Stryker, the half-wit, stood there. He was a strange-looking person—a strong man of about thirty, physically well built, but with a pale, vacant face, and staring blue eyes that rolled from side to side as if worked by some mechanism. His head was wide across the top. Anything going in at one ear and out at the other would have farther to travel than in most cases. He spoke earnestly but incoherently.

"Mr. Howland is dead," he said, turning round slowly, then suddenly turning back. "You want my father? I say—you want my father?"

"Go along home, Conrad," said Charles, the good-natured second man of the Howland house. "What are you doing out so early in the morning? Run home now."

"Yes—but Mr. Howland is dead."

"No, he isn't. Good-by, Conrad; go home now."

"Wait, wait!" the fellow cried, as the door was slowly closed against him. "I tell you he is dead—dead. You must have my father! You must! You must!"

CONRAD'S father was the village undertaker, a respected citizen of Normandale who had carried on his business for many years. The tragedy of his idiot son had saddened his life, and the harmless half-wit was the protégé of the whole community. Old John Stryker had performed his services for every family in the village, more than once in most of them.

Charles paused a moment, the door ajar, and looked at Conrad. He knew the poor unfortunate well, for he was often about the premises, and he saw that the vacant blue eyes were steady.

"Why do you say that?" he asked curiously. "Mr. Howland is in bed and probably asleep."

"No, no, no! He is not! He is not!" The voice rose to a shriek. "He is dead—in his room—his big room—by his desk—Come, I will show you."

Conrad's strong hand grasped Charles's arm, and half unwillingly, half fearfully, Charles let himself be led along by the idiot, who strode with him around the house to the great front veranda. Up the steps they went, and pausing at the open window Conrad pointed through it.

Trembling, Charles looked in, and saw his master, his head fallen sideways on his desk, his body relaxed and arms hanging down. He might be asleep, but he surely had all the effect of a lifeless man.

"Dead!" the half-wit crooned, softly. "All dead—dead—dead—" He chanted the word.

"Shut up!" cried Charles, his nerves giving way. "Stop that infernal noise! What does it mean? I daren't go in—"

He turned and ran back down the steps and around to the kitchens again, looking for his superior, Martin the butler. That



important personage was just coming down the servants' stairway.

"Mr. Howland is in the library—" Charles began, and his wild-eyed, agonized expression startled even the calm of the imperturbable Martin.

"Well?" he asked. "What of it?"

"Come!" and, beckoning the butler, Charles went toward the front hall. The door of the library was closed, and to the amazement of Martin his subordinate unceremoniously opened it.

Then both men stood still in horror. Viewed from that side, it was plain to be seen that Ralph Howland was indeed dead. No second glance at the staring eyes, the white face, was necessary.

And beyond the huddled form, outside the open front window, they saw the idiot boy, his mouth open and his round blue eyes gazing at them.

"You want my father?" he repeated.

"No!" cried Charles, in utter exasperation at his persistence. "When we do, we'll send for him. You go home."

"Wait a minute," said Martin. "What are you doing here, Conrad?"

"He was wandering about when I came down," said Charles. "Send him home. What must we do, Martin?"

"Go for Mr. Magee," the butler ordered. "Don't tell anyone else, until he says so. He's in charge—"

"Mr. Swift—" Charles suggested.

"No; get Mr. Magee first."

SO CHARLES went quickly up-stairs and tapped at the secretary's door.

"Well?" was the response, as Magee opened the door.

"Please come down to the library, sir," Charles said. "Don't wait to dress—put on a bathrobe!"

Quick-witted Austin Magee wasted no time on questions. Slipping into some clothes and hurrying down-stairs, he reached the library door to see the butler bending over the body of his dead master.

"Don't touch him, Martin," he cried sharply. "What has happened?"

"He's dead, sir," said Martin solemnly.

"Dead, dead," chanted Conrad, from the window. "You want my father?"

"He can't be dead!" said Magee, closely scanning the white face; and then, as he felt of the still wrist and the cold flesh, he added, "But he is!"

For a moment, Magee stood staring—unseeing, but thinking quickly.

Then he said, "Charles, go and get Mr. Swift. Tell him to hurry down. And, Martin, you go about your work. Serve breakfast as usual. You must tell the other servants, I suppose, but don't allow any noisy excitement or hysterics. We have Mrs. Howland to consider first of all. Don't let her be told of this by a servant."

"Very good, sir." And Martin disappeared.

Once alone, Magee did not look again at the lifeless body of his employer, but with swift, efficient movements he went straight to the safe, opened it, and rapidly selecting various papers and bundles of papers, transferred them to his own desk, which he closed and locked. He stood in thought a moment, then, listening for footsteps on the stairs and hearing none, he opened a drawer in Ralph Howland's desk. The position of the dead body made this difficult, but Magee managed it. He took out more papers and put these



## The Toll of Toil

**T**IRED faces—pinched, puffed, pallid. We see them on our homeward journey every day. They are the toll of toil, the price of progress.

Tonight examine these faces. Imagine a fairy wand which would erase every tired line, lift every drooping muscle, cleanse and close every relaxed pore and then restore the flush of clean, vigorously coursing blood!

There is such a "fairy wand." Its name is the **BONCILLA BEAUTIFIER CLASMIC PACK**. Here is conclusive proof of its quick, definite action.

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We asked 839 people, men and women, to write and tell in their own words just what the *Boncilla Clasmic Pack* did for them. Then we classified their replies. Here they are:—

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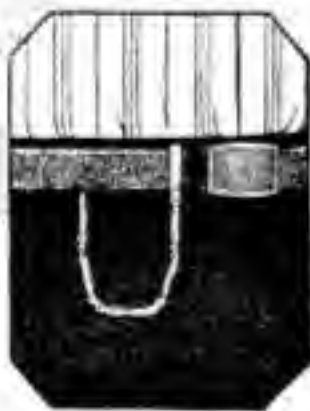
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"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value"

The Belt Chain neatly reaches from belt to watch-pocket.



In the panel above is shown a popular pattern twice enlarged. Notice the soundness of each link.



Patented clasp closed



Patented clasp open

also in his own desk, and again locked it. When Swift entered, the secretary stood with folded arms gazing at his one-time employer.

Leonard Swift, with tousled hair, dressing-gown over his pajamas, and shuffling bath-slippers, stopped short as he entered the room.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "He—he isn't—"

"Yes, he's dead," and Magee stood without moving.

"What—what from? Heart disease?"

"How do I know? He had no heart disease that I ever heard of!"

"But what else could it be? He wasn't—wasn't—" Swift's teeth chattered and he could not bring out the dreaded word.

"Murdered?" said Magee coldly. "I don't see any sign of it; but I think we must call a doctor at once."

"Yes, yes, of course. You do it, will you, Magee? I—I must dress."

"Yes; but wait a minute, Mr. Swift. I'll call the doctor, and he'll know what to do; but what about Mrs. Howland? Who will tell her?"

Swift considered.

"I can't," he said, at last. "Oh, I couldn't do it. Get—why, get Miss Mills to tell her. It's a woman's job, seems to me."

"Either Miss Mills or Nurse Lane," Magee put in; "both of them, I should say. Go on up and dress yourself. I'll send somebody for Amy Lane."

THERE was time enough to move slowly, Magee reflected. Since Mary Howland did not already know of the tragedy, it was probable that she would not be anxious for an hour or so, at least. If awake, doubtless she thought her husband in his own room; if asleep, she was secure for the moment. So Magee sent a message to Nurse Lane to come to him in the living-room as soon as she could do so. Then he closed the library windows, and shut the door as he went out.

"Has something happened?" asked Amy Lane, as, fully dressed and composed, she came to Magee.

"Yes; Mr. Howland is dead."

"Oh, my poor lamb!" and Lane's thoughts flew to her mistress. "Oh, how can I tell her? What killed him?"

The instant acceptance of the situation was characteristic of Lane; she had concern only for her beloved mistress.

"I don't know. I'm about to call Doctor Avery. He died in the night—he was still down in the library—"

"Bless us, Mr. Magee, was he murdered?"

"Not that I know of—" Magee looked at her thoughtfully. "Nurse, it's an awful situation, in any case. I'm going to depend on you to do your part, which is, of course, looking after Mrs. Howland. But, also, I want you to keep the servants in order. The women, particularly. I don't want a lot of talk and gossip and curious speculation. Understand?"

"I understand, sir," and Lane looked at him gravely. "Am I to tell nobody?"

"You are to tell Mrs. Howland. Lane, what do you think? Will Mrs. Howland be hysterical, or will she take it quietly?"

"Hard to say. She's more likely to be struck dumb—yet, again, she may go into violent hysterics. You know, there's been nothing like this since little Angela died."

"I know. That nearly unseated her reason; this may entirely do so. Do you want me to be present, or—or Mr. Swift?"

"No, not at first. I can do best alone. Of course you'll see her after."

Lane stalked from the room; but her usual militant bearing was gone. She was trembling, almost limp.

After calling Doctor Avery on the telephone, Magee remained in the hall, and shortly afterward Edith Mills joined him.

"Mr. Howland is dead," Magee said briefly. "He must have died in the night—while seated at his desk."

"But how—what—" Edith began.

"I don't know," and the secretary looked at her blankly; "it may have been a stroke, or heart disease."

"Where is he? I want to see him!" Her gray eyes filled with tears and her red lips quivered.

"Go into the library if you wish," Magee said, a little more gently. "Of course, do not—do not touch him."

"No." And without another word, Edith Mills went into the library and closed the door behind her.

Presently a suppressed shriek sounded from the library, and Magee rushed in.

"Oh!" she cried, "oh, that awful boy, that horrid idiot! Make him go away!"

Conrad was outside, his face pressed against the glass of the window.

"I'll settle him," said Martin, who had followed Magee. Out through the front door Martin strode.

"Conrad, you must go home at once—right now; and stay there! Go, go along."

By way of emphasis, Martin took hold of his arm and started the idiot toward the gate. "Go on, now!"

Reluctant, but obedient, Conrad went, muttering as he slowly shuffled his way through the fallen autumn leaves. As he went, a motor car passed him, and in a moment Doctor Avery entered the house.

IN SILENCE Doctor Avery approached the still figure and began his examination. Magee stood by with folded arms. Miss Mills, coming near him, watched the doctor, while her long white fingers twisted nervously. Martin came to the doorway, from which he was hastily pushed aside as Leonard Swift came through.

"What is it, Doctor?" he asked. "What killed him? Was it a stroke?"

Swift drew near, and ignoring the others took upon himself the mantle of authority then and there.

"Make your report to me," he said importantly; "now Ralph is gone, I'm at the helm. What was it, Doctor?"

"I confess I'm puzzled," and Doctor Avery turned a perplexed face toward his questioner. "I know Ralph Howland's physical condition as well as I know my own, and he had no tendency toward heart disease, no trouble of that sort whatever. He had no ailment that could have brought about this sudden death."

"Then was he—was he—!"

It was Edith Mills who spoke, her eyes big with terror, her face agonized, and her whole body quivering.

"I don't know." Again the doctor gave that baffled look. "There is no evidence of a crime." He scrutinized again the dead face, and bent closer and sniffed at the lips. "It is the most mysterious thing I ever saw! I must call in Mason."

"Shall I do it?" asked Magee.



"Yes. Call Doctor Mason, the county medical examiner, at once."

Still pondering, the doctor again examined the body, looked about the desk, and glanced over the room.

"Where's the bird?" he asked suddenly. The others followed his eyes to the gilded cage of Ralph Howland's pet canary. The door was slightly open and the cage empty.

"Queer!" Leonard Swift said. "That bird was the apple of Ralph's eye. Who could have left the door unfastened?"

"What about Mary?" asked Doctor Avery. "Does she know?"

"Not yet," Swift told him. "I just saw Nurse Lane, and she said she should wait until Mary had eaten her breakfast before she told her."

"Good," Avery commented. "Then let us have breakfast; I've had none, and we could all do with a cup of coffee."

It was Mrs. Howland's custom to breakfast in her room, so the others went to the dining-room.

"Guess I'd better tell Mary myself," said Doctor Avery, after he had made a hearty meal. "No telling what she'll do."

AS HE had cared for Mary Howland's physical well-being for many years, he tapped at the door of her boudoir without ceremony.

"Why, Doctor Avery, what are you doing here?" she exclaimed, as Nurse Lane let him in.

"How are you this morning?" and the doctor looked at her intently.

"All right," she returned brightly, but the eyes that looked up at him across her untouched breakfast tray were moving restlessly about, and her wandering gaze was unintelligent and uncertain.

"She won't eat," complained Lane; "she won't touch her coffee."

"Never mind. Put it away for the present," and the doctor sat down beside his patient and took her hand.

"Mary," he said, watching her closely, "where is Ralph?"

"Where is Ralph?" she repeated. "Yes—that's so; where is Ralph?"

"Do you know?"

"Do I know? No, I don't know—do you know? Does anybody know?"

"Mary," he spoke with a quiet emphasis, "Ralph is dead."

"Yes," she said, "I know that. Have you seen the will?"

(To be continued)

"ANIMALS Have Queer Streaks as Well as Folks" is the title of a group of extraordinary true stories about animals as told by Raymond L. Ditmars, the famous reptile and mammal authority of the New York Zoological Park. This article is both practical and fascinating. It was written by M. K. Wisehart.

HUGH S. FULLERTON will tell you next month the amazing story of "Bugs" Baer, one of the most famous newspaper paragraphers of the present day. When "Bugs" was a boy his parents were so poor and his brothers and sisters so numerous that "cheerfulness was all they could afford to have." To-day he is dispensing cheer to an audience numbering millions.

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## The Story of the "Czar of the Great Lakes"

(Continued from page 37)

his mind he had bought a textbook of some shorthand system. At odd times he studied this by himself. And in Cleveland, when he failed to be accepted as a sailor, he took stock of his resources and decided to be a stenographer.

At the beginning of our talk, before he had told me anything of his story, Mr. Coulby said, "My career, if we can call it by any such high-sounding name, has been nothing spectacular. It has been merely a slow, steady growth. I can't claim to have had any phenomenal talent, or to have staged any dramatic leaps and bounds.

"In looking back," he said thoughtfully, "I seem to have shown only two traits that especially helped me: For one thing, I always tried to take advantage of any opportunity I saw. Every man who achieves anything does do this. All young men have opportunities. They may say they have none, but that is a mistake. They either don't see them, or else they don't take them.

"The other quality which, as I realize now, had a bearing on my business future, was a certain degree of foresight. Like most young men, I started on more than one ladder; always at the bottom, of course. And my foresight amounted to just this," he said with a smile. "From my place on the lowest rung, I looked up to see how far the ladder reached.

"In business, you know, there are short ladders and long ones. On some of them, the top rung isn't much higher than the bottom one. If I found myself on one of these short ladders, I stepped off and tried to find one that reached higher."

WITH no practical experience and no training in business, it must have required some nerve for the boy to apply for the position of private secretary to Mr. Newell, then president of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Railroad, with its main offices in Cleveland. He did apply, however, and he got the job.

"That was in the spring of 1883," he said, "when I was eighteen years old. As the private secretary to a railroad president I was undoubtedly on a ladder that offered quite lofty possibilities. But it also offered some immediate and acute problems.

"My salary was forty dollars a month, which figures out at about nine dollars a week. I think I paid about six dollars a week for my room and board. Being in the president's office, I had to wear fairly good clothes. I had to have clean linen—and that meant laundry bills. And, of course, there were some other small but necessary expenses.

"I went to Mr. Newell and told him that I couldn't make both ends meet with the salary he was paying me, and asked for an increase. He didn't see fit to give it to me, so I looked for another position.

"I don't remember whether I advertised for one myself or whether I answered an advertisement. But whichever it was, it was one of the most fortunate things I have ever done, for it led to my associa-

tion with Colonel John Hay, who afterward became Secretary of State and, later, Ambassador to Great Britain.

"At that time, Hay and Nicolay were writing their 'Life of Abraham Lincoln.' Hay was in Cleveland and Nicolay was in Washington. Each would work on a chapter, then send it to the other to be gone over. Hay was doing all his writing without anyone to help him; and his wife finally insisted on his getting a secretary. I was fortunate enough to obtain the position.

"I think he paid me seventy-five dollars a month at the beginning. Later my salary was increased to one hundred dollars. But when I say that I was fortunate, I don't refer to the money I received. The great benefit to me was the association with a man of Colonel Hay's character.

"LIFE is a curious thing, isn't it? I had come to Cleveland intending to ship as a common sailor—a boy's idea of romance and adventure. Instead of this, I found myself in daily and hourly association with the most perfect type of American gentleman it has ever been my good fortune to meet; a man who quickly became my ideal of everything that was fine—literally 'a scholar and a gentleman.'

"Years later, when Colonel Hay was Secretary of State at Washington, I happened to be in that city and, in passing along a corridor in the Department of State, noticed the door to his office. I had not seen him for years. Meanwhile, I had become a very busy man myself; and, anyway, I knew he was busy and I was not inclined to intrude on his time. But on this occasion, acting on a sudden impulse, I thought I would stop and pay my respects to him.

"Going up to the negro attendant who was standing guard at the door I asked to see Secretary Hay. Immediately the colored man began to protest that it was impossible! The Chinese Minister was waiting, the secretary had other important affairs that demanded his attention, and so on and so forth.

"Now, look here!" I said to him. "I understand that it's your job to keep people from bothering Secretary Hay. And the reason I understand is because I once had to do that very thing myself. I was his protector then just as you are now. Here is my card. When you have an opportunity, lay it on his desk and tell him that I simply wanted to pay my respects to him.

"With that, I went on down the corridor. But just as I reached the turn I heard my name called, and I turned to see—not the darky, but the Secretary of State himself, running after me. He took me back to his private office; and the Minister from China had plenty of time to meditate on his mission, whatever it was, while Colonel Hay and I talked over old days together.

"That was the last time I saw him; and that little act of courtesy and friendliness only served to strengthen my early admiration of him as the finest type of an American gentleman.





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"I was his private secretary for three years. My salary, as I said before, was by that time one hundred dollars a month and I was earning about fifty dollars a month doing outside work. But I knew that I was on one of those short ladders I spoke of just now. And, much as I liked being with Colonel Hay, I could not see any future for me if I stayed with him. When a young man finds himself in that situation, it is time for him to step off that ladder."

"Colonel Hay was a brother-in-law of Samuel Mather. Both had married daughters of Amasa Stone, one of the leading figures in Cleveland in the early days. Mr. Mather was in business. I wanted to get into business, too. So I asked Colonel Hay if he would use his influence with Mr. Mather to get me an opening. He did so. And I went to work as a clerk and stenographer for what was then the new firm of Pickands, Mather, and Company."

"Colonel Hay was a scholar and a diplomat, not a business man. Mr. Mather was; and as fine a type of business man as I have ever known. So you see how far-reaching was the good fortune I had in becoming associated with John Hay."

"I HAD been earning one hundred and fifty dollars a month. My new position paid me the not very munificent salary of only fifty dollars a month. Moreover, the firm was engaged in a new enterprise and was starting in a small way. They had only one room for an office; and the entire staff consisted of the two active partners and three clerks, of whom I was one."

"But to me the important thing was my faith in the men for whom I was to work! I am almost forty years older now than I was then, and I think I have acquired some business wisdom. But I never have had reason to regret the fact that I staked my future on the character and ability of the men who were, so to speak, building the ladder I had set foot on."

"If I were a young man I should be interested, of course, in the financial standing of any firm for which I worked: the amount of capital, the size of the business, and so on. But I should be more interested in the character of the men at the head of the business. Ability, integrity, and fairness inevitably attract capital and build up a business. I would cast in my lot with men of that type, and try to share in their growth. It would be sure to come if they were good executives."

"I don't consider any man a really good executive if he hasn't built up a loyal and efficient organization. On that score, at least, I think I can pass muster myself, for I have just that kind of an organization. And I have it because I am willing to give every man in it a chance to climb just as high as he can."

"I've had men come to me and say that they wanted to get on faster than they were progressing. When they say this I tell them to go to it."

"Make this desk where I'm sitting your goal!" I tell them. "If I'm not doing the best work that can be done in my job, somebody ought to take it away from me. Anyway, I'm not going to live forever. Nobody is. Pick out the best place in sight and go after it! Go after mine! You're bound to get something worthwhile if you do that. And I'll be glad to see you succeed."

"I try to live up to that," Mr. Coulby said earnestly. "I think it is a great factor in making any organization loyal and efficient. But the only way to give a man a chance is to let him show what he is capable of. Put him in a position of responsibility—and then let him alone. He never will find out what he can do, and neither will you, if you stand over him all the time, telling him what to do."

"When I have given a man certain duties they are his, not mine. I have my own to attend to. I don't try to run every job in the place. I don't smother myself in details. Not all executives work that way, I know; but it happens to be my way."

"How can you tell whether the men who attend to the details are doing it right?" I asked.

"How does a chauffeur know, when he takes out a car, whether it is running smoothly?" said Mr. Coulby. "If he is an experienced driver he can tell when anything is wrong with the mechanism. An executive is a sort of business chauffeur. He is, or should be, as sensitive to the way his organization is running as the driver of a car is to the vibrations of his engine, and condition of his tires, or any other part of the machine."

"But an executive cannot be sure how the men under him are performing their duties unless he knows by experience how those duties should be performed. I don't run around, peering at every man to find out what he is doing. But I know what he ought to be doing, for there isn't any work in this organization that I haven't done myself."

"It is the job of the executive, to go ahead and lead; not to get behind and push. And to do that successfully he must not let himself be smothered in details which he can hire men at a hundred and fifty dollars a month to do—perhaps better than he can do them himself."

"Someone told me, not long ago, that John D. Rockefeller once suggested to a subordinate of his that this man take a day off occasionally. The man protested that he couldn't possibly get away. Whereupon Mr. Rockefeller said, in his quiet, slow way:

"Well . . . I don't know. . . . If you took a day off . . . now and then . . . you might think up something . . . that would help the business."

"THERE was a good deal of wisdom in that, a wisdom especially adapted to executives," laughed Mr. Coulby. "A man can be so immersed in details that he hasn't time to study conditions and to make his big and broad plans. It seems to me that an executive should take a pretty permanent vacation from the details and give himself a chance 'to think up something that may help the business.'"

"Every employee can try to do this kind of thinking, even if he isn't an executive. He might spend some of his spare time going ahead along his own road and doing a little construction work. Somebody is pretty certain to find out about it and to give him a chance to do more and bigger work of the same kind."

"Of course I realize that it was an advantage to me to start with a new business which developed rapidly. Growing up with it, as I did, I had a chance to learn it thoroughly. Still, I didn't have to do this. I might have gone on being a clerk for the rest of my days."





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"Some young men don't want responsibility. A nice smooth rut is a comfortable place to be, and they would rather stay in it than to get out and take the bumps on the open road. That's all right if it is what a man wants. But when he makes that choice, he oughtn't to blame anyone but himself if his rut doesn't take him to the heights reached by others—by those who chose the rough road that did lead there.

"Not that my road ever seemed a hard one to me. I enjoyed it. For one thing, work was not considered a penance or a hardship in those days. The men who grew up with the business along with me never counted the hours they put in. We used to work from the time we got up in the morning until we went to sleep at night. And we got up early and went to sleep late! Work was our occupation, our recreation, and everything else.

"In this way, I learned every phase of the business, from the clerical work in the office to the practical problems of handling the vessels. Many a time I have gone out with a wrecking crew to salvage a ship, or her cargo. Of course I don't do that now; but I know what the men who do have that job are up against. I know what every man in the organization is up against; because I have been there myself. I think that helps me as an executive.

"WORK is still my greatest interest in life, although I don't work as hard as I used to. A man slows up a bit as he grows older. At least he ought to, if he wants to stay on at his job. I'm not ready to part company with mine, so I keep myself fit.

"Some men worry along without health and yet accomplish big things; but I don't see how they can do it. Fortunately, I never had to try, for I've always been well and strong. That's another thing every young man should think about: his health. It may be the deciding factor between success and failure.

"A man 'rides on his stomach,' you know. It may seem rather humiliating to him to measure himself by his digestion, but he will have to do it, sooner or later. If it comes to a scrap between his head and his stomach, the stomach generally wins. I eat anything I want. I don't have to worry about it beforehand—and I never give it a thought afterward. But," he admitted with a smile, "it probably is because I don't want the kind of food that makes trouble.

"I never cared for elaborate dinners. I don't now. But even if I did like rich, unwholesome food, I wouldn't eat it. A man is careful about the fuel he puts into the engine of his automobile. But his own 'engine' is a million times more important to him. If he hasn't enough sense and enough self-control to take care of it, he needn't be surprised if it stalls and he becomes a tail-ender in the race.

"I don't know just how much a man can do to the brains he is born with. I believe he can do a good deal—both ways. He can develop them, or can let them become so run down and rusty that they won't do anything except creak. But almost any young man can improve his physique and take care of his health. If he doesn't, he marks up a big handicap against himself. For nobody—I don't care what his other abilities may be—can do the best work of which he is capable unless he has health."



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## From Stake Driver to Railroad President

(Continued from page 19)

"So I stuck."

"Sticking, coupled with hard work and doing the job I had at the time the best I knew how, is about the best explanation I can give for the fact that I went ahead, step by step.

"It was all very gradual. Promotions came slowly: from assistant engineer to chief engineer, to vice president, to president, with many gradations between, and with a long stay in each job. The advance was not dramatic, nor was it made up of a few big steps, but of many little ones. You ask me to say what I have learned about the process of achievement, and that is the first thing I would say: *Don't be nervous if you don't land in a big job overnight.*

"It takes time to grow up in business. Have patience.

"That applies to promotions, and to salary too. I want to emphasize that the pay is not the thing a man ought to be chiefly thinking of. What he should think of is the opportunity to show what he can do. Sooner or later the pay will take care of itself. Don't worry too much if it isn't sooner.

"I went from twenty dollars a month in the surveying party to the president's chair, and I never once asked for an increase in pay. And in time the increases always came. There were times when I was underpaid for the work I was doing. Would I have gone ahead any faster or got any further in the end if I had raised a rumpus about it? I don't think so. The adjustments were made in time and I never lost by my silence.

"I find men, though, who feel and say that they have been slighted. They grumble because they are not picked out of the crowd for advancement, while others are. And very often, if they stayed right at home with their grumbling and asked themselves *why* they were not picked out, and told themselves the straight truth about it, they would find the answer *not* in somebody else's oversight, but in their own failure to put the last ounce of energy into doing the job the best they knew how.

**A** MAN in the ranks in a big business is just a buck private. There is no reason why anybody in authority should notice him at all, unless he does his work very poorly or very well. I think I can safely say that very few of the men who are running big business enterprises, and very few of their chief subordinates, have a desire to slight anybody. Quite the contrary! They are much too anxious to find people who can and will take responsibilities and distinguish themselves at their tasks.

"Now suppose a man does just that. Presently, we will say, he gets a small promotion. Maybe he is given merely a job as a 'straw boss,' who is nothing more nor less important than a foreman's assistant. His pay is usually a little higher. That was the kind of job I had with the three Irishmen.

"Even a straw boss has a chance to

show whether he has anything of the leader in him. And here is the important point: By becoming straw boss he has climbed out of the ranks onto the official ladder. It may not be much of a boost, but his head does stick up ever so little above those around him. He is in a smaller group than before. There are not so many straw bosses. Therefore, the chance of his being recognized if he does good work is that much better.

"Suppose he presently becomes a foreman. There are, probably, not so many foremen as straw bosses. So he stands out from the crowd still more sharply. And as he goes on he finds himself with each new promotion a member of a still smaller group, with constantly more chances of being recognized for good work by those in authority.

**T**HAT is the way progress in a career takes place. It is what happened to me. The big thing is not to get discouraged and give up trying if you find you emerge from the crowd very slowly. Very often it is a long, long while before promotion begins to come at all rapidly. I know the president of one railroad who was in minor positions until close to middle age. I believe at forty he was still a station agent.

"Don't imagine that you can hasten your promotion by some stunt to attract attention. You can't. You might get *one* promotion that way; but you wouldn't be likely to get another, at least not from the same employer. You can't attract favorable notice by trying to out-talk the other fellow, nor by being subservient and licking somebody's boots. There's only one way: *That is by doing the job a little better than those around you, a little better than you are expected to do it.*

"You won't get instantaneous results even by this process, perhaps. When somebody begins to notice you specially, you are not likely to be conscious of his observation. Nobody ever came to me and said:

"Storey, we're watching you!"

"It follows from what I've said that hard work is the thing, and that's trite and old-fashioned. But you've sometimes got to be trite and old-fashioned in order to get up the ladder—old-fashioned enough, at least, to do your job the best you can do it, the best it can be done.

"I remember once when I was in charge of a location crew. We had been sent out in advance of a construction crew that was already in the field. Our job was to locate the line which was being built. And we had to do our job fast in order to keep far enough ahead of the construction people. They were constantly on our heels.

"During the day I laid out the work, told the men what to do, and supervised the doing of it. That was a full job in itself. But it didn't complete all I had to do.

"At night I went over the notes of the work we had done during the day, to get them in shape for the people behind us.





## What Are You Thinking About?

Day-dreaming led many a man to make plans that brought him big success. Don't be alarmed when your thoughts are wandering away, when you dream that you are a leader of men—a doer of big things in the business world—a builder of lasting structures. Your day-dreams are an indication of your ambition and of your desire to accomplish things. The man who never dreams has no imagination; he will not get very far. But you can make your dreams real—You can materialize your ambition.

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That used to take me, night after night, until two or three o'clock in the morning. I went to bed then; but I had to be up again at six to start my men to work.

"That lasted for two months. I doubt if the people at headquarters knew what a hard job they had assigned me. But the point, as I saw it, was that they had assigned it to me, and it was up to me to do it. Otherwise they would have sent another man to take my place. Nobody is ever given a bigger job because he says his present job is too much for him!

"When that particular work was finished, they gave me a place that was a whole lot better. And I didn't have to work half so hard!

"No man can get on unless he really wants to get on. That sounds silly.

"Of course I want to get on," you say.

"But do you?"

"I have found that quite a lot of people do not want to get on, in this sense: They are unwilling to accept the responsibilities that come with advancement.

"There was a time when we had difficulty getting chief dispatchers. The run of dispatchers did not have to accept a great deal of responsibility, but their chief did. So men who had learned to be good dispatchers preferred to remain in their safe jobs, and we found that we were getting mostly young men, with less experience and ability, in the chief's position. At length we had to make a considerable difference in the pay of the chief dispatcher in order to make the job attractive to the men of longer experience. The chance to do important work—that by itself was not enough to attract many of them.

"So, before you complain because you don't get on, before you start to worry because you think you don't know how to get on, make sure that you really want to get on.

"And know what you are driving for. You will have to be a boss, an executive. That's one of the responsibilities you must accept.

"HOWEVER, the job of handling a thousand men is not fundamentally different from handling two. A straw boss can learn the method that the president has to use. I learned one of the most important lessons there is about handling men when, at the age of twenty, I took out the three Irishmen; namely, that a good boss doesn't try to do the work of his employees. He directs them. He leads them. But they have to do the work themselves.

"The greatest railroad man I ever knew had in a marked degree the faculty of handling men ably. That was Mr. Ripley, for many years president of the Santa Fé. He won the affection and loyalty of the men around him as few executives are able to do. I recall very well what he said to me when he made me a vice president. He remarked:

"Well, Storey, you see I'm fixing it so I won't have any work to do!"

"Of course I knew well enough that he had plenty to do—more than any of us. But I understood that was his way of letting me know that my job was strictly up to me.

"There is a knack in the handling of men which it is difficult to describe. Mr. Ripley had it. It is a twofold knack. It consists of the ability to tell others how to

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## What Everyone Should Read

(Continued from page 25)

enlarging personal contacts; it is by reading the writings of anyone who writes with force and sincerity upon questions that hold one's interest, clarify one's ideas, and open out new vistas. No one can cover, nor need cover, the whole range of literature; for one of us Voltaire or his modern equivalent, Bernard Shaw; for another Plato or James Harvey Robinson; for another Ruskin or Bertrand Russell—purposely I quote incongruous names—may be revelation. I mention these writers haphazard; the last two named I cannot read at all, but I know and look up with the profoundest respect to men to whom they are founts of living water. Everyone should read what lays hold of his or her mind, ancient writings or modern, praised writings or banned writings. And having found a mind responding to one's own, then, I would say, get everything you can by and about and against that writer, and make his or her inmost thought and quality your own possession.

IF I were asked to name any specific books that everyone should read I doubt if I should name any except the Gospels and Plato's "Republic." I name the former because I do not think they are read nearly enough as books, or at least—how shall I put it?—familiarly and fearlessly enough. Many people still read them as magic books or oracles. They get them mixed up with a lot of theology. They miss the reality that in these Gospels someone is telling them something very plain and great about the Kingdom of Heaven and the Fatherhood of God.

Everyone should read these books as books, and try to get hold of these ideas, because they are sound fundamental social and political ideas, and while they mean nothing more than remote pious phrases to you you cannot possibly run a business righteously or invest money righteously, or cast a proper vote. Any public policy that does not aim at the union of mankind in the Kingdom of Heaven under the Fatherhood of God is ultimately foolery and a way to death. And Plato's "Republic" I name because it releases the mind from all sorts of conventional and traditional views about human institutions. It is not all easy reading; there are pages of what we may reasonably call "logic chopping," which many readers will be well advised to skip, but the substance of the book is of quite unusual interest and value.

You will note that, so far in this account of what everyone should read, I have not even mentioned Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, or any other of the great names that are so much imposed upon earnest young people as inevitable. I should say "Try them." But you may find all these great writers dead and flat to you, and that may be not your fault but just your difference.

Let me be frank about these overpowering names. They are rammed down people's throats; they are forced upon the young; there is need of protection against

## He has regaled our palates



## —has he also ruined our teeth?

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them. There is no reason why people who do not or cannot read Homer or Shakespeare should be bullied out of their intellectual self-respect.

Shakespeare bored Darwin dreadfully in his later years, and the great naturalist was man enough to confess it. For quite other reasons Shakespeare may bore or displease you. There is no need to be ashamed of it. Personally, I cannot have too much of Falstaff and Juliet's nurse and the players in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," but many girls and women find these characters coarse and unpleasing. On the other hand, I find Juliet's love-making about as delightful as the squeak of a passionate slate pencil. It is known that not all the plays ascribed to Shakespeare are by him, but all those enthusiastic men of letters who talk in such a ravished way about his inimitable quality differ interminably about what he did or did not write. There is an enormous literature about the play of Hamlet and what it is about. A play that puzzles people like that is not a supreme work of art at all; it is a failure or an inexcusable riddle. People cannot even make up their minds whether Hamlet is mad, or shamming madness, and the whole play has the effect of being written by a man tired of or unsympathetic with the gory plot he has chosen.

Not only is he tired of his plot, but he is bored and irritated by his world. He breaks away, as one is apt to do under such circumstances, into digressions and artificial and secondary issues. It is these incidental outbreaks that give the play of Hamlet its value—for those who appreciate its incidental outbreaks. There is a vigorous attack on contemporary actors, and Polonius is pretty plainly a caricature of Sir Francis Bacon. Shakespeare did a considerable amount of jeering in his plays and manifestly had an unloving eye for many of his contemporaries.

IT IS really very distressing to think of the endless aspiring self-educators who must have been bogged and lost in utter despair by the forcing of unsuitable and uncongenial masterpieces on their unprepared minds.

Great art exists for joy. The joy in literature, like the joy in music, is its only justification. There is no justification at all for the toilsome, industrious, joyless reading of "great" literature. There is no poetry, no work of literary art, that I would say everyone should read it. Written and made poetry is not necessary for everyone. There are many who can take the grandeur of history, the splendor of the stars, the majesty of natural law, the ripple in the water, and the beauty of a flower without the help of the poet. There are others who derive an added pleasure from the nightingale in calling it "Philomel" and who will drown the song of the lark on a golden afternoon by reciting Shelley—manifestly because they prefer Shelley to the lark. But there is no ground for shame in the fact that you can see without literary spectacles.

Should everyone read some fiction? I do not see the necessity. We live nowadays amidst an enormous accumulation of novels and with constant additions to the heaps. A very large proportion of the novel reading that goes on is mere perversion of reading, a vice. The books are



read, by youths and maidens more especially, as opiates, as a cheap evasive substitute for experience; often they are read with such inattention that if the book is taken from them suddenly they can hardly name its title or its characters; such reading is really a life-wasting habit of assisted reverie.

Not all such stories are ill-written. Such elaborate and careful writers as Robert Louis Stevenson and Mariott Watson ministered in their time to this indolent misuse of the mind. So did Sir Walter Scott. I do not think there is much more to be done with "Waverley" and "Ivanhoe" than a puerile sympathetic dreaming. But that does not apply to another and a graver type of novels. The novel has always been made a vehicle for the criticism of life and institutions, and for the expression of new ideas about conduct. It has never been purely a work of art, except in the imagination of a few pedantic critics and writers; it has always been aggressive. The true novelist tells you what he thinks about people and things as plainly and vividly as he can. Fielding and Smollett were conscious critics of life; the succession comes down through a long line of polemical commentators upon existence to the "Forsythe Sagas," and "Mr. Prohacks," and "Babbitts" of to-day. Just in so far as novels help his questionings, a man should read them. But I do not think that everyone should read them, and certainly there is no one novel at all that everybody should read.

SO THAT, after I have sifted this question out, I am left with this—that "Everyone" should read habitually and much; that there should be a framework of universal history and some general ideas about the universe, and that these are to be frequently refreshed by reading new-found books and comparing them with the old; there should be the Gospels and Plato's "Republic" and, for the rest, steady and intensive reading of biography, of discussion, of the sincerest sorts of fiction, along the line of the individual reader's interests and curiosities. Everyone should have that much in common and have that much difference; the general history, the great message of brotherhood and the kingdom of heaven, the release from mental subservience to established institutions, the recognition that all the world's affairs are matters of will and reason, these things "Everyone" should read, for these things are needed to form the basis of a common will and understanding in that reconstruction of human law and order that goes on to-day; and beyond that, within that framework of the great adventure of the race, "Everyone" should, to the best of his powers and opportunities, pursue his own individual interest and read what he can and as much as he can.

## Two Typographical Errors

TWO typographical errors were made in Mr. Wells's article last month: "The Ten Most Important Books in the World." . . . On page 88, the word "Judaism" appeared. "Justinian" was the word that Mr. Wells wrote. In the second line of the first paragraph, beginning on page 94, the word "moving" should have been printed instead of "mooning."



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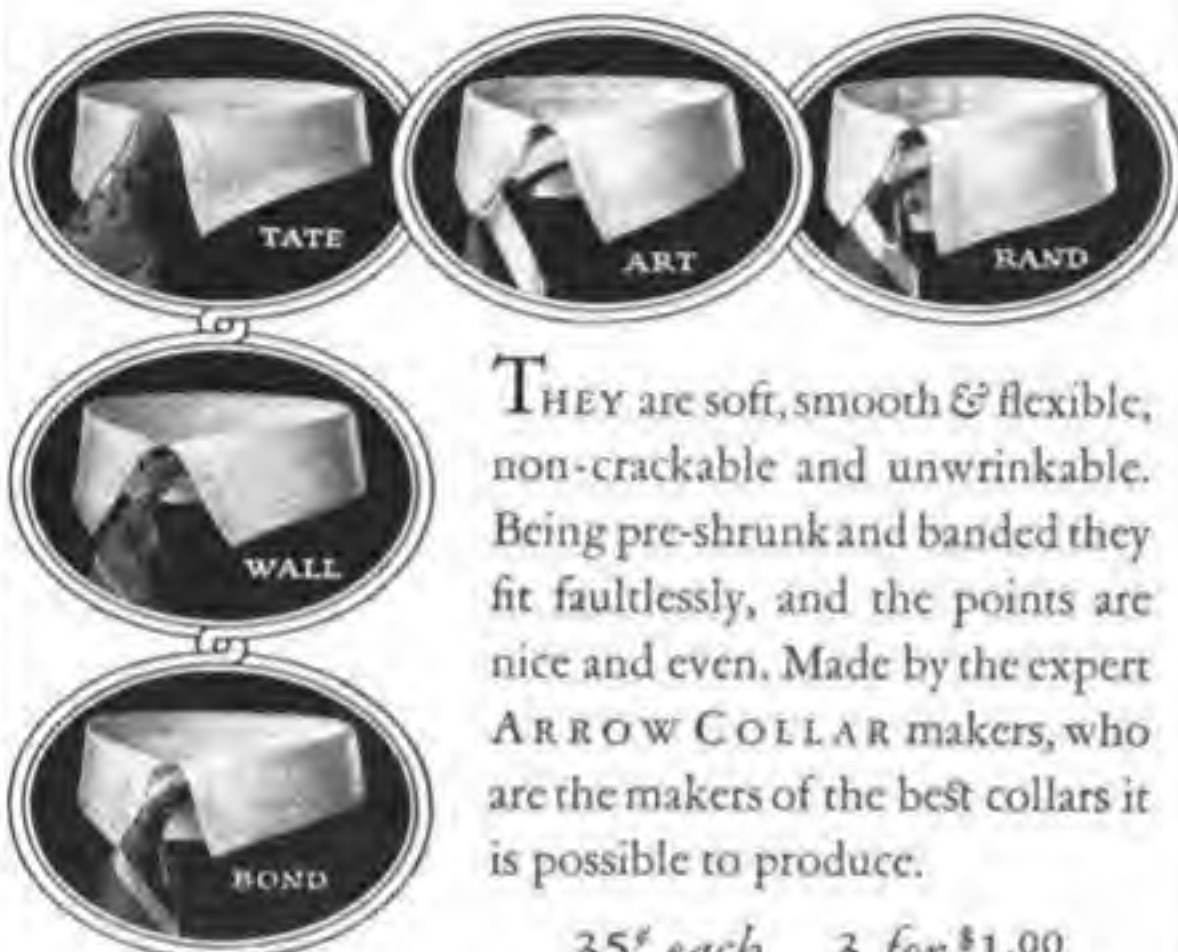
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## Human Nature as Seen by a Country Editor

(Continued from page 29)

of my newspaper. I printed the story.

I say that is the hard part of the game; one's friends are always getting into hot water. A man who has done me many a good turn was accused of a sensational crime. Investigation of the facts convinced me that he was not guiltless. He went to the penitentiary declaring that my newspaper could have saved him.

I sometimes think that a newspaper man should have no friends; he certainly should be under no fast obligation to any man who is in a position to abuse his friendship. Nothing disturbs me more than a friendly politician. Your political friend always expects you to remember his friendship, and he will purposely compromise you by loading you with favors. Not long ago I criticized a certain dignitary for his conduct in office. He lost no time in reminding me that it was his influence with the governor of the state that had got me a certain honorable commission, and that I was therefore an ingrate. I immediately sent my resignation to the governor, and told him why.

But one does not lose every friendship by printing the news where friends are involved. People are slow to forgive ridicule and slow to forgive abuse, but deep down in their conscience they respect the most terrible statement of the exact facts in any case—even about themselves.

A newspaper man who fairly and fearlessly prints the news has this decided advantage over the spineless, wishy-washy, apologetic publisher who doesn't: the former is respected by the enemies he makes; the latter is often held in contempt by the friends he thinks he makes.

THE more you do for the average small-minded person, the more he expects you to do for him. The man whose business you have boosted most, who has been favored with yards and yards of free publicity, is the first to turn against you and becomes your most bellicose enemy when you write something that offends him. You have unconsciously so elevated him in his own opinion of himself that he thinks you are everlastingly indebted to him for the space he has received in the columns of your paper.

The great rank and file who buy and read my paper, buy it for its community newsmess. Everybody likes to read about himself and about his neighbors. I try to write everything so that every reader can visualize the thing I am writing about. The average human cannot successfully visualize anything that he can't put himself into.

I am also compelled to set down the observation that the average reader is forgetful and not any too well stocked with exact general information. He isn't usually interested in formulas, statistics, or any serious matter. He wants to be entertained, and finds more interest in a comic strip than in the doings of an American Ambassador to the Court of St. James.



I never assume that the average reader has a great deal of information about anything. Sometimes I am called clever when I only write in terms that the humblest citizen may understand, and build word structures that are intelligible to a child. People are inclined to think they are real bright when they understand a thing. I endeavor to keep them forever congratulating themselves upon their cleverness.

But when errors creep into print it is next to impossible to make people understand. There have been some funny ones in my paper. There were several cases of ptomaine poisoning in town, believed to have followed the eating of oysters sold by a nondescript peddler. A local oyster dealer seized upon the opportunity to advertise. He had in his employ two negroes, who peddled his oysters from house to house. One of them was known as Long Sudie Turner, because of his height; the other was known as Short Charlie Mitchell, because of his lack of height. The oysterman advertised: "If you want to be sure of good oysters, buy them from Long Sudie Turner and Short Charlie Mitchell."

The fool printer set the ad up to read: "If you want to be sure of good oysters, buy them from Long Sudie Turner and Shoot Charlie Mitchell."

Charlie Mitchell was the best oyster shucker and peddler in town. But when someone showed Charlie the paper with that garbled ad, Charlie left his bucket of oysters on a customer's doorstep and sent word to his boss to get another peddler. Charlie Mitchell hasn't peddled an oyster since, and I have never got another advertisement from that oyster dealer.

ANOTHER queer thing about human nature is that almost everybody likes to see someone else roasted. People even register delight when the subject of the roast is one of their own friends. I once wrote and published an attack upon a candidate for Congress in my district, holding him up to ridicule in a most ridiculous way. He was a likable fellow and highly popular with his own townsmen. Standing by the window in his office he observed people—mostly his friends—everywhere on street corners and in doorways reading the attack upon himself and laughing over it. He has never had the same respect for human nature since.

I have observed repeatedly that people generally enjoy a good-natured or clever roast. I have also observed that humans usually laugh at the poor devil who slips on a banana peel or unwittingly forms a posterior contact with a carpet tack. And I have also observed how reluctantly bystanders interfere when two men attack each other with fists. Human nature likes a scrap.

The rural reader especially likes spice and vinegar. The average farmer has a notion, not altogether ill-founded, that the world's against him, and he likes to see someone else on the grill all the time. Country people always like to see some town fellow on the grill. They gather on the front porch or around the stove in the cross-roads store or country post office and chuckle and laugh over any piece in the paper that "gives some town fellow what's coming to him." But when you point out some error or transgression of these same country people, they are



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**BUTTER-KIST**  
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slower than the feminine sex to forgive.

It takes the average farmer as many years as he lives miles from town to get over anything in the paper that personally offends him. A townsman will sometimes come around in a fortnight, a month, or a year; but Hiram Cornstossel gets it in for you, and nurses his grudge for a decade. And I reckon if I had to live in a lonely house away from the road, without electric lights, without plumbing; get up at five A. M. and feed some pigs; chop some wood and hitch a pesky mule to a plow; wrestle with stumps and weeds and drought and corn-borers and cattle ticks and cotton-boll weevils, I say, I guess if you and I had to get right down and grapple with the same hard facts of life that a farmer grapples with, and nobody to blow off to except an overworked wife who wouldn't stand for it a minute; I say, I guess we would nurse almost any sort of a grouch a long time, too.

Women are always keen for the editorial hot stuff; a woman likes to read anything that rips a man up and down the back—just so long as it isn't *her* man. Women are always my staunch supporters when I speak what I think about men. But beware of the same free use of speech applied to womankind! The average woman cares little what you say about some other woman, but when you jump on women as a class—well, that's different.

**EVERY** school of journalism and every journalistic owl I ever knew banks on the idea that the most important thing in the publishing of a newspaper is to put everybody's name in the paper. I do not think that is so important as it is represented to be. People want news, and what may be news to John Smith because it is about John Smith, may be so much piffle to everybody else. The average man is quite as interested in identifying himself in the news and editorials as in seeing his name spelled out with so many letters. Here is what I mean:

There are two dozen men on the directorate of a certain bank. Every one of them feels a thrill of pride and much personal satisfaction when the paper tells in a newsy, entertaining way of some worthwhile thing the bank has done. It's his bank.

There are eight hundred or more members of a certain church, the names of not more than a score of whom enter into the news of my paper in a year; but every one of that congregation of eight hundred and more reads himself or herself into every nice thing said about that church.

This is not arguing that people do not like to see their names in print. There is a large class that is forever seeking personal publicity, losing no opportunity to shove their names into print.

My paper has a considerable circulation among the negroes of the town. The news of the negro population seldom gets into the paper; but what is quite as much appreciated by the negro as seeing his name in print is the fact that here is a newspaper that treats his problems sympathetically and, in a larger way, recognizes his economic, legal, and social rights, and his value to the community.

I find men more eager for publicity than women and much more vain, but women are more appreciative of their pictures in the paper—when they take good pictures.



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Models for All Needs  
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Write today and ask us to send you a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

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I publish every woman's picture I can get hold of, because a woman's picture gets reactions that a man's never does. Every man will study the picture of a good-looking woman; the friends and admirers of the woman are always pleased, while others are envious. No man ever asks me whose picture will I publish next, but women do ask me that question frequently. The only woman who ever raised a row with me for publishing her picture was my wife; and I discovered later that she kicked only because she feared someone would accuse her of having published it herself.

I find the hardest customer of all the human stock with whom I deal is the type which J. Lothrop Stoddard has fitly designated as the Under Man, sometimes called the Under Dog. The Under Dog is often an ungrateful beast, quick to turn upon his benefactor and rend the very hand that would help him. The world has run ahead of him and he can never catch up; the burdens of civilization rest heavily upon him, and he does not understand why; he is ever resentful, ever distrustful, ever suspicious, usually sullen, and often an ingrate of the most disappointing kind. You cannot lead him except by appealing to his basest instincts or exploiting his ignorance. I have fought his battles for him and sought to improve his working and living conditions, and seen him chase off after a demagogue who gave him only a drink of cheap liquor and a lying promise for his vote. It might be different if one could get right down in the gutter with him, but I have been so everlastingly busy keeping out of the gutter myself that I haven't had the time or the inclination to stop in the gutter with the other fellow; like the majority of humans I have tried to save my own bacon first.

THE Yellow Journalist thrives upon the Under Man; sincere men are crucified by him. It was the ignorant, unimaginative, landless, thriftless, drifting class that thronged the plains outside the gates of Jerusalem, and surged and howled around the uplifted cross on Calvary. Jesus, knowing them by intimate association, offered up the greatest prayer that ever fell from lips of mortal man or immortal God. He said: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

One of the first things a country editor learns about human nature is that free humans will not be driven. A newspaper man who tries to reform everything and everybody by wielding a lash or a club is slated for a lot of disappointments. The "roast" may be the most entertaining, the most attention-compelling, and, often, the most popular weapon an editor can use, but it is the least effective. The public has a way of considering even a consummate scoundrel sufficiently punished when he has been sufficiently abused.

I have found out that the best and most effective way of bringing about a reform, or starting anything new under the sun, is to let the public discover for itself that it wants the thing. People usually get what they want when they want it enough. When a few influential individuals in a community become interested in a thing and are saddled with the responsibility for it, they will move heaven and earth for it, because it is *their* scheme. There is just that much egotism in almost



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It sometimes happens, and it's sometimes embarrassing. But you can always be on the safe side with something suitable to serve, if you have Kraft Cheese (in tins) on the pantry shelf.

Kraft Cheese (in tins) is such a convenience; so many ways to serve it, that the prudent housewife will never be found without it.

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every man, that he considers his own ideas of paramount importance.

The next most interesting things are money and love; one or both of these being the objective of every normal adult human being. But a funny thing about human nature is, the very ones who most eagerly devour anything about anybody who is successful in the pursuit of money are the most eager readers of every news item that relates an unsuccessful venture in love. A breach of promise, a divorce, or a sex scandal invariably booms street and news-stand sales.

I have said that the predominant trait of human nature as I find it is selfishness. The world is running on selfishness. A polite word for the same thing is individualism. Ours is an individualistic society, in which every individual is responsible for the upkeep and welfare of himself and his household. His community is the family 'neath his own roof. His first concern is to look out for himself and for those immediately dependent upon him. And there is no ignoring the fact that if he doesn't look out for himself he will fare badly indeed, for no one else is going to look out for him; and the State isn't going to care for his loved ones when he is dead.

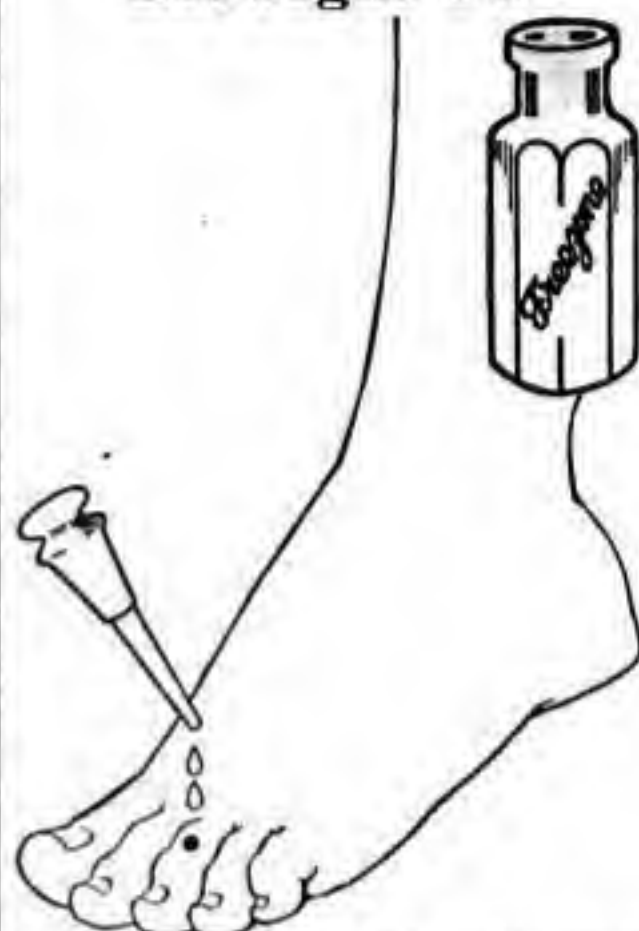
THE fear of illness, unemployment, old age, poverty, and premature death steels many an otherwise magnanimous heart and makes otherwise noble men appear as so many niggardly, miserly, grasping creatures, devoid of idealism, devoid of humanitarianism, and devoid of any philanthropic impulse. In some great catastrophe, shaken out of themselves and given a new deal, the true nobility of human nature asserts itself, and the most commonplace men emerge as heroes. I personally know a lot of accredited heroes, and they were just Tom, Dick, and Harry before they got a chance to show the stuff they were made of.

Viewed solely in its everyday business relations, human nature often makes a sorry spectacle—every man crowding every other man for place, and the successful ones attaining the greatest successes by exploiting their weaker brethren. But only ignorance is vicious and intolerable. More and more each day, seeing human nature revealed through the grind of the local news of this small town and its environs, I am not permitted to be a pessimist very long at a time. All the badness in the bunch is the result of an enforced selfishness. Everybody would be more kind, more helpful, and in every way more beautiful if everybody had more time to know one another and know life values. Human nature suffers much for lack of leisure, and its failure to date to organize and make the most of the leisure that it has.

"THE World Makes Way for a Man Who Knows Where He is Going" is the subject of a remarkable business romance by Merle Crowell that will appear next month. It is the story of a man who had no definite goal at the age of twenty-nine. Then he examined himself honestly and thoroughly, laid out a bold course of action—and to-day, at forty-two, he is one of the outstanding figures in the life-insurance world.

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Booklet "A" Free On Request



**BERNARD  
PLIERS**  
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NEW HAVEN, CONN.



## Timothy's Last Joke

(Continued from page 40)

"I had dinner at home; Mother had one of her spells. You can dock me half a day—"

"Your mother's worse?"

"She'll get along. I—I've a woman in to take care of her now. But Fay—"

"Dean Mackie, you sure you're tellin' me the truth? You're shieldin' her, with that innocent look!"

"I saw her polishin' things up around the kitchen," he admitted, "and then she went—out for a bit. But say,"—the boy's mouth suddenly matched Agatha's in its grim repression—"even if Fay had a habit of confidin' in me, which she ain't, do you think I'd tell all I know, with you standin' ready to give her Hail Columbia?"

They measured each other with open antagonism. "Reckon I can wait!" snapped Agatha.

Dean bolted his food and left the house.

"Irresponsible . . . always was," Agatha said to herself as she cleared away the dishes. "She'll be driftin' in any minute."

But Fay did not drift in. Finally, Agatha took a lamp and climbed the stairs to the girl's room. The room was untidy, with bureau drawers half open and clothes strewn about. It had been the scene of a hasty packing. Yes, Fay's suit case was gone, the closet was half empty of clothes! Agatha stared stupidly at the pink silk dress, which hung in its accustomed place. Fay had taken only her oldest things. What could it mean?

AGATHA sat down limply. What was it Fay had said: "Why do you hate me? You'd be happier alone, wouldn't you?"

Where had Fay gone, then? Perhaps to her grandmother's beyond Ithaca! Agatha clutched at the solution with relief, convinced that she had hit upon the right explanation. "And why shouldn't Fay's grandmother, her own blood relation, share the burden?" Agatha argued. Timothy, she owned with a little twinge of conscience, had been even closer to Fay, somehow, than that maternal grandmother.

Suddenly Agatha realized that at last her wish had come true—she was alone!

In the living-room, Agatha sat down to the luxury of a solitary evening. No longer to have to steel herself against Fay's outbursts of merriment! Just there, against the crocheted doily, Timothy's head had always rested. . . . Agatha closed her eyes to recapture the vision of Timothy smoking his old brier pipe there beside her, but somehow she failed, and she was appalled. Could it be that she was already forgetting him? What was that little joke on the minister that Tim had loved to tell? Timothy refused even to chuckle for her!

She pressed the balls of her eyes; she was tired, that was it. Fay had probably made the four-ten local . . . she might at least have left a note, after all they'd done for her! Doubtless she'd be writing Agatha to send on the rest of her clothes.

At breakfast the next morning Agatha announced to Dean that Fay had gone on a visit to her Grandmother Scott.

"That so? You—heard from her?"

## "Old Town Canoes"



## THE JOY of a Really Fine Canoe

AT the foot of the float is tied a canoe—an "Old Town." It rests on the water, buoyant, graceful, inviting.

Your first impression is one of beauty. The gunwales and decks are of rich, red mahogany. The trim is an artistic pattern running from bow to stern. Lights and shadows play over the highly varnished surface.

You step in. Lightly, you dip your paddle, and the canoe moves easily over the surface. Deeper thrusts, and you speed along, noiselessly, tirelessly.

Then you realize why the "Old Town" is the finest of all canoes. The trim Indian lines make for speed combined with steadiness. Every "Old Town Canoe" is patterned after a real Indian model.

An "Old Town" will last you for years. It is the best made, lightest and lowest priced of canoes. \$54 up from dealer or factory.

The new 1923 catalog shows all models in full colors. Write for one to-day. It is free.

**OLD TOWN CANOE CO.**  
365 Middle St., Old Town, Maine, U. S. A.





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"Hair-Groom" Keeps Hair Combed any Style, Well-Groomed—

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Even stubborn, unruly or shampooed hair stays combed all day in any style you like. "Hair-Groom" is a dignified combing cream which gives that natural gloss and well-groomed effect to your hair—that final touch to good dress both in

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Greaseless, stainless "Hair-Groom" does not show on the hair because it is absorbed by the scalp, therefore your hair remains so soft and pliable and so natural that no one can tell you used it.

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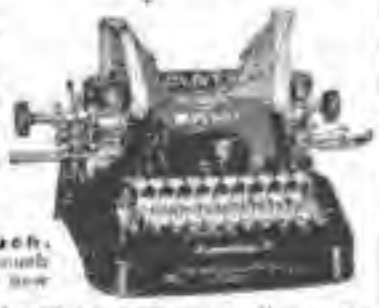
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Agatha ignored the question. Dean relapsed into silence, but he choked on a scalding mouthful of coffee and Agatha caught him looking at her curiously.

She wrote a letter to Fay's grandmother to verify the girl's whereabouts. Having posted the letter, and calculated that an answer should come through in three or four days, she busied herself with household duties.

Gloomy enough meals these days. Dean seemed to have lost his appetite, and was anxious only to be through with the form of eating, and to get away. Agatha asked him about his mother and attempted, almost wistfully, to make a little cheery conversation.

"Getting along," he answered brusquely. "I'll just run over and see her, take her a bit o' broth—"

"No! Visitors . . . upset her. Sorry."

In spite of the rebuff, Agatha owned in fairness to him that Dean Mackie was not a bad boy: industrious, notwithstanding the poverty of his own barren little farm, and good to his mother.

But Agatha was not at peace. The house was appallingly empty. She missed Fay's clatterings in the kitchen, her little explosions of song. It was a "Good miss," Agatha insisted . . . but no, it was an ache.

And the worst of it was that Timothy had never been farther away from her. It was as though she needed Fay's laugh about the place to hear Timothy joining in.

ON THE fourth morning after Fay's abrupt departure Agatha awoke with a faint touch of sciatica. She had been overdoing. The housework on the Brant place was too much for one woman! In view of the fact that Agatha was usually something of a stoic about her sciatica it was odd how rapidly that one little twinge of pain assumed large proportions. All the sign posts pointed one way: Fay must come back!

After all, Fay was young, and the Brant place was rather dreary of late. A party, perhaps—Fay and Timothy had always hankered for a party.

Perhaps Agatha had better go after Fay herself, make sure of her. There should be a letter in the morning mail.

The letter came even as she had foreseen; Agatha glanced at the postmark, eagerly ripped it open. It was all working out just as she had planned!

Dazed, she spelled through the prim, Spencerian handwriting a second time; Prudence Scott—"Mrs.," in parentheses—begged to state that she had not seen her granddaughter, had had no word from her.

But what did it mean? Overwhelmingly, the truth rushed in upon Agatha. Fay had disappeared—the way a girl from Interlaken had disappeared. The girl's body had been found later! Dean! Where was Dean? She remembered he was late again, had not come for breakfast. . . . No time to wait for him! Tremblingly Agatha hitched old Jerusalem, urged him to town. The ticket agent! Why hadn't she thought of him before?

No, positively Sam had sold no ticket to Fay Brant.

No one had seen Fay! The village people seized upon the possibility of a mystery with gusto. "How long had she been gone? . . . Off to the city on a spree," winked facetious old Jep Thompson—"Young people!"



Agatha turned on him. "I'll have you know my niece is a girl o' responsibility." The sheriff reassured her; they'd send out inquiries, post the countryside. Had Mrs. Brant a good clear picture; and what was Fay wearing when last seen?

Cold and grim on the outside, but shaken and worn-out underneath, Agatha at last turned home. She told Dean; she supposed he was feeling something of what she felt, but she was hardly conscious of him. A day, two days, dragged by.

Alone in Fay's room, Agatha broke down. She would have given a good deal to hear Fay's ripple of care-free laughter, and acknowledged it humbly, shamelessly. She fingered the stuff of Fay's pink dress, and thought of the soft crimson silk shawl that Timothy had given her when they were married. She had stowed it away in tissue paper! . . . Fay would love that shawl. If she could only have another chance. . . . Agatha wiped away acid tears, took herself firmly in hand.

In those few days she grew old, and tighter-lipped than ever, and Dean Mackie noticed it. "Look here," he said impulsively, "you're taking it too hard. Maybe Fay'll turn up to-day!"

"You don't know anything about it," muttered Agatha. "Reckon you don't care much about her—really."

"No?" Dean's voice was strange. Perhaps he did care, after all; Agatha was sorry to hurt anyone; she put out an awkward hand and touched his shoulder.

Dean turned gruff, sheepish. "Guess I'll be startin' the wood lot if I finish in time," he said, without meeting her eyes; "been meanin' to get over there all spring, but I've been too dog-goned busy. Potatoes, eh?"


"Potatoes," she agreed listlessly. "No one's touched the wood lot since Timothy worked there last fall—just before he took to his bed."

TWO hours later Agatha returned from another fruitless trip to the village and flung herself face down on her bed. She lay there, a lone, bleak figure, until an odd little stirring from Timothy's room roused her. She sat up, listened, at length crept silently across the hall, and stopped breathing entirely as she came before Timothy's open door. Fay stood there in the sunlight, her hands on her hips, her hat pushed tipsily back, and chuckled softly up at Timothy's portrait—an enlarged edition of Timothy and the marble-topped table: "I'm so darn happy I've got to tell someone, Uncle Tim, and there's not another soul!"

"Fay!" Agatha breathed in awe. "Oh, Aunt Aggie! I'll draw the shades right down again. . . . Why, what is it? You're crying! Why, honey!" Fay's arms were about her, hugging her tight. "I've been taking care of Deany's mother. She's getting along fine now, and your worries are about over, Aunt Aggie. I'll soon be leaving, clearing out with all my noise and messiness—as quick as Dean can save a bit. Jim Fisher'll take Dean's place."

"You mean . . . you and Dean?" Fey nodded, laughing. Agatha clutched her. "I won't have it, Fay! I can't stand it! I'll rent the farm to Dean, do anything—but you'll have to go on livin' with me. And I've been thinkin'

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## Seeds That Are Worth Six Times as Much as Gold

(Continued from page 45)

hard conditions it ordinarily has to meet. But with man-grown plants everything is different. He gathers the seeds from selected plants. He doesn't let them rot on the ground. Men who make a business of producing seeds for the market clean them by suction, dry them—sometimes with hot air—and keep them under the best conditions.

Then they are given four tests: First, what is called a "quick germination test." A few of the seeds from one lot are placed on blotting paper. Another piece of paper is put over them. Both of these are wet. They are then kept in a sort of incubator for a couple of days at a temperature of about ninety degrees. Under these forced conditions they germinate, if they are seeds of the right quality.

They are given a second germination test by planting in greenhouses. There is also a "purity test," to determine whether they are free of dirt, chaff, and seeds of other plants or of weeds. Finally, there is an outdoor planting test to check up on all the others.

THE result is that most of these seeds will grow when planted. A good percentage for peas, for example, is ninety per cent; for eggplant and peppers, seventy per cent; for beans, one hundred per cent!

Man, therefore, does not have to produce a million times as many seeds as he intends to use. So he has bent his energies toward producing fewer seeds and smaller ones in proportion to the size of the fruit, or vegetable, or flower. He has tried to get rid of seeds entirely, wherever it was possible; as in the navel oranges and the seedless plum.

He says to Nature: "Now, don't worry! I'll keep this family going. I won't let it die out. Just you help me to give people something better to eat and more beautiful to look at."

And Nature certainly is a wonder when it comes to cooperating along that line. Do you remember the sunflowers that used to grow along the back fence when you were a child? They had a row of gold petals around a big brown center that was simply crammed with seeds. It was Nature's old trick of concentrating on seeds and not caring about beautiful but rather foolish petals.

Then human beings took a hand. They saw the possibilities of beauty in these common flowers. They began looking for exceptional specimens; those with more petals than usual; those of a little different color.

In a recent seed catalogue I counted sixteen varieties of sunflowers. Some of them had literally thousands of petals and only a very small seed center. They ranged in color from creamy white to red!

There was another flower your mother used to grow in her garden, the dahlia. It had quill-shaped petals, as stiff and formal as if cut out by a machine. But man took a hand in the affairs of the dahlia family.



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With the help of Nature he began to spin another romance of seeds: of birth and marriage and remarriage; of breeding and inbreeding and cross-breeding. Until today there are dozens of varieties of dahlias in all colors and shades, and in a bewildering diversity of forms. There are fashions in flowers; and dahlias are "in fashion" among flower growers now.

Vegetables don't exactly go out of fashion, but the demand for certain kinds is sometimes affected in peculiar ways. For instance, you may not see any connection between radishes and prohibition; but it is a fact that the eighteenth amendment caused a slump in the market for radishes. They used to be served in large quantities at the free lunch counters of saloons. With the passing of the free lunch, the demand for radishes was considerably less.

It may interest you to know that one of man's latest achievements is green corn which has a handle on the cob! This handle is a stem about two inches long, by which you can hold the corn while you eat it. If someone will now produce an ear of corn which I can eat without getting most of it on the outside of my face, instead of inside, I will rise up and call that man blessed. Green corn is as bad as watermelon, in regard to which the colored lady observed that her only trouble in eating it was that the seeds got into her ears!

I SPOKE of the amazing fact that tons of tomatoes can be raised from an ounce of seeds. It is hardly less astonishing to me that a dollar's worth of seeds will plant a garden, twenty by forty feet in size, with twenty varieties of vegetables; and that, if properly cultivated, this plot will produce enough vegetables for a family of four during a whole summer. Yet all the seeds necessary to furnish this supply would not fill a half-pint cup.

You may not want to grow either a vegetable or a flower garden, but would like to have some nice grass in your front yard. Perhaps you live in a city apartment, where the only "front yard" outside your eighth-story parlor windows is air! You can't very well have a lawn in midair. But how about the golf course, or the tennis court, where you sometimes play? And did you ever wonder how they keep the turf on a football field from being torn to pieces?

Growers have developed mixtures of grass seed adapted to the putting greens of golf courses; others for the fair green. There are special mixtures for the football field, the polo field, the tennis court, the croquet ground—each different from the others. There are mixtures for the South, for the seaside, for shady spots, for terraces, banks, and hillsides, as well as for level lawns.

Of course there are two ways of getting a lawn: by seeding the prepared ground, or by sodding it. One gains a little time by the latter method; but to my surprise Mr. Henderson declared that the time gained is very little, and that the ultimate results are far inferior to those obtained by seeding.

One extraordinary thing about seeds and plants is that they differ so strangely in their taste for food. Sweet peas, for instance, have a gluttonous appetite for nitrogen. But the curious thing about it is that they are very fussy about the way they get this nitrogen. They don't want it raw,



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so to speak. Manure is very rich in ammonia, which contains a great deal of nitrogen. But if you put fresh manure on the soil around sweet peas, they will not thrive. No, indeed! they want to have the nitrogen served to them by an army of bacteria.

You know that farmers rotate their crops because one kind of crop eats up all of the food of one sort in the ground. The same program should be followed with vegetables. For example, leafy vegetables, like cabbage and lettuce, are greedy for nitrogen, which they take from the soil. So, if you have grown them in a certain spot for a year or two, follow them with beans or peas, which add nitrogen to the soil. As a rough guide, one should plant "below-ground" vegetables one season; vegetables like turnips, beets, and carrots. In the same plot the next season, plant "above-ground" vegetables, like peas, beans, and tomatoes; and vice versa.

ONE of the most important things to know about seeds is when to plant them. They remind me of the old nursery rhyme. Some like it hot and some like it cold. Also, some like shade and some like sun. Seedsmen get out a "planting table," telling when to sow certain seeds, or to set out various plants. But the coming of spring is not always according to schedule.

The best way to find out when spring is actually on the way is to watch what certain plants, trees, or shrubs are doing. The most reliable ones, according to the Henderson people, are the apple, cherry, quince, lilac, dogwood, strawberry, grape, and some others. They say that a grapevine is an almost infallible guide. If the leaf buds confidently swell, and the leaves unfold with assurance, you can safely turn weather prophet and begin to get your garden tools ready. But you must remember that not all kinds of seeds can be planted at once. Some of them can be sowed as soon as frost is out of the ground. Others must wait until May or June.

There is another curious difference in plants. Some live out the whole cycle of their existence in a single summer. The seeds germinate, grow; the plants bear flowers, and die. They are the annuals. Other seeds produce plants the first year that have no flowers. After a winter's sleep they come up again; and this season they flower and die. They are the biennials. But there are others that go on from year to year, growing and blossoming, but not dying unless they meet with some misfortune. They are the perennials.

And so, I too might go on, almost as indefinitely, with the story of the mysterious and marvelous ways of seeds and plants. To me the seeds are the more extraordinary of the two. I take half a dozen of them in my hand. They are not very different in size or in form. Yet this one will produce an elm tree and this one a watermelon! This will produce a sunflower and this one a pumpkin! Or here is one which, like the double petunia, will have lived its life within the span of a few months, and have died, leaving not even a seed behind; while here is another that will produce plants from which my grandchildren—if I had any—could gather flowers to put on my grave, if they wanted to—which, of course, they wouldn't. After all, is there anything in this wonderful world that is more wonderful than seeds?

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## If You Are Worried—Don't Eat

(Continued from page 53)

improve the health of many a business man who now makes a practice of studying stock reports or of perusing financial statements at lunch time.

We have positive evidence that the sight of food, the sound of food being prepared, and the odor of food will cause the stomach to secrete what is known as the "appetite juice." It is so called because it is secreted as a response to emotions pertaining to food. This appetite juice is of practically the same composition as the true gastric juice. Its chief office, however, is to stimulate the secretion of the true gastric juice, and if it is checked because of unpleasant emotions, relatively little true gastric juice will be secreted. On the other hand, appetizing food, served when the emotions are those arising from happiness, laughter, pleasant music, have the effect of stimulating these juices plentifully.

Professional men—doctors, lawyers, writers—and business men are among those who commonly complain of digestive troubles. One reason for this is that they are very apt to let their minds be occupied during meals with the problems of their working hours. Strangely enough, an occupation which seems to show a very high proportion of sufferers from digestive trouble is that of the night watchman.

THE prevalence of indigestion among night watchmen came to my attention some years ago when, at the Cornell Clinic in New York, we were classifying our patients with stomach troubles. The number of night watchmen suffering from indigestion was so large that we made a very careful research to determine the reason. Our conclusion was that the main factor leading to indigestion among these men was the lonesomeness and the somber conditions under which they ate their midnight meal, while the unsatisfactory, noisy apartments where they slept by day also had some bearing.

No matter how simple our meals, we should make a point of eating them under just as pleasant conditions as possible, with a decent and orderly ceremony, for this contributes to the agreeableness of the occasion. We should be especially careful that our sense of sight is not offended by the presence of dirty dishes or stains upon the tablecloth. Many people are unfavorably affected by the noise of rattling dishes, and the other sounds and sights of a busy, crowded restaurant.

A very simple thing, such as taking food in an order to which you are unaccustomed, may have the same effect. If you doubt that the order in which you eat your meal is important, just try reversing the arrangement of your dinner sometime. You will find that you cannot do justice to the food because of its unpalatability. Years ago as a boy I attended a class banquet at which several of us, as a stunt, agreed to start with the ice cream and to eat backward to the soup. With difficulty I got back as far as the salad. When it came to the meat I had had enough, and only my own will could make me eat it.



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The entrée I could not touch, and the mere sight of the soup being served to one of my companions was disgusting to me.

Many investigators have made experiments which strikingly confirm the theory that it is important to eat our meals when we are in an agreeable frame of mind. One scientist, by means of a stomach pump, removed from the stomachs of some dogs the food they had eaten when undisturbed and apparently happy. Examination of the food showed that digestion was progressing normally. On another occasion he allowed the dogs to be teased and annoyed by other dogs while they were eating, and this time the examination showed that the dogs' digestion had been greatly impaired, owing to the decrease in the secretions.

Any strong sensation of fear or anger causes the adrenal gland to secrete adrenalin, and for some time after such an emotion the proportion of adrenalin in the blood is considerably above normal. We know that the proportion of adrenalin in the blood has to do with regulating the blood pressure, and it also has a definite effect upon the various secretions, particularly the gastric juice. I can best show you the physical effect of these emotions by telling you of an experiment made upon cats:

The blood of a cat was tested to determine its normal content of adrenalin. Then the cat was put in a cage and teased until it showed signs of anger. A test of its blood then showed that the proportion of adrenalin was considerably higher. As the cat was angered more and more the proportion of adrenalin in the blood continued to increase. Finally, the teasing of the cat being continued, the adrenalin content sank back to normal. Then it dropped far below normal. In the end, the function of the adrenal gland was completely destroyed. After two or three days of teasing, the cat was really a crazy cat. The secretory functions in every part of its body had probably been affected.

**YOU** can see from this how disastrous the effect of strong emotions of fear or anger may be upon the digestive process, especially if these emotions occur at mealtime. The effect of these emotions at other times may be less apparent, but in the end they may be just as severe. Perhaps you have learned from experience that a "fit of anger" leaves you uncomfortable for hours afterward, and the effect may last for days. Intense anger lasting for a period of some days might lead to injuries which could not be repaired for weeks, and they might even be permanent.

Rapid eating is supposed to be one of the commonest causes of indigestion. However, this habit, if the individual has good strong teeth, is not in itself usually responsible for the trouble. The mental conditions which lead a man to eat hastily are far more important.

The man who is given to the habit of hasty eating usually has a nervous temperament. His business affairs are so pressing or his social engagements so badly arranged that he feels he must slight the important function of mastication to get at his other half-finished responsibilities. Thus, while eating, he is actually under an emotional strain, and is driven by a sense that haste is imperative.

Ordinarily the stomach can do wonders

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more pay. Rueckert writes:—"You can see that my future looked pretty black." But Rueckert had the right stuff in him,—the grit that makes a man ultimately successful,—for right when jobs were scarce he quit. He writes:—"I then went out to find a job with some sort of future to it. I did not care if it did not pay so good at the start provided it had a real future. I chanced to see a Fuller Brush advertise-

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for a meal that has been slighted in the mouth, and for a long period of time it is able to accommodate itself to the individual's habits. But it is essential to bear in mind the simple physiological fact that the strongest stimulus to the secretion of the gastric juice and the proper muscular activity of the stomach is through the sense of taste. The longer this sense is stimulated, the greater will be the response of the cells which manufacture this juice.

While the regular practice of hasty eating is certainly a menace to health, any system which goes to the extent of regulating the number of chews to each mouthful is likely to be even more injurious, by causing a person to fix his attention on this act.

We know positively that directing one's attention to any part of the digestive process from the time food is taken into the mouth until the waste is evacuated can result only in harm. Eat your meals in such a way that you get the greatest possible pleasure from them. Then forget them. Your stomach and intestines will do the rest without any hint from you.

**M**ANY people believe that the stomach is the principal organ of digestion, while the intestines serve merely for the absorption of the digested product. However, this is not the case. The main office of the stomach is to prepare food in a preliminary way for further digestion and for absorption in the intestines. The main part of the digestive process is accomplished in the small intestine. Here the pancreatic juice, the intestinal juices, and portions of the bile act on the various food elements and convert them so they can be absorbed. Until comparatively recently it was thought that the process of digestion stopped when food had reached the colon, but now we know that a certain amount of absorption and actual digestive work is done by this organ. Hence the practice of frequent colon irrigations is to be condemned, except in cases where actual disease of the colon is known to exist. Even then they frequently do more harm than good.

In connection with the statement I have just made, that the work of the stomach is not so important as is generally believed, I might cite the case of a physician I know. His stomach is nothing more than a bag. From repeated examinations he knows that it secretes no gastric juice whatever—contains no hydrochloric acid, no pepsin. In other words, he has chronic gastritis. Yet he has no symptoms of this trouble. The condition itself is probably the result of over-work, and the worries incident to his early professional life.

That he has no symptoms, and suffers no inconvenience from this disorder, is due to two factors: first, the intestines are able to a great degree to compensate for deficiencies on the part of the stomach; second, he *understands* this fact; and does not worry nor concern himself about it. He eats whatever he feels inclined to, with no fear that anything will "disagree" with him. At the same time, he follows the rule that the less he eats the better in all probability he will feel.

There are many other misconceptions about the digestive process. Some of these I am going to explain here, for I believe that many people who think they suffer from poor digestion will find relief

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for their symptoms if they understand the nature of these wrong beliefs.

It is generally believed that indigestion is a widespread affliction. The truth is that this trouble is comparatively rare. True indigestion means that food elements are not properly converted for the body's use, and that materials valuable for nourishment pass out of the intestine. This is not actually the trouble with the great majority of people who think they suffer from indigestion. What people think of as indigestion is due in the main to three things: (1) The patient's conscious concentration of his thought on some particular organ, the stomach, for instance; (2) over-work, worry, or other mental strain; (3) loss of sleep, under-exercise, bad ventilation, and other unhygienic conditions.

**M**ANY nervous people complain of feeling pressure in the stomach after meals and believe the pressure is caused by food remaining too long in this organ. As a rule, however, the stomachs of nervous people empty very rapidly, and the sense of pressure comes from the excessive muscular activity (hyper-peristalsis) of the stomach. The over-acidity is not a sign of real stomach trouble, but of the patient's disturbed mental condition, as I can show you through a case I recently visited in the New York Hospital.

This man is a bookkeeper in a bank. When he came to the hospital he was certain he was suffering from stomach trouble—a gastric ulcer—because he had had a gnawing pain. This had come on a certain hour after meals, and was relieved when he took a little food. The X-Ray and other methods of examination show that he has no ulcer. Instead, he has what we call a "gastric neurosis." The mental strain he has been under for some time is showing itself in the muscular activity of his stomach.

This man works hard and carries pretty heavy responsibilities. In the bank he has to see to it that checks on which payment has been stopped are not allowed to go through. He understands that if he slips up on this he will lose his position. For several years he has been on his toes all the time. A year ago he married, and this increased his anxiety lest he lose his job. The mental strain under which he has lived resulted in a nervous activity of his stomach, with a spasm of the pylorus. Because he had heard or read that a gastric ulcer was accompanied by a gnawing pain which is relieved by food, he came to believe that his pain was of this kind.

It is a very common thing for people to believe that such foods as milk, eggs, veal, lobster, tomatoes, cucumbers, or some particular combinations of foods, do not "agree" with them. I have known such people to exclude all meat from their diet. Some of them live on ridiculously restricted diets, having cut out one thing after another until there is nothing left but unpalatable stuff which they take for "nourishment," not God-given, enjoyable food. The fact is, however, that sensitiveness to particular foods or combinations of foods is rare, though a false sensitiveness can easily be acquired, if through fear one concentrates his attention on some food or class of foods with the expectation that they will disagree.

If you believe that some particular food



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disagrees with you, it may very possibly be because, in belching, you have tasted it—eggs, say, or coffee. If so, you should understand that this particular food itself is not necessarily to blame. The immediate fault is in the belching.

In the great majority of cases belching is merely a habit. The habit begins when a person finds that the excessive nervous activity or tension of his stomach is relieved by a conscious effort to lift gas from the stomach. A small amount of normally imprisoned gas is released by this act, and the ensuing sensation is pleasurable. Nervous dyspeptics nearly always employ this acquired trick to impress their friends or medical advisers with the seriousness of their trouble, though it is not always done consciously.

Another misconception of very great importance concerns constipation. The fear that one may be constipated very often encourages the condition. On the other hand, it may be the result of impressions gained in childhood or youth from the mother, who has been heard frequently to express the fear that her child may be constipated. Habitual failure to respond promptly to the call of nature, and lack of exercise, foster this trouble. But the chief cause is a nervous or mental condition. In most cases it is readily cured, but not by means of laxatives.

First, you should realize that constipation is not nearly so serious as most people think it. The meaning of this last statement will become clear, I think, if I tell you of an experiment made by a scientific investigator.

**A** NUMBER of doctors and others who volunteered for this experiment were first tested to determine their normal powers of visual perception and mental concentration. After this by arranging their diet and by other means they were caused to become constipated. Then the tests were repeated, and the result showed that their efficiency was very much lowered. After a number of days of constipation their efficiency was reduced almost to zero. They complained of drowsiness, headache, pasty taste, and had all the other symptoms of this trouble.

Then they were all given laxatives and their bowels cleaned out by enemas. Immediately their efficiency swung back to normal. Their headaches, drowsiness, and the pasty taste disappeared.

So far, this experiment might cause you to think that the cause of their symptoms and their inefficiency was poisoning in the intestines due to the constipation. But the experiment was carried on to another phase.

Each of the patients was put on a table, and a speculum (an instrument to open the rectum) was introduced. By this means the rectum was packed and completely distended with pledgets of greased cotton. Thereupon, all the symptoms that these patients had complained of before returned, and in this condition they were just as low in their efficiency tests as when they were thoroughly constipated.

Such experiments as this indicate that the common symptoms of constipation are not due to poisoning in the intestines from the waste matter retained, but to nothing more than the pressure on the delicate and sensitive nerves which are so abundant in the rectum and lower colon.



A proper understanding of this fact will, I believe, assist anyone to cure himself of constipation through eliminating his constant fear of intestinal poisoning. Further to assist in curing this fault one should include in his diet a considerable proportion of bulky material, such as greens and other vegetables, thus giving the intestines something to grasp. Drink plenty of water. For a short time at the start it may be advisable to take a mild laxative, such as mineral oil, but this practice can soon be dispensed with.

Considering the enormous amount of work the stomach and intestines do, they really cause us very little trouble. We are much too apt to translate a little growl, ache, or pressure somewhere in the digestive tract into something serious. From what I have said you already know how directly your emotions affect the digestive organs; for the rest I would summarize my suggestions as follows:

Chew your food thoroughly—enough so that you enjoy and get the taste of it. Arrange your affairs so that you do not begin a meal with the idea that you must finish quickly.

Keep your mind off your internal organs. The stomach and intestines know more about digestion than you can possibly learn. They will do their work well if you conduct yourself properly.

IN a word, I would say—eat, drink, and be merry, not because you are going to die to-morrow, but because you want to live long and happily. I mean by drinking that you should take plenty of water between meals. A glass of water during the meal is also good. Don't drink water at meals so as to wash down food and interfere with that part of digestion which goes on in the mouth. Your mealtime glass of water is best taken between courses.

The essential things to bear in mind regarding your diet are these: Eat more green vegetables and fresh fruits when they are in the market. Use canned vegetables and canned or dried fruits when fresh ones are not obtainable. Make your diet a varied one, and avoid fads. You can eat what tastes good to you, but your meals should be balanced with two green vegetables to one starchy food such as rice, macaroni, noodles, white or sweet potatoes. Once a day it is advisable to take some uncooked fruits, fruit juices, or tomatoes.

**"EVA LE GALLIENNE: the Story of a Stubborn Girl"** is the title of Mary B. Mullett's article next month about one of the most interesting of our recently "arrived" stage stars. In the first four years of her theatrical career Miss Le Gallienne was out of a job twelve times. With unbreakable determination she kept going on, however, until she achieved a sensational triumph in "Liliom," one of the greatest theatrical successes of the last two or three seasons.

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**BOYS' SHOES**



# How Some Men Spoil Their Lives by Being Stingy

(Continued from page 59)

they gave their best efforts to see that the food was served properly and promptly. . . . The guests commented upon the high quality of the service, but a look of chagrin passed over the faces of all at the table when the host left two dollars and fifty cents on the silver tray to be divided equally between two efficient servants.

Wrong in principle though tipping may be, the fact remains that that host had publicly put himself on record with nine of his best friends as being stingy and ungenerous. He had spoiled the effect of his luncheon by being niggardly with his servants.

Custom has established the rule that ten per cent of the check is a fair tip. It is a safe rule to go by, be the check large or small. Had that host followed the custom there would have been no banging of doors and no angry rattling of dishes at the conclusion of his luncheon.

**F**ROM a purely selfish standpoint stinginess doesn't pay. Once get the reputation of a tightwad, and annoyances pile up for you. The world enjoys the discomfiture of the closefisted man. Sticking the tightwad for the lunches is the favorite sport in every club. How the gang loves to see him sign the check!

"You stuck for this meal, Joe," says a smiling friend across the table, "then I'll make mine a regular one."

The tightwad pays more in the end. The little he saves is wiped out when the world gets a chance to soak him. And what an uncomfortable journey the world gives him!

Not all stinginess is in money. I know people who are stingy with their words, their company, and their time. There are many little things which they could do at no expense to themselves which would make other people happier and themselves more popular, but they begrudge the effort.

The old cry: "What is there in it for me?" is forever on their lips. Yet the little things in which there seem to be nothing for us at the time frequently return us the most.

I have a friend who never arrives at the golf club or departs from it with less than four boys in his car. It costs him a few seconds' time to stop for them, and that is all. He is never obliged to go out of his way. You couldn't find the expense item in his bill for oil and gasoline. The door of his car swings open cheerfully for these little fellows, and the luxury of his upholstered sedan is theirs for the asking.

"There is nothing in it for him," says the cynic. But go out and play golf with him, and notice how his caddie is pulling for him to win. Not a boy in the throng who isn't eager to work for him or feels it a personal loss when he is defeated.

I mentioned his name to a flock of the youngsters the other day.

"He's all right," they said in chorus.

I mentioned the club grouch.

"It's tough when we draw his bag," they said. "The kids hate to work for him."

Boys know human nature and they judge characters precisely. The grouch pays his caddie the same amount of money as the popular man, but he gets unwilling service. He has never been known to utter a word of praise to the struggling little fellows at his side.

J. L. Hudson at the time of his death was one of Detroit's leading merchants. His responsibilities were great and the demands upon his time were many. He is remembered to-day for his charities and his generous nature. But to me the greatest side of Mr. Hudson's character has never been emphasized. We remember here the things he did cheerfully when asked, but the little out-of-the-way, unobserved things he did voluntarily and unasked have been forgotten or are seldom mentioned.

He never overlooked an opportunity to speak a kindly word to those he thought would be encouraged by it. His first thought every morning was of his friends, whether in joy or sorrow. His stenographer began the day by taking a few personal notes of good cheer or sympathy. Young men who were rising in the world attracted his attention, and would receive congratulations from him.

I have good reason to know this and to remember it. The first bit of outside recognition of my work came from him.

"Dear Eddie," that typewritten letter began, "this morning I enjoyed that verse of yours. I want to congratulate you. It was fine."

That didn't take J. L. Hudson half a minute to dictate and sign, but it came to me more than twenty years ago, and I am still grateful for it. I had many more such little notes from him as the years went on, some bringing me his sympathy, but all carrying encouragement.

A few minutes of his time, a few two-cent stamps, and numerous people made happy every morning. What a chance the selfish and thoughtless people overlook!

**I**T IS the voluntary kindness which looms largest, after all. The stingy man counts time as money, and the habit grows upon him. He holds himself back when he ought to let go. He could write friendly letters, too; but he is too busy.

I have noticed that it is always the generous man who calls on the sick. You don't find the stingy man sitting at the hospital bedside of his friend in the afternoon. He is busy at his job, and the hospital is a little out of his way. He doesn't mean to be stingy. He will send a bouquet of flowers, or pay his fifty cents to the office contribution. That done, he waits for his friend to recover, and the first thing he does when they meet again usually is to ask him if his flowers arrived all right. The man means well enough, but he has the unfortunate habit of appearing at his worst. He has not learned to think beyond himself.

The happy, genial man is different. He

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From Arthur L. Lee

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The McAlpin equipment, furnishings and cuisine are reputed to be unsurpassed, if equaled, by any Hotel here or abroad.

But aside from this, if there is any detail, great or small, in which I can help during your stay, let me know and I shall never be too busy to demonstrate my desire to establish with you the interest of a host with his guest rather than a manager with his patron.

Thus do I believe I will succeed in leaving with you the cordial desire to make the Hotel McAlpin your New York home in the future.

ARTHUR L. LEE, Manager.

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Hotel McAlpin

12-Room House 1932



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The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

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can picture Bill lying in that hospital, and he knows it must be lonesome at the best. Flowers are fine enough, but you can't say everything with them. So some evening he says to his wife, "Let's stop and see Bill on the way down-town."

Bill has about made up his mind that his friends have all left town, when in drops the kindly-hearted one with a grin and a jest and the news of the week.

Not much to do, but those of us who do it are too few. We're too stingy with our time to spend it that way. We'd like to do it, too. We think of it often enough, but always when we're in a hurry to do something else, and Bill recovers or dies without really knowing we were interested in him.

"Clint died last night," said the city editor one noon when we reported for duty.

"Oh, that's too bad," said every one of us, and eight of us told each other that we had intended calling upon him to-day. But the real good fellow of our flock, the fine true-blue, lovable soul had it on us.

"I was with him in the afternoon," he said simply; and added, "I was afraid it had to be."

He had been with him in the afternoon! Clint knew which of us was his real friend. He might have seen us all that day had we not been too stingy with our time and too eager in the pursuit of our own success. We should have liked to have visited Clint, but we begrudged the effort.

SELFISHNESS spoils us all; there is none of us without it.

Yet now and then there rises among us one who seems by nature endowed with kindness and thoughtfulness, and the writers of the world call it personality. He knows how to say "Good morning" as though he meant it; he drops into your home with trifling gifts, which he fancied you would like; he hears something he thinks you would want to hear, and he calls you up to tell you of it; he seems always to be going out of his way to do somebody a good turn. He it is who sees the gray-haired old woman waiting at the corner for the crowded street car; stops and invites her to ride; learns where she is going, and takes her to her door.

Most of us see the old lady, too; but we are always in a hurry.

There is none so rich that he can afford to be wasteful, and none so poor that he need be stingy. The eyes of mankind are keen to make distinctions. The kindly nature is seldom misunderstood. Its purse may be limited, but the graciousness of spirit is nearly always felt and appreciated.

There is a wide difference between stinginess and economy. The latter deserves and should win all men's admiration.

Economy is that golden trait by which a man disciplines himself and makes himself do without those luxuries of life which his purse cannot readily afford. Economy is that strain of courage which holds a man to his definite purpose. Economy will not take where it cannot give; it will not go where it cannot pay, and it will not accept what it cannot bestow. The economical man saves at the expense of his own desires. He denies himself pleasures and comforts for to-morrow's greater good. The burden economy imposes he willingly bears, and at no sacrifice of his self-respect.

How vastly different is stinginess!

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Agents or dealers wanted in all parts of the country. Every auto owner should have one. They pay for themselves in a few nights of use, saving expensive hotel bills.

Summed up, it is the petty trait by which a man saves just a little for himself at the expense of others.

Stinginess isn't found only in hotels and clubs and cafés. I know stingy husbands and stingy fathers and stingy wives and stingy mothers. They all have every element which goes to make for peace and contentment and comfort in their homes; but they begrudge the little finishing touches which are so vital to perfection.

A business man of my acquaintance has the reputation of being closefisted in business. At the club or away from the office he is a joy to know; but those who must work for him lead hard lives, and those who sell to him find him difficult to deal with. He insists on exacting the ultimate cent. His employees laugh behind his back and tell all manner of stories concerning his closefistedness.

"He counts the lead pencils every night," said one of them to me.

"There was an awful row here to-day," said another. "The boss missed a two-cent stamp."

This stingy man has made himself miserable and despised for less than two hundred dollars a year. What he saves means nothing to his business; indeed, the chances are that his profits would be greater if the employees found him a more gracious chief to work for. Good nature and kindly ways pay large dividends.

I dropped into a florist's shop one day last spring. The proprietor was smiling to himself. A millionaire and his wife had just passed out.

"That old bird is certainly a tightwad," said the florist to me. "His wife is passionately fond of violets. She saw my collection over there and wanted a bouquet. Do you think that man of millions would pay a dollar to give her a little pleasure? Not he! She could get along without violets, he told her. I thought he might loosen up before they left, and I let them get as far as the door. Then I made up my mind that if he wouldn't buy his wife violets I would. So I handed her a bunch with my compliments. There was more than gratitude in her eyes—there was a look which said as plainly as words, 'I'm sorry you've discovered what a stingy husband I'm married to.'"

**STINGINESS** is a fast-traveling advertisement. It is a belittling trait, and a man is a fool to acquire it.

It is not enough to be generous and a good fellow down-town. Liberality must be four-square. I know some fellows whose stinginess at home is almost beyond belief. The two or three hundred dollars a year which win for them the reputation for generosity they have among strangers are really pinched out of the pockets of their wives and children. Those who should be first to enjoy the little comforts and pleasures which they can give are held to the last. Their own must expect nothing beyond the necessities of life.

I know one woman who has been forced to obtain her spending money by conspiring with the butcher, the grocer, and the milliner. She may buy freely, and her husband will pay the bills promptly; but he will not give her money to spend in her own way.

In desperation she hit upon the plan of telling her stingy husband's shame to the tradesmen, and soliciting their assistance.

Each month they falsify their bills, increasing the actual charge by fifteen or twenty dollars. These bills the man pays, and later the wife calls on the butcher, the grocer, and her milliner, and collects the balance in cash. Thus it has become common gossip that Mrs. So-and-so has a tightwad for a husband. Poor blind fool who has still to discover what his own stinginess is costing him!

I do not believe in foolish giving or false generosity; nor can the esteem of others actually be purchased. The man who throws ten-dollar bills at the feet of bell boys is a fool, even in the opinion of the bell boys who take his money. The admiration of our fellows and their willingness to serve and assist us are so easy to win, and cost us so little, I am surprised that stingy men have not discovered it.

**GENEROSITY** of nature is a personal trait. The stingy man as a rule is stingy of himself. He is apt to be as ungracious with his words and his smiles and his time as he is with his small change. He is unappreciative. He assumes the attitude that the service of others, even that of his wife and children, is his by right. Is it not the business of a servant to serve, of a wife to be devoted, patient, and loyal, of a child to be loving and cheerful, and a friend to be friendly? To praise them then would be a waste of time and thoughtfulness, would it not? All this may be true, as a matter of principle, but I don't think so. Anyhow, what a hard way to live!

The true wife and the good children, the faithful servant, and the loyal friend cannot be repaid in wages and the necessities of life. All must have smiles and kind words and gentle thoughts and little gifts of love from time to time.

Not long ago I was in a hotel in Philadelphia where a business acquaintance of mine was staying. We were together several days, and I noted the way the employees of the hotel treated him. His requests were complied with promptly and cheerfully. From the bell boys to the manager he received the utmost consideration. His tips were never too much or too little, and were given unobtrusively.

I was curious about him, and so I asked the waiter, the bell boys, and the porter. In substance they all said: "He's a fine fellow, and we like him."

"Does he give large tips?"

"He doesn't have to tip," said the porter.

"What's his secret?"

"He always says, 'Thank you.'"

All men must have the "thank you's" of life now and then, if they are to find happiness in their work. A little praise does much, and yet there are men who are stingy even with that. A few more "thank you's" tossed out here and there, a few more bright "good morning's" and "good evening's," a few more little evidences of appreciation, and life would be brighter and smoother for us all.

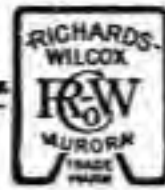
The difference between the well-loved man and the disagreeable, stingy man is not great.

In actual cash, it represents not more than two or three hundred dollars a year.

In words, it can be summed up in a few more "thank you's."

In conduct, it is the difference between appreciating loyalty and friendship and devotion, or in demanding and taking all service as "a matter of principle."





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Please send me for a full time position on your staff and send me full particulars without obligation.

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## Just "Common" Folks—These Eighteen Hundred Heroes

(Continued from page 62)

carried the baby to her own house, followed by the half-frozen mother. Next she went back and brought Henry to safety. Then she found that Mrs. Jacques had been forced to leave two-year-old Gertrude in the snow, three quarters of a mile away. The mother had taken off most of her clothing and wrapped it around the child before leaving her.

Again Mrs. Langdon fought her way through the drifts, in that bitter cold, until she found Gertrude. The poor little thing had tried to get back to her home, but had fallen exhausted. Mrs. Langdon, her own strength almost gone, picked up the child and tried to carry it to her house. She struggled on, although her strength was almost gone.

Then she found that the child was dead. Realizing that she herself could not last much longer, she took off her own coat, wrapped it around the little body and laid it down. She succeeded in reaching her house, where she dropped exhausted.

**ONLY** a woman! One of those weak, silly creatures at whose frailties men laugh. But among these stories which I have been reading are many, many others like this one about Marie Langdon; stories of presence of mind and of courage which make one think twice before using that hackneyed phrase, "only a woman."

There was Phebe Briggs, for example, who in February, 1913, was a student at Vassar College. One dark night, when the temperature was eight degrees below freezing, five students—Miss Reiner, Miss Oldham, Miss Hulst, and two other girls—coasted on a toboggan down a slide on the Vassar campus.

Miss Briggs—who did not know any of these five girls—was with a companion at the top of the slide when the others started. A moment or two after they had disappeared in the darkness she heard screams for help. Telling her companion to go for assistance, she ran toward the spot from which the screams came. She found that the toboggan had left its course, gone onto a frozen lake, broken through the ice, and thrown the five girls into the water.

Taking her own sled, she crawled on her hands and knees over the ice until she could push the sled close to the edge of the hole, where Miss Reiner grasped it. Miss Briggs then crawled back, pulling the sled, and with it Miss Reiner. When she had got the girl to a safe place, Miss Briggs crawled back and rescued Miss Oldham.

When she tried to help Miss Hulst in the same way, the ice broke and she herself went into the water. She then pushed the sled down until it rested on the bottom in an upright position. Balancing herself on the upper edge, she kept her head above water, while she got hold of Miss Hulst and supported her until help arrived.

As I read these hundreds of stories of heroism, I kept picking out other well-



worn targets for popular jokes, other familiar phrases. There are the jokes about darkies, for instance; and the phrase "just a common laborer."

The other night I saw a moving picture, "The Ghost Breaker," in which the chief comic character was a negro; such a scared negro that if he could have turned pale he would have been whiter than the leading lady herself.

I thought of him when I read this story of James W. Brice, Senior, of Culloden, Georgia. Not only was Brice a colored man, but he also was blind and had only one hand. He was just a laborer, too; probably, as "common" a laborer as you could find anywhere.

Another colored man, Jones, was overcome by carbon dioxide gas at the bottom of a well forty feet deep. Brice volunteered to go down and tie a rope around Jones, so that he could be pulled out. Two white men lowered him into the well; but being blind, having only one hand, and becoming dizzy from the effects of the gas, he spent five minutes trying unsuccessfully to tie the rope to the unconscious Jones. Then the men above told him to come out; and, as he knew he couldn't manage the rescue, he allowed himself to be hoisted to the surface. Another man did rescue Jones; but Brice's act lost none of its quality because of its failure.

THIS is also a story of a well; but in this case it was sixty feet deep and only thirteen inches in diameter. In February, 1912, a white child, Calvin Stepp, only two years old, fell to the bottom of this well, in which there was eighteen inches of water. Fortunately, he went down feet first. After failing to rescue the child by means of a hook, his uncle asked a colored boy, Elbert Gray, if he would try to save the baby. Without any reward being promised him, Gray consented.

A rope was tied under his arms and he was lowered down the hole. It was so narrow that he had to crowd his shoulders forward and hold his hands straight down in front of him. When he reached the bottom, he managed to grasp Calvin's clothes and the two were hoisted up. But before they reached the surface, the child's clothing gave way and he fell back to the bottom of the well.

Gray was pulled out, crying with fright and with pain, for the skin had been scraped off his arms and his face was scratched and bleeding. Nevertheless he went down again—this time, head first! although he heard a man say he would be dead before he reached the bottom. He carried a rope with him, tied this around the child, and both were hoisted to the surface. Fortunately, neither of them was seriously injured.

And how about the farmers? Did you ever call them rubes and hayseeds? Some people do. Well, there is Russell L. Norburn. He isn't a farmer now; but he was one in 1912 when he saved the life of Rupert J. Crowell, at Balsam, North Carolina. Norburn was eighteen then, and Crowell was sixteen.

The latter lost his footing and slid into the torrent of Balsam Falls. He lay there, dazed and stunned, only a foot or two from the brink of the falls, with nothing but a slippery ledge, only five inches high, to prevent his falling to the jagged rocks

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a hundred feet below. The water rushed by him, in waves two feet high, threatening to carry him over the brink.

Norburn was holding to a tree for safety when he saw Crowell fall. Between them was a slippery bank of bare rock which sloped sharply toward the brink. He made his way along this rock, in imminent danger himself, and deliberately fell on Crowell to keep the latter from being washed over the edge. Then, getting to his knees in the water, within two feet of the brink, he rolled Crowell toward the bank and helped him up its treacherous surface to safety.

Reading the list of these eighteen hundred heroes is like reading a roll call of the nations. They are all there: Anglo-Saxon, Irish, German, French, Scandinavian, Russian, Italian, Jewish—and so on, clear across the map. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to remember this if you ever are inclined to talk about "dagoes" and "wops" and "sheenies" and "frog-eaters" and "square-heads."

There are the Armenians, for example. Most of us know only two things about Armenians: They are always getting massacred by Turks; and they are always coming around with paper suit cases full of doilies and lace edging which they want us to buy—generally at the most inconvenient moment possible.

**B**UT that isn't the whole story of these people; not by any manner of means. The following incident seems to indicate that even long centuries of oppression have not entirely crushed out every spark of courage. Have you ever stood close to the brink of Niagara Falls? If so, ask yourself what you would have done, if you had been in this young Armenian's place.

His name was Iram Kevorkian. He was twenty-four years old a laborer—probably "a common laborer." In May, 1912, he saw a man named Lutz fall into the Niagara River. Lutz was being swept toward the American Falls when Kevorkian, who could not swim, waded into the water, which reached nearly to his hips, at a point one hundred and fifty feet above the brink and, as Lutz drifted by, caught him with a pike pole. The pull of the current on Lutz's body caused Kevorkian to slide two or three feet on the slimy, rocky bottom. He called for help and men joined hands and waded into the water. One of them grabbed Kevorkian's hand, and he and Lutz were pulled to shore.

You will be interested to know just how the commission decides that a person is a hero, and what it does for him. Up to the close of 1922, the commission had considered approximately 23,000 cases. Of these, about 20,000 had been refused, about 1,800 had been granted, and the rest were still pending.

Every case must be reported to the commission in writing. There is no rule that a man shall not come forward, report his own case, and ask to be called a hero; but they don't do it. Occasionally a proud relative wants to show that there is a hero in the family; but in most cases the matter is reported by some bystander, or, I am happy to say, by the person who was rescued.

These reported cases are investigated and all the evidence is carefully weighed. If the case is granted, the next thing is to decide on the award to be given. In every



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instance, the hero or heroine receives a medal—gold, silver, or bronze. There have been only eighteen gold medals awarded. None has been given for any act performed during the past nine years. Four hundred and eighty-three silver medals have been granted.

But Mr. Carnegie realized that even a gold medal would not put bread into the mouths of children whose father had died to save others. He wanted these acts of "glorious folly" to have an aftermath of practical benefit. So he directed that sums of money should be given, where needed, to be used for a worthy purpose. In many cases, of course, money is not needed and is not given.

THESE sums have ranged from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars. With them, mortgages have been paid, homes bought, debts cleared, monthly off, pensions paid to widows and orphans. Boys and girls who perform acts of heroism receive money for an education. A working man who is disabled in performing such an act, receives a money benefit "as needed."

As examples of how the money awards are used, Russell Norburn is being helped to become a physician; Brice, the blind colored man, was sent to a hospital, where his sight was partially restored; and Percy Walker's wife and children were supported during a critical period of their lives.

But the commission does not pay over all this money and then wash its hands of the matter. When a grant of money has been made, the work of the commission has only begun. The beneficiaries become its wards, in whose affairs it takes an active interest, advising, directing, and sometimes restraining. This involves an immense amount of work, but it is necessary in order to carry out the purpose of the deed of trust. Up to January, 1922, nearly two million dollars had been paid to heroes and their dependents. This included pension payments.

These stories which I have been reading are the stories of brave men. And yet—some of them were not even good men. For there are many strange things about courage, but this is the strangest of all—that in the most weak and worthless human soul there does sometimes smolder this one spark of divinity.

No one knew this better than the wise old Scotchman who created the Hero Fund. In the deed of trust he put this paragraph:

"No grant is to be continued, unless it be soberly and properly used, and the recipients remain respectable, well-behaved members of the community; but the heroes and heroines are to be given a fair trial. . . . Heroes deserve pardon and a fresh start."

"THE SEVEN GREATEST AMERICANS" are selected from all the notable people of this country, past and present, and graphically analyzed next month by James Harvey Robinson, one of the leaders of modern thought in the realms of history, psychology, and practical philosophy. The hundreds of thousands who have read Doctor Robinson's "The Mind in the Making" will be particularly interested in trying to forecast which seven men he has picked out.



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## Tips From an Envelope Man

(Continued from page 69)

vivid colors were being used, we had all kinds of freak envelopes. Enterprising manufacturers got them out in round, triangular, and heart shapes. Then the Post Office Department made a ruling that envelopes must be rectangular to facilitate the work of the canceling machines.

The freak envelopes carried all sorts of freak monograms; some of the monograms were frosted, while gold and silver stamping was very common. I have heard it said that some monograms were frosted with powdered diamonds, but I have never seen any.

The envelope is no place for a monogram or a decoration. The object of putting anything on the envelope other than the address should be solely to insure the return of the letter if not delivered. A monogram does not help the return. Nowadays the best practice is to put on the envelope only the sender's address and his name. A number of prominent men have only their names engraved or embossed on the flap of the envelope. Years ago it was quite common among certain kinds of business men to have their portraits and the names of their towns printed on envelopes. The post office clerks were supposed to know their faces, and in small towns they did. The trade mark and address still survive.

IT IS now considered rather a mark of provincialism to have much printing on envelopes or to use signs and emblems instead of the name. There used to be a man in Atlanta named "Rose," who put a rose and Atlanta on his envelope. Other people have carried out the same idea, but they are comparatively few, for the object of a name on the envelope is not to advertise how well known one may be but to get the letter back if it be not delivered.

Remember, the address should be easily read, and for that reason double spacing between the lines is preferable to single spacing. The stamp should be squarely in the upper right-hand corner, otherwise the letter may be thrown aside in a busy post office along with the letters that have insufficient postage. The address should be written without punctuation, and numbers should not be spelled out. For instance "2 Beach Street," is better than "Two Beach Street."

Women were the first to take up the fashion of having paper and envelopes match. The box of writing paper and envelopes that you now buy anywhere was once a novelty and then a craze. Elisha Morgan, an envelope maker of Springfield, Massachusetts, appears to have been the first man to get the idea that women would like style in note paper. He started to put correspondence on the map. In 1865 he offered for sale a cardboard box of note paper and envelopes that matched. More than that, he put a steel plate portrait of Mrs. Scott-Siddons on the cover—she was the Mary Pickford of the time. The idea took at once, and for the next twenty or thirty years the



Nowadays most of the colored note papers are sold in country districts or to foreigners. Business uses colors only to distinguish departments. If I get a cheap pink envelope, I know at once that, whatever the virtues of the writer may be, he or she has not been much out in the world. Many firms will not even consider applications for positions that are written on colored paper. On the other hand, I have known men of large means and unquestioned tastes who used light blue for their personal letters, and some who used gray, the paper being of very fine quality. They are perfectly proper people, who have an unsatisfied longing sometime to wear a red necktie with their evening clothes, and sometimes a little of the yearning escapes in the colors of their

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private correspondence paper. One man I know always uses red ink for his personal notes—he would use red paper if he had a little more courage!

Generally speaking, the kind of paper used is a barometer of intelligence; the kind of envelopes used is a barometer of prosperity. One of the first signs of prosperity in the ordinary business is the use of finer stationery. A few old concerns are so independent and well established that they do not care what people think of the make-up of their letters. They may use the cheapest grade of envelope and only a slightly better grade of letterhead. A few still buy blank envelopes and put on the name and address with a rubber stamp. Many firms did this twenty years ago.

While women were the first to pay much attention to the appearance of their correspondence, men are now far more finicky. When I first went into business the boss always opened the mail. Now few executives ever see what sort of envelopes the letters come in, and too expensive an envelope for general purposes may be wasteful. The richest men do not use the most expensive letterheads or envelopes. The finest of all stationery bought by the "high class" swindlers is part of their stock in trade. Some very wealthy men put only their name on their envelopes; others put only their address; still others have only a post office box number. Most of them use a good box paper. Seven and one-half by four inches—somewhat larger than the ordinary business envelope—is the size most used by wealthy men for personal correspondence; that is, letters upon subjects outside the immediate run of the business.

Twenty years ago it was generally considered extravagant to throw away the envelopes in which the mail came, but they are no longer cut up for use as memorandum pads. Once everybody did this. I have heard an office boy lecture for his waste in throwing away envelopes.

**WE HAVE** known about envelopes for a long time, as I have said, but we have been using them only a comparatively few years—since the early forties. There is a reason for this. Before the "Penn Post," postage was computed by the number of sheets and not by the weight of a letter. The envelope counted as an extra sheet, and hence, to avoid paying double postage, the universal custom was to fold the sheet on which the letter was written into the shape of an envelope. The flaps of the folded letter were fastened together with a gummed wafer or a wax seal.

Nowadays we can hardly realize what task it once was to send or even to receive a letter. In the first place, you had to go to the post office—there were no collections or deliveries; and in the second place you had to be ready to spend good money to prepay your letter or to take out the letters that came to you "collect." Whenever a man went on a long journey he always expected to carry with him a great number of letters for delivery. The old generation was thrifty, to be sure, but we had to pay the postal rates of yesterday we, too, would hunt for friends to take them free. Postage the equivalent of seventy-five cents was by no means uncommon. The worst of it was that the





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Save the surface and you save all.

sender of a letter did not have to prepay the postage—it could be collected when the letter was called for.

When Sir Rowland Hill began the agitation in England for the penny post—a flat rate of postage based on weight—one of the great difficulties was how to collect for the postage. He suggested that the Government sell a postage sticker to be used in the place of the old sealing wax. Such is the origin of the postage stamp; the flaps of the first envelopes were not gummed. The stamp acted as a seal, and it took a long time for the stamp to get around to the front of the envelope.

Not until the cheap post was well under way did a real demand for envelopes arise. We do not know who invented the envelope, but envelopes were being used in France as early as 1653. The envelope was invented first to gain privacy and second to hold extra enclosures. The very first envelopes might be considered the clay ones of the ancients. They often covered their baked clay tablets with a softer clay covering, which was in effect an envelope.

Once postal rates in this country became cheap, hand-made envelopes could not keep up with the demand. A number of men in the East at once started to make envelope machines. Several were made for George F. Nesbitt—one of the big men in the early history of envelopes—by Gerhard Sickles. Milton E. Puffer, a young pattern-maker and blacksmith employed by Cyrus White in his shop at Rockville, Connecticut, built a trial machine as early as 1853. Miss Mercy B. Rogers was the first operative on his machine and she required so much instruction—the thing was really very crude—that she became Mrs. Puffer.

**MAKING** envelopes has been largely an affair of inventing the right machinery, and many ingenious minds have contributed. Dr. Russel L. Hawes, a physician of Worcester, Massachusetts, has the honor of inventing and constructing the first practical commercial envelope folding machine in the United States.

The largest buyer of envelopes is the United States Government, both for its own use and for resale as stamped envelopes. But there is no government standard; the departments use what they like, from the cheapest manila to the highest grade kraft.

People sometimes ask, "Is it safe to lick the gum on the flap of an envelope?" It is just as safe to lick ordinary envelope gum as it is to eat tapioca, for the basis of most gum is nothing more than ordinary tapioca. It is the one who receives the letter, not the sender, who ought to bother whether the envelope has been sealed with the tongue.

In criminal proceedings the envelope does not figure as often as does the letter or document that it contains, but in all cases arising under the postal laws against using the mails to defraud, the passage through the mails has to be proved, and this can be done best by producing the envelope which bears the address and cancellation mark. If you receive a threatening letter, or any kind of a letter making representations on which you expect to act, it is well to preserve the envelope, or you may have trouble proving that you received the missive by mail.

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Address Dept. A  
SUNDSTRAND ADDING MACHINE CO.  
Rockford, Ill., U. S. A.  
Sales and Service Stations throughout the United States and Canada

## Old Gideon—Detective

(Continued from page 23)

bottom to dis well of misery! Hit lead straight down to hell."

"When dey talk 'bout movin' to town?" demanded Gideon.

"Mr. Smif comin' arter Miss Betty an' Miss Cynthia befo' night," the old cook continued. "Dey ain't never comin' back. Somethin' tell me dat. Dey love dis ol' place. Dey live here all dey lives and dey pa befo' 'em. Whar me an' Ben gwine? I ax you, whar me an' Ben gwine do?"

So she spoke, leaving off her dishwashing and looking up at Gideon with distressed eyes. So she spoke, her mind being on her own affairs.

But the supernatural aspect of the phenomenon held old Ben in its thrall. The mystery of it occupied his mind entirely. "Runaway Cain," he said dreamily, "wait a long time. He a patient sperrit. But he done had he revengeance now!"

Out of the house Gideon came, and he was troubled. He had looked forward to several days of leisurely investigation—his temperament inclined toward leisureliness—and in the end a personal triumph.

No time now for this program. Before night the house would be deserted. There would be no occasion for the spirit of Runaway Cain to throw stones into vacant rooms. Gideon had failed. Last night he had accepted the title of Deliverer. While he sat on a box and watched, the ghost had come, committed his depredation, and vanished. The Deliverer hadn't delivered.

The yard was filling with negroes, and as Gideon came down the steps they crowded close to him. They were asking for a sign and he could give them no sign.

"Why ain't you cotch de ghos', Uncle Gideon?" demanded a young woman with an airy manner and a pink parasol.

He looked at her sternly. "You'll be a ghos' yo'self some day," he rebuked.

"When I is," she ventured, "maybe I'll let you ketch me."

**H**AD Gideon been a white man he would have flushed. As it was, his densely black, strong-lined face against which glistened the brass earrings, remained as unchanged as the stovepipe hat above it. But he had made a mistake in thus leaving an opening for impudence. There is only one course to follow under such circumstances. The prophets of old when hard pressed retired to the wilderness or to a mountain. Gideon, like they, must have time to think. Without another word he strode through their midst, crossed the fields and disappeared into the solitude of the forest.

The sun rose high, but he did not return. Afternoon had come and passed, and the shadows began to lengthen ominously when from the yard a murmur arose and all faces turned to the west. Across the fields, surrounded by a crimson aura, as if he had stepped out of the flaming ball of the sun behind him, Gideon was at last returning. His manner was assured and his stride was long.

He did not pause until he had reached the spot underneath the window of the bedroom that had been smashed last night. Here he stooped down and felt

carefully in the shrubbery. First he picked up a small object which he dropped quickly into his pocket. Then he fished out a large triangle of broken glass. The black folks watched him intently.

Next Gideon moved sedately to a circular flowerbed near the front walk. A luxuriant crazy-quilt of peonies, jonquils, and roses, it had spread out beyond its original boundary. Underneath this flower thicket he reached, and when his hand came out it contained four stones about the size of guinea eggs and of a pinkish hue.

The one touch of color in his otherwise somber attire was a crimson waistcoat. Across this was looped a heavy and tarnished watch chain, from the central point of which dangled a weighty locket, the symbol of some secret order—not of this world, it was said. Into the pocket of the unecclesiastical garment he placed the stones he had found in the flowerbed.

**S**ILENT now, for the sun was setting and the still unbroken window panes were the color of blood, the black folks followed him back to the house and as many as could do so up the steps and onto the porch. But only the servants and a few aged negroes went with him into the uncarpeted hall. On the seat of the hatrack he respectfully placed his high hat, bottom side up. As he did so he glimpsed the old ladies in their bedroom still packing trunks with trembling, reluctant hands. The widely scattered neighbors, they had sent away now, perhaps because they wanted this last hour alone with their memories.

They looked deserted and helpless in there. Even if his own reputation had not been involved, old Gideon, for their sake, would have tried to solve this mystery. How many times in his peregrinations had he and Delilah stopped there! Out in the barn Delilah had munched her dozen ears of corn and carefully masticated her sweet fodder; while in the kitchen he himself, at the old ladies' orders, had eaten his dozen pieces of fried chicken, together with innumerable hot biscuits with jam on them, washing the whole down with glass after glass of buttermilk, fresh and cold from the springhouse.

The shadow of a rock in a weary land, this house of the Pettigrus had been to any decent traveler, white or black, who sought its shelter. And now, its kindly spirits departed, it would go the way of all haunted houses. It would fall into decay; it would become the abiding place of bats and owls and scorpions. Weeds would choke its flower-bordered walks; hedges grow rank and look into broken windows; and above snake-infested weeds and hedges it would rise, forlorn, abandoned, to be stared at by day, to be avoided like pestilence by night.

Followed by servants and old darkies, all overawed and silent, Gideon entered the parlor where, as the last sanctuary of home, the furniture had been left undisturbed. Here, tall, majestic, mysterious, he turned and glanced over the faces of those behind him.





## Is Your Skin Like A Clear Stream - or A Muddy Swamp?

**S**OME faces you see fairly glow with thorough cleanliness. They are clear and wholesome-looking—good to gaze upon—faces that will stand the searching test of sunlight.

Others, apparently clean, are obscured by a certain cloudiness which denotes an impaired pore condition. There is a great difference between complexions as there is between a clear stream and a muddy swamp.

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# FAIRY SOAP

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## Contentment

By EDGAR A. GUEST

*Sometimes I count my blessings o'er  
And find such splendid joys as these—  
The happy hearth, the toy strewn floor,  
The children down upon their knees,  
The door to kindly friends flung wide—  
This restful spot when evening falls,  
Where peace and harmony abide,  
And cruel malice never calls.*

Written Especially for  
John Lucas & Co., Inc.

## CONTENTMENT

Sometimes we forget that the full reward of work well done is not of a material nature. True contentment is found in the consciousness of work well done, of duties carefully performed.

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# Lucas

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"Close de do', bredderen," he commanded in a loud voice, "an' keep it closed."

Underneath one of the windows whose panes had been smashed sat an old-fashioned square piano. Its commodious top reflected without a scratch the fading dusk. Toward this instrument, like a musician reverently approaching, Gideon moved.

And now the negroes, crowded all together, saw what made them moan and weave back and forth, for Gideon was working "conjure." Above the piano he passed his enormous hands in ever-descending circles until they actually touched the polished top, where they felt over it, still in circles, until every part was covered.

Then while they stared with white eyeballs, slowly, sedately, his tall, gaunt figure outlined in the dusk, he went to the windows that bore most outrageously the evidences of mysterious violence. Before each of these he made his passes as if to insure them from further ghostlike visitations, his hands revolving slowly in circles, then touching the frames that had held the panes.

HIS followers made way for him as he passed through their midst, crossed the hall and entered the bedroom where the sisters were, and closed the door behind him. The old ladies were alone. They looked up at him. Both had been quietly crying. Imposingly Gideon raised his hands above them, and spoke in low but unctuous tones these amazing words:

"One mo' rock gwine fall. Den never anudder rock gwine fall!"

They sank into their chairs and stared at him.

"Dat is," Gideon went on with reassuring sanity, "dat is, if you trus' me and do what I say."

"Trust you!" gasped Miss Cynthia. "What—what do you want us to do?"

He went to the door, stooped down and placed his ear, then his eye at the keyhole.

"I wants you," he said, coming back to them, "to notify Mr. Smif when he come arter you, dat you has decided to stay on here. I wants you to notify all de udder folks to go to dey cabins and stay dar. Dey'll stay! I wants you to make out like you sleep. Den 'bout 'leben, when I comes up on dis side po'ch an' taps at de winder, I wants you to let me in silent an' secret."

"What do you know, Gideon?" demanded Miss Cynthia in a whisper.

"I know what's hid from mortal eyes!"

"Fiddlesticks! Gideon, are you—are you—a humbug?"

The mantle of mystery fell from his shoulders. His shrewd eyes began to twinkle. He spoke confidentially as if imparting a secret:

"No, miss, I ain't no humbug—not dis time."

Instantly she studied his face. What were these rumors she had heard about the police in the city having called him in more than once? Maybe he—

"We'll stay!"

"Cynthia!" gasped Betty.

Out on the porch, Gideon dismissed the darkies. He had no trouble in doing so, for the shadows were stretching far into the fields. The two ladies had decided to put their trust in the Lord, he said.

"It's mo' den I gwine do," said a stout

middle-aged man and started for his wagon, followed by his family.

And it was plainly more than Gideon himself was going to do! The small dismayed group of servants, as dusk and dread descended, saw not only the crowd depart but the Deliverer also. They watched him clamber into the seat of the sulky, arrange his long coat tails, pick up the reins and aim the head of the patient Delilah back in the direction by which she had come.

Then, as night closed in, they saw Mr. Smith, who had come after the sisters, turn his wagon round, toss up his hands as if to dismiss further responsibility, and drive off petulantly into the gloom.

And last, at orders from Miss Cynthia, who showed a white face for one who had put her faith in the Lord, they retired either to their own cabins or to other cabins farther away—mostly the latter. They did not see, two hours later, a tall form in a high hat that made its way stealthily across the fields, through the garden, and up on the side porch. At its guarded tap on the window, the door was opened, and the figure found itself confronted by two trembling old ladies, fully dressed though the night was late.

"I gwine stan' out here in de hall, close to de do'," he whispered. "I gwine leave de do' crack. One mo' rock gwine fall, and den never anudder rock gwine fall! Praise be de name of de Lord!"

He took his stand by the hatrack where, partly hidden himself, he could command the hall, the bedroom, and the parlor opposite it. Roundabout the front door were panes of glass, not one of which had suffered so far, and through their dim outline a sinking crescent moon cast into the hall a pale, bluish light, the kind that ghosts like to stroll about in.

He waited, upright against the wall, like some elongated figure in black armor set up in an ancestral hall. Once, in the alarming manner common to them, the stair steps cracked, and he started. Again, for no apparent reason whatever, in the dark, uninhabited regions up-stairs something cracked viciously. The pale bluish light crept along the floor past his feet and began faintly to climb the stairs. More than once with his coat sleeve old Gideon wiped cold sweat from his face.

THE bedroom clock, wheezy, querulous with age, had just ground out the stroke of two in the morning when somewhere a door opened guardedly. Cautiously, Gideon peered around the hatrack and as he did so he almost cried out. Down the hall, indistinct, almost invisible, the ghost was coming toward him!

It happened in an instant. There was a crash, a tinkle of glass. A stone rolled down the uncarpeted hall. A woman screamed. A stern voice, loud in its own relief from strain, echoed through the haunted house:

"I got you, Jezebel! I got you, daughter of Babylon!"

All roads led to the Pettigru house that brilliant hot Sunday morning. The rumor had got abroad that Gideon had caught the ghost, and throngs of black people were pouring in as to a great camp revival meeting.

Within the parlor, whose doors were closed, Gideon stood by the piano. He was all in black but for the crimson waist-





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Buick	Hudson	Revere
Bush	Huffman	Roadster
Cadillac	Jackson	Romer
Casa	Jewett	Saxon
Chalmers	Jordan	Savoy
Champion	Kelley	Sevens
Chandler	Elmer Kar	Stearns
Climber	Kurtz	Knight
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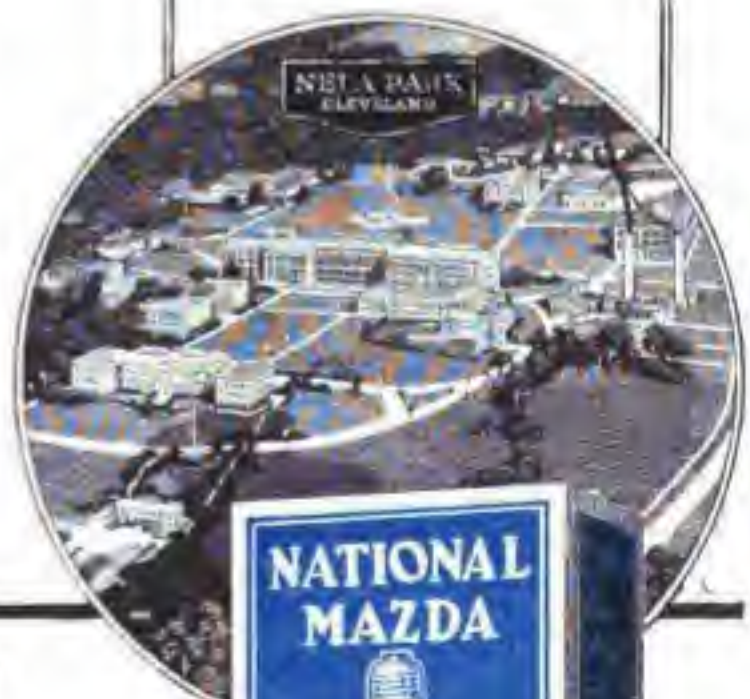
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coat and a clean celluloid collar and a narrow white preacher tie. His number sixteen shoes shone as bright as his triumphant face. In the presence of the delivered stood the Deliverer. Before him sat the two sisters, and also the sheriff. From the county seat that high official had heard the rumor and had driven out at top speed.

Gideon was speaking:

"In de fust place, I gwine ax you all not to tell 'em how I 'ravel dis mystery. I gwine give de discredit to de Lord. . . . You gits mo' yo'self dat way."

"From de fust," he went on impressively, "I suspicion dat no ghos' never throwed dem rocks. A ghos' can't pick up a rock. It too heavy. It slide fru his fingers. Den yistiddy I uncover some cu'us phenominings. Fust, dem rocks was indentical wid dem dat's hid right out here under de flowers in de front yard. Second, under dese winders, hid by scrubbery, was lyin' some ob dem rocks—lyin' loose—diagonally under de winders where dey fall. Thud, big fragrance ob glass had fall in dis same scrubbery—*outside* de house."

"Go on," said the sheriff.

"**L**ATER in de evenin' I uncover mo' things. Here in dis room I make out like I workin' conjure. What I was workin' was brains. De panes in dis winder above de pianner is mighty nigh all ejaculated, yet de top ob dis pianner, whar rocks from de outside would pantedly hit fust, ain't got a scratch on it. Furderno', I fin' some de frames in dese udder winders scarrified internally on de inside—prezackly like dey been hit by rocks frowed from de inside out!"

Gideon paused.

"What de conclusion ob de whole matter?" he demanded suddenly, as if he were in a pulpit. "Everything pint to one conclusion: it all pint plain as day. De enemy one ob de household dat pick flowers in de garden. De enemy standin' in de house and frowin' rocks out. De enemy operatin' conclusively and inclusively from de inside."

"But," interrupted Miss Cynthia, "the rocks *did* come from the outside. They smashed through the windows and rolled across the floor. I heard them with my own ears, I saw them with my own eyes!"

"Then," broke in Miss Betty, "there was no one in the room with us when the rocks fell but Ada. She simply could not have done it. Besides, she didn't have any reason to treat us that way!"

Gideon smiled at the old lady with the condescension of the worldly wise. "Oh, yes, miss, she have a reason. She long for de flesh pots ob Sodom an' Gomorrah. She want to go to town, but she's skeered to leave you an' break her pa's bond. So she gwine drive you away and go 'long wid you."

"That all sounds very well," spoke the sheriff; "but nobody can stand inside a room and throw rocks from the outside in!"

Out of his pocket Gideon extracted a massive and tarnished watch with a bold, audible tick. This he consulted, frowning.

He was to preach at noon at Mt. Zion church. His time was short.

"De Jezebel ob de Bible," he said impressively, and replaced his watch, "was a smart 'oman. But dere's one in dis house could teach her lessons. Sheriff, whar you got dat gal?"

"My deputy's holding her across there in de bedroom."

"I be back in a minute," said Gideon.

When he returned, he had his captive firmly by the wrist. In the center of the room Gideon stopped.

"Stan' dar, Jezebel," he commanded, and took his own stand in front of her. "Look at me, daughter of Baal. Look at me in dese eyes. Your pa bind you out to dese ladies with his las' bref—his las' breayin' bref. I been in communion wid his sperrit. He say he undoubtedly gwine ha'nt you—dat he never is gwine let up ha'ntin' you—unless you show dese ladies and dis sheriff what you been doin'."

Out of his waistcoat pocket he took two stones of pinkish hue.

"Yo' pa gazin' down on you!" he cried suddenly in a loud voice. "Don't grieve de holy sperrit! Aim straight, Jezebel! You had plenty practice. Aim straight, in de name ob Jehovah ob Jerusalem!"

The girl's face had not changed expression. It was too black for that. But her eyes, as if fascinated, had remained on the old fellow's strong, compelling face. Slowly, as in a dream, she took the stones, one in one hand, one in the other. As she did so Gideon stepped back.

It was done so quickly that no one whose eyes were not fastened intently on her would have comprehended. One hand shot to the right, the other to the left. A window pane tinkled, a stone rolled across the floor between the two old ladies. One stone she had thrown through the window; the other, at the same time, she had rolled across the floor.

Outside, came the murmur of amazed voices, and the sound of retreating feet. Inside, the three spectators had risen, and the sheriff, face flushed, was advancing.

"She wanted to go to town, did she?" he said. "Well, she'll go, all right!"

**O**UT on the porch Gideon faced his own people. Opposite the window that had lately been smashed there was a large vacant place in the crowd. His voice rang out above them:

"Das de las' rock ever gwine fall in dis house. So be it. Amen!"

They came close now. Here and there in the gathering, a white face, like some pale, abortive flower in a garden of colored ones, showed the symptoms of a grin. But there was no levity on the black faces.

"Tell us how you done it, Uncle Gideon!" cried a shrill voice full of awe.

The enormous hands were raised above them. The beaver hat glistened in the sun. The brass earrings, the watch chain, the mystic pendant, caught sparkles of red-hot sunlight. The voice that had shaken many a clappard church to its foundation thundered above their heads:

"De sword ob de Lord an' ob Gideon!"

"**CONFESSIONS of a Common Man**" is the title that "Ed" Howe, one of the best known and best loved American journalists, has given to a remarkable autobiographical sketch that will appear next month. Mr. Howe tells not only all about himself but all about you—as he has seen you through years of common-sense observation.





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## GASOLINE



## MOTOR OILS



## This smoker says Edgeworth gets better and better

But it doesn't—and no  
"improvements" are  
contemplated

To begin with, we had better quote Mr. Whitlock's letter in full. Not in a boastful spirit, but so we can refer back to it farther down in the column.

2844 Accornac Street,  
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I beg to remain,

Edgeworthly yours,

AL F. Whitlock.

We are indeed glad Edgeworth has given Mr. Whitlock such unqualified satisfaction;

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## They Have Tempers, Too!

(Continued from page 68)

of "perfume!" or the aroma of animals.

On the circus, life is a matter of constant travel. The show is here one day, a hundred miles farther on the next, while, always a day in advance, is an overworked individual called the "twenty-four-hour man," whose task it is to provide the circus with everything it needs, even to the meat which is fed to the carnivorous animals. Inevitably, there are various grades and conditions of meat. One day the food will be a cold-storage product, on the next perfectly fresh, and, perhaps, on the third, slightly tainted. The result is indigestion on the part of the cat animals, a headache, a bad appearance, dull eyes, and a mammoth frown.

As to the headache by itself—have you ever noticed that a menagerie carries a peculiar odor all its own? That's what brings the headache, too much "aroma."

Every cat animal gives off this particular body odor, which is saturated with the fumes of ammonia. The result is that, unless there is plenty of ventilation, the ammonia so loads the air that breathing it clogs the brain and brings a terrific headache.

In the summer, the beasts suffer on "long runs" where the cages are boarded up for an unusual length of time; there is not sufficient air circulation to carry away the ammonia smell, and the result is an ear-splitter of a headache. It's often also the cause of some twenty or thirty encounters that may run all the way from a sharp spat between two caged animals to an actual murder! Which explains the fact that on hot days—if you've ever seen a circus on the move—the side boards often are let down from the cages, and a virtual menagerie display of cat animals is given by the show train as it moves through the small cities along its route to the next show stand.

**T**HE surest way to bring bad temper to an elephant is to neglect his feet. The great weight of the beast and the constant succession of pavements he treads cause corns between the big toes, or great patches of callus on the ball of the foot; unless these are carefully "chiropodized," there is a bad elephant in the herd. An elephant weighs from two to three tons. You can imagine that weight pressing on a corn!

The same, in a measure, is true of the cat-animal keepers, except that their greatest care for the feet of the beasts must concern the claws, lest they turn back into the flesh.

On a circus with which I once was connected was a big leopard that was considered the most tractable of the whole group of performing "pards." One morning when the cage was opened it was to reveal a hissing, red-jawed brute, his body splashed with blood, and his mate dead in a corner of the den. An investigation brought the reason—he had been maddened by the pain of a claw which had turned back into his flesh, and which drove like a knife thrust with his every step! The animal men charged it to mental aberration, and let it go at that.

For even with animals they've encountered insanity in its true form—even hallucinations!

It came in the being of Buddha, a great beautifully striped Bengal tiger on the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus a few years ago. The beast was one of a performing group, and trained to refuse to enter its den at the conclusion of the arena performance until the trainer, apparently at the end of his resources, would bring forth his revolver and fire twice. Then the tiger would turn, and with a rush seek its cage, making a leap of some ten feet at great speed for the entrance. However, one afternoon, it misjudged, leaping slightly to the right, with the result that it struck its head with crashing force against one of the steel uprights of the arena. For a second it scrambled wildly, then dropped to the ground. The trainer, seeing that the beast was unconscious, hurriedly unstrapped the arena gate and allowed the entrance of assistants, loading the stricken tiger into the cage by their aid. Once out of the circus tent, he worked over the beast until consciousness returned, then boarded the cage up for the day, believing that rest and darkness would repair the damage. But the next morning!

**T**HE glare of insanity was in the great cat's eyes when the side boards were removed. It hissed. It roared. Then it leaped as the trainer sought to approach. In vain the friend of other days tried to soothe it—all to no purpose. And the queer thing was that the gaze of the striped brute was so far above the head of the trainer that when it leaped it struck at the steel bars at the very top of the cage. A hurry call was sent for Burt Bowers, the owner-manager, and that wise old showman stood for a long time in thought.

"Bring me a piece of canvas," he ordered at last, and an animal man hurried to comply. Bowers placed the fabric on the end of a stick and pushed it to the very bars of the cage. The beast growled, hissed—then leaped again. But the claws struck the steel of the bars, a full two feet above the offending canvas! Bowers grunted.

"Hallucinations!" he announced. "Sees everything about twice as big as it really is. That's why it strikes so high."

Following which test after test was resorted to, with the same result and the same verdict. Rest and darkness, pampering and quiet did not aid, though the circus men strove for months to return the tiger to its natural self. At last came the only remedy for a suffering thing—a shot from a high-powered rifle, and the entry of a menagerie loss in the cause of humanity.

Fear—fear of man, of unusual happenings, even of a flag which drops awry and flaps against the bars of a cage—is the biggest problem that the animal trainer has to face. The minute an animal becomes possessed of fear he becomes possessed also of murder, nor is his best friend, man or beast, exempt from the effects of the desire to kill the first thing







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he sees. Mabel Stark, one of the widely known women animal trainers, bears many a tiger scar—simply because a "townier" horseman insisted on riding too close to the cage which she occupied with three tigers during a parade.

So, you see, the elementary emotions play their part all through the list, even to that of ambition! There is not an elephant herd in the country the history of which does not include a terrific fight engendered either through the application of superior power or rulership, or the desire to attain it. From the jungle to the menagerie, there is a law in elephantdom that every herd must have its leader and ruler. That ruler's word is final—and, incidentally, the power lies in the hands of a female! As a rule the males obey implicitly until the approach of cool weather in the autumn, and then, when their eyes begin to cloud with *must* the rebellion begins! *Must* is the East Indian word for badness, and once that *must* seizes a male elephant, his first desire is to defy the leader and to break every elephant-law of the herd. The result all too often is a battle!

A battle, if you please, in which the combatants are two- or three-ton things of armorlike skin, and tremendous bones—an elephant can survive a crash through a ten-inch brick wall without even a headache! So, that, until drop-forged chains, deep sinking bull hooks—sometimes volley after volley of steel-jacketed bullets—bring an end to the titanic struggle, the two beasts lunge and butt, smashing at each other with their heavy trunks, stamping, kicking, and striving for a death blow with their tusks, until they either are pulled away from the fray by the other elephants, hitched to the ends of tremendous chains, or one of the two is beaten senseless and breathless to the ground, when, as though by some law of clean fighting, the battle is declared over.

In one circus herd a single elephant, Old Mom, more than a hundred years of age, and a leader of leaders, has whipped every subject under her command! She even butted one of them through the wall of the menagerie house in Denver, Colorado. After that, he was good!

GREED and avarice, too, are always present. The exemplification of greed is especially apparent at a time when one would think it farthest away—at the time of mating. When the springtime comes and the birds twitter in the trees, when the young man walks up the maple-lined street with a box of candy under his arm, and when the unselfishness of love is in the air, that is when the cat animal of the menagerie becomes greedy. The lion or the tiger doesn't woo his wife by offering her the best of the portion of horse-meat that is shoved to him through the bars. Instead, he eats his supply as rapidly as he can, then rushes toward his mate, gives her a good wallop on the side of the head, and takes her breakfast away from her. Or, if the mate happens to be a bit stronger than he, she does the robbing.

Although the lion may be the king of beasts in looks, actions, and honor, he is far from it in fighting ability. The clash between the lion and tiger generally ends in a victory for the striped beast. In several encounters between "King Edward," a big black-maned Nubian, and "Dan," a Royal Bengal tiger, the "king of beasts"

had moved out second best. Evidently Dan realized the fact, for when the two were in the arena together it was a constant succession of bullying on the part of the tiger, of cuffing matches, in which the striped beast stood on his haunches and slapped the lion with quick, shifting blows, for all the world like those of a light-weight boxer, and of rumbling growls which sent King Edward hurrying to his pedestal whenever he came in the proximity of his enemy. But at last there came a reversal.

They were cage-mates; that is, they occupied a cage together, but not in company, if it can be explained thus. A two-inch wooden partition divided them, and while each had half a cage, neither ever was actually placed with the other. For several days King Edward had been "off feed," and to tempt his appetite, Lucia Zora, his trainer, conceived the idea of feeding him a live chicken. The fowl was thrust between the bars to squawk and flutter wildly, and at last to be captured in the big claws of the excited lion, which, like some overgrown house cat, began to toy with the tidbit for a moment before devouring it. But just then a new element entered—Dan, the Bengal.

THE tiger had scented the fowl and noticed the commotion on the other side of the cage. Frantically he had begun to work at the partition which divided him from the lion; finally, in some way he loosened the clamp, then raised the dividing board, even as a person would raise a window, and rushed through toward King Edward.

But this time the lion did not skulk away. Instead, he turned, a raging engine of destruction, and the fight that followed was the fiercest thing that the menagerie had seen in years. The animal men sought to separate them. It was useless. King Edward had reached the end of his submission, and Dan, through his greed, the end of his life. For the lion, disregarding all the usual leonine methods of fighting, suddenly adopted the tiger's tactics, attacking from a position straight on his haunches, and with both forepaws working, instead of the usual one. The result was that soon the tiger's claws were tangled in the greasy, heavy, armor-like mane of the lion, while those of King Edward ripped at the foe until Dan sank to the cage floor, a stricken, gasping, disemboweled thing. Then, and not until then, King Edward ceased his attack, disengaged his mane from the now useless claws of the Bengal—and went back to his feast!

The usual end of a quarrel which has its inception in greed or avarice is death. And those elements can be typified in queer incidents. An ostrich possesses three things: the smallest brain of any bird or animal of its size, the most powerful kick of anything except a mule, and a positive obsession for anything that glitters. A few years ago the John Robinson Circus made a feature of two ostriches trained to draw a small cart in parade and in the entrées, keeping the big birds in a net-wire enclosure in the menagerie tent as an exhibition. The owner of the circus, Jerry Mugivan, possessed a large diamond ring, and it was one of his amusements to raise his hand over the enclosure and watch the antics of the weak-billed birds as they strove vainly to pull the glit-



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tering stone from its setting. Then one day a loose prong allowed the gem to drop within the enclosure!

A wide-eyed and somewhat excited Jerry Mugivan gulped as he saw two thousand dollars' worth of diamond fall into the straw and the two ostriches rush wildly for it. Then his eyes grew even wider as one of the birds raised a heavy foot and, with a straight outward kick, sent his be-plumed companion reeling half across the enclosure. However, before the kicker could reach the diamond, the kickeer was back on the job again, to release a series of blows—and the fight was on.

It continued for a half an hour, and ended only when one of the birds, by a swift and well-aimed blow, caught his adversary just at the junction of the neck and head, decapitating him. By that time, all idea of what the fight was about had left the tiny brain of the victor, and gasping, his wings raised, he wobbled to a far end of the enclosure and settled there, while Mugivan thrust a hand hurriedly into the straw, rescued his diamond, and rushed for a jeweler.

"Lucky at that," he mused as he went out of the menagerie entrance; "you can buy ostriches for a hundred dollars apiece!"

SO THE list runs, even through to that of racial hatreds. The oft-repeated chase of the dog and cat, and the hatred which seemingly is never overcome between them, is repeated in the menagerie, with the exception that here it is the cat which chases the dog. It is almost impossible to work a leopard group in the same arena or ring in which a dog act has been worked; the canine scent arouses them to such an extent that they can think of nothing but hunting their hereditary enemy. The same is true in a measure with tigers, and in a lesser degree with lions. A few instances have been known where lions and dogs actually have become friends—but with a tiger or leopard, never.

In fact, the only thing that can arouse greater excitement among felines than a dog is that outcast of the animal world, the hyena. Here the racial lines are drawn sharp and distinct. It is an enmity which is at high pitch always; the very proximity of a hyena cage will drive a tiger or leopard to madness, and if a feline ever is placed in a compartment opposite to a hyena, it never will cease its efforts until the day comes when some careless animal attendant leaves the partition door unclamped, and when the big cat can claw and tear until it raises the barrier and rushes through to annihilate its foe.

In lesser degree is the hatred of a tiger for a horse, the hatred of a puma for a bear, the hatred of a chimpanzee for an elephant.

Just as a warning, if you are a father or mother, and you decide sometime to take your baby to the circus, never allow it to get within "reaching distance" of a leopard's cage. Why, no animal man can explain, but the hatred of a leopard for a baby amounts almost to a mania.

So the list of emotional causes for menagerie quarrels is nearly run. But there remain two things in which the line is rather closely drawn between the beast and the human. One of them is the irrita-

tion of annoying things and the other is just general cussedness.

Have you ever been in a crowd, a tremendous, jostling, packed crowd where everyone is talking at once, where somebody steps on your toes, where the air is stifling and there doesn't seem room to breathe? And have you ever been able to come out of one of those crowds with your temper actually whole? The same is true of animals. In several cases the beasts have been known to vent their rage upon the crowd itself, and there is the constant danger that someone will be pushed too close to the cages. This would mean the instant extension of a poisonous set of claws, a roar, and a slashing blow which might mean death. So, while the crowd may protest, the circus knows best—and closes the cages.

Cussedness? There are just two things to remember: Never try to make friends with a rhinoceros or a camel. They are the two crabs of the animal universe—evil-tempered, selfish, mean, and vengeful. Not even the animal attendant knows when a rhinoceros is going to turn upon him; there does not seem to be a single element of the big, armored beast's nature that admits of friendliness.

The camel is the supreme grouch of the menagerie. He's never in good temper. He's the bestial dyspeptic of the universe, and he carries a weapon in his mouth that is worse than the far-heralded perfume of the polecat. When a camel decides that he doesn't like you, he gives you his cud with an aim that would cause the crack-hitting tobacco chewers of the country store to curl up in envy. And once you've become the owner of that cud, splattered over your person, the best thing to do is to hurry to the nearest store and buy yourself a new suit of clothing!

But the cud isn't the only weapon of the camel. His temper is such that he uses everything available, teeth, head, and hoofs! He can kick like a bay steer, butt like a goat, and bite like a steel vise. Once he decides upon a dislike, he doesn't stop until he has made use of every item of armament. But there's at least one redeeming feature—once it's all out of his system, it's out!

IN THE circus, when an animal man discovers that he is the recipient of dislike on the part of the camel he doesn't attempt to cajole or threaten. He merely plants a bale of hay upon his back, covers this with a piece of canvas, then, walking close to the camel, does or says something to irritate the beast. There follows a quick thrust of teeth or hoofs; whereupon, the animal man dumps the "dummy" on the ground and quickly moves to the nearest hiding place. The camel doesn't even notice him—its vengeful thought is bent upon that thing on the ground. For fifteen minutes the "slaughter" continues; the beast kicks the canvas-covered hay, bites it, spits upon it, butts it, and tramples it. After which the animal man can approach with impunity. To the camel, the old animal man is dead—killed during a personally conducted slaughter. This new person he treats as though it were someone he never had seen before, and all malice is gone.

In which, perhaps, was the beginning of that old circus axiom:

"If you can't beat 'em—jine 'em!"





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## THE FAMILY'S MONEY

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I AM forty-one years old, unmarried, and have no dependants. I have been practically self-supporting since I was twenty. And yet every cent I have in the world to-day has been saved within the past five years—some five thousand dollars in income-producing securities, four thousand in land not income-producing, and some endowment insurance, most of which has about fifteen years yet to go!

From 1901 to 1903, I earned \$240 a year. I lived at home, and could look to my father for any extraordinary expenses. I should have saved \$50 a year. I didn't save a cent. Even the \$150 I didn't save in those three years, compounded at the savings bank at four per cent, would be a sum not to be despised in 1923. Think it over, you people who can save only a dollar a week.

The next year I borrowed enough to take a year's special training, and from 1905 to 1910 I earned up to \$500 a year. I paid back the loan, and I should have saved at least \$100 a year, but did not.

In 1913 a big opportunity jumped my salary from \$600 to \$1,560. A year later it went to \$2,600, two years later \$6,500, and for the past five years it has been comfortably over five figures.

It wasn't till 1915 that I took out any insurance or started a savings bank account. The trouble with savings banks for butter-fingers like mine is that they are so confoundingly accessible, and the bank I was patronizing then was open all the evening, at that. I'd put in twenty dollars and run in after dinner a week later and draw out ten.

It took a World War to compel me to save. I was eager to do it by that time, but usually slipped back one step for every two I went forward. *The accessibility of savings is the undoing of most of us.*

Buying Liberty bonds on the installment plan was a revelation to me. How the money piles up, at so much per week! I resolved to buy other bonds the same way.

THEN the real estate craze hit me, and I cashed in all my Liberty and other bonds, and bought land—\$4,000 worth.

After this venture I increased my endowment policies from \$3,000 to \$12,000, started a building and loan association account of fifty shares, and kept myself rather heavily in debt to my broker for installment plan bonds. An expensive way of buying them, incidentally.

When my building and loan account reached \$500, I cashed it in—not having provided sufficiently for the income tax. There was the *accessibility* again!

A year ago, when I was entitled to forty candles on the birthday cake, I made a solemn vow—I'd save if it killed me!

And this is what I did. And I wish to heaven I'd headed up this path twenty years ago. Twenty years! Why, I wouldn't have had to work these full

twenty years. I'd be taking that trip to the Orient this week, instead of ten years from now.

I took out everything in my safe deposit box that was income-producing and ran up to the trust department on the banking floor to establish a voluntary trust. The sum was \$4,340. *Now all the income from the fund is being turned back into the principal. That's making your money work for you, with the maximum speed consistent with safety.*

As soon as I got back to the office, I went to the auditor and cut my salary check thirty-three per cent. In other words, when the pay check comes around, it is for two thirds of what it used to be, and the other third is nestling in the company's books. And when those little thirds total up a thousand dollars, the auditor makes out a check and sends it down. I endorse the check over to the trust company and put it in the mail.

ANY trust company will handle a voluntary trust fund, and a great many national banks are establishing trust departments.

The bank or trust officer will draw up the agreement of trust for you. In fact, you haven't a single thing to do except to take your money to the trust officer, tell him what you want done, sign the agreement of trust, and read their annual statement of accounting. Yes, one thing more: *add to it systematically.* And don't forget to say that the interest (or income) is to be reinvested by them. They are not to pay it to you.

You and the bank or trust company enter into a compact. You make a deposit and agree to make other deposits from time to time. The trust company agrees to protect, invest, reinvest, and keep your money for you, deducting a small fee charged for services. Each deposit is to be added to, and will constitute a part of, the trust fund. You can make a provision that in case of your death the fund becomes a part of your estate; you can name a beneficiary; or you can provide that the fund is to continue for certain uses designated by you. In case you wish to terminate the trust and withdraw your savings you can do so by giving the company notice in writing.

The details of this plan must vary according to circumstances, but the plan itself will build a structure that will give you leisure and peace of mind in years to come and a sense of poise that is the biggest asset a young man can have as he builds toward the future.

If this story causes you to start a fund, with compound interest tied to it, and to send in regular additions to it, I shall be glad indeed. But if it leads you merely to figure on the back of an envelope what your savings with compound interest would be in ten years, I shall be satisfied. You will do the rest without any urging. H. B.



THE general attitude toward the Hupmobile is worth recording, because it goes to the very root of wise automobile buying.

People in the mass do not continue to see superiorities in a motor car over a long period of years, unless the superiorities are actually there.

And it is an indisputable fact that motorists in the mass do spontaneously, continuously, testify to those merits in the Hupmobile which make it the wisest, soundest purchase possible in its class.





## Authorities recommend bacon for children

*It supplies energy in abundance and is easy to digest*

Romping, running, in all their waking hours hardly ever still, children lead incredibly active lives. It's natural; they should.

To sustain this activity, however, they must have plenty of fuel food.

That bacon is exceptionally high in fuel value is shown in all nutrition charts. It is, moreover, easy to digest.

That is why all prominent physicians recommend bacon early in the child's diet.

If you will look in the books of Dr. Isaac A. Abt and Dr. Julius H. Hess, both noted baby specialists, you will find it listed for the end of the first year. Even soft-cooked or poached eggs come later.

The bacon that children are given, however, must be well cooked, crisp and brown.

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In either form, Premium Bacon comes in sanitary packing that keeps it clean and wholesome.

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Swift & Company, U. S. A.



# Swift's Premium Bacon

### How to cook bacon for children

*quoted from Dr. Isaac A. Abt's book, "The Baby's Food"*

#### Broiled Bacon

Put thin strips on a broiler. Place broiler over a dripping pan and bake in hot oven until crisp.

#### Fried Bacon

Heat fry pan very hot. Put in thin strips of bacon. As fat is drawn out, pour it off. Cook bacon till crisp and brown.

#### Diet: 1-2 years

*(from Dr. Abt)*

#### 10 A. M. Feeding

Cereal with part bottle  
Crisp bacon (after the 14th or 15th mo. alternate egg with bacon)  
Toast or zwieback  
Bottle

#### Breakfast Menu

*(from fourth to tenth year)*

*quoted from Dr. Dorothy Reed Mendenhall, Extension Service, Univ. of Wisconsin*

Orange, cooked apples, stewed prunes  
Dish of well-cooked cereal  
Soft-boiled egg, or bacon.  
Glass of milk  
Bread and butter or toast







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## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX



# The American Magazine

June, 1923

JOHN M. SIDDALL, Editor

Vol. xcv

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

J. E. Miller, Vice President  
A. D. Mayo, Secretary

Lee W. Maxwell, President

Thomas H. Beck, Vice President  
A. E. Winger, Treasurer

EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$2.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$3.00 per Year.

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Subscribers are notified that change of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., Harrisburg, Pa., San Francisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash., and Galveston, Ill.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.

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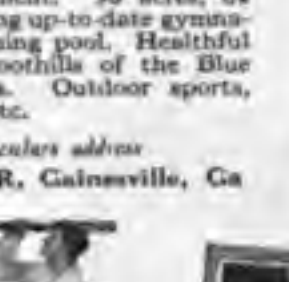
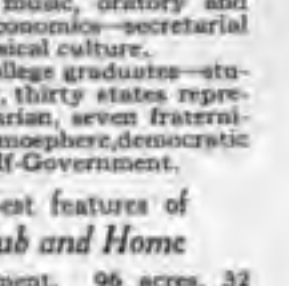
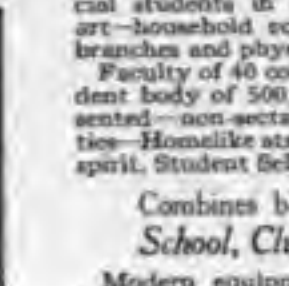
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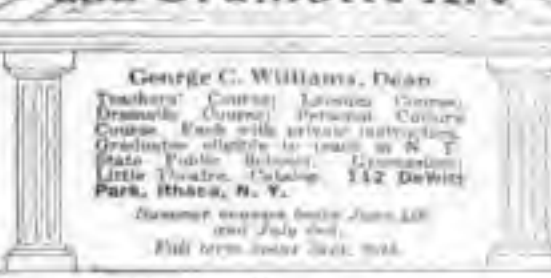
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"He!" (The Law speaks again)  
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"We're bathing!" (The Law speaks)  
"Well, don't get wet!" (The Law speaks)  
"We're not!" (The Law speaks)  
"Then, don't!" (The Law speaks)  
"We're not!" (The Law speaks)  
"Then, don't!" (The Law speaks)



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# The Seven Greatest Americans

*By James Harvey Robinson*

Author of "The Mind in the Making," etc.

**W**HEN the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE asked me to write an article on the seven greatest Americans, and tell why I considered them such, and what, as individuals, we might learn from them, the task seemed to me at first thought very hazardous, if not quite impossible. I was indisposed to undertake it. But on further reflection the possibilities of the subject emerged, and I began to wonder how much truth there was in the words of the poet, which I learned in the Fourth Reader:

Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

There must be something brave and exceptional in what a man does or says to make him great; but in order to leave footprints on the sands of time he must be appreciated by great numbers of his fellow men and have the good fortune to have his sayings or doings recognized as sublime, and reported to future generations. To the historical student like myself it is all too clear that fame and striking merit do not necessarily accompany one another. Fame, as the poet Petrarch remarked, is, after all, but a breath, and, what is worse, the breath of the multitude; it does not ordinarily extend far either in time or space. The most widely known people to-day are indubitably those who will be forgotten twenty years hence—Mary Pickford, Babe Ruth, Billy Sunday. So fame is usually very fleeting and does not necessarily mean that the person who acquires it for the moment would really be considered great in any deep sense of the term. Fame is, then, something of an accident and commonly very evanescent. And yet without it, no matter how distinguished a man's achievements, he cannot be regarded as "great," because he will be forgotten, and leave no footprints behind him.

Then it must be remembered that one may rise above his fellows in so many different ways. Even the greatest is much like the rest of us in most respects. One might be ranked as a great philosopher

and be quite negligible as a captain of industry; he might shine among novelists and be a poor "boob" in the realm of biology. So it is evident that any discussion of greatness involves several rather distinct questions: In what ways did the candidate distinguish himself? How is he appraised by those best able to form a judgment of his achievements? How well known is he? How enduring a reputation is likely to fall to his lot? In this game that we are to play together we have to keep all these things in mind, and that is what makes the game so hard.

Statesmen—"dead politicians," as Senator Thomas Reed of Maine used to call them—and generals have the greatest show of becoming famous, owing to the habits of textbook writers, who call their names to our attention when we are young. But it is hard to pass judgment on their exceptional capacity and the real distinction of their sayings and doings. Most of us just accept the statement that a man is great, if we hear him called great often enough.

**IT WOULD** be natural, if we followed the usual routine, to include Franklin and Washington in our list of seven, for they both have a great reputation, not only in our own country but abroad. But I wonder if they did not owe their fame largely to circumstance rather than to any exhibition on their part of highly exceptional ability or genius. Franklin made a great scientific discovery when he drew the electric current down his kite string—but many a relatively unknown scientist has made equally great discoveries. His homely advice and prudent maxims exhibit nothing more than good common sense. Washington possessed wonderful poise, patience, and insight, but he left the Presidency with something of the disrepute that covered Woodrow Wilson's retirement. And I venture to guess that school histories a generation hence will assign to Wilson, as to Washington, a place among the very greatest of our Presidents. For around him will center our participation in the terrible World War and all those hopes of a federation of nations which may some day be realized in one

form or another. The brief passages devoted to him will make no reference to the mistakes and failures which weigh so heavily with his bitter critics to-day. So I am inclined to pass by both Franklin and Washington; but all of us would be quite properly grieved if Lincoln were not included in the briefest list of Great Americans. His footprints on the sands of time are preëminently those that "a forlorn and shipwrecked brother, seeing, shall take heart again." Lincoln's character, bravery, achievements, and fame all will bear the most careful scrutiny, and they belong to the sublimest that any man can enjoy. So we can safely select him as the *First* of the list.

**FOR** incredible vitality, marvelously varied capacities and achievements, and an insatiable thirst for knowledge and experience, of all dead politicians, T. R. must be awarded the palm. He lived six or eight lives in the span of one. No man ever illustrated better what a multitude of different things one can find time for if one will. So I put Theodore Roosevelt *Second* in the catalogue.

As for generals, I am in no position to bring them into our game. War is a sorry business which must have its managers; and these get a credit which I rather begrudge them, since the real heroism too commonly finds its end in the shallow grave of an unknown soldier. We are coming to see this, thank God, and the touching ceremonies which took place after the war in London, Paris, and Washington were really implicit rebukes to the old habit of exalting the organizers of successful carnage.

The great preoccupation of most of us to-day is business, and for a time, not many years ago, much was said of the "captains of industry," who, rather than presidents and generals, were held up as models of emulation. And I suppose that a great part of the readers of this magazine would have them in mind when they summoned themselves to be "up and doing, with a heart for any fate." Things being as they are, it is business success for which most of us "learn to labor and to wait." So a business man must be selected





HARRY A. STOLLER, N. Y. C.

**D**OCTOR ROBINSON is one of the leaders of modern American thought, particularly in the realms of history, psychology, and practical philosophy. His latest book, "The Mind in the Making," became a best seller shortly after its publication and it has been among the most widely discussed of all recent non-fiction works. As a professor of history for thirty years, Doctor Robinson has been the leading advocate in this country of the policy of giving a rational and sensible interpretation to historical facts. Both as a lecturer and a writer he has declared repeatedly that most of us do not dare to tell our children in the schools the things most important for them to know.

As a step toward remedying this situation, Doctor Robinson has been doing for more than twenty years an educational work of vital importance and far-reaching effect. This work has been the editing of a new kind of historical textbook, that has found its way into thousands of high schools and colleges. There are twenty-seven volumes in this series, which he prepared with the collaboration of Charles A. Beard, the well-known author and educator; James Breasted, the distinguished Oriental scholar; Edward Cheney, and David Muzzey. The aggregate annual sales of these volumes is about 350,000 copies.

Doctor Robinson was born in Bloomington, Illinois, fifty-nine years ago. After receiving his master's degree from Harvard and a Ph.D. degree from the famous German university at Freiberg, he became a lecturer on European history at the University of Pennsylvania in 1891. He left there to become assistant professor of history at Columbia University, and from 1895 to 1919 he was head of the history department at that university. Also he served for a year as acting dean of Barnard College. At the present time Doctor Robinson is devoting himself entirely to writing, which he considers the best medium for awakening people to the necessity of revising the whole system of education, particularly so that we may get a greater profit from the lessons of history.

for our list to represent that great field of endeavor.

The object of business is commonly assumed to be getting rich; and so we naturally think of wealth as the measure of success in this form of human striving. The formation and management of great industrial and commercial enterprises—railroads, mines, oil companies, steel mills, steamship lines, department stores, and the rest—and the direction of our all-essential modern system of credit through banks and otherwise are of fundamental importance. And business, especially on a large

scale, evokes great skill and insight and even genius. But our present "profit system" is associated with oppression, waste, unfairness and political corruption which no one can question. Consequently, the chief actors, however honest and high-minded they may be personally, cannot wholly escape the suspicions under which the whole system lies.

The distinction of accumulating during one lifetime a vast fortune running into the hundreds of millions is rather peculiar to our day, although not wholly new nor by any means confined to the United

States. Accordingly it is natural, in considering candidates in this class, to think of those still living or recently dead. Among those that have gained great wealth and prominence, at least in their generation, stand forth conspicuously Andrew Carnegie; James J. Hill, a constructive genius; J. Pierpont Morgan, not so fabulously rich but peculiarly identified with the enriching process; John D. Rockefeller, and Henry Ford. The names of Vanderbilt and Astor stand for families rather than individuals. How much individual creative thought, constructive imagination, and real regard for the public good has entered into the success of each of these men is impossible to say. None of them is likely to secure enduring fame, since they will hardly be recalled to school children a hundred years hence. If one must select among these candidates the best known, most persistent, ingenious, and overwhelmingly successful handler of our modern facilities for inordinate pecuniary gain I am inclined to think that the choice would lie between Rockefeller and Ford. The business men with whom I have talked seem to be much divided on this question. Ford is reputed to be richer than Rockefeller now, and he is not yet sixty years old, whereas Rockefeller is over eighty-three. So there are possibilities ahead for the younger man with which it is impossible to reckon. The Ford cars and tractors and the extraordinary methods used in cheapening their production have greatly influenced the daily lives of millions of people. Then Ford's courage and success in bucking other powerful financial and industrial combinations are exhilarating to the onlooker, as are his bold experiments in paying high wages. But the sorry fiasco of the "Peace Ship" and, especially, his anti-Semitic mania, reflect on Ford's knowledge and judgment when he wanders beyond his own bailiwick. Rockefeller, on the other hand, in spite of all the bitter criticism his business methods have aroused, has devoted half a billion dollars to the promotion of science and learning according to the accepted standards of his age. So on the whole I believe that he should be adjudged the more considerable man and placed *Third* on our list as the representative of modern business.

**I**N THE last few decades a new type of great man has arisen, the inventor. He is perhaps, in these days of radio, nearer to the heart of the young male than even the captain of industry. Of our inventors Edison is undoubtedly the most famous. A long list of his achievements might be given, among which are the talking machine and the incandescent lamp, which are to be found throughout the world as reminders of his patient experimentation and startling insight. His exhortations to sleep less, work more, and avoid the deadly cigarette are familiar to us all. Among men of science he is not ranked very high, for he is regarded by them not as a scientific discoverer but as one who takes the discoveries of others and ingeniously thinks out their possible applications to human convenience or amusement. I do not sympathize with this rather supercilious disposition of the matter. I do not see that it required more genius for Faraday to discover the principle of the electric dynamo and motor than for Edison to apply them in all sorts



of novel fashions. Whether or not other engineers and experimenters, like Steinmetz for example, may be ranked by experts higher than Edison in their penetration and insight he certainly stands alone in the hearts of his countrymen. So he takes his place as the *Fourth* in the list.

The various classes of great men so far mentioned owe much of their achievement to the coöperation of others. If we knew the whole history of famous statesmen, business men, and even inventors, we should realize that all sorts of humble fellow workers had made vital contributions to a fame in which they had no part. It is impossible to determine what secretaries, business associates, salaried engineers, and foremen have done in building up the reputation of their chiefs. The politician, military commander, business man, and even the successful inventor have to play the game with others, to whose support, suggestions, and warnings they necessarily owe much. There are, however, other kinds of distinguished achievement in which one plays a lone hand or at least carries on his work in solitude.

Of these classes the best known are the men of letters. We all read, and many of

us depend for a great part of our knowledge, insight, and enjoyment on those who write books. And all sorts of books are written—stories, travels, plays, poems, histories, scientific treatises, philosophies—which deal with the real or imaginary thoughts and deeds of men, or with the nature of the world in which we live. These may reveal deep and exceptional thought, varied imagination, or charming skill in presentation. During the past hundred or so years the novel has become our chief vehicle for profound observations and insight into human conduct and perplexities. I regard our great novelists as our most effective teachers. The novelist, poet, and dramatist reveal many things that escape the philosopher, and they can bring their truths close to our hearts.

NOTHING could be more difficult than to select a preëminent man of letters from the standpoints of intrinsic merit and his chance of enduring fame. To judge from the eagerness with which their books are sold, one would have to assume to-day that Harold Bell Wright, Gene Stratton Porter, or Robert Chambers were great so far as fame is concerned. And yet their

most constant readers would scarcely be inclined to rank them as such. I have never read any of their books, but I do turn eagerly to Sinclair Lewis, Harvey O'Higgins, Hergesheimer, Floyd Dell, and, with peculiar partiality, to James Cabell; and yet, like the readers of Mr. Chambers and Mrs. Porter, I should hardly be tempted to call any of them truly and permanently great.

Of course textbook fame is secured to those New England worthies, Emerson, Longfellow, and Lowell, and they all said many brave, true, and important things in their day. They have charmed and inspired countless readers and still have some hold on our attention. Then there is Poe and especially Walt Whitman, who are much more original than the New England group and whose reputation extends far beyond their own country. But, judged by the honesty, variety, and appealing skill of his work, as well as by his international reputation, I am inclined to rank Mark Twain as the greatest of our men of letters. "Roughing It," "Tom Sawyer," "A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur," "Pudd'nhead Wilson" and "Innocents Abroad" have delighted so many hearts both in his own (Continued on page 136)

## Sid Says:

### *Don't try to change the gait of a pendulum*

TWO men recently lost their lives in this manner: One of them became angry at the other, and, removing a pendulum from a big clock, used it as a weapon with which he beat the life out of his companion. The murderer took poison and so the two passed on.

A philosopher commenting on the tragedy said: "What a shame to make violent use of that pendulum! Give it time, and it would have killed both men peacefully and decently."

Anger, passion, temptation, wild impulse—all disappear if the human being can but restrain himself long enough for the brainstorm to pass. I suppose that practically all the jails in the world would be empty if man could get over the desire to hurry things faster than nature is willing to unfold them. Crimes of violence are always committed in a rush—in a mad scramble to solve a problem before nature's processes have had a chance to do their work. Thefts of all kinds are but man's foolish attempts to get something quick for nothing. Always a far greater reward would await the thief if he had but the patience to use his wits honestly and bide his time.

The happiest man in the world is the man who had sense enough a year ago last May to hold his temper and avoid killing Jasper K. Whiffenpoof. For now he sees that Whiffenpoof wasn't worth bothering with. And he also sees that if he *had* killed Whiffenpoof—he himself at the present time would be consulting his spiritual adviser for the last time and getting ready to seat him-

self in an electric chair. (With all the law's delays it usually takes about a year to go from shooting somebody to the last sacrament in the prisoner's cell.)

Of course some people want to be too deliberate about everything. And that's bad. It's all right to put off murdering folks. And stealing. And lying. You can't take too much time to think over one of those expeditions before setting out on it. But, as I say, some folks shy at ambition, work, and opportunity. They have no more impulse to achieve anything than they have to kill somebody! They like to sit in a rocking chair and watch the pendulum swing. For such folks it is a misfortune that the pendulum can't tap them gently behind the ears and stir them to action.

To watch a pendulum intelligently requires discrimination. You can learn from it the folly of trying to hurry it. But don't let it kid you! Don't fall a victim to its music and allow it to lull you to sleep. Let it be a prompter both to restraint and to action. A pendulum that could speak would say:

"I warn you that all things worth while take time. You can't correct wrongs in a minute. You can't acquire either property or reputation or real development in a minute. But you must occupy every minute, just the same. Time itself is nothing. It's what you do with your time. Don't try to do too much in a minute. And don't do too little. If you try to do too much you may land in jail. If you do too little you may land in the poor-house."



# A Business Genius Who Has Done What Others Said Was Impossible

William M. Wood organized the American Woolen Company when everybody else said it couldn't be done—The story of this great business genius, who began as an office boy when he was eleven years old—His wise comments on work, on business, and on human nature

*By Keene Sumner*

**Y**OU have heard of the island called Martha's Vineyard, off the southeastern coast of Massachusetts. I don't know how it came by that name; but I know that it is a "vineyard" which has produced some exceptional human beings. One of them is William M. Wood.

The first long talk I had with Mr. Wood was at his present home in Shawsheen Village, in Andover, Massachusetts. Afterward, as I rode back to Boston on the train, four pictures of him, as I had just seen him, kept coming into my mind. I believe they came because they were peculiarly vivid glimpses of his personality.

He is a great business man, one of the greatest in the country. Over twenty years ago he founded the American Woolen Company. Other men said it couldn't be done. When it was done, they said it couldn't last. Each year, for several years, they got all ready for the funeral.

But the funeral didn't come off! Instead, the infant grew and waxed strong. To-day, with William M. Wood still at its head, the company operates fifty-nine mills, with an army of employees about thirty-five thousand in number.

They, with the families dependent on them, and with the thousands of other people whose livelihood comes from feeding and clothing and serving this multitude, make a still greater army, hundreds of thousands strong.

At the center of this vast network of human lives is one man—William M. Wood. It is a position of almost terrifying responsibility. Someone told me that a visitor to Andover once asked a taxi driver what he thought of Wood.

"Well," said the driver, "I understand that he made five hundred thousand dollars out of his business last year. That's too much for any one man to make."

That taxi driver was more or less responsible for one machine and, at most, three or four passengers at any one time. If somebody suddenly had made him responsible for hundreds of thousands of

people and for millions of dollars' worth of machines, I wonder how much he would have thought the job was worth. He probably wouldn't have wanted it at any price. It takes a strong man to stand up to that test.

And William M. Wood is a strong man! Both his friends and his enemies agree on that point. But the four pictures of him which have lingered in my memory showed something in addition to strength. Here

the window toward a town which he has built and made beautiful, and saying quietly, "I was the most execrated man in America." From the Atlantic to the Pacific, I was held up to the public as an object of hatred."

And the last picture, the most vivid, perhaps, of them all: A flash of pride in the eyes, an almost imperceptible change of tone, as the man before me said, "My son told me;" or, "My son thought it best;" or, "My son had the idea."

Out of those four pictures I get something that seems to me a real, living personality. Humor and wisdom from the first. The clue to his business genius from the second. From the third, his uncompromising willingness to face facts. And, from the last, his capacity for deep human feeling.

I was talking once with a man who has been with the American Woolen Company for twenty years. He had a curious way of referring to Wood as "that man," as if Wood were a phenomenon of nature. For that matter, he is—a phenomenon of human nature. Among other things, this friend said:

"That man is an autocrat. He is always the boss. But he is a boss who has the faculty of inspiring loyalty in those of us who

work under him. If one of us has something coming to him, whether it's a call up or a calling down, he gets it! If it's a calling down, it is a good one. But the man knows it *was* coming to him. Men like to work for a boss that knows his business. The man who can't inspire loyalty is the one who tries to lead when he hasn't any goal! We are glad to follow Wood because we know that *he* knows where he is going."

Mr. Wood was born in Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, June 18th, 1858. When he was two years old the family moved to New Bedford, and there he went to school until he was eleven years old. Later he entered the New Bedford High School, but did not graduate. He was the kind of boy, (Continued on page 203)

## The Water That Has Gone Over the Dam Won't Help You Now

**"I'M NOT** spending much time thinking about last year's report, anyway," says Mr. Wood. "I'm more interested in what *this* year's report is going to be. It isn't the water that's gone *over* the dam that will help you now. It's the water *behind* the dam! My job is not to watch the stream that has gone by, but to get ready for the freshet that may come!"

"A man learns from his experience. But what he learns he should learn quickly. He shouldn't have to keep turning back the leaves to find out what the lesson was."

they are. What do *you* see in them?

First, a picture of him looking up with a quizzical smile in his eyes and saying, "I was a lucky boy. I was not hampered by wealth, nor by a great name to be lived up to, nor by a line of ancestors who would have started me at the top, whether I was fitted to be there or not. I was *free*. I had nothing to live down and nothing that would live *me* down."

Second, a picture of him as he said thoughtfully, "An *inquiring mind* is one of the greatest possessions in the world." And he added, as if it were a challenge, "A man, who does no more than sweep the floor, can learn things *by* sweeping the floor, if he *wants* to learn."

The third picture is more vivid: an erect figure, gray-haired, looking out of





Photo by J. E. Purdy & Co., Boston

### *William M. Wood*

**MR. WOOD** was born on the island of Martha's Vineyard, off the Massachusetts coast, sixty-five years ago. When he was only eleven years old, his father died and the boy went to work in the office of the Wamsutta cotton mills in New Bedford. Even as a lad, he was a walking interrogation mark, everlastingly asking questions about the methods and the costs of manufacture.

When he was about thirty years old, he left the cotton industry and became treasurer of the Washington mills, which manufactured woolen goods at Lawrence,

Massachusetts. Ten years later he organized the American Woolen Company, which has been the greatest single factor in stabilizing an industry that was almost hopelessly demoralized.

He is still the head of the American Woolen Company, now operating 59 mills with an average of about 35,000 employees. A few months ago he became General Director of the Consolidated Textile organization, which makes him also an outstanding figure in his old field, the cotton industry, and one of the most powerful business executives in America.





Photo by Nickolas Muray

### *Eva Le Gallienne*

**LESS** than two years ago, when she was only twenty-one, Eva Le Gallienne scored a New York success as Julie in "Liliom." During the past year she has repeated this success all over the country, thus becoming one of the youngest stars on the American stage.

She is the daughter of the well-known writer, Richard Le Gallienne. Born in London and educated in Paris, she came to this country when she was sixteen

and has lived here ever since. She played a small part in a London theatre before coming to America; and for four years after reaching New York she had only one chance to play a rôle of any importance. But she took every part that was offered her, studying all the time and gaining experience. The result was that when her opportunity finally came in "Liliom," her performance was one of the artistic triumphs of the season.

*Digitized by Google*



# Eva Le Gallienne

## The Story of a Stubborn Girl

In her first four years on the stage she was "out of a job" twelve times—She took any part she could get; because she had to have work in order to live—But she went doggedly ahead, learning all the time, until she won her fight

*By Mary B. Mullett*

**L**AST summer that extraordinary play, "Liliom," was repeating in Chicago the success it already had scored in New York, when suddenly the young actress who played the leading feminine rôle broke down completely.

Only twenty-two years old, she had the health and elasticity which are the splendid assets of youth. She had not been squandering these assets on things outside of her work. She had not been burning the candle at both ends, but had lived very quietly and simply.

Her breakdown was not a pretense for the purpose of getting a vacation. She had good reason *not* to want a vacation then. She had been on the stage only six years; but in that short time she had gone through some bitter struggles. As Julie, in "Liliom," she was playing her first really great rôle. It had brought her success; had compelled recognition from critics and public alike. Under those circumstances it was of vital importance to her to go on playing.

Yet, in spite of all this, the collapse came. The play closed and the company was temporarily disbanded.

The run of "Liliom" was resumed in the early autumn, with the young actress again playing the rôle of Julie. In the past two years, hundreds of thousands have seen her in that part and her name has become familiar to other hundreds of thousands.

But what about the girl herself—her character, her talent, her personality? What is the story that leads up to that night last summer, when she was carried, unconscious, from the stage to her dressing-room?

Those of you who have seen "Liliom" or who have read about it, know that the young actress I am talking of is Eva Le Gallienne. She is the daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, the famous writer, who transplanted himself from England to this country about twenty years ago. To understand why she collapsed, and to understand Eva Le Gallienne herself, we

must go back that far; even further.

She was born in London; but through inheritance she is a strange combination of diverse nationalities: English and French through her father's family; Danish and Russian through her mother's.

Perhaps this composite inheritance helps to explain her. I think she *understands too much*. Too much, I mean, to allow her to take life casually; too much to permit of her having a single-track mind. That sort of mind is a very comfortable thing to possess, and practically efficient too. But it isn't often associated with breakdowns.

Although she hasn't a single-track mind, Eva Le Gallienne does have a single-track purpose. That purpose is bound up in her

She was born in London, as I said before; but when she was a child she was taken to Paris by her mother and was a day pupil in a French school until she was fourteen. She speaks English, French, German, and Danish. Not long ago, she became—as she put it—so angry with herself because she could read Russian literature only in translation that she began to study Russian.

A good many people "begin to study" something or other, but it generally is a short-lived impulse. Women are particularly prone to "take up" this or that subject; bridge, or domestic science, or medieval art. Usually, for some unknown reason, it is medieval art. But their "taking up" is generally promptly followed by a laying down, which leaves them about where they started.

I have known a good many young men too, who "took up" various things: clerks, who had a spurt of ambition and began a study of credits, or something they knew would open the door to promotion. But their study became more and more spasmodic. The last I knew of them they still were clerks. Apparently their sole interest in credits was in seeing that their own credit was good for a week's board or a new suit of clothes.

With this in mind I recently asked Miss Le Gallienne if she still was studying Russian. Yes—she was! She had not tired of it and "taken up" something else. She has that tenacity of purpose without which no real achievement is possible, and with which none is impossible.

After the eleven years which she spent in Paris, she went back to London with her mother. She says she was a disagreeable child; sulky and stubborn. But that statement lost some of its force when she added, with a little laugh, "I was even more disagreeable then than I am now!"

Of course she can call herself disagreeable if she wants to. No one else will. Stubborn, perhaps. Most people who have a well-defined purpose are more or less stubborn, (Continued on page 78)

### Are You a Flying Fish?

**"IT SEEMS to me,"** says Miss Le Gallienne, "that it is a fatal mistake to copy another person's methods, just because *he* has succeeded with them. People who merely imitate others remind me of flying fishes. Their flying doesn't amount to much, compared with that of the birds they imitate. I'd rather be a success as a fish than a failure as a fish trying to be a bird."

work. She is twenty-three years old now. But she is extraordinarily different from the average girl of her age; as a steady flame, fed from some inexhaustible source, is different from a sputtering fireworks pinwheel.

It is hard to believe that any young human creature who has this combination of broad understanding with concentration of purpose will not achieve that purpose, whatever it may chance to be. So, to those who know her, Eva Le Gallienne's success has seemed inevitable.



"You fool!" he screamed. "What does a yellow brat matter? We'll all lose our lives, if you don't look out!"





# Unmasked

A romantic story of the ingenious device of Lee Fu

By Lincoln Colcord

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. H. D. KOERNER

ONE of my earliest recollections of Lee Fu Chang was his devotion to little Minnie Amesbury," Nichols began. "Everyone in the Hong Kong fleet knew about it; the inscrutable Chinaman fairly doted on the child. Minnie was Captain Carleton Amesbury's only daughter—Amesbury of the 'Southern Cross,' you know. Ship and man had practically spent their lives in the China trade; year after year Amesbury would bring her East with oil or what-not to Singapore or Shanghai or Amoy, and year after year Lee Fu would charter her home from Hong Kong. It was a standing joke with us; Amesbury himself, with his great booming laugh, used to say that Lee Fu chartered the ship for the sake of seeing Minnie once a year.

"The girl had been born in Mindoro Passage, on the outward run, and had been named for her birthplace. Lee Fu had seen her first, a few months later, as a little pink baby in Mrs. Amesbury's arms. She had smiled up at him, and reached out her tiny hands fearlessly to play with his queue.

"Hal! Lee Fu had exclaimed triumphantly, touched to the heart. 'She shall be my little Sailor Boy.' He was on terms of friendly intimacy with the Amesburys.

"Sailor Boy, indeed! Mrs. Amesbury had retorted. 'My precious little Minnie—the very ideal!'

"Lee Fu had given her his flat, quizzical look. 'Madam,' he had observed, 'someone should befriend a helpless infant, when parents who have named her Mindoro choose to call her Minnie.'

"As time went on his devotion deepened. From babyhood he had showered gifts upon her: wonderful Chinese dolls with bland white faces, dark polished hair, and richly embroidered gowns; robes and quilts of priceless texture and needlework; bracelets of wrought silver and lapis lazuli; a piece of smooth carved jade for her to cut her teeth on; a necklace of moonstones and sapphires before she could walk; and later, as she grew to girlhood, silks and embroideries by the armful for the gowns that would soon be needed. Mrs. Amesbury told me that they had a huge camphor-wood chest at home full of the stuff that Lee Fu had given the child.

"For the first twelve years of her life Minnie went to sea constantly with her parents; all the shipping world of the China Sea knew and loved her. She was that marvel of creation, an unspoilable child. From babyhood she seemed to have determined her own character. Whether by chance or occult foresight, Lee Fu's choice of a name for her fitted well. She grew to be a fascinat-

ing, free-spirited hoyden, familiar with a ship and all her ways, as much at home on the waste of waters as a sea bird—far more his Sailor Boy, indeed, than she was her mother's precious Minnie.

"Then intervened five years of school life for her at home. We all missed her in our various ways; but Lee Fu was frankly disconsolate. He would hardly go near the 'Southern Cross' when she was in Hong Kong; and Amesbury's booming laugh was now directed to a new variant of the stock joke, to the effect that if he didn't bring Minnie on another voyage pretty soon he'd lose a good friend and a profitable business.

"All this had its amusing side, of course, yet I knew that in an odd sort of way it was a real sadness to Lee Fu not to be seeing the child. He spoke of it shyly and confidentially, in a manner of poking quiet fun at himself.

"I feel as if empty in a place that used to be filled," he said.

"How does it happen," I asked, humoring his fancy, "that a philosopher falls in love with a child?"

"An idle question! It happens because life brings it, and that is the answer. Why analyze the cause, when the effect is all we know? Or, if you ask me, I will say that it is natural and inevitable for a philosopher to fall in love with a child. The rest in reality are too busy loving themselves. He is the only one who can."

"IT WAS Mrs. Amesbury's death, I believe, that put an end to the girl's school days and brought her back to Eastern waters. She had been longing for the sea, and now, with her father alone on board the ship, nothing could keep her ashore. I heard the news from Lee Fu just before sailing. When next I reached Hong Kong, six months later, the 'Southern Cross' had come and gone. Lee Fu was radiant, if such a term could be applied to one whose facial expression rarely ranged beyond a lifting of the eyebrows, and all I heard about for many days was the beauty, charm, and surpassing excellence of Minnie Amesbury. She was, I learned, the same Sailor Boy as of yore, the same enchanting creature, the same energetic playmate, the same boss of all she surveyed; the same, that is, with this great difference, that now she was 'very, very beautiful'—a phrase spoken mysteriously, as if intended to convey a hidden suggestion, a hint of unprecedented rarity. But I would have to see her, I was told, to understand wholly....

"Hold on a minute, Lee Fu," I objected here. 'It isn't possible for a girl of mere flesh and blood—'

"This is her photograph," he answered with supreme confidence, turning toward

me a frame of ivory and green bronze that stood on his desk.

"I gazed at the picture with interest. A striking face, indeed, dark, brilliant, vivacious, with the same audacious, challenging expression that I remembered. Yet now she'd become a woman, it gave me quite a shock to realize how time had flown.

"What do the young chaps think about it?" I asked shrewdly. 'You say she was a sensation wherever she went, at the Yacht Club, at Happy Valley.... But young chaps aren't studying girls for philosophical purposes, you know.'

"I know," replied Lee Fu thoughtfully. 'Yet she is innocence itself, and free as the air of the trade winds. She sailed away with heart untouched, having herself touched all available hearts that came her way. That is the whole story. What men think about it—they are not all young men, either—is of course the same tiresome formula, that they love her, that they long to possess her, that they would die for her, but that, not being called upon to die for her, they will continue to live for her.' He waved a hand. 'You recall her as a child? Well, she is still unspoiled.'

"The old 'Omega' and I resumed our endless round, and for two successive voyages the 'Southern Cross' visited Hong Kong while we were in the Archipelago. I seemed fated never to meet this fabulous Minnie Amesbury, although I continued to hear of her. Yes, indeed. Half the eligible bachelor colony of the port had already proposed marriage to her—fine young English boys in the mercantile houses ashore, the pink and white variety mostly, running from six feet up, with now and then a smaller, darker-skinned Continental, and more rarely still a lean and energetic American from New York or the West Coast, out with the Standard Oil or the Pacific Mail. One by one, I heard, they had marched up to certain defeat, leaving their devastating enchantress still immune.

"BUT at length my luck turned, and I was vouchsafed that personal glimpse which, I'd been promised, would bring me full understanding. It did. I'd arrived at noon that day, had spent a busy time at the Custom House, and was totally unprepared to find a beautiful girl ensconced in Lee Fu's office when I rushed in at four o'clock.

"She sprang up with an impulsive yet quiet motion, crossed the room as I stood blinking in the door, and took both my hands.

"Captain Nichols!" she exclaimed in a low, gripping voice. 'How well I remember you.'

"I looked at her narrowly, yet with





From where she steered, Minnie could see Cavendish plainly through the rear of the

considerable trepidation. Somehow, the interminable advance tale had frightened me; I'd half expected to see her suddenly dance a jig or perform like a trained seal. Her calmness and simplicity took me flat aback.

"It's Minnie Amesbury, isn't it?" I said. "I remember you, too; but I can't say that I would have recognized you."

"We sat down to talk, while Lee Fu poured tea. . . . How shall I put in words the singular attraction which this slender,

glowing girl exercised over all who came near her? I felt it myself now, yet found time to wonder, because she was so utterly different from anything I'd anticipated. For instance, her surcharged quietness. Of course she was beautiful to look at, with a face reflecting inner light. But the secret of her power was a native, insidious sincerity—that, and the fact that she was a product of seafaring, a sailor through and through. Yes, she was one of us, using our language, speaking with knowledge of the elements, with

judgment and sympathy, with an experience of voyages, speaking—I have it now!—with love of the sea.

"Well, that would do for sailors; but what of all the landlubbers she had in tow? They'd hardly be captivated by a refinement of nautical psychology. Yet, in a sense, I see how it was. Seamanship, in its broader application, is nothing but the ability to live. Thus, being a true seaman, she had a way of meeting them, too, on a ground of common experience. She had loved well something





cuddy. Now and then she glanced at him in perplexity. What could she make of it?

which was part of life. Not what she knew, so much as the fact of having loved, gave her those level eyes and that frank understanding.

"Just as I had completely fallen under her spell that afternoon, there came an interruption to our rambling chat. The door of the outer office opened, and Sing Toy announced a name familiar to me.

"Have got Mister Cavendish," he said.

"A quick change went over Minnie Amesbury's face; it lighted with a look beyond denial. 'Oh, he has called to

take me off in his launch,' she said hurriedly. 'I told him I would be here. Good-by, Lee Fu, till to-morrow at tiffin. Good-by, Captain Nichols. You must call on Father; he's down with one of his bad attacks of dengue fever.'

"She was gone almost in a flurry, while I stood gazing after her in mild amazement. 'Not Cavendish?' I asked, turning to Lee Fu.

"He sat down behind the broad desk, spreading his hands flat on the polished wood. 'The same,' he answered. 'As you

already have surmised, her splendid isolation is shattered. Following its despicable custom, life has surprised her.'

"But why Cavendish?' I asked in-  
anely.

"Why not Cavendish?' Lee Fu demanded. 'What have you against the man?'

"I dropped into a chair mechanically. True enough, why not Cavendish? He was a dashing, handsome fellow, clean-cut and strong-limbed, a sportsman, a man among men, (Continued on page 152)



# There Are "Big-Town Birds"

By a "Small"

**Y**ESTERDAY, being the first day of the month, I deposited my monthly salary check in the Citizens National Bank, of which I am the cashier. The amount was three hundred dollars. My last months when I worked in New York, I received just one hundred dollars more than this. From the financial standpoint, therefore, you can see that I had had a setback. From every other standpoint it is a story of victory and, if my observation of young men in New York and in smaller cities is any criterion, it ought to have a wide and interested reading.

There are thousands of men in big cities who don't belong there any more than I did; and there are other thousands in smaller places who are restless and discontented because they imagine that the only real chance for achievement is in New York or Chicago. I have something to say to both these big audiences.

Recently, I read that, while the population of New York City, as a whole, is increasing, the population of Manhattan Island is actually smaller than it was a few years ago. My wife and baby and I are three of the reasons why that is so. Some other family is occupying our sunless, airless, little kitchenette apartment on West 208th Street—and we wish them joy. For just one third the rent that we paid in New York we now have a small house of our own, a garden, and a place for a garage. Maybe this is Failure; maybe New York licked us and threw us out, and we ought to hang our heads in shame. But we do not think of it in that way. We have come to think that God makes some of us to be small-town birds; and we thank our lucky stars that we found it out in time.

The last census credited our little city with eleven thousand people; so we always speak of it as having a population of "somewhere between twelve and fifteen thousand." I am not going to give its name, but I need not be afraid of describing it so minutely that any reader will identify it, for it is precisely like a score of other Middle-West towns. It has its Main Street, with a couple of blocks of smart-looking little stores, and its new hotel; its country club and its one broad avenue—let's call it Pleasant Avenue—where good-looking houses stand in the midst of well-kept lawns, sheltered by spreading elms.

My father, a physician, could never afford a home on Pleasant Avenue. At sixty-five, he still is active. In years when the city is prosperous and people pay their doctor bills, he takes in as much as four or five thousand dollars; in bad years, when his work is just as heavy, his kind heart and easy-going business habits reduce his income to less than half these figures.

Twenty-four years of service have built up a store of good will and public confidence for my father that is not easily assailed. He belongs to every organization in town, contributes impartially to all churches, benefits, and festivals. His

sense of honor and big heart make him one of the best-loved men I have ever known. He was born on a farm and worked his way through college and medical school by tutoring and clerking in a drug store. It was quite a victory for him to build up a solid place in the medical profession. I quoted his own experience to him as an argument when talking with him about my going to New York.

"You weren't satisfied to stay on the farm," I said. "You picked out a strange field and conquered it. New York is bigger than this town, just as this town was bigger than the community where you spent your boyhood. The same ambition that brought you here makes me want to go there."

"I'd hardly call it ambition that brought me here," he answered, pulling hard at his old brier pipe. "It was chance, more or less. I didn't have car fare enough to leave the state after settling up my bills at the university, so I asked one of the professors if he knew a town where most of the doctors were getting pretty old, and he gave me the name of this town. I had just enough to get here and five dollars over."

"But you wouldn't have gone back to the farm," I persisted.

"No, probably not," he answered slowly. "Life in a town like this has some advantages over life on a farm. There are conveniences and social relationships that are attractive. But these advantages don't go on increasing in proportion to the increase in population."

**B**UT surely New York has advantages over this little place," I argued.

"For instance?"

"Why, the theatres, good music, the art galleries and museums," I said; "even you will admit that these are attractions."

"Perhaps," he answered with a smile; and it was not until many months afterward that I understood the thought that lay behind that smile.

"I don't want to stand in the way of your going to New York, my boy," he went on, and there was a note in his voice that made my throat fill up. "There is big work to be done everywhere. If it's the work that draws you, go, and God bless you. Your mother and I will be lonesome; but we won't let that count. But don't go chasing any such fool idea as fame. There's no such thing. One man is remembered for a day and another for a hundred years; but they are equally forgotten in a thousand. There's nothing that counts like health, and the love of your wife and children, and the work, and the friendship of your friends. You don't have to go to a big place to get those advantages; your mother and I have had a one hundred per cent solution of them right here."

I am telling my story in a rather amateurish fashion. The conversation just related occurred a few days after Christmas, 1918. Until the outbreak of the war my life was exactly like the lives of a mil-

lion other sons of middle-class homes. I went through the public schools of our town and entered the state university. During my summer vacations I worked around the bank where I am now employed; I liked the work and drifted gradually into the notion that I would be a banker. Then came the war and, along with most of the other men in the senior class, I enlisted immediately.

I never got to France. The Personnel Department discovered that I had a certain facility with figures. I was given a special assignment which took me first to Washington and later to New York. There I remained, in spite of all the pressure I could bring to bear through our local congressman. The only fighting I witnessed was the wrangle between the would-be profiteers and the colonel at the head of our department.

**H**OWEVER, the war was a great university. I went into it a boy; I came out almost a man. We were juggling with millions in our department; we were dealing with big manufacturers and bankers. I sat in meetings with men whose names are known all over the country; mental I measured myself up against them, trying to discover the secrets of their success. I said to myself, "The big game is no different from the little game, except that the chips are larger. Most men are afraid to play with chips that represent thousands or hundreds of thousands, but I've got used to it through my war experience. Big figures have no more awe for me. I'm going to stay in the big game."

So it came about that I had the conversation with my father which I have just related. I left home immediately after Christmas in 1918, and went directly to the office of one of the New York bankers whom I had met during the war.

My banker friend had been very kind to me in our casual contacts, and on one or two occasions I had been able to do him little favors for him. I walked into his office with the vague notion that he would assign me to a little room next to his; one; there I would have the chance to see how he worked and to be in on his important deals. With such an opportunity it would be only a matter of a few years until I should be "made."

What actually happened was somewhat different. The banker remembered me and was cordial, in a hurried fashion. He said that he had been back on the job only a few weeks and felt a little out of touch with his own organization, but he would see what he could do for me.

At that he pressed a button and turned me over to an assistant vice president. He shook my hand, and bowed me out. The following Monday morning I went on to the pay roll of that bank, and I stayed there for three years. But I never again saw the president, except one night behind the speaker's table of a big company dinner. My work was in the up-town branch, which he seldom visited. Perhaps he may see this story and recall



# And "Small-Town Birds"

## Town Bird"

circumstances under which I joined his organization. If he does, and will have a little patience, he will discover how and why I left, and what I am doing now.

I once read a magazine article by a woman writer who wondered how decent young men and young women managed to meet each other in a big, impersonal city like New York. "In a small community," she said, "society exists very largely for the purpose of bringing right-minded young people together. They meet at homes, at the club, and the churches. But New York is full of the finest sort of young people, many of them college graduates, who are utterly detached. They have the normal human craving for love and for homes of their own. How do they find each other?"

I spent quite a lot of spare time puzzling over that problem in my first six months in New York. I was terribly lonesome. If any decent girl, with a fair proportion of intelligence and good looks, had agreed to eat dinner with me every Sunday evening, I would gladly have paid for the meal and added a generous fee for her time besides. I used to wonder what would happen if I were to run an advertisement like this in one of the big newspapers:

### Wanted: Dinner Companion

Young man, twenty-five, college graduate, stranger in New York, desires to meet good-looking college girl of about the same age. Object, a little human society and a friendly face across the table for one meal each week. References gladly given; all expenses paid, including flowers and taxi hire.

I UNDERSTAND the papers have a rule forbidding the acceptance of such personal advertisements. If it were not for that rule I am sure they could easily publish an extra section every Sunday, filled with invitations from well-intentioned, trustworthy, but awfully lonesome men.

At the end of my first six months I had managed to assemble the following list of feminine acquaintances:

Rose, the red-cheeked Irish waitress at the restaurant where I ate breakfast.

Lillian, a stenographer in our office, and Maude, her friend. Another man and I took them to dinner and a vaudeville show once or twice, but their slang, which was amusing at first, grew rather tiresome, and I dropped out of the picture.

Marion, a nurse at the hospital. I sprained my ankle playing tennis and was in her charge for a week. An interne who saw her oftener than I and was lonelier married her. She is a nice girl, and they are starting out for themselves in a little town up-state and are very happy.

Helen, a classmate of my sister at a boarding-school; now my wife.

Most men have some misgivings about the girls their sisters pick out for them, otherwise I might have known Helen some months earlier. My sister wrote more than once suggesting that I call, and I finally did, finding Helen in a tiny little apartment on Madison Avenue which she shared with two other college girls. Their apartment was so small that living in it was possible only by the aid of a very rigid schedule. The rule was that the girl who got to bed first must get up and take her bath first, whether she wanted to get up or not. On evenings when one of them entertained company, the others went to the movies and left the one big comfortable chair for the guest.

Helen and I were married in June, 1920. We took our two-weeks vacation at that time, spending the last week at

the beginning and decided to have the fun of picking up our other treasures gradually at auctions, of which there is no end in New York.

Besides the auctions we had the theatres. Every other Monday night we treated ourselves to a table d'hôte dinner, and afterward sat in two seats in the first balcony. One Sunday afternoon we went through the Metropolitan Museum; and one night we stood up in the back of the opera house and heard Caruso. It was a very happy first year, but I am afraid it was a pretty selfish one. We made no additions to our list of friends. Helen referred to this one evening when we were sitting in front of our gas-log fireplace.

"Do you know, Jim, it scares me to think what would happen to me if anything happened to you," she exclaimed.

"None of that foolish talk," I said. "I'm the healthiest future bank president in New York City. We're not saving anything just now, but presently I'll begin to make a fortune for you. Never worry about that again."

"I WASN'T thinking of money," she answered. "I managed to get along before you arrived and I suppose I could do it again. But I'm so absolutely dependent on you for companionship, Jim. Do you realize that in this whole city of six million people we haven't a half-dozen friends?"

"Oh, we'll find friends fast enough," I answered lightly.

"I suppose so," she said, "but I was just thinking how different things are in your friendly little home town."

Afterward the conversation came back to me a good many times. A city of six million people, and not half a dozen friends! I wonder

how many other couples there are in little apartments and apartment hotels who could say the same!

In the spring of 1921 Helen gave up her job and, on a hot, blistering day in July, our boy, Jim, Junior, was born. Young Jim brought about a pretty complete change in our schedule. We gave up the little apartment down-town and took a still littler one away up on 208th Street. With that perverse unwillingness of folks to face the truth frankly we told ourselves that "the air would be better up near the river." The real difference was fifty dollars' difference in the rent. Even then, the monthly rent bill made a big hole in our income, which was no longer aided by Helen's salary.

There was no more going out in the evenings, for we couldn't afford a maid. Life for Helen (Continued on page 160)

## Five Characteristics of New York Men Who Have Made Good in a Big Way

AT THE end of this article the author points out five distinguishing characteristics of men who have made good in a big way in New York City.

Compare them with your own characteristics. Do they make you glad that you live in New York or Chicago? Or do they make you glad that your home is in the country or a small town?

my home—a wonderful week! There were parties for us at the country club and luncheons in different homes. Helen enjoyed every minute. "How good the air tastes here, Jim!" she exclaimed. "It's nice to be where everybody is friendly. I almost hate to go back to New York."

But a lot of happy experiences were waiting for us in New York. We took our time about deciding on an apartment, poking all over town and making the adventure of searching last as long as we could. Finally we settled on a little place down near Washington Square—a big living-room, an alcove bedroom, and a nice tiled bathroom. The rate was terribly high, one hundred and seventy-five dollars a month, but we were both earning fair salaries and Helen loved the place the minute we stepped into it, which was reason enough. We bought only a few things at



# How Your Handwriting Betrays You

Interesting stories of people who thought they could disguise their writing, make changes in important documents, alter checks, or tamper in some way with written words; but they couldn't fool the expert examiners.

Even if they used a typewriter, they could be detected

*By Allan Harding*

**F**ILED away in steel cabinets, in a certain office in Chicago, are some of the most interesting records of crime that are anywhere to be found. The man who occupies that office is quiet and unassuming. But he is a terror to evildoers of a particular kind, although some of them don't know it—yet. His name is Jay Fordyce Wood and his professional title is "Examiner of Questioned Documents."

Working carefully and slowly, with the inexorable precision of an instrument of Fate, he has helped to defeat the best-laid plans of some of the most wily and daring criminals.

There are only six or seven men in this country who are doing the kind of work Mr. Wood is engaged in. These scientific investigators are entirely different from the old-fashioned "handwriting experts." The evidence they give is not a matter of their personal opinion; it is something which you and I, untrained though we are, can see with our own eyes.

Thanks to these men, it is becoming harder and harder for a person to be a successful crook. They can detect, with almost infallible certainty, forged signatures, spurious documents, or those which have been tampered with in any way. Handwriting or typewriting, it makes no difference to these experts. Link by link, they forge a chain of evidence that cannot be broken.

"The man who writes a spurious document, or who alters a genuine one," Mr. Wood said to me emphatically, "sets down with his own hand his confession of guilt. You may try to disguise your own handwriting; you may painstakingly copy that of someone else; you may erase words or figures and carefully substitute others; you may use 'eradicators' which apparently cause the ink to vanish, leaving only blank white paper on which you then can write whatever you wish. But it is all in vain! The evidence of your guilty work is there; and, by experts, can be made as

plainly visible as the nose on your face.

"Your handwriting habits cannot be changed any more than can the traditional leopard's spots. If I have enough specimens of your writing to compare with that which you have tried to disguise, I can prove that you wrote *all* of them.

"You may think you will be safe if you

had been made, and how it had been done. It isn't always as simple as that; but it is possible to demonstrate the truth concerning practically every document, either written or typewritten.

"Now of course the readers of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE* are not crooks! And let us hope that few of them will be the victims of crooks. But they are interested in themselves; and when I tell a person that he can't disguise his handwriting so that it will fool the expert examiner—provided the examiner has specimens of the person's undisguised handwriting—he is always astonished.

"The business man is amazed when we tell him that we can take a few typewritten lines—perhaps only a few words—and name the make of machine with which they were written; that we can often trace it to the *one* machine which was used, and can tell when the writing was done.

"We, who make this our profession, could do it with *your* handwriting and typewriting, or with anyone's. But of course the cases that come to us are those involving some sort of crookedness.

"However, just as an illustration, let us suppose that you really are crooked; that, for example, your Uncle John wrote his will some years ago, leaving most of his money to a dog hospital! You think he was very unfair to do this. You are sure that you, his nephew, need the money far more than any sick dog needs it. You make yourself believe you ought to have it.

"You have heard that certain chemicals will bleach ink and 'leave not a trace behind.' So you purloin Uncle John's will while the old gentleman is on his deathbed, and you eradicate the words, 'the Fido Dog Hospital.' Then, carefully

imitating Uncle John's old-fashioned handwriting, you fill the blank space with 'my nephew, George Jones.'

"You replace the will in Uncle John's desk; and a few days later when the old gentleman has passed on you receive con-



(Top) Portion of a check which was cashed by the man who received it. The bank punched it and returned the canceled check to the man who drew it. He claimed that the words "Pay In Full" had been there all the time. The man who cashed the check declared they were not there when he got the money. The two lower pictures prove he was right. The one at the left—an enlargement of the last "l" in "full" and of the "f" in "five"—prove that the word "full" was written *after* the check had been punched. For the ink ran around the edge of the punched hole! The picture at the right is of this same hole, taken from the back of the check. The ink had run *through* the hole. This minute detail proved absolutely that the words "Pay In Full" were added after the check was cashed

use a typewriter. All typewriting looks alike to you. But to the scientific examiner, with his specimens from every kind of machine ever made, you are literally an easy mark. I have examined papers where a single glance told me just what changes





(Left) Portion of a stock certificate stub claimed to have been issued to E. V. Bain. It was "fumed" by Mr. Wood, as he explains in the accompanying article. The result is shown at the right. The fuming brought out the name "Morgan O. Littlejohn." The certificate had been made out originally to Littlejohn. His name was later effaced by means of an ink eradicator and Bain's name written there instead. But only the color of ink is destroyed by an eradicator. The substance remains and the fuming process reproduces the effaced writing. This is one way in which the person who tampers with written papers can be caught



gratulations on the money he has left you. Fine! . . . But it happens that Uncle John had told the dog hospital folks that he was leaving his money to *them*. They contest the will. It goes to an expert examiner to be studied. And when that happens, your goose is cooked.

"Ink eradicators do not *destroy* the ink; they merely bleach it. The *substance* of the ink remains; only the color has vanished. In the space which you made to appear blank, you wrote what you wanted. But the original writing is still there! And the expert can bring it out.

"One way of doing this is by what we call 'fuming.' We would expose the questioned part of Uncle John's will to the fumes of certain chemicals. In this way, we could make the original words, 'to the Fido Dog Hospital,' plainly visible. They would soon fade out again; but another fuming will cause them to reappear. This can be done right before the judge and the jury, if they don't object to having the court-room 'smelled up' with the fumes.

"While I am on the subject of ink, let us suppose that you tried another kind of trick: You deliberately spilled some ink on the will, taking pains to have it flow over the words you wanted to alter. You then wrote the new words in the space above, or below, or at one side of the blot. Your idea is to conceal the original writing and to give the impression that Uncle John accidentally spilled the ink and then wrote the missing words in where there was room for them.

"After experimenting with other writing, you find that the ink you are going to spill must be *dark red*, in order to blot out the reference to the dog hospital. So you use this color. The result satisfies you. Not a trace of the detested words can be seen.

"Unfortunately for you, however, you have not heard of photographic filters. The expert examiner has not only heard of them, he *has* them! A large assortment

of them! A photographic filter is a glass plate which allows certain light-rays to pass, but 'filters out' certain others.

"Suppose Uncle John's will is brought to me. I want to find out whether there is any writing underneath the blot of red ink. I photograph that section of the document, using the filter through which red rays will not pass. And there on the photograph, for a jury to read, are the words you thought you had obliterated—'The Fido Dog Hospital.' The net has closed around you.

"BUT suppose you know all these facts I have been explaining; and you say to yourself, 'Well, they won't have a chance to catch me that way! I'll be too smart for them.' Perhaps Uncle John's will covers one page, with a few lines on a

"If I suspect that a document, written in ink, has been altered in any way, I simply take a gold or a quill pen, dip it in the proper chemical—'re-agent' we call it—and touch a small spot on the suspected writing and also on the unsuspected portion. If one spot shows, perhaps, bright green, and the other turns carmine, I know they have been written with different inks, and I proceed to run down this clue.

"There are many other tests for ink. For example, if I suspect that words have been eradicated, I dip a gold or a quill pen into the proper re-agent and draw a line across the suspected area. If no writing *has* been eradicated, this line will be colorless. But if it comes across an 'eradicated' bit of ink, it will immediately show dark, or black, specks. Then I know

it is a case for fuming. I get out my *fuming* apparatus and reproduce the writing which someone has attempted to destroy.

"The camera is the arch-enemy of the crook who fools with documents. Aided by

the microscope, it is a marvelous detective. For instance here is a document in which there are a few disputed words. The man who signed the paper admitted that it was genuine, but claimed that these few words were *not there* when he signed it. There are several details which prove that he was right; but I want you to look at just

one of these details.

"When calendered paper, such as this document was written on, is folded, it breaks the surface sizing, exposing the softer texture underneath. If anything is written in ink *across* the fold, the ink will run into this break. You may not be able to see this with the naked eye, but the microscope will show it with startling clearness. Here is a photograph of the document, made with the aid of the microscope. You can see that wherever the *disputed* writing crosses the old, the ink has run along the break! This proves abso-

ement with them  
ar mind the impos

(Top) Enlarged typewriting from two portions of a letter. The upper line is from the main part of the letter, which was dated "Dec. 15, 1908." The lower line is from the postscript



(Left) The upper "m" is from the first line above; the lower "m" is from the second line. It proves the postscript was not written before February, 1916, the date when that design of the letter was first made

second page. The provision in regard to the dog hospital comes in these last few lines. So you retain the original first page and write the remaining few lines on a new page, putting your own name in place of that despised hospital.

"Even supposing you could exactly reproduce Uncle John's writing and signature—which you cannot do, as I will explain later—your trick can be detected in other ways. In all probability, you do not use the same ink Uncle John used. And inks differ very decidedly in their composition.



## Wick's Writing

## Questioned Writing

## Grant's Writing

A man named Grant forged some papers in the name of a Swede, Olaf Wick. Mr. Wood compared specimens of Wick's known handwriting with that of Grant and with that of the questioned papers, and proved that Grant wrote these papers. A few of the comparisons are shown above. Wick always joined an initial "O" to the next letter. Grant never did this. Wick made a "D" with the loop to the left. Grant made a "D" quite differently. His "S" and "I" were entirely unlike the "S" and "I" made by Wick. Grant tried to copy Wick's, but habit was too strong for him.

lurely that those words were added *after* the document had been folded. They were not there originally. And this almost invisible thread of ink was enough to convict the guilty man.

"Here is another extraordinary document. Some years ago, a certain rich woman died, leaving her property to charity. However, some of the relatives produced a paper, which they claimed she had signed almost twenty years before her death, acknowledging a number of claims against her estate. This document, if genuine, would have given more than a hundred thousand dollars to the relatives who presented it.

"It purported to be signed by the dead woman and by her mother, who also was dead. The mother had been born in 1818 and must have learned to write about seven or eight years later. Yet her signature was in the Spencerian style, a system which was not even introduced until she was about forty years old! Whoever got up this paper did not know this, and so made a bad slip. But the scientific expert knows just what styles of handwriting have been taught at various periods. You may think you do not write now as you did when you learned as a child. But there are certain fundamental characteristics of the system you were taught then which you never lose.

"I WAS pretty certain, therefore, that the mother's signature to this paper was a forgery. Next I wanted to compare the daughter's signature with unquestionably genuine ones of the *same date* as the disputed paper. But that had been a long time ago and, at first, we could not find any of her signatures of that date. Then—for fate often seems to conspire against the wrongdoer—we discovered that the woman had been made executrix of a will about the time the questioned paper was dated. We searched the court records of that date and obtained nine of her signatures.

"These early signatures were strong, clear, and forceful. The disputed one, al-

leged to have been made *at the same period*, was literally years older! It had been copied from her signature as she had made it when she was an old woman. Again, whoever produced that document had made a bad slip.

"The fluid with which it was written puzzled me. Evidently an attempt had been made to give it the appearance of ink which had faded with age. I was sure it was not a genuine ink, but something that had been mixed up for the purpose.

"WHEN I had photographed the document and was developing the plate, I was surprised to see two groups of words flash up more quickly than anything else in the picture. To make sure that this was not accidental, I made another plate and developed that. Again the same words flashed up before anything else appeared.

"Here was the explanation. The main portion of the document had been written with a purplish-blue fluid, while these particular words had been written with a purplish-red one. Blue photographs faintly; red photographs strong and dark. Part of an important date had been written in the purplish-blue which had been used at first. But when the writer had got as far as 'Thursday, Sept.' he must have realized that he did not know on what day of the month a Thursday would have fallen in that particular year. So he left the rest of the date blank, finished writing the remainder of the document, and then took his time to hunt up the right date.

"He probably thought he was being very shrewd and careful. But when he got the information he wanted, he found that he had to mix up some more home-made 'ink.' And *this time*, he got it purplish-red instead of purplish-blue! With this new mixture, he filled out the unfinished date and wrote another line which had occurred to him in the meantime.

"These two bits were the ones which the camera instantly revealed as different from the rest. And with this, and all the other evidence about the signatures, the

court declared that the document was not a genuine one. The relatives did not get their hundred thousand dollars.

"People often tell me that it would be impossible to identify their signatures because, as they say, they 'never write twice alike!' They are quite right about the latter part of that statement. No one ever does write his name exactly as he has written it at any other time. That's where the forger, who traces a signature over a genuine one, makes a fatal mistake. If two signatures of your name are absolutely identical, one of them is a forgery. There is no question about it.

"But, while you 'never write twice alike' in every minute detail, you always write like yourself! You may try to copy another's handwriting. But you never can do it absolutely.

"For instance, I had a very interesting case out West a few years ago. A man named Grant had taken up land in Oregon; and a Swede named Olaf Wick had taken up land across the road from Grant's place. A short time before this Swede was to acquire final title to his property he disappeared. Grant at once took possession of the Swede's land and farming implements, claiming that Wick had got tired of the life, had sold out to him and gone off.

"GRANT presented to the bank in a town near by a check signed with Wick's name. It was for the exact amount of the Swede's balance at the bank and the money was paid to Grant. He also produced a relinquishment, which he claimed the Swede had written, transferring the latter's right in the land to Grant. He also, as we found later, drew out money which Wick had deposited in a bank in Wisconsin.

"He had thus got hold of all the Swede's money, of his tools and machinery, and was in a fair way to get the land also when the Federal officers became suspicious. The relinquishment was submitted to me for examination, (Continued on page 90)



# Why I Quit Working For My Wife's Father

**I**T WAS fifteen years ago this June, though it certainly does not seem so long. We were sitting out under a big tree on the campus, talking in a confident college fashion about the World which we were so soon to enter, and about which we knew so very little.

"Well, it'll be several years before this old place sees me again," Steve Pulsifer exclaimed. "But when I come, believe me, I am coming in style—car, chauffeur, golf bags, and all the rest."

"That's my idea," Al Greening agreed. "Fifth year, reunion in a flivver; tenth year, reunion in a big red touring car; fifteenth, reunion in a brand-new shining limousine with a man to say, 'Yes, sir. Where to, sir?' That's the life!"

Mike Osborn and I said hardly anything, feeling that we would be lucky if we were able to come back on the trolley. We were quite accustomed to playing audience while Steve and Al held forth; and usually the experience was pleasant enough. But on that day there was an unwonted seriousness, in my feelings at least. College was nearly over, four glorious years of no responsibility, years which were supposed somehow to "fit one for life." And here was Life staring me in the face, and I had no idea how to meet it.

That, as I said, was fifteen years ago. I recall the incident because it illustrates the curious tricks which fate sometimes plays. Anyone who looked appraisingly at the four of us that afternoon would have said that Steve, with his charm and habit of winning, was headed straight for financial glory, and that Al's brilliant mind would insure his eminence; while Mike and I, at the best, would make only a modest living. But how differently things have turned out!

Steve Pulsifer, his hard muscles now degenerated into fat, his hearty laugh a little forced, is a traveling salesman, and, to all appearances, will be a traveling salesman the rest of his life. About Al Greening our information is not trustworthy, since he has never been back to a reunion; but the report is that he is teaching in a little academy somewhere in Vermont. Mike, the unpromising, plugged his way through medical school, specialized on the stomach, and people pay him

fifty dollars an hour in exchange for his conversation.

Of the four, I was the only one to come back to each reunion in an automobile; but I reversed the program which Al Greening had suggested. I went to my fifth reunion in a limousine; to my tenth, in a touring car; to my fifteenth, in a flivver.

But the flivver was mine, paid for with my money. And when, last week, we got

leaned over and fumbled with his napkin, not wanting to have Ethel, at that moment, see my eyes.

If one of my reporters turned in this story to me I would blue-pencil it and send it back. So far there is nothing much to indicate what it is all about. Let me take a fresh start.

My father is professor of physics in the little Middle-Western college where I was graduated fifteen years ago. His salary is four thousand dollars a year; in five years more he will be eligible for one of Mr. Carnegie's pensions. I am one of four children; my two sisters are married and my kid brother is a civil engineer.

I sometimes think that if I were asked to give a definition of a cultured home I would answer: "One in which there are plenty of books, and where money is never mentioned." The chief advantage of having a lot of money is that one should never have to think of money. Yet I have observed that the families which have most, usually think and talk about it most.

My father, who never had any, seldom gave it a thought. I doubt if even now he has any real notion of the financial gulfs that separate the alumni of the old college. They are all his "boys" to him, and the millionaire and the country parson sit side by side at his table at commencement time knowing that here is one spot in the modern world where the thing that a man is counts, and nothing else.

By one device and another I managed to earn a considerable part of my college expenses. I waited on table for my board, sold stereopticon views in the summer, and in my senior year I realized quite a profit from my work as editor of the college paper, which was conducted as a private enterprise, dividing its profits among the senior members of the publication board.

I enjoyed editing it, and the paper stirred up more rumpus and earned a larger profit under my direction than it had for several years. But somehow it never occurred to me that newspaper work was my calling. Not until I reached the city, and took a newspaper job because it was the only one I could find, did the smell of printers' ink get thoroughly into my nostrils. That smell, as every (Continued on page 12)

## Do You Know Anyone Like This?

**"I** KNOW a lot of men in business who have robbed themselves of the satisfaction of feeling that their position is really *theirs*—fought for and fairly won. They reached it through marriage or pull or good fortune or misrepresentation. Usually they are unhappy; and invariably they are sniffed at by every last employee under them. I am frequently thrown with the president of a great corporation who is not there because he deserves the place but because his father was there before him. Everyone knows that he is misplaced—and he *knows* that they know it. He is one of the most miserable men in our city. Some day he will go down and out; not even the control of fifty-one per cent of the stock can keep a man permanently in a place like that. And then it will be too late for him to start over again."

home and put our old faithful in the garage, and brushed the dirt off, and were having supper in the little house which is *also* being paid for with my money, I looked across the table at Ethel and smiled.

"Is it all right?" I asked.

"You *know* it's all right," she answered.

"No regrets?"

"Never."

At which I pretended that Edward, our second son, needed some attention, and I





"Look here, Carol. If there's anyone else you'd rather . . . rather go around with, I wish you wouldn't bother with me!"



# Where Their Roads Parted

The story of two young men and what happened to them

By Mella Russell McCallum

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE

**B**OB DAYNES and Dick Winter had just naturally gravitated toward each other at the university in New York City, where they were both "lit" students. They were care-free, long-legged, scrubbed-looking, crisp-haired. Typically pleasant to look at—Dick dark, Bob blond. Their goal was the making of literature. It was rather more than the usual evanescent ambition of youth. Otherwise, they were quite normal.

Although they were inseparable, it came as a shock to Bob when he learned, at the close of the sophomore year, that Dick's family was badly off financially. They hadn't discussed families. He knew the Winters had a half interest in a music store in Grand Rapids, and that was all he knew.

"I'm quitting school," Dick announced calmly.

They were in Bob's room. Bob lay on the bed, coatless, smoking. Dick sat astride a suffering chair.

"You're—what?"

"Uh-huh. Got a job on the 'News.' Cub reporter next week."

"I'm British when you make jokes!"

"No joke. My sister's got to go to the hospital. Expensive. They've kept it from me. Wanted me to graduate in high feather. But it's leaked out—thank God!"

The pipe dropped feebly from Bob's lips. Were their plans to go wrong so soon? They had agreed to go into the newspaper game together, as soon as they had their A. B.'s. Then they were going to see the world, also together. All as a preface to writing literature.

Suddenly Bob made a movement like a closing jackknife, and swung his feet to the floor. "Look here! You don't have to quit just because your checks do. Let's get ourselves a pair of jobs. There are a lot of things we do well—janitor work, for instance. Then, with my check divided between us—"

"No-o!"

"Why not? Say, aren't we— Well, you know!"

"Sure, I know. I'd just as soon take your money. But there's more of it! Sis'll need luxuries when she's convalescing. I know. I had typhoid. It's up to me to see that she gets them."

Bob got up. He stooped before the mirror, and began to brush his hair hard. "You won't get your tag. Not that that counts much outside, they say. But I don't believe we can get any too much of this prof-and-book stuff for what we want to do."

"Sure, I know that. But I hope I'm not a rotter."

"But you will come back later, of course."

"No-o; I won't be back. Going to send a regular sum home."

"The deuce you will! No one ever sends money out of New York."

"Then I'll establish a precedent." The chair under Dick's hundred and sixty pounds suffered audibly.

Bob clapped his brushes together and got himself into a belted tweed coat. It was the dinner hour. They set out for their favorite cafeteria.

Presently they were carrying aluminum trays in a jolly crowded room that held an optimistic odor. "Fricassee chicken," Bob said to the girl behind the steam table. Dick selected one of the masquerades of the humble hamburger, by name "Creole steak." It occurred to Bob that Dick was taking cheaper dishes lately.

They went on with their problem. "It knocks me cold, your going," Bob declared lugubriously.

"It's just a temporary hitch. You'll be with me in a couple of years."

"Yes, I suppose so. And, anyhow, you can get a room near the dorm."

"I've already engaged a room downtown—East Fifteenth Street. One of the 'News' men was leaving it. It's cheap, within walking distance."

**B**OB frowned. He didn't like the thoroughness of Dick's new attitude. "Look here! If you go to giving so much thought to pennies you'll get sidetracked. You know what Professor Havens says: 'A writer, to succeed, must possess a certain ruthlessness.' You can't afford to let anything interfere with your—with your—" Bob gulped, and took the plunge, the occasion seemed to warrant it!—"your career!"

The code of the undergraduate forbade a word like "career" in private conversation. "Culture" could be coasted over by "prof-and-book stuff," but they had never hit upon a face-saver for "career."

"Darn it, I know all that!"

Dick's savagery awed Bob. Dick was mild. They finished dinner in silence, and went out.

At the dormitory entrance they parted. Bob had to study, and Dick had an eight-o'clock lecture. Dick gulped out a final speech.

"It isn't that I don't want to stick. I'd do worse than collect garbage to stay. I don't want to live down-town, either. I'd like to let family affairs go to the dickens! But—I can't!"

Bob recognized finality.

Next week came examinations and festivities. After which Bob left for Rochester, and Dick moved down-town.

Bob always spent vacations at home. The Dayneses lived in a lovely old house with a tennis court in the rear. Bob had a home girl, Carol Hemmingway, with whom he had played around for years. Carol was a Vassar student, a ruffly-haired blonde, pretty as mischief. She

could play hard tennis. Bookish, too. A nice combination, Bob had always considered.

Before this particular summer was over he very nearly drifted into an affair with Carol. She *was* a peach, every way.

But something held him back. Something said, "Careful, now! Remember your career! Don't commit yourself."

On the way home from a country club dance one August night, he began, "Carol, I wish—" and stopped.

"Wish what, Bob?" There was a shadow in Carol's blue eyes. A shadow with a light behind it.

"Nothing. I'm a fool, that's all."

"Oh!" The light behind the shadow wavered.

"Look here, Carol, if there's anyone else you'd rather . . . rather go around with, I wish you wouldn't bother with me!"

"Why shouldn't I . . . bother with you?"

"Well, because— Oh, I can't explain without seeming like a rotter! And, anyway, it would sound as if I were taking a lot for granted." He was miserably earnest.

Carol laughed a little: "Bob, are you . . . warning me that you aren't seriously intentioned?"

"You don't put it very flatteringly. But—perhaps we may as well let it go at that."

"Oh, Bob, you're terribly funny!"

He was silent. He didn't like to be laughed at.

Then her laughter died and she spoke low: "I feel sorry for you, Bob!"

"Sorry for me! For heaven's sake, why?"

"Oh, . . . I just do."

"Don't waste sympathy on me, Carol. I assure you I don't deserve it."

**W**HAT did she mean? Well, he wouldn't pry. He had done his part. He had warned her. It would be pleasant to—well, pry—talk personalities. But, no, sir! He'd seen fellows get tangled up, and their ambitions had always gone glimmering. Not for him. He was going to write. He had warned Carol. Now, if she still persisted in palling around with him, it wouldn't be his fault if— But there he was, taking a lot for granted again!

The subject was not reopened.

He returned to New York very fit. It startled him to find Dick looking fagged. Dick's weight had dropped. There was a new squareness about his face. Something young was slipping from Dick.

They talked late the first night, Bob sharing Dick's lumpy three-quarter bed, and finding it none too comfortable. Bob mentioned his lucky escape from a girl entanglement.

"Canny beast," was Dick's only comment.



Dick was making good on the "News," it seemed, and liked it.

"You're the lucky one," Bob sighed; "I wish I didn't have to stick at school."

"No, you're the lucky one," Dick contradicted quietly. And in his heart Bob knew it was true. In his heart he felt sorry for Dick.

"Oh, well. . . . When your sister gets well, you can come back."

"I told you I was not coming back."

"But why not?"

"Because—I hate to tell you, you'll ravel!—because my dad's had a slight stroke. Can't attend to business for a long time. Thank God, he has an honest partner! Honest, but dull. They'll just about get their living. And so I—I'm going to send Dad to a sanitarium. . . . Keep still, will you? Let me finish! I've got it all arranged. They'll take small weekly instalments on the bill."

**BOB** looked hard at the brother that was more than many a blood brother. Looked, and boiled over. "Dick, you fool! Where do you ever expect to get to? You can't saddle yourself with the maimed and the halt! You and I aren't responsible for our elders! We have a

clear right to our own self-expression!"

"Oh, shut up, Bob! You don't know what you're talking about. Your family's high and dry."

"But yours isn't in actual want."

"No; but you know how it is when you're getting over something serious—you need a lot of things. Now, at a sanitarium—"

"Oh, forget the sanitarium! You've got to have a certain ruthlessness!"

"I suppose you wouldn't do anything for your folks!"

"I wouldn't let them actually suffer, of course. Mark my words, boy, if you begin this way you'll always be a cart horse!"

"All right—I'll be a cart horse." Dick turned over creakily. "Good night!"

"You'll never get anywhere!"

"All right, I said!" shouted Dick.

Presently Bob heard Dick's slumberous breathing. Dick's mistakes never kept

him awake. What a pity, what a pity! Dick was throwing away his life. Dimming bright ambition.

They wrangled about it all winter. Dick couldn't take a girl out any more because it cost too much. Dick ate twenty-cent meals. Dick trimmed his cuffs. Bob thundered at him for it all: "You've got to keep the bystander's attitude!"

"Sure—if you can!"

"You can—if you will!"

**ROUND** and round, in a circle. Thus the year passed.

Then the goose was cooked: Returning to New York, after another summer of watchful playing around with Carol Hemmingway (he certainly gave that girl every chance to go with other fellows; it wasn't his fault that she didn't), he came down to Dick's room and a girl opened

the door for him—and he opened his eyes. For old Dick had never been that sort.

She was slim and dark, with naturally curly bobbed hair. Not so pretty as Carol, but nice-looking, with an expression of the unrest which is termed divine.

"You're Bob." She thrust out her hand. "Come in. Dick'll be home soon."

Bob couldn't speak at once. He saw that the room had been transformed into housekeeping quarters. There was a gasplate and some shelves behind a cretonne curtain.

The girl smiled. "Please sit down. Dick and I were married in July. He didn't tell you. He didn't want to spoil your summer!"

"I . . . see." Bob's tone was almost ill-bred.

They sat down. The girl smoothed a plait in her plaid skirt. "Dick says that—well, he says there are a number of things



"When are you going to get yourself a wife and





family, old bystander?" Dick demanded

you don't understand." A bright, cool color had come into her face. There was gay challenge in the gray eyes. "I hope you don't mind my speaking of it."

"Oh, no; I'm charmed."

It seemed as if he just couldn't stand it. He wasn't jealous, although he might well have been: Dick never again to be his Dick alone. He was soul-sick. He and Dick were brothers, with mutual aim. Together they must fight against the outside influences that streamed in to choke ambition. Only, Dick wouldn't fight! Dick let things stream in!

"I'm awfully glad to see you, Bob."

He was silent.

"You can't return the compliment. It's too bad, too," she sighed. "I'm really very nice."

"I have no doubt," he said stiffly. "But since we seem to have skipped the usual preliminaries, I wish you'd tell me: Do you

think you should have married Dick? He's going to be a writer."

"Oh—oh!" She was apparently choking. "D—don't writers marry?"

"It's a risk—before they're established."

"Aren't you ever going to?"

"Not until—until—"

"Until you have the world by the horns. I see. It will be safe enough then, of course."

SHE was laughing, and he joined in. But the gayety on his side was thin. "Just how do you square yourself?" he persisted. It was rotten bad taste to talk so to a bride. But the bride had invited it.

"Gracious! You're even worse than I imagined. Very well, I'll tell you: We . . . just . . . couldn't . . . help . . . it!" The gray eyes danced.

Bob grinned weakly. Poor old Dick, he thought. Cart horse!

Then Dick came in. He was thin, rather shabby, but with an air of lively contentment.

"Bob! I see you've already met Rita."

"Oh, yes," put in Rita. "He's furious with me. But he'll stay to dinner. You smooth him down while I go after supplies."

She whirled herself into a gray cape and jammed a soft gray hat down on her curls.

ALONE, the men faced each other. Dick laughed. But Bob's crusader flame never veered. His glance scathed Dick. He wanted to tear Dick away, out of here, before that girl came back. But he couldn't do that, of course. He couldn't do anything! "Oh, what have you let yourself in for now?" he groaned.

"If you don't know, then I can't tell you," was the quick, quiet answer.

"Have you any money?"

"Enough. A hundred or so apiece."

"Gods! Still sending money to Michigan?"

"No. Things are better there. Paid the last of the sanitarium bill last week."

Dick began to fix the table for dinner. As he removed a pile of books and magazines, a loose page of typing swooped to the floor. By the indentation, someone had been writing verses! Dick captured it and placed it with its fellows.

Then he brought from the dresser a clean, gay Japanese lunch cloth, somewhat wrinkled. The table drawer yielded, along with writing materials and extra typewriter ribbons, some flat silver of the ten-cent-store variety.

"This is just temporary, living here," Dick was saying. "We intended to wait longer. But—we didn't. Rita's on the 'News,' too. Straight reporting. No sob sister."

Bob was slightly relieved.

"She writes poetry, besides."

Contemptuous silence.

Dick flung open the door when he heard her coming. "Loaded to the gunwales and just afloat," he sang out. He took from her a series of paper bags.

It appeared that Rita could cook. Lamb chops and new string beans and creamed potatoes are not to be sneered at in any quarters. Bob admitted something of the sort; admitted it out loud. But he added to himself that she'd best confine her avocational endeavor to cookery, instead of poetry.

"The o-rig-i-nal baby lamb chop! That's what the butcher always says." Dick speared one gayly and placed it on his wife's plate.

Rita gave them homemade tapioca pudding for dessert.

When Bob left she said, "Try not to hate me too much."

"I'll try," he said, "if you'll promise not to let him forget his—his—"

"His career," she (Continued on page 102)



# Confessions Of a Common Man

*By E. W. Howe*

I AM a common man, and come of a long line of common folks. Nearly everybody knows as much as I do, and a good many know more. I have always been satisfied if rated as an average, since the average in this blessed country is reasonably high. The noted men I meet do not seem to know enough more than I do to make any great difference; but usually I decide they have been more careful, and have taken better advantage of opportunities more abundant in the United States than elsewhere. I do not recall having known a real genius, but I have known hundreds of common men who have achieved some sort of distinction and, when I look into their success, I find it is due to behaving better than the average.

I have always been impressed with the wisdom and steadiness of the best of my neighbors; and stories were constantly coming in from other neighborhoods, towns, cities, and countries of men still more capable. And every capable man is a valuable teacher to all of us; he could not hide the methods of his success if he would.

Some men are referred to, with profound respect, as "thinkers," as though it is unusual for men to think. It isn't: there are no fools except those who do not live as comfortably and successfully as they might. The old charge that men do not amount to much isn't true: their accomplishments from the old Neanderthal man to the present American is a story more marvelous than anything in the "Arabian Nights."

When twelve years old, I lived on a prairie farm in Missouri, to which we had traveled in covered wagons from Indiana. One day my father, who was a Methodist preacher, announced that he had purchased a weekly paper at Bethany, the county seat. Next morning he took me to town and, turning me over to the foreman, said I was to be made into a printer.

Within six months I was compelled to set two columns of brevier a day, or get a whipping at night. I submitted to the whipping for a time, thinking that would end it, but it didn't. I was compelled to finish my two columns before going to bed, or take another whipping the following morning. My brother Jim, who was a good boy, always completed his work on

time and assisted in mine. I recall vividly to this day my brother standing on a box before a printer's case illuminated with candles and hurrying to complete work I had neglected during the day. He was a sincere friend, and I could not comfortably impose on him; so finally I began doing my task as rapidly as possible. The result was I became a fast worker, a habit from which I have benefited all my life.

day as noted a man in printing offices as Charlie Chaplin is now in moving picture theatres. So the distinction was great.

During several years of early wandering, my partner was Joe Franklin, printer, piano player, and drunkard. Half the time he was employed in variety and dance halls, where he furnished piano accompaniments to bad singing and gambling. The preacher I lost on leaving home turned up again in Joe Franklin, who was continually giving me good advice; and, indeed, all the printers I knew insisted that I behave myself. I have never been in company so rough that good advice was not abundant.

I have never been a drunkard or thief, although I have put much in my stomach I would have been better off without, and have been guilty of many offenses when better conduct would have paid me better. I am, in short, one of the millions of petty offenders who have not done as well as they might have done. I have been a fool many times, and now confess that usually I have known better.

At nineteen I established a weekly paper in Colorado, and it was so badly edited that I lately destroyed the files to keep my children from seeing them. But gradually I acquired a little more sense from association with smart and critical neighbors, always abundant in my life, and by slow degrees picked up, in many places, such knowledge of life as I have.

H. L. Mencken, a New York literary critic, once wrote me that he had been making a collection of my printed "sayings," and was willing to find a publisher

for them. You may be sure he had instant permission, and the book was issued in New York under the title, "Ventures in Common Sense." Later a London edition appeared, and I have just seen an English review referring to the contents as sound and useful "philosophy."

This is the most surprising thing in my life, since I know no philosophy not current among the common people. Indeed, they taught me the little I know, which amounts to this:

One must do his work and, to avoid a whipping, he should do it as quickly and efficiently as possible. Walt Mason once wrote in *THE* (Continued on page 92)

## Why Plain People Have So Much "Horse Sense"

"THE most valuable lessons I have learned have come from plain people who neither write for print nor deliver public lectures," says Mr. Howe. "I have profound respect for the people in the audience. They are forced to consider their problems with sincerity, whereas speakers and writers are usually artificial; I know no writer who has discussed real life as I have heard it discussed in private. Writers, actors, orators, are mere entertainers we call on when real life is at rest. The sages one encounters in books are usually the most entertaining writers, rather than the soundest thinkers. I can go up my Main Street (and I have always lived in the country), and hear sounder philosophy than any to be found in ancient or modern libraries. The people know life, and picture it accurately to each other.

"I am convinced that no average person fails because of lack of intelligence. All of us have sufficient education, after attending the world's school thirty or forty years. I know almost no one not able to get along airily well, if he would. One of the smartest men I know learned to read from seeing newspapers about the house. His education is entirely newspaper education, corrected when necessary from intimate association with the people and their affairs. I have seen college graduates try to fool him, and fail."

At first I made many typographical errors, but as I had to correct them I quit that also, in the interest of economy.

I was a tramping printer when fifteen years old, working in Salt Lake City, Cheyenne, Denver, and Omaha, which were very interesting frontier towns in that remote period. I longed to explore them and did, but first finished my day's work as well as I could.

The most notable thing in my history dates back to the time when I was whipped into the habit of being a rapid typesetter. After two unsuccessful attempts, surrounded by cheering printers, I defeated Bennett Allen, who was in that



# "The World Makes Way for a Man Who Knows Where He's Going"

The story of Frank Davis, commander-in-chief of 8,000 insurance agents—At 29, aimless; then he examined himself, laid out a bold course of action, and now, at 42, is doing a great and important work

*By Merle Crowell*

**T**HE world makes way for a man who knows where he's going." In a plain black frame this legend hangs on the wall of the New York office where Frank H. Davis sits as commander-in-chief of the eight thousand agents of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. It has been tacked on the wall of every office that Davis has occupied in the past twelve years—during which he has had one of the most meteoric rises from obscurity in life insurance history.

I have never run across a story that even remotely resembles this one of Davis. In 1910 he was twenty-nine years old and going nowhere in particular. He had tried a little farming, taught country schools for a time, worked for a while in a seed store, sold graphic charts to rural school boards, gone back to farming again, and finally had been elected clerk of Mills County, Iowa, where he had been born and brought up. He held this office for two uneventful terms, in which he did his work about as it is done by hundreds of other faithful and intelligent clerks from Cape Cod to Puget Sound.

When his two terms were up, Davis was faced with the necessity of getting a job again. While he was juggling different possibilities in his mind, there suddenly swept over him the thought that, up to this time, he had never had a definite program of life—that he had never decided where he wanted to be ten years hence, or how he was going to get where he wanted.

Right there Davis did something that few men ever have the courage or patience to do: He went into a frank and full executive session with himself. Taking his life to pieces, bit by bit, he analyzed everything that he had ever done or failed to do. It was an unsparing performance, but Davis was determined to find out what he was best fitted for. He charted his past performances, pulled up his impulses by the roots, and sorted out the things he had done easily and effectively

from the things he had done indifferently and without interest.

This self-analysis sifted down to two conclusions: that he had "shown most" as a salesman, and that he must take up some work to which he could harness his strongest positive asset—an intense interest in human beings, in their motives and interests, that had possessed him ever since his boyhood. This was the first of

took one square look at this trailing idea and pitched it into the discard. Most of his youth had been spent on a farm; but he didn't care for farming. Storekeeping held no appeal for his restless energy; the four years in the clerk's office had been bad enough, without tying himself down again. No, it must be some sort of sales job that would keep him moving and bring him in contact with many people.

Before deciding on the definite field he would tackle, Davis carried his analysis through to the third stage. Why did some men succeed and others fail, when both had about the same natural ability? He studied his own life again and the lives of scores of men whom he knew. Eventually he decided that all achievement was founded on two factors:

*Vision*—through which you look at facts as they are and as you may reasonably expect them to be in the future.

*Courage*—through which you act honestly and fearlessly on the evidence of these facts.

As one follows Davis through the significant years that lay ahead it is interesting to notice how every act of his is colored and shaped by this simple and carefully evolved philosophy.

While the ex-clerk was in the process of selecting the particular sales work he would take up, a life insurance agent dropped in on him.

"He certainly had a cinch selling me a policy," Davis told me, with one of his

hearty laughs. "I knew that he was a locally successful salesman, and all the time he was talking to me I was studying him and comparing myself with him. I wanted to see if he had something that I didn't have. When he finished his talk, and I had signed on the dotted line, I decided that the only thing he 'had on me' was experience in life insurance. Any lingering confusion suddenly cleared away, and I felt a positive conviction that life insurance was the (Continued on page 144)

## This Clerk Had Imagination

**S**OME people have vision—and some haven't. Here is Mr. Davis's account of one man who proved that he had vision:

"A young man whom I believe to be one of the greatest insurance underwriters in the United States got his vision of life insurance while sitting on a high stool in the Chicago office, handling applications and death claims. Hundreds of other clerks have had the same job, and seen nothing but file numbers in it. But he dug out for himself what it all meant. He saw the peace of mind and security afforded by adequate protection; the checks that went out to satisfy death claims became to him symbols of the difference between comfort and poverty—between hope and despair. Soon he was burning up with a vision of insurance—and we turned him loose to sell it.

"His success has been as phenomenal as his enthusiasm."

the three steps by which Frank H. Davis found himself.

His second step was to analyze every business and profession with which he was familiar and toward which he could unearth the slightest inclination. How did the demands of each match up with what he had to offer?

His father, who had died a few years before, had always wanted him to be a lawyer, and Davis had thought vaguely from time to time of so doing. Now he



# A Great Expert Reveals Precious Stones

What stones are most popular and why?—Can you detect real diamonds from  
they are sometimes consumed by fire?—How are styles in jewelry

An Interview with  
*As Reported by*

NOTE:—Mr. Wodiska, who has been a New York manufacturing jeweler for fifty-three years, is one of the most widely known living authorities in his field.

ONE afternoon several years ago a man came into my shop with a quick and cautious tread. From the depths of his wallet he produced a small package and unfolded it.

"What would it cost to have you manufacture for me the mate to this precious diamond earring?" he asked. "It's a family heirloom that I value highly." I examined it and looked at him curiously.

"About two dollars," I said. "It's

think that few women would have made the mistake that this man did. The stone was plainly paste; it had none of the life and sparkle of a genuine diamond or the better class of substitutes. Many women have what amounts to a sixth sense in "spotting" imitation diamonds—particularly when they are worn by other women. This information evidently has a real value in helping them to size up others of their sex.

I do not mean to infer that curiosity about the genuineness of precious stones is confined to women, however. During my fifty-three years in the jewelry business I have been asked continually, by all kinds of people, to explain how genuine

diamonds can be told from imitation ones. Many of the inquirers want to be protected in their own purchases—but a goodly percentage of them seem anxious to be able to tell whether their neighbors down the street, or the man sitting opposite them in the street car, can really afford to buy his wife such expensive stones as those she is wearing appear to be.

I wish that I could give a definite and satisfactory answer to these inquirers. But this cannot be done despite all statements to the contrary. From time to time I have read in the public print at least a dozen "recipes" for distinguishing between real and imitation diamonds. Some of these experiments will show, indeed, whether or not a certain stone is paste—provided that you have possession of the stone in order to try them out. But none of them will expose the difference between a genuine diamond and those other stones that are occasionally passed off as



nothing in the world but a piece of worthless glass in a ten-carat setting."

The visitor's face grew pale and he leaned weakly against the counter.

"Oh, I've been asleep!" he murmured, more to himself than to me. "Now I know what is going on."

"Are you ill?" I asked, a little alarmed. "Can I do something for you?"

"Not ill—but disillusioned!" he said bitterly. "But I'm in control of myself now. . . . Watch the newspapers and you may learn something about what all this means." Then he turned on his heel and stalked out of the room.

In looking back on this incident I often

Here is Doris Kenyon, the motion picture star, holding in her hand the largest uncut opal ever found. It weighed seventeen ounces and it was estimated to be worth a quarter of a million dollars. At the right is the head of the scepter of the King of England, set with the largest of the stones cut from the famous Cullinan diamond. In this photograph both the scepter and diamond are greatly reduced. The actual size of the stone (516½ carats) is 2.322 inches by 1.791 inches



PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON



# Surprising Facts About and Jewelry

imitation ones?—Do you know that diamonds can be broken easily and that changing?—Why does gold tarnish, and why do pearls lose their luster?

Julius Wodiska

Thane Wilson

diamonds, notably the white sapphire and the white topaz.

To the average gem buyer I can suggest only one method of making sure that he is buying a genuine diamond: *Deal with a reputable and established jeweler.* His name and reputation are the best protection that you can have. Moreover, they are his most valuable business assets, and he will do everything in his power to preserve them.

TO SOME of the other questions with which my daily mail is sprinkled I can give, fortunately, more comprehensive answers. These questions have a wide range: Does genuine gold tarnish under normal conditions? Do pearls really lose their luster unless worn? What makes some expensive jewelry turn black? Do I know of any actual experiences to prove that the opal is a stone of ill omen? Is it "correct" nowadays for men to wear wedding rings? What are the birthstones for the various months? How have styles in jewelry changed—and do the old styles

in settings show any signs of coming back?

I might continue these questions indefinitely; but it will be more to the point to answer some of those I have already set down.

Many years ago, when I first started in the business of manufacturing jewelry, a friend of mine, who was an amateur chemist, told me one day that he was glad to be able to throw a little business my way.

"I'm about to get married," he said, "and I would like to get from you 18-carat gold wedding rings for myself and my wife."

I did not handle wedding rings at the time, but I told him that I would be glad to fill his order. So I obtained the rings from an old house down the street and turned them over, with only a nominal profit to myself. A few days later my



Above are the nine principal stones cut from the Cullinan diamond. The one in the upper row directly over this legend is 1.771 inches long and 1.594 inches broad—and the true proportions of the others correspond. The biggest two of these stones are by far the largest in existence.

At the left you will see the actual size, in the rough, of the marvelous Cullinan diamond, discovered in some debris at a mine near Pretoria, South Africa, on January 27th, 1905. It weighed 3,253½ carats—or more than 1½ pounds avoirdupois—and was clearly broken off from a motherstone. It was estimated to be worth from \$2,500,000 to \$5,000,000.

friend came back in a wild rage and charged me with having swindled him. The gold rings had turned to a grayish white.

I was greatly upset, for I knew how much damage an incident of that kind might do to a beginner in business. I explained to him the circumstances of the whole transaction and insisted that he accompany me to the shop of the dealer from whom I had bought the rings, which he did reluctantly.

THE dealer was an old hand in the game. He looked at the rings and then glanced searchingly at my customer.

"Have you been handling any chemicals lately?" he asked.

"Well, I've been trying a few laboratory experiments at the house."

"Been working with mercury?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Wife been around it, too?"

"Sure, she sometimes helps me in the laboratory."

"I thought so," said the dealer, laughing. "As a chemist, you ought to know that mercury is a very flighty substance. In a reasonably warm temperature it will form a deposit on any other metal which comes near it. Your rings have a mercury overcoat. I'll polish them up for you,



PHOTO BY ARNOLD KAPPEL





PHOTO BY KEYSTONE VIEW CO., INC., N. Y.



PHOTO BY PAUL THOMPSON

Above is the photograph of an oyster shell recovered by pearl fishers on the Australian coast. It shows the customary position of pearls in the shell. Their formation is one of nature's miracles. It results from some irritating substances (usually a grain of sand or a small parasite) getting inside the shell. At the right is one of Paris's jewelry novelties—a watch set in a finger ring.

and they will be just as good as new."

My friend departed with smiles and many apologies.

If a gold ring happens to tarnish suddenly, many people jump to the conclusion that they have been cheated. But there are many other possible explanations. Sometimes an excess of acid in the perspiration from the skin will attack the alloy and discolor it. Other substances that may have a similar effect are sulphur, rubber, iodine, ointments containing mercury or arsenic, hair dyes, certain complexion lotions, and many solutions used for cleaning fabrics and leather.

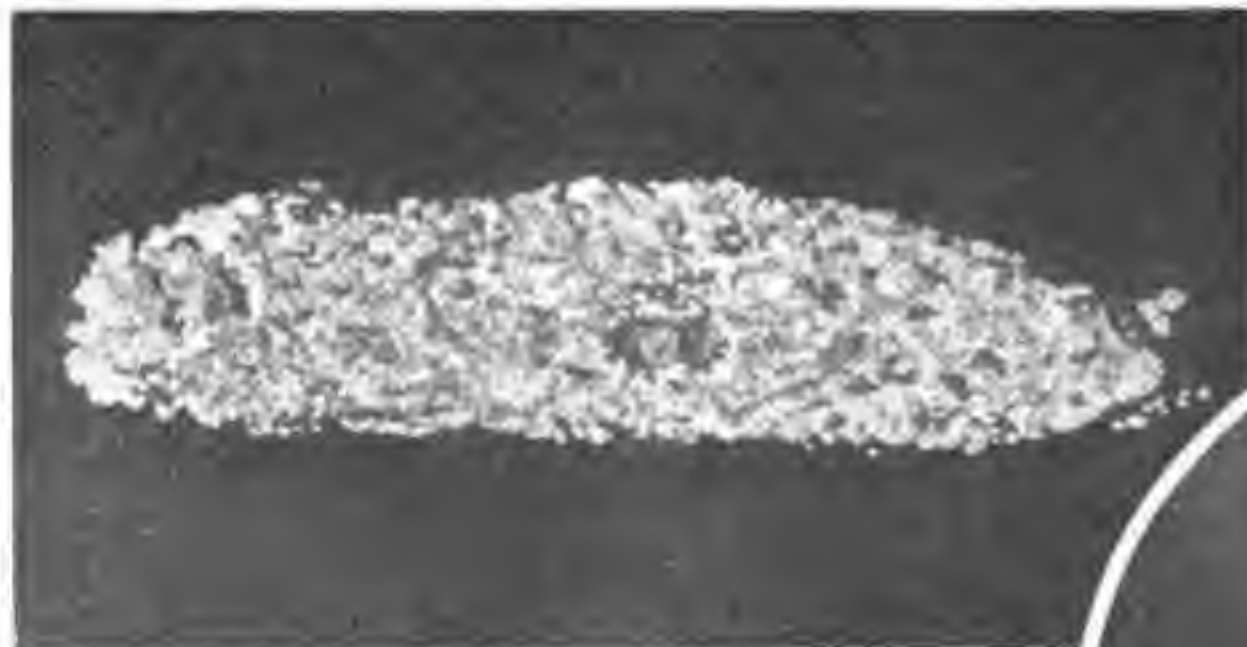
At different times people have complained to me that the turquoise in their ring has turned to a pale and unlovely

The pearl is another gem that requires careful custody. It is composed of 92 per cent carbonate of lime, 6 per cent organic matter, and 2 per cent water. This water content furnishes the real problem. Unless pearls retain it they are likely to grow dim or to crack. With proper care, however, they should hold their soft luster indefinitely.

It is not wise to leave them in any receptacle lined with cotton or velvet, or any other absorbent material colored with chemicals—for fear that the water will be drawn out, to the detriment of the delicate outer skin. Experiments have proved that the most satisfactory results can be obtained by keeping pearls in a container lined with a fine quality of oiled silk.

Sometimes face powder used freely by women is sprinkled over pearl necklaces, and gives them a dull alabastrine appearance. Any genuine pearl necklace should be wiped carefully with a piece of soft chamois after it is worn. This removes perspiration and any other foreign substance that may cling to it. If you are unfortunate enough to possess pearls that have grown dim you might try the novel plan that the Ceylonese employ to restore the luster of this gem. They feed the dull pearl to a chicken, which is killed shortly afterward, and the pearl is then removed from its crop, supposedly restored. I said that you "might" try this plan—but please don't put me on record as recommending that you do so.

I have been asked frequently whether there is any truth (Continued on page 194)



At the left is a photograph of one day's diamond wash at the Kimberley mines, in South Africa. At present the world's diamond markets are supplied almost entirely from the South African fields. Beside this modern Golconda, the fabled treasure house of Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves sinks into insignificance.

green. This can easily be explained. The turquoise is a delicate stone, and its soft shades of azure or robin's-egg-blue can be preserved only by careful treatment. Since water is likely to affect it, the turquoise should never be worn on the hands when they are being washed, and the owners of this stone must stand against contact with acid and alkali. Some jewelers claim that the use of certain perfumes tends to make a turquoise change color. All turquoises, in time, change color from the perspiration of the hand.

Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., wearing the famous "Hope Diamond." This is thought to be part of a blue diamond brought from India in 1632. Later it passed into the possession of the French royal family, where started the grim series of superstitions with which its history is popularly vested. Mrs. McLean bought it in 1909 for \$160,000.





# And So I Left the Ministry To Go Into Business!

The confessions of a preacher who was driven out of  
his profession by poverty

**T**HE fact that I entered the ministry in the first place was the result of a long process of early training. I was brought up in a strict Presbyterian home. My father was an elder in the church and my mother a very active worker. The most esteemed friends of my parents were the ministers whom they had the honor of knowing. In fact, they placed these men on so high a pinnacle that I grew up to have a respect for them amounting almost to reverence.

One day I overheard part of a conversation between my father and a clergyman who was staying in our home while attending Presbytery.

"John is a fine boy," declared the preacher. "He ought to enter the ministry, and I hope he will decide to do it."

My mother had often expressed the same desire, but the fact that a member of the Great Calling considered me fit to follow in his footsteps seemed to impose on me a certain responsibility. As I grew to manhood I felt more and more sure that no work in the world offered opportunities for service which could be compared with those of a minister of the gospel. In fact, I came to believe that the ministry was the only logical place for a man who wanted sincerely to do unselfish work. It took me several years to learn that I was mistaken; but I did learn it in the end. Just how I learned it is what I am going to tell you—the story of why I left the ministry for the business world.

I hope no one will misinterpret my motive in writing this article. No one could feel more gratitude than I feel for the great things the Church has done and is doing. In fact, it is because those principles for which the Church stands are being applied in the workaday world that I was able to find a field for service out of the pulpit.

Also I should state here that I started life as a poor boy. I am indebted greatly to the Church for assisting me to get an education. Because of my intention to become a minister, I was given a scholarship

in a Presbyterian college, and in the theological seminary my entire expenses were paid.

I was twenty-six years old when I finished my theological course and entered upon my first regular work as a pastor. This was a small town in Virginia, where my salary was twelve hundred dollars a

child. I remained in this position six years.

Toward the end of my fifth year here I realized that it was time for me to make another change; for, as my children grew, my salary was becoming less and less adequate to meet the needs of my family. Also, our country had gone into the war, and prices had soared. Yet my income,

already stretched with very great difficulty over its allotted uses, was not increased. As our rent was almost doubled, we had to move to a cheaper location. This brought us into a neighborhood that was far from desirable, especially in view of the fact that we had children who were absorbing the influences of their surroundings. If I had been in any other business I would have demanded a raise in salary, but as a minister I felt a delicacy in making such a request.

About this time I had a call to another suburban church, at the same salary, but with a home furnished. I was considering taking the place, but the move itself would have cost more than the added revenue would have amounted to in some time. Moreover, I did not have the money to pay the moving expenses.

These circumstances drove me to a lot of serious thinking about my own future—in relation both to my family and to society in general. Toward the end of my eighth year of preaching, I took inventory of my stock in trade, and this is what the ledger showed: I was thirty-four years old, and my years of mental and material expansion would soon be over. I had been at work eight years, and in that time my salary had increased three hundred dollars. At that rate the most that I could reasonably hope ever to make was about two thousand dollars a year, and with that as a maximum I

saw no possible way to save anything.

The more I looked into the future, the more clearly did I see that my children would have to depend upon others for help if they got the education which it was their right to have and my duty to give them. Moreover, I saw nothing in prospect for my wife (Continued on page 122)

## No Man Wants to Feel Like a Grafter

**"EVERY** real man wants to pay his honest debts," says the writer of this article. "With a heavy heart I reviewed the abjectness of my position. I thought of the privileges of every self-respecting man, that had been denied me. For instance, in all my life as a minister I had never stayed at a hotel! When a clergyman attends a Presbytery or other church conference he is always entertained. Do laymen ever stop to think how tired of being a guest a preacher must become, how much he would like to have the independence which he can get only by paying his own way?"

"Let me tell you another thing! I am very fond of reading, but to buy magazines would have been too great an extravagance in our household. I would have had to do without periodical reading matter during the six years of my stay in the Washington suburb if one of my members, a railroad conductor, had not brought me all the magazines that people left on the trains. I wonder if any of the original owners of those magazines will read this article! If they do, I want to thank them here for the gifts which they unwittingly made me."

year. This salary constituted my entire income, as no parsonage was furnished. I stayed there three years, and during that time I had married and had one child.

My next church was in one of the suburbs of Washington, at a salary of fifteen hundred a year, again with no home provided. After a year here we had another





He helped her out, keeping his arm about her as he led her to the old doorstone and up into the entry to the schoolroom



# Number Nine Schoolhouse

The story of Malvina's great day

By Reinette Lovewell

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DENMAN FINK

**W**ONDER why the doctors ain't ever been smart enough to think up some way to cut out whatever 'tis women cry with," Malvina Marean considered, as she listened to the sound of spasmodic sobs in the room behind her.

She had come out upon the piazza, closed the green shutters before the open dining-room windows, and was prepared to rock patiently until Mary Emma dried her tears.

"'Twould certainly save a sight of trouble in this world if women warn't able to cry. Crying always riles men up. Might just as well go out in a pasture and wave a red rag in front of a bull as to cry in front of any man living."

She chuckled, her lips parting across even rows of artificial teeth.

"Wonder what they *would* do, if they couldn't pucker up and bawl every once in so often," she speculated. "Men take it out in hollering their heads off, or having dumb spells, or somethin' else. But women cry. All that started Mary Emma off was Sam's never saying a word about the lemon pie she took such pains with. 'Twouldn't a hurt him a mite, neither, to have *said* it was good. But that's the man of it. They don't see the need of praising a woman's cooking—think women ought to be satisfied if what they bake is *it*."

She hitched forward in her chair where she could get a better view of the highway.

"Oh, well!"—she dismissed the matter optimistically—"they'll get over it. First year young folks get married there's bound to be spats—always is. Sam shouldn't have flew up and kicked over the cat's saucer of milk, though. I suppose that was the last straw for Mary Emma—messing up her clean floor."

Miss Malvina lived in two up-stairs rooms in the house with Mary Emma and Sam, her husband, who were her next and last of kin. Sam was the grandson of her only brother, and he and Miss Malvina were the only Mareans left in the old farmhouse built more than a hundred years ago. Part of the place was hers; the rest Sam had inherited.

She squinted near-sightedly up the yellow dirt road toward the village. Miss Malvina's eyes were not as good as her ears. She had heard the sounds of shouting and knew what was coming through the cloud of dust around the bend. In a moment the school barge rattled into sight, packed with noisy youngsters swinging school books and dinner pails. On the front seat with the driver were the Adams boys, watching with envious interest his big feet shift the gears from high to low. The pigtailed of a dozen little girls whipped out in the breeze. A big boy

clownishly clapped a flowered hat on his red hair.

Old Malvina waved her hand as the truck tore by, watching it down the hill past the white schoolhouse which stood in the hollow just below the Marean farm. It was Number Nine; and before the town voted to transport all the children of the outlying districts to the Center, Miss Malvina had taught there many years. For that matter, she had taught in every one of the other ungraded schools of the town; but it was here, in the home district, she had longest been "Teacher."

The school lot originally belonged to old Matthew Marean and was divided from the surrounding meadows by a stone wall. In the fall sumac and alder flamed behind it with the first frost; gentians, unbelievably blue, shot up their delicate cups, defying coming cold.

Now that Miss Malvina taught no more, the sturdy deserted old structure seemed to her like a friend, a companion. The key to Number Nine was inside the clock in the Marean kitchen, and every few weeks Miss Malvina went down the hill, let herself in, and sat for a while at the desk which had so long been hers. The one skeleton in the closet of her peaceful life was the fear that the town would tear it down or move it away.

**I**T WAS late in June. Schools would soon be closing for the summer. Teachers, she knew, were already marking examination papers. The children were bringing in daily great bunches of laurel and daisies. Graduating exercises were being planned—pieces to speak memorized, compositions written.

A consuming longing to go back across the years possessed her. She wanted, torturingly, to teach school just for a day; to open at nine and close at four. She had so little to do now—only to make her bed in the morning, to putter with the family mending, to sit in the sun and dream.

Mary Emma came out to feed the hens. Watching, Miss Malvina saw Sam slip from the barn and join her, saw his arm go around her shoulders, Mary Emma's yellow head drawn close under his chin.

Miss Malvina was glad they had made up; but, some way, the pretty thing she had seen only made her more lonely, shutting her out completely from their united lives.

She pulled herself from the rocking chair, went indoors, put on her hat and cape, took the schoolhouse key and started down the road, walking in the grass and clover blossoms which bordered the beaten footpath.

The key turned the lock, letting Miss Malvina into the entry with its rows of empty hooks. Beyond was the one room, blackboards on the walls, a problem in fractions still faintly chalked, a rule writ-

ten out about the Least Common Multiple and the Greatest Common Divisor. The round stove had grown rusty, the children's seats and her desk were covered with thick dust.

Miss Malvina mounted the platform and sat down in the chair she had used so long.

She thought of how she used to "open school;" the roll call, a chapter from the Bible, the Lord's Prayer. She saw again the five-year-olds in the primer class, the big boys and girls working out examples in arithmetic.

**S**HE had begun to teach when she was seventeen—and she had taught for forty-eight years. Some of her pupils' children had come to her, repeating the miracle of physical immortality by the color of their hair and eyes, reminding her of their fathers and mothers by gestures and tricks of speech. But most of the youngsters enrolled in her classes had left town and had not come back. Only a few had settled near by.

She was so deep in her dreams that she did not hear the smooth purring of a machine which had halted outside. But foot-steps in the entry startled her and she looked up to find a man standing on the threshold.

"Miss Marean!" he cried. "Well, what do you know about this! I didn't expect to find you still on the job."

His twinkling dark eyes awakened vague, far-away memories—a little boy with a freckled nose....

"I was driving up this way on a trip to the White Mountains," he said, "and I thought I'd swing off through the old town. I was going to hunt you up. But when I saw the door open, I had to stop and take a look in. Say"—he went to her with outstretched hand—"it's great to see you; but I bet you don't know who I am!"

"I do, too," Miss Malvina disputed. "Just you hold your horses a minute till I think."

She beamed into his face.

"You're little Joe Becker!" she burst out. "And you used to have to sit out in front where I could watch all your cutting-up."

"'Little Joe' is good," he told her. "Weighed myself this morning—two hundred and twenty-five pounds!"

"And you used to have such pindling legs," Miss Malvina recalled.

The visitor sat down on the platform at the old woman's feet.

"You kept me after school pretty often," he accused.

"And made you spat the erasers to get the chalk out," Miss Marean told him. "That warn't much of a punishment, though, after the way you used to act up—throwing spit balls and such mischief."

She patted his shoulder tenderly.



"I never once supposed you'd ever grow to be such a whopping big man," she said. "You was such a skinny little fellow. I'd lost all track of you, too. Where do you make your home, and what business are you in?"

"I live in New York," he told her; "and, well—I don't have to work much now. I've made quite a lot of money. Say!" he laughed. "I can see old Bill French up in the back seat wrestling with cube root, plain as day. What was the sense of cube root, anyway?"

"I don't know as I know myself," Miss Malvina admitted. "But 'twas kind of fun teaching it—getting the answers to come out right."

Becker gazed for a moment out over the desks in the schoolroom.

"Do you know whatever became of Sadie Davis?" he asked slowly.

"I've lost track of her, too," Miss Malvina answered. "She went off to work somewhere and never came back. Seems as if I've heard she was married. But it was so long ago I've 'most forgot. I suppose you're married and got a family, too?"

"Yep," Becker answered. "Two boys and a girl. Lord—but I wish I had sent them out here for you to teach. They've been to the most expensive schools in the country, all three of them; and they can't add a column of figures straight to save their souls."

"But I ain't teaching any more, Joe," Miss Malvina explained. "I'm only just sitting here. This school's been shut up going on five years. Let's see. I'm 'most seventy. I taught up to the time I was sixty-five—that makes it longer than I thought."

She chuckled and a twinkle came into her blue Yankee eyes.

"The school committee das'n't put me out," she confided. "Had to shut up the schoolhouse in order to get rid of me."

"I can't seem to remember the year we moved to Boston," Joe Becker said reminiscently. "I was only a little shaver."

Miss Malvina bent over the desk.

"I shouldn't wonder if the register is down in the bottom drawer. Maybe it's the one you're in."

**H**UNTING, she found a flat black book, and together they examined it.

In September, 1885, there was entered the name of Joseph T. Becker, aged thirteen.

"Look at all the tardy marks after your name," Miss Marcan pointed out. "You gave me considerable trouble, as I recollect it, Joe."

Her old eyes followed the faded handwriting upon the red-lined pages.

"Here's the Davis girl's name," she said. "She was eleven years old. I kind of suspicion you was pretty sweet on her, warn't you?"

The big man grinned, rose, went down the aisle, flung up a desk cover, and studied it for a moment.

"Come see this," he said.

Cut deep in the wood were the initials J. B. and S. D.

"Funny how I remember whittling them out with a jackknife," he said. "Just popped into my head like a flash."

An hour they talked, then the horn of Becker's car broke into frantic tooting. He went out to find children scampering away from the running board.

"They're Finn boys," Miss Malvina apologized from the doorway. "They've moved in over to the Hopkins place. There's a sight of Finn folks buying up farms around here now."

Becker looked at his watch, and at the sun.

"Don't you want to take a little ride down-town with me?" he asked. "I want to look around Main Street; but I ought to be over the New Hampshire line before dark."

Together they locked the door and Miss Malvina put the key in her pocket. When Becker helped her to the seat beside him she was so excited that she did not see him throw something into the back of the car and pull a rug over it.

**F**OR weeks Malvina Marcan talked and dreamed of Joe Becker's visit. He had promised to stop on his way back and bring his wife and daughter. But the July weeks sped away, August came and went, and no second visit from him broke the monotony of Miss Malvina's days. She didn't return to the schoolhouse all summer. The great key lay untouched inside the kitchen clock.

Rocking on the porch one afternoon, she saw the three selectmen drive up and look into the windows of Number Nine—and she was thrown into a panic of fear! They did not come up to ask her for the key, but the purpose of their visit continued to worry her. It would be just like Hiram Morse to want to turn the useless building into money.

"Hiram's terrible tight," Miss Malvina told Mary Emma. "I bet anything he's up to something like that."

Labor Day was close at hand; and on the Tuesday after, schools would reopen and the barge would begin to go back and forth with its load of shouting children. The longing to reach again began to torment Miss Malvina. She dreamed of writing out twenty words of a spelling lesson on the blackboard and of hearing history classes. A foolish phrase repeated itself over and over in her mind: "The climate of Uruguay is extreme and dry." She could not seem to get rid of it.

"If you'll get me a little mite of milk toast and a cup of tea along about noon," she told Sam's wife, "I'll just lay abed. One of my legs kind of pains me."

When Mary Emma had gone downstairs, Miss Malvina pulled the patchwork quilt over a guilty head.

"I'm an old fool and a liar!" she said. "I'm just as well as I ever was; and here I am worrying Mary Emma and Sam, letting them think I'm sick. All the matter is—I want to teach school this fall, and I can't."

In her south room she did not see what

Mary Emma, at the north window, witnessed with astonishment on the afternoon of Labor Day—a great number of automobiles around the old schoolhouse! Little cars and big ones, the depot bus, a horse and buggy hitched incongruously in their midst.

She heard, though, a knocking at the front door and a man's voice speaking her name. The voice had a familiar sound.



They pressed forward

In a moment Mary Emma came tearing up the stairs and rushed, bright-eyed, into the room.

"Aunt Malvina!" she cried, "you're wanted! Do you feel well enough to get up and take a little ride. Wear your new dress. That Mr. Becker who was here a while ago has come back. And he's got some car, believe me!"

**M**ISS MALVINA hurried into her Sunday clothes, smoothed her thin gray hair and nervously took out a clean handkerchief. Then excitedly she went downstairs.

Joe Becker rose from a porch chair to greet her.

"Brought my wife to see you," he said. "She's out in the machine. Won't you come for a little ride with us?"

A chauffeur and a woman in a white gown were in the automobile at the gate.



The woman put out both hands to her. "Joe's talked so much about you I feel as if I had known you always," she said. "This is such lovely country. I've never seen anything more beautiful anywhere than these hill-top villages with their white steeples. And I simply adore these elm trees. I come from the prairie states, and all this greenness just gets me!"

Miss Malvina was so flustered that she

and stopped—she could not go on. They pressed forward to shake hands, her old pupils of the years that were gone. "Lucy Mann!" she recognized a woman with gray hair. "You ain't changed one particle. You look just the same as you did when you was a girl."

Lucy kissed her.

"It's you who haven't changed," she said. "There never was a teacher like you

"That was easy enough," Joseph T. Becker, millionaire manufacturer, president of Becker and Company, answered her. "I took along the register when I was here in June."

HE DID not add that he had put three men at work tracing down every name—and that no one but himself knew the money it had cost to stage that reunion.



to shake hands, her old pupils of the years that were gone

did not even notice which way they were going, until the machine stopped in front of the schoolhouse. She looked out then, and saw the long rows of cars parked beside the roadway.

"What's going on?" she cried. "Must be they have sold Number Nine!"

"Just you come in and see what's going on," Joe Becker told her.

He helped her out, keeping his arm about her as he led her to the old door-stone and up into the entry to the school-room. And there, crowding the aisles and seats, were fifty or sixty men and women, no longer young—prosperous people, common everyday folk, a man who had been the governor of a state, and a man who kept books for twenty dollars a week. On Miss Malvina's desk were piled letters and telegrams. A great bunch of American Beauty roses greeted her misting eyes.

"Why, what—" said Miss Malvina,

in the world; and I don't believe there ever will be again."

THERE came then to greet her a tall woman with a bird of paradise on her hat and a skirt which was very short. Her face was rouged, her hair bright with henna. Jet pendants dangled from her ears. Watching, Joe Becker found out what had become of Sadie Davis.

One by one they reported. . . . Lewis Hallock lived in Chicago. . . . Jessie Joslin had never married. . . . Mary Briggs had six children. . . . Sam, her brother, was dead—he was a great surgeon.

"Always was doctoring animals," Miss Malvina remembered.

The Hartwell boys were out in California. They had sent a telegram.

"I don't see for the life of me how you ever found them all, Joe!" she said. "They've scattered so, and live so fur off."

It was he that presented the loving cup her pupils had bought, a shining thing from a famous Fifth Avenue shop. "Malvina Marean" was engraved upon its side, with an inscription beneath which cut itself deep into Miss Malvina's heart, making it bleed a bit.

When they called upon her for a speech and she stood up behind the battered desk—her thin hands grasping the silver cup, their blue veins puffed and swollen with the years, her gaunt old figure trembling—the crowded room became suddenly very still. The rouged face of Sadie Davis softened to tenderness, Joe Becker's eyes were full of tears.

But Miss Malvina could not talk. Words would not come. A moment or two she stood looking down at the men and women upon the school benches. Then she bowed her silvery head and shut her eyes. As she had (Continued on page 159)



# Experiences Of An Ambulance Surgeon

Stories of how people behave when hurt or sick, including examples of rare bravery, queer exaggerations, and strange delusions—When and how to send in calls for an ambulance, and what you should do in case of injuries when no ambulance or doctor is available—Human nature as seen by one who has answered as many as two hundred ambulance calls in a single month

*By Dr. W. A. Chipman*

Of the Staff of Bellevue Hospital, New York

**R**ECENTLY, while serving as an ambulance surgeon at Bellevue Hospital in New York, I was called out at two o'clock in the morning to attend the case of a man who had been struck down by a trolley car on the lower East Side. When I arrived at the scene of the accident I found the man sitting in a doorway and leaning for support against the casing.

While I was making my examination, the man himself and two friends with him assured me that he had been badly hurt, and they spoke of the big amount of damages he ought to get from the trolley company. Nevertheless, I could find nothing wrong with him except a mere scratch on his thigh and a three-cornered tear in his trousers.

Finally I told the man that his imagination and his friends must have made him think he was hurt a great deal worse than he really was, and that the best thing he could do was to get up and go home.

"Aren't you going to sew up the cut on my leg?" he asked.

"There isn't any cut," I told him. "It's only a break in the skin. A cat could give you a worse scratch than that."

Getting to his feet, the man shook himself and seemed surprised that he was able to stand. "It's certainly one on me," he said. "I thought I was a case for the hospital, sure." Then, as he sized up the real extent of his damage, he exclaimed, "Great heavens! That's a pretty bad tear in my trousers, anyhow! Doctor, as long as you're here, would you mind sewing that up?"

I take it that by this time the patient was able to see the humor in the situation, but as I was then on twenty-four-hour duty and had been answering calls all day and most of the night, it was not quite as

funny to me as it might have been. I have found that a good many people are like this man in exaggerating the extent of their injuries after their friends have told them they ought to collect damages.

The trivial cases on which an ambulance surgeon is called out are most likely to come in between the hour of midnight and early morning. Sometimes these are cases of people who have only a stomach

Headquarters that he needed an ambulance right away. I responded to the summons, going to the home of a man who was in pretty good circumstances. He told me that he was suffering from a terrible pain that was shooting up and down his right leg; that his leg felt hot and swollen; that the pain seemed to be spreading over his whole body.

I asked him to indicate just exactly where the pain was, and from the indications he gave I could see that the pain did not run along any nerves. His vagueness made me suspect the real nature of the man's trouble; so I told him that his leg was in perfectly normal condition and that he ought to get his imagination under better control.

"Now don't say that, Doctor," he urged. "Anyhow, give me a little something to help me get my imagination under control. A small drink of whisky would help a lot. These are awfully trying times on a man who has got a pain like mine."

I had to tell the patient that I was not permitted to administer the treatment he desired. In a good many instances people who have adopted ruses of this kind in an attempt to defeat the eighteenth amendment have been doomed to

disappointment, because alcohol is not one of the remedies included in the equipment of our ambulances. One man sent in three calls for imaginary ills of this kind in as many days and, in the end, to keep him from monopolizing the service, he had to be confined in a city institution.

As an ambulance surgeon I have gone out on as many as 203 emergency calls in a single month. In one day I have responded to as many as 20 calls, and have traveled more than 75 miles in going after and bringing patients to the hospital—people with broken legs or arms, frac-



PHOTO BY EDWIN SAUND.

Dr. W. A. Chipman, who joined the staff of Bellevue Hospital, New York, after graduation from Harvard Medical School in 1921, is shown in his regular place when going out with the ambulance. "Riding the bus" is part of the city hospital training of every young surgeon. In the accompanying article Doctor Chipman gives a vivid account of what he learned about human nature from this experience, together with many practical hints for all of us

ache and who, owing to the tendency to exaggerate the pains that come on during the small hours, think they are mortally ill. Generally, all that these people need is a doctor to reassure them—or at most a cathartic. In a good many instances too, people send in for an ambulance after midnight because after that hour most practicing physicians charge an extra fee. Recently we have had quite a number of trivial after-midnight cases of a peculiar variety.

A few weeks ago, at three o'clock in the morning, a man telephoned to Police



tured skulls, bad gashes in their limbs or bodies, and others who have been taken dangerously ill with pneumonia, or diseases of the intestines, heart, or chest.

"Riding the ambulance" is a duty required of every graduate in medicine who joins the staff of a big city hospital, and is really a great experience in the training school of human nature. It brings one in touch with all kinds of people, the poor and the well-to-do, the sincere and the insincere, people who appreciate what you do for them and some who don't. I have seen some who were only slightly hurt take on as though they were in terrible suffering, while others, who were really badly off, have smiled bravely through real agony.

**PEOPLE** sometimes ask me whether men or women bear pain more bravely. I have found that men as a rule are more likely to make light of small injuries, while women are more likely to be upset by them; but when it comes to enduring real pain some of the bravest cases I have seen have occurred among old people and children.

Recently, an Italian woman seventy years old, on stepping out from behind a pillar of the Third Avenue elevated line, was struck down by a heavy truck. The wheels ran over her legs and broke them both above the knee. But she neither screamed nor fainted, and later I was told that, even as she was picked up from the street and carried into a drug store to await the arrival of the ambulance, she began to pray softly.

An examination disclosed that the bone of one of the fractures was all but protruding through the flesh. Nevertheless, the patient uttered never a sound of complaint when she was lifted from a chair



PHOTO BY HADON BROS.

The man on the stretcher was injured when crossing the street in front of a truck. In this case, as seldom happens, the surgeon had a chance to attend his patient without being more or less impeded by a big throng of spectators. Altogether in New York there are 107 ambulances in continuous operation. They are manned by 350 surgeons, and in a year's time respond to more than 111,000 calls

to the stretcher. Then it was necessary to "immobilize" the fracture so that she could be transported to the hospital where her legs could be set with the aid of anesthetics and the X-ray.

While this was being done she had to be held firmly by the shoulders by two men. Bandages were fastened around her ankles, and by means of these her legs were stretched until the broken bones were

somewhere near together again. Then her legs were bound in Thomas splints to hold them in position.

This work was necessarily very painful, especially when the splintered surfaces of bone grated upon each other. Yet the woman made no protest. Once she moaned slightly, but when a policeman said kindly, "Never mind, Mother. It's all right, Mother!" she actually looked up into his face and smiled. On the way to the hospital, while the ambulance was passing over rough cobbles, she raised her voice just once. It seemed that she had some complaint to make; but actually all she had said was, "Doctor, Doctor, what hospital are you taking me to?"

**ANOTHER** case which I think showed the qualities of real bravery was that of a little Irish lad. Running barefooted, he had stepped on the rough edge of a broken bottle, and had cut a deep gash in his foot. In sewing this up, it was impossible to use even local anesthetics, and when the first stitch was taken the boy cried loudly and struggled to get (Continued on page 169)



PHOTO BY HADON BROS.

The ambulance in the picture above was called to take to the hospital a woman who had scalded herself in the kitchen of her home on the lower East Side. The picture at the right gives a glimpse of "olden times" and shows that "public interest" in the work of the ambulance surgeon was just as keen in the days of horse-drawn vehicles as it is now. To-day all ambulances in New York are motor-driven, and when out on calls make from twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. When the horse was in use the lapse of half an hour was not unusual before the arrival of an ambulance. Now one can be there within twelve minutes at most, and generally within four or five







She wondered, as time slipped by, just what would happen

## A Mother Who

*By Linda*

ILLUSTRATION BY

**T**HERE was great excitement in the Matthews household. They usually got up early, that is, Mollie did. But this morning the children—Jimmie, Frances, Charlie, Mary, and even Baby Ruth—were all up long before daylight. In fact, they woke Mollie up, so that she arose a full hour earlier than usual, although she had been in bed such a short time.

Now, the cause of the excitement was that it was circus day, and for the first time in their lives the Matthews children were going. Though Jimmie, the eldest, was thirteen, he had never been to a circus or anything else, because there was never money with which to go.

There had been no money for things even when Jim Matthews was alive. And after he was gone Mollie found it so desperately hard to feed five hungry mouths and clothe five small bodies, to say nothing of her own, besides paying Jim's funeral and doctor's bills bit by bit, that each year she had had to promise the children that next year— And the

next year she had had to swallow hard at the disappointed, wistful little faces and promise them that if they would just wait until next year—

And they had waited so bravely and uncomplainingly, trying hard not to let her see their disappointment, that the last time she had resolved she would not disappoint them again, no matter what happened.

So when the gorgeous posters went up on the billboards, she promised the children that this time they should go to the circus, and she meant to keep that

promise. But it was not going to be easy. It was true that all of Jim's bills had been finally paid, in drops of blood it seemed to her; but the cost of living had steadily risen and the children had steadily grown, requiring more to eat, more to cover their bodies, more books and requisites at school. So that the day before circus day found Mollie with just two dimes in the house, and a few dollars due from Mrs. Renfro for sewing.

It would take all Mrs. Renfro owed her to take the children to the circus, and that did not mean there would be any-





to provide the six circus tickets, just what *could* happen

# Wouldn't Give Up

*Buntyn Willie*

WM. MEADE PRINCE

thing to spend for peanuts, balloons, and such things. They would just get inside the big tent, and that was all. But Mollie told herself that would be enough.

She shut her eyes to the fact that no more money was in sight; and if she spent the Renfro money for the circus—But she was going to spend it, that was all. She was going to keep her promise, renewed so many times, to her children. And surely they would not have to go hungry because she did it. There would be a way provided. She'd manage somehow. But, sometimes, when she wondered

just *how* she was going to manage, she grew so afraid she almost wavered in her determination. But then the sight of her children's eager faces and their never-ending talk of the wonders they were to see stiffened her. She would find some way. Her children should not be disappointed again.

**A**FRAID lest there might be some mistake about the money for the circus tickets, she telephoned Mrs. Renfro the day before that she would deliver the sewing early the next morning, and asked

her to have the money ready, explaining just why she wanted it. Then she sat up half the night finishing the work.

After a scanty breakfast, which the children were too excited to eat, Mollie got ready to take the sewing home. She would not send it by Jimmie or Frances, as she usually did, because she had, after much anxious thought, decided to raise her prices a little. She knew that she sewed far more cheaply than anybody else, but she had been afraid to charge more—afraid of losing her customers. Now, however, her need was so urgent it gave her a desperate courage. She told herself that if she raised just a little, and Mrs. Renfro paid it, it would mean a little margin, not much, but enough to give her a chance.

Admonishing the children to clean up the house while she was gone, and to wash and dress each other, she set out. All the way she thought about that little raise in price. What would Mrs. Renfro say? Would she pay it without protest? If she did—Mollie drew a long breath. But



if she didn't— Mollie plodded on worriedly, shifting the heavy bundle from one arm to the other.

At the big, handsome Renfro home, a maid came to the door.

"Mrs. Renfro is expecting me," Mollie told the girl. "I 'phoned her yesterday I'd be here early this morning."

The girl, who knew Mollie and her errands there, shook her head kindly. "I'm sorry, but Mrs. Renfro is out of town. She left last night."

Mollie stared at the maid in utter consternation. "But—but—" she stammered. Then, suddenly, a wave of hope and relief swept over her. Mrs. Renfro had, of course, left the money for her!

SHE handed the bundle to the girl. "It's her sewing," she explained. "I guess she left the money for it?"

"No," the maid shook her head again. "She didn't leave it with me."

"But—but—" Mollie stammered again. "She promised—"

"She left in such a hurry, I guess she forgot it," the maid said kindly. "She got a telegram that her mother was sick, and she had to run for the train."

Mollie stood stunned.

"But she might have told Mr. Renfro about it," the girl added. "I heard her telling him a lot of things to attend to. I didn't hear her mention the sewing, but she might have told him. I can telephone him about it, if you want me to."

"No," Mollie caught her breath in passionate relief. "No; I'll go up to his office. I guess she did tell him about it, as she promised me she wouldn't forget it. Just keep the sewing, it will be all right."

Mollie started up-town to Mr. Renfro's office, walking fast. It was a long way and she had no car fare. She'd get the money, she told herself, even if Mrs. Renfro hadn't told her husband about it. He'd take her word for it, she knew. He'd have to. *Her children were not going to be disappointed!*

Mollie found nobody in Mr. Renfro's office but his stenographer.

"Mr. Renfro went hunting early this morning," the girl said when Mollie asked for him.

Mollie caught at the door facing. *Mr. Renfro gone, too!* Then she steadied herself. But he might have left the money for her.

"Did he leave anything for Mrs. Matthews?" she asked the girl.

"Why, no; he didn't leave anything but a note on my desk saying he was going hunting. He didn't even say where he was going or when he would be back. I'm sorry," she added as she saw Mollie's face. "Was it anything I could attend to?"

"No," Mollie said dully, and went out of the office and slowly homeward.

For the first few blocks she walked in a daze. Then her mind began to function. It looked as though she was beaten. But she would not give up yet. She would not tell the children now. She would take them on to the parade, and perhaps, before time for the circus, she could think of something, see some way out. She had no clear idea what, but surely there was a way. Surely, when you did your best—

At home she found Jimmie finishing the dishes and Frances vigorously scrubbing Charlie, who, for a wonder, was not howling a protest. Mary and Baby Ruth were already dressed and were sitting very straight and very still on chairs in the little front room. Mollie stopped and patted their small eager faces, while a hard lump came into her throat.

"Did you get the money all right, Ma?" Jimmie asked as Mollie entered the kitchen. She turned and went out hurriedly, pretending not to hear him.

She took the children to the parade and let them stand so near the line of march they could almost touch the fairy floats, gayly caparisoned horses and animal cages as they passed. She did not see the parade herself. She saw only her children's faces, rapt, eager, shining with happiness at the unbelievable wonders they saw, at the unbelievable wonders they were to see. How happy they were! Mollie choked. How happy they were! But, when she told them they could not go to the circus—

She put her hand suddenly on Jimmie's shoulder, for he had been disappointed more times than the others and she knew that soon he would be too old to feel the allure, to see the things under the big tent as they ought to be seen, as only childhood can see them.

Jimmie reached up and patted her hand, turning up to her his wistful, freckled face. "Ma, it just don't seem we are actually going to see it *all*, does it?" He drew a long breath. "Gee! Won't I have something to tell the kids that don't get to go?"

AFTER the parade Mollie took the children home. She cooked a hasty lunch and put it on the table. She could not eat anything and, while the children were eating, she went into the bedroom and sat down.

She had not thought of a way out. She had not thought of anything. Was she going to have to give up? Was she going to have to tell the children now that they couldn't go? She suddenly put her head down on the side of the hard little bed. Was there no way even when one did one's best? She sat there a long time praying, though she did not know she was praying.

Surely, when one did one's best— She raised her head and looked upward. Surely, then one could not fail utterly! If one could fail, then where was justice? Where was God?

Where were they? She stood up stanchly. Where were they? Why, Justice reigned, of course. And God was in His heaven, and He had promised all His little children who did their best and trusted Him— She had done her best, and she would trust Him to the end, and she knew that He would not fail her.

She went back out to the kitchen with a new straightness to her tired shoulders and a new light in her eyes. Her children were not going to be disappointed. God would provide a way.

She got the five small faces and five pairs of hands clean again. Then, with the two dimes tied in the corner of her handkerchief, they set out for the circus grounds. They started early, for it was a long way and car fare was out of the question.

Jimmie walked on one side of Mollie and Frances on the other. The three smaller children trotted along in front, and they did not fret at the long blocks they had to traverse or the rough, steep hills they had to climb.

Mollie went along, wondering at herself. Only two dimes in the corner of her handkerchief and six circus tickets to buy. Yet she was not afraid. She had a feeling of calmness and peace unusual to her.

"Ma, did you ever go to a circus when you was a kid?" Charlie dropped back to ask her.

Mollie shook her head. There had been no money in her family for circuses either, and she had never gone to one. She smiled a little now as she remembered how she hid her hurt by pretending that she did not want to go, that ladies did not go to such places.

When they came to the edge of the circus grounds, Mollie called the children back to her. But she had difficulty in holding them.

Charlie wanted to go in the big tent at once to see the animals. But Mollie shook her head. "No; we'll see what's to be seen out here first," she said. "We've got plenty of time."

"But hadn't I better get the tickets now, Ma," Jimmie urged anxiously, "so we'll be sure to get in?"

Mollie shook her head again, keeping her eyes away from her boy. "Not yet, son. There's no hurry. Let's go over and see the man walk the rope."

They made the round of the circus grounds, seeing all there was to be seen free. That is, the children saw and gasped with delight at everything. But Mollie saw nothing except her children's eager, happy faces, felt nothing but the two dimes held tightly in her hand. She wondered, as time slipped by, just what would happen to provide the six circus tickets, just what *could* happen. After a while Doubt, small and insidious, tried to creep in. But she shut him out quickly.

"No," she said doggedly, "no; God won't let my children be disappointed when I've done my best. I know He won't."

When they had made the rounds and Mollie was thinking what to do to hold the children, Jimmie grew anxious:

"Ma, everybody's going in. Can't we go now? We've seen everything out here."

"No," Mollie said hurriedly. "It's too early yet. We'd get tired sitting still so long. Let's stroll around a little longer."

SO THEY started the rounds the second time. The children were quieter now and, instead of looking again at things they had already seen, they watched the entrance to the big tent eagerly.

"Gee! Ma, if we don't hurry up, we won't have time to see the animals," Charlie fretted. "And Ruth wants to see the monkeys. They've got a little baby monkey."

"I want to see the baby monkey," Ruth said.

Mollie looked around her desperately for something to quiet them just a little longer, until the thing could happen. "For it will happen," she told herself doggedly. "It's got (Continued on page 164)"



# The Luck of Being Lame

By William Johnston

**W**HEN people say to me, "Don't you find being lame a terrible handicap?" I can truthfully answer, "There's a lot of luck in being lame, if you only know how to look at it."

I will admit, however, that just after it had happened, when I had had months of pain and had spent weeks in the surgeons' hands, and was finally able to be up and move about a little on crutches, the prospect was appalling. It was a tremendous shock when the doctor, after a careful examination, said: "You never will be able to walk without a brace."

My amusements, like those of most Americans, had required the use of two good legs. I had ridden horseback, played tennis, and was fond of fishing and travel. In my hours of recreation I had been accustomed to bowl, to play pool and billiards. The doctor's verdict seemed to sound the death-knell for most of my physical pastimes. It made me miserable to realize that I should have to get along without the games and exercises that make life interesting and keep the body fit. All the time I was waiting for the arrival of the brace which had been ordered, I was disconsolate.

Then the brace arrived—a great, clumsy contrivance of leather and steel that weighed seventeen pounds. I tried it on—once. Then and there I learned the first lesson that lameness brings.

Horror-stricken at the prospect of having to drag around a seventeen-pound fetter for the rest of my natural life, I set my jaw and brought into action a strength of resolution which hitherto I did not know I had. "I'm going to learn to walk without a brace," I said.

"I am afraid it's impossible," warned the doctor.

"I'll do it," I said.

That was the first great discovery that my lameness had brought to me: *A handicap strengthens the character.*

Up to that time, most of my acquaintances would have described me as a man of easy-going disposition. I had been going through life taking things for granted, using eyes, teeth, arms, legs, and stomach as if they were going to last forever, and I had paid little attention to the proper care of them. But now I found my viewpoint and sense of values changed.

It had been easy enough to say, "I'll walk without a brace," but doing it was a much more difficult matter. There came days of aching effort, and of utter despondency, times when temptation was strong to give up and say, "What if I do have to go on crutches the rest of my life? There are lots of other men in the same boat."

Yet, somehow, the lameness itself had put new vigor into easy-going me. Day after day I persisted, and persistence won.



Mr. Johnston is not only one of the best known and most popular newspaper men in New York City, but he is also the author of seven novels, at least one of which has been high up in the ranks of best sellers. He is also in great demand as an after-dinner speaker. Despite the physical handicap with which he deals in this article, Mr. Johnston is a sportsman and traveler with a range of experiences approached by but few of us. He has fished in Newfoundland, climbed and snapshotted many of the mountains of North America, gathered sponges in Cuba, and watched prominent sporting events in widely scattered cities. In addition to his other activities, he holds a prominent editorial position with the New York "World"

For years now, nearly ten years, I have been walking, walking without a brace, without crutches, often without even a cane, walking, not gracefully perhaps, but at least serviceably enough to do practically everything I wish to do, climbing subway steps to go to business, getting on and off trains to travel across the continent, going fishing in the mountains. Lameness, I have discovered, doesn't prevent you from doing what you want to, unless you let it.

The compensation for lameness seems to be a strength of purpose that accomplishes what often seems at first impossible. This is not an individual experience of mine. I have often observed it in other lame men. There was my friend McDougall Pallen, for example, with one leg off above the knee. He was forced to wear an artificial limb, but when America entered the Great War he was determined to get across and do his bit.

"But it's hopeless for you," everybody

told him, "to attempt to go over there in your crippled condition. Only sound men are wanted. What could you do, even if you got across?"

"I can show the chaps that get their legs shot off that they needn't be discouraged about it," answered Pallen.

In the uniform of a Knights of Columbus secretary, Pallen finally went to France, and by dancing merry jigs with his wooden leg beside hospital beds brought new hope and courage to many a wounded soldier.

Almost the first day that I walked out without my crutches, I learned the second lesson that lameness teaches: *A handicap reveals the kind side of other people.*

A hale, husky chap, with a perfect physical frame, goes through life seldom experiencing and never suspecting the depths of kindness that exist in every human heart. Let a man get crippled, and at once he begins to make wonderful discoveries about people.

There was a traffic policeman at a certain corner whom I had frequently seen before my mishap. He had always seemed gruff, ill-tempered, disobliging, a terror to offending automobilists and pedestrians. Never yet had I seen him exchanging a pleasant greeting with any passerby. But on this occasion, as I limply approached his crossing, up went his hand, stopping all traffic. He even came across the street to my assistance.

"Take your time," he cautioned me, a huskiness in his voice, "I know how it is. I've a little fellow at home like that."

Since then, hundreds of similar experiences have happened to me, and I know now that they do not happen to me alone. Ask any blind man or anyone else with a visible physical handicap, whether big cities are heartless. He will indignantly deny it, for he can tell you instance after instance of kindnesses done to him by utter strangers, by people of all ages and in all walks in life.

Hardly a day has passed since I became lame that some stranger has not offered to do me a kindness. If I stand in a crowded subway train clinging to a strap it is always from choice, not from necessity. Someone—a working man, schoolboy, or girl going home from business—always offers me a seat. Just as often as I cross a thronged thoroughfare, I see some stranger retard his step to keep a watchful eye out that I get across (Continued on page 166)



# It's Fine to Have Ideas—But

Various types of men you have to reckon with in attempting to  
of your own attitude toward

*By W. H.*

President of the Leffingwell-Ream

**Y**EARS ago, when I was a brand-new husband as well as a beginner in the science of management engineering, I found myself bubbling with enthusiasm over my recent discoveries of how lost motion was avoided in industry by means of time studies with a stop watch.

"Why, many of these ideas would fit my own household," I said to myself—and forthwith I blurted out to my wife that I proposed to make some such studies of her work. "It's clear to me," I added importantly, "that every day you're making hundreds, yes, thousands of unnecessary motions."

I wish you could have seen the look she gave me. It startled me so that I was about to rush into further explanation, when she remarked, calmly:

"Suppose, dear, that you confine your efficiency ideas to the office and let me run the house." And then, as a parting shot, "Have you forgotten about the lights in your dark room?"

Now, this was hitting me in a tender spot. Moreover, it was reviving a very unpleasant memory. That dark room, where I developed my camera plates, had been my pride. In order to keep it dark, I had constructed a nice "snake" entrance, through which one had to make two or three turns around partitions before one got into the room itself. Outside there was an electric push button, but inside I had no way of controlling the current—so that if I wanted to put the light out, or to change from the ordinary light to the ruby, I had to walk all the way out to the switch.

"I suppose, as an engineer, I should have thought of that," I complained one evening to my wife; "but I can still solve the problem by putting in a three-way switch."

"Aren't you wonderful," said my wife, so calmly that I knew something else was coming. "But before you go to the trou-

ble and expense of installing a three-way switch, why don't you try the perfectly simple method of partly unscrewing the bulb when you want to put the light out and screwing the bulb up again when you want to relight it?"

Yes, that was all I had to do—just lift my hand and give a slight turn. And it was this distressing incident that my wife had picked the unpsychological moment to recall. At least, it was unpsychological so far as my newest idea was concerned.



APRIL 1928  
William H. Leffingwell was born in Canada forty-seven years ago. Both his parents were Americans. Beginning office work at the age of seventeen, he held positions in Grand Rapids, Chicago, and New York, rising from stenographer to important executive duties. For four years, beginning in 1910, Mr. Leffingwell worked in Europe, organizing branch offices for American firms. In 1918 he organized the Leffingwell-Ream Company, of which he is president. He is author of "Scientific Office Management," and of numerous pamphlets and magazine articles dealing with industrial management. He also edited two books: "Making the Office Pay," and "The Automatic Letter Writer." His home is in Westfield, New Jersey.

Now, this idea of mine was all right. Later, it was proved so. My only fault was that I had taken a bad method of putting it across. I had tried to step into my wife's own domain and revolutionize it on my own hook, without due preliminary conferences with the commander-in-chief. Her rebuke was very proper.

Fortunately, the lesson went home. I didn't give up my plan of making her housework easier for her; but I decided to put my idea across by far more subtle tactics.

Never again did I refer to the subject directly. Instead, I took pains to keep her fully informed about the methods by which time and energy were saved in offices and industrial establishments—

and I left it to her to make her own applications.

It worked beautifully. For instance, I had noticed that the ironing was done with the clothes basket on the floor. Every time the ironer wanted a new piece she had to stoop over and pick it up out of the basket. I mentioned casually that a typist's desk is so arranged that she can reach everything with the minimum of exertion—and two or three days later I noticed that the ironing was being done

with the clothes basket on a chair within easy reach. Other similar ideas were "eased across," and to-day my wife can boast of a household run on scientific principles throughout, from budgeting to baking.

Don't jump at the conclusion that I claim the whole credit for this. Far from it. Mine was merely the preliminary suggestion. But the point I'm making is that by the indirect method, I got across a flock of ideas that probably would have fallen by the wayside otherwise.

The majority of us are working for someone else. If we are at all interested in our job we are likely to have ideas about how it should be handled, as well as other ideas about the business as a whole.

Perhaps some of these ideas—ones that we feel are perfectly good—have been frowned upon. But before we decide that our boss is a wall-eyed, fossil-minded old codger, let us consider whether we haven't had a faulty method of selling these ideas to him.

There is a practical but often neglected psychology of getting other people to cooperate with your ideas. It has been one of the biggest problems I have had in business for many years; and I am going to try to tell here some of the ways in which I have been able to meet it. There's nothing startling about the principles I have employed. They are simple enough—but I think that they do have the virtue of being applicable to every human being.



# Can You Put Them Over?

make changes—Read carefully and you may catch reflections the new ideas of others

*Leffingwell*

Company, Management Engineers

who finds difficulty in getting other people to do what he wants them to do, whether in his office, his home, his social club, or anywhere else. In other words, they are more or less of an antidote for that cold indifference, if not open hostility, that our suggestions to others so often meet.

Only the other day it behooved me to get one of the executives in a large firm to approve of a visible index, designed to save labor and reduce the chances of error in his department. I hadn't put this particular idea up to him, but I had found from the beginning of my dealings with his firm that he would hear absolutely nothing of suggestions for changes. His attitude was in sharp contrast to that of the other executives.

In encountering opposition, my first rule is to try to figure out dispassionately just what lies behind it. I do this by trying to put myself in the other fellow's place—to get his viewpoint and the motives behind it. In this case I knew that my man was friendly enough to me personally. Moreover, far from being opposed to new things on general principles, he was inclined to take a rather lively interest in them. Hence the only conclusion I could reach was that he was of that numerous type who shut themselves off from the direct suggestions of others because of an egotistic desire to be the "whole thing."

STRATEGY, therefore, being called for, I went to see him with the index tucked under my arm and bearing in my hand some papers relating to other matters about which I professed to be in need of his opinion. While we were discussing these matters, I once or twice shifted the index from under one arm to the other, and at length he "bit."

"What is that you are carrying?" he asked me.

"Oh, that?" I replied carelessly. "It's only a visible index."

"Let me see it for a moment."

"Oh, you don't want to see that," I said, as I arose to go. "It's for another department. You don't need it in yours."

"Anyway," said he, "I'd like to see it."

With a show of reluctance I handed it to him, and as he looked it over I explained its workings in a casual but none the less thorough way.

"Don't want it in my department!" he finally exclaimed. "The deuce I don't. Why, that's the very thing I have been looking for!"

Of course there was nothing original in this scheme whereby I eased my idea over into the other fellow's head in such a way as to let it come out as his own; it is what salesmen call letting the prospective cus-

tomers "hook" himself. However, there is reason to believe that when it comes to selling *ideas*, many men are kept from resorting to this plan by not being willing to subordinate their ego to the other fellow's and letting him have the credit. To all such I would recommend the example of that great engineer-executive, Frederick W. Taylor, who always saw that his *real* purpose was not to win credit for himself *but to get things done*, and who, by making it easy for his associates to think that the boldly original ideas he instilled in them were their own, was pretty sure to accomplish his purpose with the minimum of friction. And just as the net result was to give Taylor the very valuable reputation of being a man of influence, so this ultimately must be the reward of everyone who follows this course whenever it is practicable.

SEVERAL years ago, at the outset of my engagement with a firm, I discovered an improvement so obviously needed in one of its departments that I reported on it at once. As it turned out, the improvement was instantly perceptible to everybody, and the result was that the head of the department was jocularly roasted by his associates for requiring the services of a management engineer to point it out. As a matter of fact, every man is likely to overlook things connected with his work by reason of his very closeness to it; but the inquiries of this executive's associates as to whether he was asleep so wrought on his mind as to develop in him an opposition to my work in general. I had a tough time overcoming this opposition, and the incident taught me that when dealing with things which a man plainly ought to see, it is wise to call his attention to them in a way that will permit him to make the correction himself. Always we have to consider that when we suggest to a man a new way of doing his work, the implication is that there is something wrong with his old way, and that no man greets such a message with three cheers.

In going over with the superintendent of a certain establishment the report I had prepared on the general conditions existing there, he objected again and again that I was "picking on" him in mentioning this or that condition which was possible of improvement. Indeed, he went so far as to declare that if what I reported was true, his proper course was to resign. Vainly I pointed out that there never was a business in which possibilities of improvement did not exist, and that, since I had the advantage of the *outsider's* perspective, there was nothing disgraceful to him in having failed to see these possibilities himself. While in extreme cases like this it seems impossible to avoid giving

offense, it does not alter the fact that, in advancing our new ideas, the feelings of those who are hit by them have to be considered, and that the tactful "Don't you think?" is usually far more effective than the blunt, "I think."

Sometimes, however, a man is so wrapped up in his own thoughts and ideas that you can get yours through to his consciousness only by a good round blast of self-assertion. In dealing with a difficult customer of this kind, my general method is this: Suddenly pausing, I raise my voice and fairly hurl at him the question: "Do you agree with that last statement I made?" Thus jumped out of his reverie, he is likely to ask you to repeat; and then it is up to you to make such an incisive and emphatic presentation of your proposition as will keep him from reerecting his mental barrier.

While one must not "play up to" his own ideas in too important a fashion, it is equally dangerous to refer to them in a careless or semi-humorous tone. Once I was associated in a large task with a construction engineer who decided to illustrate his well-designed plan with a graphic chart; and, in order to call attention to the principal change he proposed, he colored that portion of his blue print with red crayon. During his explanations in the conference-room he invariably referred to that portion as "this pink stuff." "Now, this pink stuff," he would remark, "will do so and so." Finishing his exposition, he had the mortification of finding that all the executives followed his lead, and, with increasing sarcasm, called his work the "pink stuff."

At length someone asked: "What will this pink stuff cost?" "Ninety thousand dollars," the engineer replied. Then, from the chairman: "Well, gentlemen, do we want to pay ninety thousand dollars for this pink stuff?" And back came the unanimous answer: "No, sir; we do not."

I KNEW of another engineer who was called on to design a directors' room. So numerous were the directors of this corporation that it was impossible to seat them all with comfort at the usual long table. Hence the engineer planned a rising tier of seats, with a small table for the chairman at the center. This he loosely called the "House of Lords" plan; and while his idea might not have been adopted anyway, the term he applied to it certainly greased its way to the chutes. For the fact was that those directors often had been accused of acting in a high and haughty way, and they could not afford to take any chances on having it noised around that they were purloining even the architectural stuff of England's upper chamber. (Continued on page 118)



# Animals Have Queer Streaks— As Well as Folks

True stories from the Zoo

An interview with Raymond L. Ditmars, Curator of Reptiles,  
in charge of mammals, New York Zoölogical Park

*As Reported by M. K. Wisehart*

**D**URING the past twenty years I have made more than ten thousand still pictures and more than a million feet of moving pictures of all kinds of animals. At times I have been through some pretty trying ordeals, but the narrowest escape I ever had from serious injury—possibly from death—was a few years ago at the New York Zoölogical Park when my subject was a very clever chimpanzee, Suzette.

Suzette had a "queer streak," and, as things turned out, the keeper's knowledge of her peculiarity was a very fortunate thing for me. She had formerly been a prominent actor in an animal show; but, having advanced in age, she had become subject to terrible fits of temper, so that her owner was glad to part with her. Immediately after she came to us I began cultivating her acquaintance, but did not begin work with her until I thought she was disposed to be "chums" with me.

The film I wanted to get on this particular day was to show Suzette at the breakfast table doing with facility almost anything a human being would do under similar circumstances, and particularly I wanted to make a record of the nimbleness of her fingers as she folded and unfolded her newspaper, pretending to read. Before I began recording the scene, the keeper left the cage, leaving me alone.

Suddenly, when the picture was almost finished, something strange came over Suzette. Rolling up her newspaper, she used it like a club, pounding on the table. Then she threw the paper into a corner, got up, knocked over her table and hurled a chair to one side.

"Now come, Suzette," I said quietly, thinking to calm her. "This isn't the way to do. Everything's all right. You don't want to make a fuss."

But my words seemed only to enrage her more. She leaped into the air, let out a cry half between a whimper and a



Dr. Raymond L. Ditmars, authority on mammals and reptiles, is holding Mitol, an orang-utan, three years old, who showed herself to be remarkably quick at imitating. One day, having seen a keeper mopping the floor, she took the mop herself, wrung it out and mopped the floor. Then she washed her hands and dried them on a paper towel, as she had seen the keeper do. Toto, in the circle, is an expert manager. In eating an egg he breaks the shell by cracking it on his head, enjoying from one egg both "shampoo" and "eggnog." This time he was afraid another monkey was coming to share his egg. Working fast, he splashed it over his face

scream, and then began what is known as the chimpanzee dance.

Walking upon hind feet, a chimpanzee will circle with heavy, tramping, sidewise steps around the object of its wrath and, finally, leaping all of a yard in the air, will let out a piercing scream, rush upon the victim, slap him with hands powerful enough to bowl him over, and claw and bite his face, and perhaps break his bones. This, I saw, was the medicine my chum Suzette had in store for me.

Round and round she went, effectually cutting off my retreat to the door. Twice I moved in that direction, but each

time she intervened. Meanwhile, I dared not call the keeper for fear my cry would further excite Suzette. Instead, I tried to soothe her with quiet words, but again she was infuriated, and seemed to be gathering herself for the final leap.

Just then the keeper, who had heard Suzette's first outbreak, came running toward the cage. I saw that he had sized the situation up correctly, for on his way he stooped to pick up something from a pile of "properties" that were scattered about outside the cage. Then he came straight toward us, calling:

"Suzette! Suzette!"

At this cry, the chimpanzee took her eyes off me and glared at the keeper. And she saw that he was advancing with that something in his hand leveled straight at her. She hesitated, weakened, dropped down on all fours, and then retreated to a corner, where she cringed in fear.

What did the keeper have in his hand? Nothing but an old broken toy pistol about four inches long—a little cast-iron thing that at some time had cost ten cents!

When people ask me if animals have many human-like traits, I sometimes tell this incident, for it seems to me that in her fear of the toy pistol, Suzette was very human. At some time in her career a revolver had been fired off very near her.





This picture shows an event in the education of a baby chimpanzee. When small monkeys are first shown their reflections in a mirror they often dash at the glass and then quickly rush around behind it to grab the other monkey they think is there! This chimpanzee seemed to realize from the first that what she saw was only a reflection

unexpectedly. That experience had left her in mortal terror of anything resembling a firearm. You may have known people, who, either through some personal experience or through reading of accidents with firearms, have come to be so much afraid of them that they show signs of real nervousness when even a toy gun is pointed in their direction. I myself have known of people who were liable to hysteria even, if the perpetrator of a joke of this kind refused to desist.

We are all interested in seeing how much animals are like human beings, and on this subject I sometimes refer people to my wife, for she went through an experience once that really makes her an authority. She will tell that, so far as the mischief-loving streak in them is concerned, monkeys are not only human but "superhuman"—the mischief-making geniuses of the world.

A YEAR ago we had in our home a macaque and a pigtail monkey, both of which we had raised from the time they were no bigger than your hand. They had grown to be eighteen inches in height, had their canine teeth, and were getting so strong that we saw that we should soon have to graduate them from our society and into their new world, the Zoo. Though we hated to part with them, we had nevertheless set a date when they should leave us.

A week before that day came, it happened that all the members of my family and all the servants went out for the afternoon, the two monkeys having been left in their glass house in the sun-room. Toward evening, when my daughter returned home for a wrap, she was startled, as she put her hand on the handle of the front door, to hear a thump on the piano. Her first thought was that there were

Dinah, the first gorilla ever successfully exhibited in the United States, was secured by a special expedition sent out by the New York Zoological Society. The terrier and a rabbit were among her dearest pets—but she was even more fond of dolls. Her favorite pastime was seeing the sights of a big city from an automobile



burglars in the house. However, since neighbors were very near, she ventured to enter, and as she opened the door—another thump! Then—*thump! thump! thump!* And the monkeys, in ecstasy, came racing out to her in the hall, thinking apparently that she had come to join in their fun!

That afternoon the monkeys had cer-



"Here's looking at you!" says the tiger, and licks its chops. The motion of the tiger's extraordinarily long tongue was caught by Doctor Ditmars with a high-speed motion picture camera recording 160 separate "frames," or pictures, a second. The scene is enlarged from one of these. You can see in your cat a tongue capable of this same long sidewise reach. All the cats have tongues proportionately long, with "barbs" which are useful in licking meat or wiping their lips



Suzette, one of the most intelligent chimpanzees that ever lived, is posing as an amateur journalist anxiously meditating the beginning of a day's work. She lights her own cigarette; knows that a safety match must be struck on the box, while an ordinary sulphur match must be struck under the table. She can roller skate, ride a bicycle, and conduct herself at a dinner table like a well-bred person

tainly had the time of their lives. Somehow they had managed to unfasten the door of their cage, which must have been merely latched and not locked. Then they had reveled in the freedom of the house; and certainly two mischief-loving boys in the same period of time could not have wrought a greater havoc nor enjoyed themselves more. When my wife and I went home in response to our daughter's summons, we were met by an appalling sight—the last word in chaos.

In the first place, the monkeys had been possessed with the delightful idea that everything up-stairs belonged down-stairs. They had opened all the closets and bureau drawers in my wife's and my daughter's rooms. The contents—dresses, waists, stockings, underwear, and furs—had been scattered about down-stairs on chairs, tables, piano, or suspended from the chandeliers. The rooms below looked as though a rummage sale had been in progress. I never knew how many neckties I had until I began sorting them out from the rest of the goods the monkeys had put on display.

Up-stairs was in equal disarray, for they had taken vases, rugs, small smoking tables, ash trays, loose papers and books from down-stairs and scattered them about in the rooms above. On the stairs there were broken vases. The floor of the sun-room was littered with fragments of flower pots which they had joyously pushed off the shelves. They had gone into my "butterfly room," and, after smashing the glass covers on seventy-five butterfly cases, had ruined about half of my valuable collection.

In the sewing-room up-stairs the mon-





(Above) An alligator in costume, an actor in a scientific drama of "evolution." On the head is a mask of modeling clay weighing a pound and a half. Black spikes on the back are cardboard. The alligator looks like a prehistoric dinosaur, that lived fifty million years ago.

(Right) The giant tortoise is eating bananas. It is not savage, but has jaws that will rip off fingers if the hand that feeds is careless. Sometimes a keeper, with an apple on a stick four feet long, mounts the tortoise and takes a ride, guiding his mount by moving the apple to right or left.



(Above) Here is Pete, the Nile hippo that has delighted visitors to the Zoo for years. Pete eats hay, but he likes bread better and will take two or three loaves into his mouth at a time. He's a slow eater. When he is dining on a mash made of oats and vegetables, and the keepers are in a hurry to clean up his stable, they go at him with a coal shovel! Pete knows the trick! He just opens that broad mouth, and the keepers shovel in the mash, a scoopful at a time!

keys had found a basket containing numerous spools of silk and cotton thread. Discovering how these could be unwound, they had scampered all over the house trailing the thread after them. Strand after strand wound from the sewing-room, through the bedrooms, into the hall, down the stairs, and then through the dining-room, living-room, and library. The house was a maze of thread, as though, after wrecking the place, the monkeys had wanted to bind up the wounds!

But they had not stopped there! One of the most exhilarating pastimes they had discovered was jumping from the

piano, bookcases, and mantel to catch and swing on the chains from which the lights were suspended. They had performed acrobatics while clinging to the bulbs, and the connections had pulled out, so that the electric wires had short-circuited. Every fuse in the house was burned out! Also, they had gone from one room to another, jumping from points of vantage to catch and swing on the pull chains. The chains, too, had given way. From one chandelier, the pull chains attached to seven lights were all gone.

All this monkey work was done, of course, with the utmost good nature,

merely in a spirit of play. It took a week for our domestic help, electricians, glaziers, and carpenters to set our house in order; but the culprits were never scolded. They were leaving us so soon that I did not even try to teach them the error of their ways.

In my home I have raised a great many monkeys of various kinds, with the object of having them become so accustomed to me that I could make very intimate camera studies of their life and movements. The young of orang-utans, chimpanzees, and the gibbon can be brought up without (Continued on page 210)



Early each year males of the deer family shed their heavy antlers. The "horns" drop off within a few hours apart. At the left you see a "monarch" that has lost half his crown and will lose the other half very soon. A few weeks after shedding, a soft growth springs from the head—new antlers. They grow almost half an inch a day, are soft and filled with blood. By September, when fully grown, the blood shuts off and the antlers harden. The females have no antlers. At the right you see the growth of antlers in July.





# Inside Facts About Smoking and Smokers

Curious information about tobacco and the people who use it

*By John Blakeley*

Assistant Vice President, United Cigar Stores Company

**O**F ALL the smokers I know, I think the man with the most peculiar hobby is one who never smokes any but five-cent cigars and only about half of each one of these. He is fairly well-to-do, and seems to have a good deal of leisure.

On days when he doesn't have to go to his "office," he starts out quite early in the morning and makes the rounds of anywhere from six to a dozen cigar stores.

At each store he buys a five-cent cigar, lights it, and smokes on his way to the next store. At the next place he continues smoking his recent purchase until he has looked over a large assortment of cigars at his price. Then, selecting a new one, he throws the old cigar away.

The other day a salesman asked him how he had got into this habit, and the man laughingly said, "I always did like five-cent cigars, and one day I smoked one that had an aroma and a smoothness which I had never noticed in a cigar before. I smoked that cigar to the last half-inch, and ever since then I've been on the lookout for its mate. I haven't found it, but I'm not going to give up yet. I've begun to think that maybe the wonderful five-cent cigar was a higher-priced smoke that got into the box of five-cent cigars by accident. But I'm going to keep on looking until I find its mate for a nickel if I can. If I can't, I'll die smoking five-cent cigars."

The other day the wife of a well-known New York lawyer went into a cigar store at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street and asked a clerk to show her some moderate-priced pipes. "Nothing fancy," she said, "but good-looking ones; and I don't want to pay more than two or three dollars, at most four."

While looking them over the lady explained that she was taking great pains in selecting the pipe because it was for her husband. Finally, the rest having been eliminated, there remained but two from which to make her final choice, one with

a straight and the other with a curved stem.

"This straight-stemmed pipe is very nice," she said; "but I am sure it must be hard to hold onto because the bowl is so far from the mouth. I believe I'll take the curved stem. Would you mind trying it, please?"

"Do you mean you want me to smoke it?" asked the clerk. "I can assure you it will draw all right without that!"

"No, no!" said the lady, "I don't want

her husband's pipes just as some women buy their husbands' hats was the first for this particular clerk. However, the lawyer's wife has been buying his pipes regularly now for several years. Her husband smokes continually and likes a pipe on the street as well as when at home or in his office. Once his wife disliked to see him with a pipe on the street, but this was because his pipes had such large bowls. She always buys medium-sized bowls, and the pipe as a whole is a trim, substantial, good-looking article.

One man I know smokes a fine imported cigar which is priced at a pretty high figure. When he buys a new box his wife always goes along. The man himself is easily satisfied as to the color and shape of any cigars of his particular brand, but his wife is much more difficult to please. She has five or six boxes of the same brand opened, and before making her decision takes them to the light and considers them very carefully. The man, who invariably takes the cigars his wife decides upon, is never dissatisfied with his smokes. He says he wouldn't think of making a selection without her help.

The heaviest smoker I know to-day is a manufacturer of watches on a large scale. He is just past middle age, and he invariably smokes a pipe. He buys two pounds of tobacco at a time, one to be used at home and the other at his office. The two pounds last him just one week. He smokes continuously and with a long, strong draft, so that frequently in the course of a month he burns out a good heavy briar.

Only the heaviest and most constant smoker is likely to have this happen to his pipe. I know a good many men who are generally regarded as heavy smokers and who have never yet had this happen.

The use of tobacco is commoner among writers, students, and professional men than among any other classes of people. Some of them use it while at work, while others do so merely for relaxation after work.

## How This Article Came to be Written

**A** SUBSCRIBER sent us this letter:

"I'm one of those who disapprove of tobacco, and I find myself talking against the use of it whenever I get a chance. But I feel a lack of knowledge about the subject. Recently I was led into making some statements about the widespread use of tobacco which were contradicted by a friend of mine who smokes. I wish I had the real facts of the case. Why can't THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE give us some? Certainly it is a generally enough discussed subject so that everyone, whether he believes or disbelieves in tobacco using, would be interested to know them.

"How many people use tobacco? Is it true that 'thinkers' are inclined to be the heaviest users? Is the habit growing? What parts of the country consume the most tobacco? What kinds of tobacco are most used?" . . .

Here is the answer. Mr. Blakeley, assistant vice president of the United Cigar Stores Company, the biggest retail tobacco firm in the world, is an authority on the subject. He tells us all kinds of facts about the use of tobacco, and this magazine presents them as a piece of straight reporting.

THE EDITOR.

you to smoke it! Just put it in your mouth and walk up and down there behind the counter so I can see how it looks!"

When the clerk had done this, the lady was perfectly satisfied with her choice. "It's very good-looking," she said, "and I'm sure my husband will like it. I do, anyhow, and he says that is the important thing."

This experience with a lady who buys

(Continued on page 187)





"For the love of Pete?" Will's tone was simply outraged. "Are you sitting there with the first news section reading *nothing but the ads?*"



# Flivvers and Philosophies

A story of young married life

By Fannie Kilbourne

ILLUSTRATIONS BY T. K. HANNA

**B**EING married is very strange in one way, the way it makes you feel acquainted with everybody else who is married. At first, this is not so true. The first couple of months, you see married women breaking away from afternoon parties the very second refreshments are over, because their husbands like supper ready at sharp six, or being simply insulted by their husbands because they have merely forgotten to take out the cuff links before they sent their shirts to the laundry, and think with gratitude to heaven that you have married a man like Will and will never have such things to worry you.

Then little things begin to come up. The first one with me was about reading the Sunday morning paper. We get the Chicago paper on Sunday and I simply love it.

"Will you let me have the first news section, Will?" I asked the second it came.

Will passed it over, and while I was reading it he read the funny page and the sporting page and then began to fidget. At first I didn't notice so much, I was so deep in the news of the day. I told Will bits of it from time to time as he started to clear off the breakfast dishes—he always helps me with them Sunday morning.

"You can get a bridge lamp with a parchment shade for only six dollars and a quarter in Chi," I said, "and Mr. Henderson is charging ten apiece for both of those he has."

"Zat so?" Will asked politely.

"They're having a special department-store sale on georgette," I went on. "Do you suppose I'd dare take a chance on the shade and just order four yards of rose color by mail?"

"Steve Brody took a chance," said Will, flippantly.

I could see his mind wasn't on it at all. Pretty soon he said in a plaintive way:

"Don't you want to see the dramatic section as soon as you get through with the news?"

I nodded and read on.

"Does it say anything new about the strike?" he asked after another little while.

"What strike?" I asked absently. "If it takes four yards of stuff forty inches wide, I should think three and a half when it's fifty-four—"

"For the love of Pete!" Will's tone was simply outraged. "Are you sitting there with the first news section reading *nothing but the ads?*"

Well, that was the beginning of my discovering that all husbands—even Will—are something alike. For when I mentioned the matter to Dulcie, she said Roger was just the same, that nobody would think, to hear him talk, that it was his money she was trying to save; and Rose-

mary Merton said Howard was the same, too, only worse.

"It makes him simply wild," Rosemary said, "if I ask him to do a single thing or say hardly anything to him when he's reading the paper."

"So does it Roger," said Dulcie. "Anybody'd think it was an hour of silent prayer."

I suddenly recalled how, that same Sunday, after I had given Will the first news section, he had scarcely glanced up from it at my occasional comments about how funny that gingham should be fashionable for curtains, or didn't he think it would be a good idea to screen in our upstairs porch and use it for a sleeping porch this summer? And when I asked him to see if he could budge the window that had been stuck for a week he did so with an air of forced politeness.

**T**HAT, as I say, was the first matter which made me see that, in a few points, even Will was a husband. This, and a few other similar things, made me feel awfully well acquainted with Dulcie and Rosemary on account of their both being young and married; but I never dreamed that any experience would make me feel acquainted—in a deep sort of way, I mean—with people like old Mrs. Long, who quarrels so terribly with her husband. But I do; I feel well acquainted with all married women, and particularly those who don't get along well with their husbands.

I didn't use to understand; it used to just bewilder me. Mother and Father never quarrel and Will was always so sweet to me that I couldn't understand how Mr. and Mrs. Long could say such terrible things to each other. I understand now. I feel a million years older than I did eight months ago, when I was a mere bride, nineteen years old and, as I see it now, though I didn't at the time, very ignorant of life.

Mr. and Mrs. Long quarreled terribly the night of our housewarming. Dulcie got up the housewarming as a surprise on us and almost everybody brought us presents. Mrs. Westerly brought us a clock. Her husband was our minister before he died and she is about the sweetest old lady I have ever known in my life. It was a lovely little mahogany clock, and she set it on our mantel between the polychrome candlesticks that Roger and Dulcie gave us. Howard Merton started to wind it up, but Mrs. Westerly stopped him.

"The bride always starts the clock in her new home," she said. She had written on her card:

"O fortunate, O happy day

When a new household finds its place  
Among the myriad homes of earth!"

"I think I'll wait till everybody has gone, to start it," I said.

Mrs. Westerly squeezed my hand. "That's right, my dear," she said. "You and Will start your clock alone together. I hope it will keep time for you many years after I'm gone. And if it does, remember that a friend of your grandmother and Will's has put a wish on it." She laid a thin, wrinkled old hand on the clock. "May you always tick in a happy home!" she said. It takes an old person to say anything like that without anybody laughing, but from Mrs. Westerly it seemed very sweet and solemn.

We sat up a while after everybody had gone that night. We had been staying at Will's house or mine until we got our furniture, so this was our first night in our new home. We sat talking about how nice it had been of people to give us the party, and then we got to talking about Mr. and Mrs. Long, who had been the last to go and who had got into a quarrel right in front of us.

We joked about her saying, "I'm not asking you to be intelligent, Joe. I know that's too much to expect." And his, "Well, I'll admit there was one time in my life when I wasn't intelligent—when I got married."

Suddenly Will said, "I wonder if they ever liked each other the way you and I do."

"Oh, Will!" I laughed. The idea of the Longs ever having been in love seemed so ridiculous.

"I'll bet they did once," Will insisted. "Most people do when they get married."

"Then how did they ever get this way?" I demanded. "Can you imagine our saying the kind of things they do to each other?"

"No—thank God!" said Will. "And it isn't only the things they say—haven't you ever noticed the way they look at each other? As though—as though they hated each other?"

**W**ILL looked at his watch and it was after one o'clock. "Let's wind up the clock," he said. So he wound it, with his arm around me, and I set it. It was very still in the house, and the sudden sound of the little tick-rick was queer, kind of like a home coming to life, just beginning to breathe. I thought of Mrs. Westerly and her saying that she hoped it would keep time for us long after she was gone, and suddenly—I don't know why—I thought of Will dying. Of coming into that room and seeing our big chair by the table, our polychrome candlesticks on the mantel, hearing our little clock ticking, everything just as it was to-night. Would I ever have to listen to the little tick-tick-tick without Will's arm around me, knowing that I should never feel his arm around me again?

"Oh, Will!" I pressed my face into his



rough shoulder, and he held me tighter as though he were thinking the same thing, that our little clock might still be ticking some day when we wouldn't have each other.

"I'll always try to be a good husband to you, little Doll," he said suddenly in a husky voice.

I hung onto his hand tighter. "I'll always try to be a good wife to you, Will."

It was strange and solemn, it seemed much more of a pledge than the one we had made when we were married. It was like a scary prayer, standing there alone in our new home with the little clock ticking in the stillness.

The next morning everything seemed commonplace and natural enough. I looked at the little clock to see if I had time to make muffins for breakfast, and Will started off to the office by it. That very night he came home all excited. And no wonder! We were going to have a car!

Of course it was just a flivver. Father Horton had at last decided to get a bigger car, and he gave Will his old one and told him that if he wanted to trade it in, and get a brand-new flivver sedan, he would pay the difference and give it to us for a wedding present. If we wanted to! We did a one-step all over the living-room and sang so loud that Dulcie came out on her back porch and called over to know what the riot was about. We talked about it through supper.

"And I'll teach you to run it," said Will.

"Oh, of course," I said.

Just like that. We were both perfectly casual about it. Through the arch into the living-room we could hear the little wedding clock ticking away, and it sounded casual, too. There was nothing in the world to indicate that at that very moment our marriage was approaching a crisis that would make me feel acquainted with all the unhappily married women in the world.

**T**HREE weeks later the car arrived, looking all bright and shiny, and as nifty as a million dollars. We had supper early and left the dishes, so that Will could show me how to drive before it got dark. He steered out onto the pike, me sitting on the little seat in front by him. By good fortune, we passed Mrs. Curtis. It's seldom that you do pass just the right person when you want to, when you've got on your new suit or you're in a taxi, or something to your credit.

Will began explaining about the engine to me, but I was bowing and smiling to people on the sidewalk, and didn't pay much attention. It didn't make any difference, anyway. I was

out to learn to drive that car, not to hear Will lecture about its insides.

"You can't drive a car intelligently," he said, suddenly noticing that I wasn't very attentive, "unless you understand the mechanism. I've bought a little book for you to read, called 'How to Operate a Motor Car.' It's very simple."

"That book that I saw on the living-room table!" I gasped. "You didn't get that for me to read! Why, it looked like our old textbook in physics. All diagrams about cam shafts and float-feed carbureters—why, I couldn't understand that stuff if I read it from now to doomsday."

"Oh yes, you could," said Will encouragingly. "It's easy."

"Well, I'm not going to," I said firmly. "You can't tell me that all these half-witted-looking people you see driving cars know all about cam shafts and pistons and things."

"There are too many half-wits driving cars," said Will; "but you don't want to be like them. I want to get you so you understand the engine before you ever touch the steering wheel."

"Then I'll never get around to touch

the steering wheel at all," I said unhappily. "You're just spoiling driving for me, Will. It simply takes my appetite away, just as if somebody led you into a room with a wonderful dinner on the table, and said, 'Now, we aren't going to touch this dinner until we understand all about the digestive juices and how the human stomach works.' Just thinking about it would make me so sick I'd never want to eat the dinner. Please, Will, just teach me to drive. Please, Will!"

"All right," said Will in a resigned tone of voice. "But I think it's the wrong way to go about it."

**W**E WERE out on the pike by that time, and Will changed seats with me and let me take the wheel. "Well, suppose I just show you how to start and stop to-night," he said.

"All right," I agreed.

"First, you turn this key," Will said, leaning over me to reach the dashboard. "Then you fix these two levers like this and step on this. If the engine doesn't start you have to prime her with this. As soon as you hear your engine starting,



We just crept along to the nearest farmhouse, where Will "You said you'd done everything," he kept repeating...



advance your spark like this and open up a little on the gas, like this. Then keep your foot on the clutch and let off your emergency brake, like this. Then give her a little more gas and push her into low. As soon as you're well started, race your engine a few seconds, then cut down on your gas, and let her up into high."

I turned and just stared at Will with my mouth open. "You have to do all that!" I gasped incredulously, "just to get it started?"

"Sure," said Will. "You've seen me do it a million times." Well, it was the truth, I had. But he did them all so quick and I had never paid any attention. Someway, I never thought of a driver *having* to do those things. It gave me the same shock that it did the first time I found out that a pipe organist has to stretch with his feet in order to play. I had always thought he wiggled around on the bench like that to show off. Someway, in spite of having watched Will drive for years, I sort of thought you'd just have to push something forward to start and pull it back to stop.

So this was starting a motor car! And

stopping it was almost as much more. We stayed out on the pike till it got dark, going over and over it, starting and stopping, starting and stopping. When it was really dark, Will put on the headlights and said, "All right. Now you can drive her home."

**I** CERTAINLY felt pretty classy driving along Beeckner Street in our own car. I passed our house, on past Dulcie's and around the corner.

"Say, you can't cut a corner like that!" said Will in a shocked tone. "What if a car had been coming from the other way?" I hadn't thought of that! I went on clear around the block and past our house again.

"Don't you want to call it a day, and go in?" Will asked. "We've got time for a game of double canfield before we go to bed."

"All right," I said uneasily. But I went on past the house once more and around the block.

"What's the idea of looping the loop round and round and round?" Will asked plaintively.

There was no use pretending. I had

kept thinking it would come back to me, but it didn't. "I—I've forgotten how to stop!"

Will simply howled. And that wasn't the worst of it. He told everybody, said it was too good to keep, after spending the entire evening showing me how to start and stop. I believe in being a good sport about a joke on yourself, but it wasn't fair for Will to go putting on things that weren't so, like saying that we rode round and round and round all night till dawn broke and the gas at last ran out.

Well, Will finally showed me the different points about driving, till I knew them all. But that wasn't as good as it sounds. Knowing all the points, I soon found out, and doing them are two entirely different matters. I could sit on the porch and tell you how to stop on a hill and start again; but when I would be in the car all was different. I'd get rattled on a perfectly level road and push the gas the wrong way, thus leaping ahead when I'd think I was slowing down. This, everybody says, is not unusual for a beginner, but it did make me unusually irritated at Will.

Will has always been polite to me, but when he'd be teaching me to drive he changed entirely. He'd speak so quick and sharp at corners and so on that it certainly sounded cross to me, though he insisted that it wasn't. And someway there's something a little irritating about having your husband teach you anything. It sets you to wondering if he really knows as much as he seems to think he does.

**O**NE afternoon, Rosemary, who drives her father's flivver, took me out and taught me some more, and to my surprise I found that she did some things different from Will, like advancing her spark further, and so on. Will admits that Rosemary is a good driver, so it set me to thinking. That same night we went up to the Mertons' to play bridge, Will playing rottenly as usual, and I suggested that I drive coming home. I started off and Will started to say something.

"Now, don't keep telling me things, Will," I said quickly. "I'll never (Continued on page 175)"



got some water, and all the way he acted so aggrieved at me. "You can't run an engine on a pretty vase of flowers!"



# Billions in Junk!

The story of an amazing industry, as told by one of its oldest veterans, who has been buying and selling all kinds of waste materials for more than sixty years

*By Rex Stuart*

**W**HEN you mention the 'junk man' to most city people," said Patrick Hart with a chuckle, "they think you mean some tattered foreigner, with a red bandanna handkerchief tied around his neck, pushing a rickety cart with a cowbell hitched onto it. An occasional sight of him poking along the street—and the chorus of a song they used to hear in vaudeville, 'Any rags, any bones, any bottles to-day?'—is the only contact they've ever had with one of the biggest industries of the country.

"The housewife who sells her waste paper and rags to the man with a pushcart, or a horse and wagon, would probably think you were making fun of her if you told her that this same man represents an industry that does more than *one and one-half billion dollars'* worth of business a year. What's more to the point, if it wasn't for this business, the price of half the things you buy, particularly metals, would be too much for the pocketbook of the average man. That's why someone has called us waste-material dealers 'the surgeons of industry.' We save the world's wreckage and put it into use again."

Hart slid further back in his chair and stared at the muddy street through the window of his little ground-floor office. "This place doesn't look like much," he went on; "but I've stuck to it for forty-eight years, and I don't intend to give it up now. Anyway, it's been big enough for me to do a business that has run as high as *four hundred thousand dollars* a year—and that's that!"

Hart, who is sometimes called "the Junk King of the Hudson River Valley," is one of the most interesting figures in the waste-material industry of the country. More than sixty years ago he started out as a boy with a horse and wagon in New York City. Some of the scrap that he collected in those early days was melted up and went into the metal plates of the "Monitor"—the famous "cheesebox on a

raft" that saved the North's naval supremacy in the Civil War.

In 1869 he moved to Peekskill, New York, farther up the Hudson, and in 1874 he settled in Newburgh, another Hudson River village, that has since grown to a city of thirty-six thousand people. Here he has held forth ever since, in a little

manufacturing plants, shops, and offices.

On the same street with his tiny office are big storehouses in which he keeps an amazing range of materials, ready to be shipped when the markets are right. On the day I talked with him he told me that, altogether, he had between *four and five thousand tons* of stuff on hand. Further

up the hill from the river is a big yard where thousands of tons of iron and other metals are scrapped and made ready for shipments in carload lots. With oxyacetylene torches he cuts up everything from a boiler to a bridge brace. All must be packed solidly—for waste space in freight cars is an expensive luxury at present railroad rates. In addition to the oxyacetylene torch he uses big power-driven shears, which slash through fairly thin metal as a dressmaker cuts up calico.

As I talked with Hart I was amazed at the almost inconceivable range of the waste-material trade. Thousands of the by-products of industry—formerly discarded as useless—are now converted as if by magic into things that you and I buy daily. This is the biggest side of the business; but the house-to-house collection of rags, paper, old metals, and other articles that have outlived their original purpose forms a volume of no mean proportions. In the necromancy of modern reclamation there is a place for almost everything—stoves, horse-shoes, galoshes, twine, rope, anvils, tools, lead pipe, flat-irons, brass, pewter, paper, rags, bones, bottles, fats, umbrellas, plowshares, coffee-grinders, scales, wagon wheels, tin, and cardboard.

On the human side the range is just as wide. The junk man's customers run a gamut from the big manufacturers, with tons of by-products and worn-out machinery to the youngster who gathers old newspapers, bottles, and scrap metal, to get a few cents for candy and marbles, or the down-and-outer, who shuffles in with a handful of old clothing, gaping rubbers, old shoes, empty bottles, or a rusted iron

## What People Sometimes Throw Away

**"O**CCASIONALLY," says Mr. Hart, "the junk man may find in a bunch of scrap material a silver loving cup, knife, fork, or spoon. In a rare case he may come across a silver or gold watch case, worth as much as the rest of the waste put together.

"I have never been lucky enough to make any such discovery, however. Probably if any such articles are thrown away by mistake, the house-to-house collector has already removed them before he turns the stuff over to me. I did hear, a number of years ago, that in some paper we sold to a mill one of the mill men came across an old envelope containing several valuable diamonds.

"Restaurant keepers have to warn their help to be careful in shaking cloths and in dumping refuse that silver tableware doesn't get mixed up with garbage. It is said that one of the big chain eating house concerns keeps one man busy in each restaurant sorting table scraps, and that these scrap pickers recover more than enough silverware to pay their wages."

office on Front Street where, at the age of seventy-eight, he probably does at least twice as much business as any other waste-material dealer in a city of that size in America.

Since moving to Newburgh he has given up almost entirely the house-to-house collection of waste products. This material he buys from little collectors, and is thus able to concentrate on contracts with big



pipe that he has picked up in a back lot. "In the days before prohibition there used to be some queer cases," Hart remarked. "Some of the men whom the saloon had got a death grip on would do anything, say anything, or sell anything for the price of a drink."

"One dealer often tells the story of how on a hot summer forenoon, a hatless man rushed into his shop with an armful of what looked like tattered rags."

"Let me have a dime for these," he said, slamming the bundle on the floor. The dealer picked it up and found the stuff soaking wet.

"Where in the—" he started to ask, but just then the door burst open and out of the haze of the West Side water front came two women in soiled calico wrappers, yelling "Police!" and "Thieves!" as loud as ever they could. At the sight of them the man dived out through a back window.

**WHEN** he got the women quieted down, the dealer learned that the 'rags' were the week's wash of one of the poorest tenement families in the neighborhood. While the mother was giving her baby its bottle, the thief had sneaked into the kitchen and fished the clothes right out of the tub. I suppose he hoped to get the price of a glass of beer for them.

"I know of a former big business man who had slipped away down-hill through drink. After he'd squandered all his money he started in, piece by piece, to strip his home. Second-hand furniture dealers got his chairs and carpets, and pawnbrokers got the gimcracks."

"Finally he came to such a pass that he sold to the junk man his garden hose, stoves, and tools. After drinking up the few nickels that these brought, he cut away the lead pipe and plumbing fixtures and took off the gas chandelier—and sold them, too. Somebody put the landlord wise and he had the man arrested. The police found in the house just a bed, a few dishes, some corn meal, an extra pair of pants, a dozen neckties and a couple of last winter's hats belonging to his wife, who had left him rather than starve."

"The landlord had pity on the poor devil and dropped the charge. It didn't make much difference, however, for the man was arrested again a few days later. He'd chiseled away the lead pipe in the washroom of a neighborhood saloon, doubled it up under his coat and carted it off to the nearest junk man."

"Sometimes children, more through

mischievousness than meanness or bad intentions, will 'swipe' old rubbers, lead pipe, bottles, or scrap iron, and sell the stuff for junk. I never buy anything from kids under sixteen. Several years ago I got a lesson that I still laugh about."

"At that time I had two yards on opposite sides of Front Street, in which I used to keep old metal. Some of the neighborhood boys got the bright idea of sneaking in the back way of one yard, picking up some scrap and then bringing it around to the main entrance of the other yard and selling it to me over again. I stumbled onto the game when I noticed a suspiciously familiar iron rod. The boys owned up and I let them off with a little scolding."

"But it isn't only the boys you have to

on the dock until the top's dried off. It looks all right on the surface, but of course the moisture inside makes it weigh much more than it should."

"Do they ever catch you that way?" I asked.

Hart smiled. "When you've been in one business, boy and man, for sixty years, you'll learn to look out for such dodges. . . . I tell 'em that if they want to sell me wet stuff I'll pay 'em wet prices . . . and I do!"

"I've heard of a big New York company that has this wet-rope habit, too. The bosses will collect odd lots of scrap rope until they have as much as half a dozen cars. Then they'll telephone all over town to big junk dealers and get prices. After the first rainstorm they call

up the highest bidder and order him to get the rope out of the yard in a hurry. If he happens to forget that the water-soaked hemp has taken on weight, he's likely to lose money on the deal."

**I KNOW** of two young men just starting out in the junk business, who thought they could make money out of collecting 'clips.' These 'clips' are scraps of the cloth that litter the floors of garment factories. An old-timer in the game advised them to watch their step, but they just smiled at him and went ahead. Calling at a garment factory making a cheap brand of men's clothing, they were shown a neat row of barrels containing what looked to be nice clean cotton and wool 'clips.'

"There they are, if you want 'em,"

said the manager, who seemed awfully rushed. "But you'll have to talk fast and take them right away, for I'm a busy man."

"These new chaps bought the material at a rather high price, as they were anxious to make a good first impression. When they got the barrels to their store-room, they discovered that under a six- or eight-inch layer of nice clean 'clips' was a mass of waste paper, scrap iron, dirty rags, and dusty factory floor sweepings."

"On the other hand, a buyer sometimes strikes an unexpected windfall. A dealer in New York City got a call from the office of an advertising company that had handled the contracts of certain transit lines among other customers. Their business had been petering out, however, and they wanted to close up shop in a hurry."

"What'll you give for this stuff?" the manager asked, pointing to the equipment scattered around the office.

"One hundred (Continued on page 170)



DAVIS PHOTO SERVICE, NEWBURGH, N. Y.

Mr. Hart is one of the most interesting figures in the waste-material industry of America. Born in Ireland seventy-eight years ago, he was brought to New York as a baby by his parents, who died not long afterward in the cholera epidemic of 1849. Young Hart was taken into the friendly family of a junk merchant, where he got, as a mere child, his first experience in collecting waste products from house to house. At the age of fourteen Hart started out for himself. In 1874 he settled in Newburgh, New York, where he has occupied the same little office for forty-eight consecutive years. Here he has done a business in waste materials running as high as four hundred thousand dollars a year

look out for in the junk business. Older folks, and even big corporations, sometimes try shrewd tricks. Dealers near the water front in New York City tell me that sailors, when they get shore leave, often take along all sorts of tools, brass faucets, lamps, knobs, and other trappings of the ship. I have even heard that one steamer had its sailing held up for twenty-four hours because an important piece of engine-room machinery was lifted. The first thing the sailors do when they strike shore is to go to the nearest junk shop with their plunder. The dealer has to be everlastingly on the lookout for these fellows, because the police are likely to hold him partly responsible if the missing material is traced to his shop.

"I am often called on to buy batches of old rope from boats on the Hudson River. Before the boatmen offer these lots for sale, they sometimes dip them in the river and get them soaking wet. Then they leave the rope out in the blazing sun



# Human Nature as Seen

Stories of curious happenings in a great railway terminal—How  
People ask the station master for all kinds of  
bob cat or forwarding

*By W. H.*

Station Master of the

SOME few weeks ago, a well-dressed woman came to my office in the Pennsylvania Station in New York to complain to me about a porter. At eleven o'clock that morning she had come in on a train from Buffalo. A porter had carried her bag to the parcel-room where it was checked. Then she had arranged to have the porter meet her a little before two o'clock that afternoon and assist her aboard a train for Washington, D. C. And the porter—so she said—had kept her check!

Now the time for her train to leave being close at hand, she was greatly embarrassed because the porter had not met her, and she could not get possession of her bag.

"I hope you won't take offense, madam," I said, "when I say that I don't believe one of our porters could have kept your check. They have specific instructions not to accept such responsibility."

"But he did!" she said. "I assure you he did!"

"Have you looked in your hand bag?" I asked.

"Yes," she said, "and you can look, too. See here!" And she opened the bag, showing me a little compartment inside a big one. "That is where I always keep such things as tickets and checks. If I had the check it would certainly be in there."

"Have you been all through your pockets?"

"Yes, several times," she said, and promptly turned inside out the big pockets of her coat.

"How about little pockets?" I asked. "Got any little ones inside the big ones?"

"No-o-o," she hesitated. "Yes, I have—one; but I wouldn't have put the ticket in there! I never do."

"I guess maybe you did," I said, "unless that card whose whitish tip I see sticking out is something else!"

With a look of blank amazement, she pulled the check out of the little pocket. Then I called a porter, who went to get

her bag while the lady herself went straight to her train.

This woman had hardly left my office when in came a girl who was just about ready to burst into tears. She explained that she had been aboard a train that had just left for Baltimore; she had had to get

Baltimore, won't know what to make of my not being there."

My assurance that I would manage to let her husband know that she was coming on a later train helped her get control of herself, after which I gave her the benefit of my experience on lost tickets.

"It is a very common experience," I explained, "for people to get off a train because they think their tickets have been kept by the man who punches them at the gate. It happens every day; but I've never yet known an instance in which the man at the gate had kept the ticket. Usually these people have put their tickets in some pocket without thinking just what they were doing. Maybe you'll find your ticket in one of your pockets."

Quickly she went through all her visible pockets, and she seemed rather triumphant on turning to show me that she had found nothing.

"Never mind those pockets," I said, "they are the ones you always use, and you've already looked through them. Haven't you got a little pocket inside a pocket somewhere that you almost never use? Lots of people have, and that's where they seem to put things when they're excited or in a hurry."

She looked at me in astonishment. Then a smile broke over her face, and her hand wriggled inside her cape. The next thing I knew she was drawing out a ticket from the little ruffled pocket in the brown silk lining of her wrap.

The other day a man to whom I related these experiences expressed astonishment that such things should come to the attention of the station master. The fact is, as I explained to him, that hardly anything that happens to people

## Things to Remember When You Go to a Railroad Station

**R**EMEMBER, upon your arrival at a station," says Mr. Egan, "that it is a poor plan to do business with any but uniformed men. Don't ask questions of anyone else. Get the information you need about the city you have just come to *before* you leave the station, so that you will not have to consult people outside. It frequently happens that men following illegitimate pursuits linger about the vicinity of a railroad station in the hope of meeting some unsuspecting arrival, whom they may try to cheat in any one of a dozen ways.

"A similar rule applies when you plan to depart from a railroad station. Transact your business inside with the proper officials. Don't buy your tickets of anyone who accosts you outside the station. Don't entrust the money for your fare to someone who offers to buy your ticket for you. That is invariably the device of a cheat, who will pocket your cash and disappear.

"When you give your bags or bundles to a porter, be sure to take his number. Few people do this; but if you ever have a complaint to make it is the only way the matter can be traced.

"Persons who are arriving in New York and are unfamiliar with the city—elderly people, women with children, persons going abroad, and others who may need some special arrangements for their convenience—should let the station master know in advance by letter or telegram the time of their arrival. When communicating with him, give the identifying number of your car and reservation.

"Whether on a train or in a station, take great pains when you pick up a bag or suit case to be sure it is your own property, and that you are not exchanging bags by mistake. Women should take especial pains in identifying their black patent leather suit cases. Cases of this kind are more frequently exchanged than any other, because they are so nearly alike.

"Anyone who finds himself in trouble in a railway station or in need of special travel assistance should go to the station master for advice."

off because she could not locate her ticket.

"Oh, dear!" she almost wept. "I gave my ticket to the man who punches them at the gate before you board the train, but he didn't give it back to me! Now, my husband, who was to meet me in

who use the Pennsylvania Terminal is outside my jurisdiction.

My official responsibilities are summed up neatly in a little paragraph in the company's instruction book. According to this, I am responsible for certain property



# By a Station Master

\$38,000 in bills was lost in a flour sack and returned to its owner— favors, from loaning money to entertaining a samples of dress goods

*Egan*

Pennsylvania Terminal, New York

belonging to the company and for conditions about the station. Also, the five hundred train crews arriving and departing every day report to me. But in a thousand ways not mentioned in the little book, my job is dealing with human nature—saving folks trouble, getting them out of difficulties, big and little.

One bitter cold day last winter a United States senator telephoned me from Red Bank, New Jersey, to ask if I could help him out of a predicament. He had just been called West unexpectedly, and would have to start that night. He had left his big fur overcoat at home in Washington, and if this was to be of any use to him he would have to have it by nine that evening.

**IT WAS 12:30 P. M.** when I hung up the receiver after talking with the senator. Ten minutes later I had the station master at Washington on the telephone. Following our conversation, he immediately notified the senator's butler, who hustled the coat to the station so that it was put in charge of a Pullman porter on the 1:05 for New York.

Arriving in New York at 6:10 that evening, the coat was transferred to the custody of the conductor on a train which left for Red Bank at 7:30. The senator himself, having been notified, met his coat at the station there and slipped into it at exactly 8:56, whereupon he sent me a telegram, saying:

"Coat feels fine. Quick work. Thanks!"

Shortly after eight o'clock one evening a few weeks ago, the junior partner of a well-known New York law firm came to my office and breathlessly announced that the senior member of the firm was at that moment aboard a train

which had already left Washington for Chicago.

"It's very important that we should get him off that train," said the junior partner. "Is there any way to do it? He is going to Chicago to meet Mr. L—, and I have just been informed that, by some unaccountable miscalculation, Mr. L— has left Chicago to join my partner in

Washington to-morrow morning. A lot of big things depend upon their getting together with the least possible delay."

A glance at the time-table showed me that we were in luck: The train from Washington was due in Baltimore within three minutes. I gave "long distance" some idea of the emergency and asked her to work like lightning. She did, for inside of three minutes I was talking with the station master in Baltimore, who told me the train was just then pulling into the station. A minute later—four minutes from the time I put in the call—we had the lawyer himself on the wire. A word from his partner was sufficient to cause him to arrange at once to return to Washington.

**IT ISN'T** often that a station master confronts circumstances that would justify him in holding up a train to accommodate a passenger, but I have known even this to happen. One day, as I was passing through the concourse of the station, I saw a woman following a porter who was carrying two suit cases and some bundles. The woman herself was carrying more bundles and shepherding a flock of five youngsters toward the train gates. When I asked if I could be of assistance to her, she said, "I'm so afraid I'm going to miss the two-thirty for Pittsburgh, and if I do I'll go crazy with all these young ones to look after."

The hour hand on the big station clock showed that she had only a fraction of a minute in which to cover the several hundred yards to the train. So I called a porter and sent him running to tell the man at the gate to hold the train until I had managed to get a special party aboard. Taking the mother's



STONY BROOK, N. Y.

W. H. ("Big Bill") Egan has been station master of the Pennsylvania Railroad Terminal in New York for the past twenty-five years. The present terminal was built in 1910 and is one of the largest in the world. Last year it was used by 36,000,000 passengers. In the accompanying article the station master tells of his experiences in dealing with all kinds of people, and gives many hints of value to anyone who uses the railroads. "Big Bill" is one of the best known railroad employees in the country, for his job enables him in the course of a year to give assistance to many thousands of people who find themselves in all sorts of difficulties after reaching the metropolis. As you see from the picture, "Big Bill" can throw the force of a massive bulk into his varied duties. He is six feet, two inches tall, and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. The picture was taken from one of the station entrances looking across the main concourse





There was no response for a moment, then Miss Mills said, "Mrs. Howland came down-stairs after that"



"I told you so! There is a plot afoot to do me out of my inheritance, and Austin Magee is at the bottom of it!"

# Wheels Within Wheels

The story of a double mystery

*By Carolyn Wells*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY NORMAN PRICE

## This Will Lead You Straight Into the Story

RALPH HOWLAND and his wife Mary have as guests at their country house, Leonard Swift, an alert cousin of Ralph's of about thirty, and Rob Peters, who with his wife is bent on getting Howland to invest in a doubtful mine. Other persons of the story are: Austin Magee, right-hand man of Howland; Miss Mills, an accomplished young woman whose duties are both social and secretarial; Amy Lane, former nurse to the Howland daughter, Angela, who died sixteen years before in an epidemic of sleeping sickness; Conrad, the village half-wit, with a mania for releasing captured mice and birds, who says strange, puzzling things, and is thought by some to be dangerous at times.

One evening while Mary Howland is dressing for dinner a thunderstorm gives her a shock. It seems that the body of her little daughter had been taken away in a storm, and the recurrence has a confusing effect upon her mind. However, she recovers enough to get through dinner, but retires soon after. The party scatters. Peters seeks Howland in the library, hoping to finish the stock deal; but they are interrupted by Magee, to the annoyance of Howland and also of Peters, who is angered by the secretary's persistence, and leaves the room. Magee discusses some mysterious news with his employer, and Swift appears as Magee is going away. Later in the night, in the middle of another thunder squall, Miss Mills meets Mrs. Howland in the hall dressed in kimono and slippers. She says that she is looking for Leonard Swift.

The next morning Conrad, the simpleton, turns up at the kitchen door saying, "Mr. Howland is dead." He repeats and insists on the statement. Investigation shows the master of the house lying across his desk in the library, lifeless. Magee is first to be called. After sending the servants to get Swift, he quickly takes some papers from his employer's desk and locks them in his own, near by. Swift, on seeing the truth, takes charge and calls Doctor Avery, an old family physician, who has known the Howland couple for years. He can find no cause of death. His complete knowledge of Howland's condition doesn't warrant heart failure. The doctor telephones the county examiner, and then takes it upon himself to tell Mary Howland. He finds her distraught and strange. She replies to his statement of the tragic event that she knows Ralph is dead and adds, "Have you seen his will?"

DOCTOR AVERY lumbered down-stairs again.

"Mrs. Howland's mind is very much affected," he said, as he joined Swift in the living-room. "After the death of her child, it hovered in the balance, but for years she has been practically all right. This new tragedy, however, has, I fear, unhinged it, and she doesn't know what she is talking about."

"How does she seem? Is she quiet—or violent?" Swift asked.

"Perfectly quiet. Melancholy—not really alive to the situation at all. I'll watch her carefully; but she must see no one save the nurse just now."

Then Mason, the county physician, arrived. He had come from the county seat, five miles distant, and was eager to hear the details of his strange summons.

The two doctors went to the library, and Avery awaited with interest the opinion of his colleague. But Mason was as puzzled as himself, and the two men stared at each other and at the face of the dead man.

"The countenance, slightly cyanosed as it is, hints at poisoning," Mason said, "hydrocyanic, for choice. But there's positively no odor on the lips or on the body. It's not a plausible explanation. Yet there's no real symptom of heart fail-

ure. It certainly is not a stroke of any sort. I think we must report to the police."

"Oh, the publicity—the— Do you mean murder, Mason?"

"That's what it looks like to me, though I can't fathom the means. An autopsy may show the introduction of a long, fine, pointed instrument, hatpin, say, or a very slender dagger."

"But in that case, there would be—"

"Oh, I know, Avery. I only say that I cannot learn the cause of this death without an autopsy. And I prefer to report to the police first. . . . By the way, Avery, what's this?"

Mason drew the other's attention to a very small cut or scratch on the dead man's cheek.

"Can't see any importance in it. Probably cut himself while shaving."

"Not just the right place for that. And, besides, it's too fresh a scar. That cut occurred not more than a minute or two before the man died."

"At any rate, it couldn't have caused his death—if that's what you're getting at."

"It's a queer cut, like a little circle."

Doctor Avery scrutinized the wound.

"The merest scratch," he said; "might have done it with his finger nail."

"True," agreed Mason.

Chief Weldon and his detective made a somewhat dramatic entry. A crime of any sort was of such infrequent occurrence in the neighborhood that it was met with an awed excitement not wholly unpleasant.

"A murder? A dastardly murder?" Weldon inquired, in a stogy whisper.

"We don't know that," said Doctor Avery testily; "but the case must be looked into."

"Yes, yes, indeed," and Weldon rubbed his hands in anticipation of conducting the looking-into process.

AT NOON, though the autopsy had been completed, the chief of police was as far from certain of having a criminal case on his hands as he had been at first. In the living-room and in the presence of the assembled household he heard the report of the doctors. Although Mason was in charge, Avery was a physician of far wider experience, and the two had not quite come to an agreement. Both declared that there was absolutely no condition or symptom of the body incompatible with a simple, natural death; but neither was there any hint or indication as to the cause of death. The stomach contained no trace of poison, nor was there any on the lips or tongue, nor had any been introduced by injection into a vein.

Moreover, there was no stab wound, or shot. There was no bruise or abrasion of the skin, with the exception of the tiny scratch on the cheek; and that, both doctors averred, was not infected, and could not have brought death about. Indeed, they agreed that the little cut had doubtless come as the man's head dropped forward on the desk.

"But," said Doctor Mason, "I submit this opinion: I assert that when the autopsy was begun, the initial incision into the chest brought to my nostrils a sudden, fleeting whiff of the odor of prussic acid. This Doctor Avery did not notice, and he thinks I am mistaken about it."

"I do not say Doctor Mason is mistaken, I merely say I noticed no such odor," Avery remarked quietly.

"Is it essential?" asked Weldon, wonderingly.

"No," said Avery quickly; but Mason broke in with, "Pardon me, I hold that it is. If such an odor was present, it indicates poisoning. If not, we have no reason to suspect poisoning."

"Then look for some other cause," said





She stood, framed in the doorway, one hand on the knob, and looked from one to

Doctor Avery, curtly, "for I am sure that odor existed only in my learned colleague's imagination."

"Not so fast, not so fast," broke in Chief Weldon. "Negative evidence is far from conclusive. Justice demands its own, and until we can prove the death a natural one, we must look further—even if we fare worse. Will someone tell me the history of the case, if I may call it that, in a few words?"

"I will tell you," began Leonard Swift. "As my cousin's heir and successor to this property, and to most of his business affairs, it devolves on me to make the statement."

"You are his heir?" asked Weldon. "Has his will been read?"

"No; but I am familiar with its provisions, and I know I am the principal heir of Ralph Howland's estate."

"But he left a wife," said Weldon, wondering.

"She is amply provided for; but she is incapable of taking charge of the business matters and the property estates, which have been left to me. My late cousin knew that I would carry on his business interests and attend to his various enterprises, which, of course, a woman could not do. However, that's neither here nor there. You can read the will for yourself."

"Where is it?" asked the detective.

"I DON'T know," answered Swift. "It doesn't seem to be in Mr. Howland's desk, but it must be around somewhere. Maybe Magee or Mrs. Howland can throw some light on the matter."

But Detective O'Brien, who had come with the chief, was anxious to learn further

details of the events of the night before, and said so.

"Ask some questions, if you like," Weldon directed, a little relieved at the idea of assistance in his unfamiliar task.

"Who saw Mr. Howland last?" O'Brien began briskly, and his sharp eyes darted round the room.

"That's hard to say," Magee remarked. "I had an interview with Mr. Howland in his study, about eleven o'clock, and when I left him, Mr. Swift was with him."

"Yes, I had a talk with him," Swift agreed; "and I left him about midnight. He said he should sit up an hour longer, as he was not sleepy, and he had some matters to think over."

"He seemed well?" the detective asked.

"Perfectly," returned Swift; "never better. We discussed his will; in fact, he showed it to me, and when I said I hoped





another of the men. "I am Angela Howland," she announced. "Where is my mother?"

it would be many a long year before that document was called into use, he laughed and said he was sure it would."

"All right. Now, no one else present saw Mr. Howland after the hour of midnight?"

There was no response for a moment, then Miss Mills said: "Mrs. Howland came down-stairs after that."

"How do you know?"

"I heard her."

"Why should Mrs. Howland go down-stairs so late?" asked O'Brien.

"To begin with," Miss Mills vouchsafed, "Mrs. Howland is erratic, and is quite likely to wander over the house at night if she is wakeful. Also, last night there were several thunderstorms. Mrs. Howland is afraid of these, and she doubtless went down to seek her husband. I know she started to do so earlier, while

Mr. Swift was with him, but, hearing the men engaged in conversation, she came back up-stairs without going into the library."

"You saw all this?"

"YES, I stood in the upper hall, waiting to see if I could do anything for Mrs. Howland. But when she came up she only said good night, and went to her room."

"What time was this?"

"About twelve o'clock; I don't know nearer than that."

"But you heard Mrs. Howland go down again later?"

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"I can't tell you. I was wakeful myself, and was lying in bed, in the dark, so I don't know the time exactly. But I

should say it must have been at least one o'clock. Perhaps half past one."

O'Brien turned to the doctors.

"What time do you figure that Mr. Howland died?"

"About twelve or one o'clock," Doctor Mason said.

"It's impossible to tell exactly," the older doctor put in. "We medical men are not clairvoyant. We can deduce from symptoms as to the approximate time, but we cannot say positively within an hour or two."

"Well, we are sure that he was alive when Mary went down," Leonard Swift said, quickly; "if he hadn't been she would have raised an outcry."

Doctor Avery bit his lower lip—with him a sure sign of deep agitation. He alone knew that Mary Howland had said she already knew (Continued on page 110)



# Never Let Worry Worry You

That is the philosophy of "Bugs" Baer, famous newspaper paragrapher—His parents were so poor and his brothers and sisters so numerous that cheerfulness was all they could afford to have—The quaint and remarkable story of this extraordinary humorist

*By Hugh S. Fullerton*

**T**HE editor of the Washington "Times" may have been a pessimist, or he may only have been speaking with the voice of experience. He was talking to

the queer-looking, stuttering youngster who stood before him, smiling a twisted smile. The kid was a rather unimportant cog in the machinery of the newspaper, and his slim pay envelope contained only twelve dollars a week. He was a letterer and retoucher — which meant that when the artists wanted any lettering done or when the editor wanted the silver print of a photograph retouched so that it would reproduce better as a half-tone illustration, the boy was kept busy. The one thing which marked him as an individualist was that he was known as the artist who could spell—perhaps the only one in newspaper history.

The youngster had appealed to the editor for a promotion. He wanted to do cartoons and "funny" stuff, as the word funny is interpreted in the offices of newspapers. Bill McGonnigle had quit and the kid was seeking his job. No one else had applied to fill the gap.

"All right," the editor assented gloomily; "if you get one laugh in three days you'll keep the job."

Thus started the real career of Arthur Baer. Today, as "Bugs" Baer, the paragrapher, he is known as the man who extracts more chuckles, more laughs, and more grins out of the American public than any other man of the times. On occasions he also blisters the toughest of human hides with his caustic sarcasm.

Arthur Brisbane, a leader of the newspaper profession in the United States, declares that Bugs Baer is the best paragrapher in the world, and one of the really great humorists of all time.

Here is a youngster, without much school education, with a handicap of pov-

erty, with family and home conditions uninspiring, who has evolved a new type of human expression and of philosophy veneered in fantastic language, and who, according to the best newspaper judges,

vaudeville could exist without cribbing his stuff.

His "methods of working," if you may call them that, are as unique as his humor. Always he reminds me of a man sharpen-

ing a tool on an emery wheel. Bugs simply holds his head against the roughest edge of this whirling globe and allows the sparks to fly. He sharpens his wits by contact with the world, and adds the finishing touches by careful rubbing on the oilstones of literature.

Down at his office, the men who watch him enviously seem to think his work is easy, and that he devotes very little time to it. On the contrary, Baer, like all men who achieve success, works all the time. Whether in theatre, cabaret, at a beefsteak dinner, or at a hilarious party in some weird corner of New York he is working—storing up the wisdom that is not in books and the wit that flashes only in such gatherings.

He reads everything, but especially newspapers — scores of them! He reads carefully, rather slowly, and peruses with as much interest the politics of Central Europe as the latest scandal or the major league batting averages. In his rooms you are just as likely to find Freud or Nietzsche or Emerson as to discover the "Life of Jack Dempsey."

One evening, at an unfettered banquet where songs and jests and the cynical, bitter wit of Broadway ran wild, Bugs arose and made a semi-serious speech on the theory of Einstein. It was sharp, clever, bristling with delicious ridicule. Yet every sentence showed that he had read Einstein understandingly, and that he had

a clear and comprehending grasp upon his theories of relativity. He confessed later that he had "just skimmed through" Professor Einstein's works — "skimmed through" and grasped fairly the wider scope of the ideas.

## Some "Bugs" Baer Paragraphs

**I**F APARTMENTS get any smaller, the mice will think they are traps.

You send your collars to the laundry to be cleaned, and they sharpen 'em instead.

Marriage vows state that a wife shall go fifty-fifty with her husband. She does—fifty for a new hat and fifty for a dress.

The town was so tough that even the canary birds sang bass.

He wouldn't shave until Bryan became President, and now his whiskers are growing on a trellis.

Beauty used to be skin deep. Now it's only powder deep.

There isn't much difference between monkeys and folks. Monkeys take their coconuts whole, while we take ours shredded.

Under new radio-tuning laws Newark is WJZ and Pittsburgh KDKA. That naturally makes Atlanta KKK, while New York is BVD, Detroit FOB, Virginia is FFV and the bootleggers are COD.

gets ten laughs to the column where the average newspaper humorist considers it a triumph if he gets a grin.

Baer supplies Broadway with more quips and jokes than all the other jesters combined. It is hard to conceive how





ARTHUR ("BUGS") BAER AND JACKIE COOGAN

"Bugs" Baer's paragraphs, packed with rollicking, fantastic humor, are published daily in dozens of American newspapers and laughed at by millions of readers. One in a desperately poor family of fourteen children, Baer was born in Philadelphia thirty-seven years ago. His first newspaper job was that of office boy, at two dollars a week, with the Philadelphia "Public Ledger." Burning with a youthful ambition to draw, Baer finally wedged his way into the art department, where he had more or less experience in retouching photographs and doing similar work. Later he went to the art department of the Washington "Times," and it was with this newspaper that he first demonstrated his striking capacity for putting twisted humor and philosophy into paragraph form. In 1915 one of his paragraphs hit the managing editor of the New York "Evening World" so hard that he immediately hired him. Almost overnight Baer gained a national reputation as a paragrapher—a reputation that he has been adding to ever since. The photograph above shows Baer sewing a patch on trousers that almost swallow up Jackie Coogan, the boy wonder of the movie world.

His taste in literature has quite as much range as his taste in human beings. He can "do" a world's championship baseball game one day and a session of the Supreme Court the next—both equally well. Parsifal, the Follies, and an Ibsen drama are all one to him, and he can get as much out of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" as out of "Old Sleuth." It is simply because he likes life, and is interested in everything and everybody.

Almost everything is a fair target for his jests; but there are three things he never ridicules: Thoreau, the Bible, and a person who is physically or mentally afflicted.

He is a "mixer"—inconspicuous, listening, seeing, observing, and storing his brain full of ideas. He gets to his office, exchanges jests with everyone from the elevator boy to the owner, sits down at his typewriter and pounds away. It takes him an hour or so to hammer out his day's work—two hours if he stops to "kid" with the others, half an hour if he is anxious to get somewhere else. It looks easy; but to him the writing is merely the mechanical setting down of the accumulated wit and wisdom of the day. His hardest work is to decide what topic to write upon. Given a text, the rest is easy; for he can twist and distort his ideas on

the orbit of Mars to apply to the content of a clam chowder.

His brain must be a veritable storehouse. It is recorded in his office that no subject has ever been suggested on which he could not write with considerable knowledge, no matter how fantastic might be his method of expression. Also, it is recorded that he never has to look up facts on any subject. If it reaches that point he passes up the facts.

**H**OW this youngster, born in wretched poverty, and entirely lacking in what is usually called "educational advantages," could become the world's foremost creator of fantastic philosophy may be hard to understand unless one knows him and his story.

It is the story of a career as short, as queer, and as bizarre as are his paragraphs. Perhaps his humor is twisted and his philosophy is expressed backward because his life has been lived that way. As surely as the smile often hides a tear, or a tear blurs over a joke, you will find that the real humorist veneers sorrow with a laugh and forces the face of tragedy into a grin.

He has a philosophy of life—a creed short and simple. All there is to it is "Never worry!" Knowing him, however,

I think he would express it better as "Never let worry worry you."

When he works he hums the chorus of one of Frank Pixley's old songs. Probably he has forgotten the words and permits the tune to carry the idea. This chorus runs:

Never let your heart be worried or fumed or  
flurried,  
If you do you'll soon be buried!  
Care will only kill a fool,  
And when the troubles of life beset you and  
fret you,  
I'll bet you the hoodoo'll never get you,  
If you just keep cool!

"I learned never to worry when I was eight years old," says Bugs. "Had to learn it in our family quite young."

He was born in Philadelphia on January 9th, 1886, the seventh child of a family of fourteen children, a family living in extreme poverty.

"What sort of a man was your father, Bugs?" I inquired.

"Perfect type of the poor man who has fourteen children," he said, his face twisting into the queer little grin which makes him unforgettable.

"There wasn't a whole lot of education going around, and my first work of fiction should have been entitled 'Forty Reasons Why a Kid Shouldn't go to School.'"

"In spite of (Continued on page 184)



# Do the Wise Thing if You Anyway Do

To stand still is the easiest thing in the world—It is important to keep moves you will stand twice as much chance of getting ahead  
Bamberger and Felix Fuld, the two men responsible

*By Helen*

**T**RAVELING along the lane that marks the Pennsylvania Railroad's main line from New York to Philadelphia, one signboard repeated half a dozen times focused my attention.

L. Bamberger & Co., Newark, N. J.  
One of America's Great Stores

I smiled at the sheer blatancy of it. A few days later I repeated it as a good story to one of the most important men in the dry-goods world.

"Why do they put out a sign like that?" I demanded. "It's funny."

"The odd part of it is that it's true," he replied. "For thirty years that store has been forging ahead at a rate faster than any other department store in the country, in proportion to the growth of population. Near enough to New York to feel the competition of some of the biggest stores of the world, those people have built up a business in their own territory that has quadrupled in the past ten years, and that is growing now at a rapid rate. We have had two years of financial depression, yet early in 1922 they began enlarging their building, adding over one third to the size of the store."

"I don't know of any retail store in the country where the people employed get as much of a share in the operation and results of the business as at Bamberger's. Go over there and look at the place. Talk with the two men who have made it, Louis Bamberger and Felix Fuld. You'll believe that signboard yet."

I went over to Newark. One block off the main shopping center is the handsome building rising eight stories under the huge roof sign, "L. Bamberger & Co." Across the street is the original store, a six-story building, now used for stock-rooms, repair and service departments. These two buildings, with storage warehouses, cover twenty-three acres of floor space and give employment to over twenty-eight hundred "co-workers." (The term "employee" is never used at Bamberger's.) By actual count one hundred and eighteen thousand people have passed into the store in a single day. Outside and in, the store has all the characteristics of a high-class department store, with perhaps unusually courteous and painstaking salespeople, but with no marked indication of anything that would answer the question as to why this store has achieved such a signal success.

The answer to that question took me to the two men responsible for the business—Louis Bamberger, president of the

company, and Felix Fuld, its vice president. For thirty years these men have been partners.

I called on the partners, who through all these years have worked in such harmony that among their fellow workers it is accounted their outstanding characteristic.

"Do you want to talk with us separately or together?" asked Mr. Fuld.

"I think I'll try both," I answered, at which he laughed, and added:

"Then begin with Mr. Bamberger. He started in the business before I did."

"By about three days," amended Mr. Bamberger. A small, quiet man, slight of frame but giving a sure impression of balanced and controlled power, Mr. Bamberger hesitated a moment when I asked him to tell me of the store's beginning.

"MY ADVERTISING manager tells me I will spoil a good story when I tell it," he said. "For sometime unknown to me there has been a tale current that I came over here to take care of a bankrupt stock I had bought and, finding it profitable, stayed. The truth is that I had been waiting for a location in Newark for two years, and a part of that time for this very location. I had stayed out of business two years to get just what I needed to go into business. I had been in the wholesale business and I made up my mind to get into the retail end. The first thing to do was to get capital, a location, and people to work with me, the last being as essential as the two others. I was in New York, but I found myself considering Newark. I took a great deal of that two years to study Newark. It wasn't easy either, I assure you, for me to stay out of business that long. I was not idle all that time, but I did only work that was temporary. I didn't like waiting, but I had seen too many men fail because they would not wait for capital, for a location, or for that most important thing of all, business associates who could be trusted."

"So I waited. I came to Newark many times. Day after day and night after night I walked the streets, watching the people. I counted the people passing. Broad Street then as now was the main shopping district. But I could find no location on Broad Street that met my needs. Then I tried Market Street. It was not an attractive street; there were many saloons, and the dry-goods shops were mainly of the type that showed their goods on the sidewalk. But one block from Broad Street there was what was, for those times, a fine building. I thought the people could be induced to walk one

block if they could get something worth walking for. Finally, there was a vacancy but I was not quite ready financially. I had to stand by and see another man rent the store and start in the very business I had waited to start for so long.

"Disappointed? I was bitterly disappointed. But still I looked and waited."

"It was four months later that the firm went bankrupt. I had no idea that a second chance would come to me so soon. This time, however, I was ready. I had my associates, and I sent for them and we began."

"And it was here my big opportunity nearly slipped by me," said Mr. Fuld, who is as dynamic in his movements as his partner is sedate.

"Mr. Bamberger had sent for Mr. Louis M. Frank, who was a partner until he died ten years ago and who was one of the best merchandise men in the East, and he had also sent for me. He came to the house, and as I was out left a card with the maid. On it was written: 'See me at 147 Market Street, Newark.'"

"But the maid never gave me the card, and although it came on Friday it was Sunday before I found it on the table in the hall. I didn't know what was going on at 147 Market Street, Newark, or why Mr. Bamberger wanted me there. From Friday to Sunday was a long step but somebody might be over there Sunday, so I took the first train to Newark, found Mr. Bamberger in his shirt sleeves marking stock, and joined him. You can't grasp an opportunity too quickly; the seizing of it the very minute it presents itself is often the hair line between success and failure."

**T**HE new store opened with a bankrupt sale, but within a week the partners were buying new stock.

"If we had known then what we know now, we could have a store to-day that is twice the size of the present one," said Mr. Fuld. "If there is one thing we have learned in these years it is how little we know about anything. But we had to go ahead and learn as we went. It is the same now. Every morning brings a new day for learning. When we can't reason a thing out we have to go ahead and do something. To do nothing is the easiest thing in the world. Anyone can manage that. But to keep active means the overcoming of inertia, which is the main thing that holds everyone back from progress. Think of the days when they put a man in chains just because he was active enough to think up a new idea! If you



# Know What It Is—But Something!

on doing to the best of your ability; and even if you make some foolish as the man who does nothing at all—The story of Louis for the development of a great department store

*Christine Bennett*

keep on *doing* to the best of your ability you may do some foolish things, but your chance of getting ahead is twice that of the man who does nothing at all.

"To get back to the store at its beginning: One of our most exciting days was the one when we had to consider the matter of delivering goods. We had to buy a horse. Has anyone told you about Finegan?"

I assented. Finegan is a store tradition. When the time came to buy a horse, Mr. Bamberger went at it as carefully and painstakingly as he had gone at the selection of a store location.

"I examined over a dozen horses," he said, smiling. "We run nearly a hundred autos for delivery now, and the purchase of the whole lot has never given me as much concern as the buying of Finegan. But my last dollar was in the business, and so much depended on Finegan's lasting. And he did last."

**F**INEGAN drew Bamberger delivery wagons for years. Then he was pensioned in luxury in the Bamberger stables. Once a year, when the delivery wagons paraded, Finegan was carefully groomed and hitched up and proudly led the ever-growing line, his sole duty until he died a natural death.

The new store made money from the start. Those who had told Mr. Bamberger that customers would not turn the corner and go off the beaten path saw people turn the corner and walk the extra block. During one of the very early days a woman came in with a bundle of goods which she said were not what she wanted.

"Take back the goods," directed Mr. Bamberger, "and give her back her money."

The woman was amazed. She went out of the store and told her friends.

"Nothing," Mr. Bamberger assured me with great emphasis, "has helped to build the store more than this policy. It was not a new idea. I believe John Wana-

maker was the first to use it, but it was new here. I adopted it because I wanted to be fair with the customer and this seemed to me the only way to convince the customer that I intended to be fair."



These are the men who have built up in Newark, New Jersey, under the name of L. Bamberger and Company, one of the most remarkable department stores in the United States. Louis J. Bamberger (right) is president and Felix Fuld (left) vice president. Not only do the partners visit and study other stores, but once a year they send every employee—"co-worker" is the term always used by them—to some of the New York City stores to observe the methods employed, and then to make recommendations for their own store. According to Mr. Fuld, no small part of the company's accomplishment is due to the fact that the partners have never bought chairs so comfortable that they could not get out of them quickly. Mr. Bamberger was born in Baltimore sixty-eight years ago, and Mr. Fuld in Germany ten years later. They started the firm of L. Bamberger and Company over thirty years ago.

"Some people do not understand," corroborated Mr. Fuld earnestly, "and you cannot make them believe that you have to be honest in business as a protection. If you happen to be born honest, you're lucky. Some of us are. But leaving out all ethical considerations, look at the practical end. No matter what your inclination

may be, you will have to *adopt* honesty if you are going to succeed, as an individual or as a merchant. You can't be honest without losing at times, and that is what takes backbone. Almost everyone starts

out with the intention of being honest, but some slip off the track. In business you have to be honest to the point where you can forget number one when you need to, to *be* honest. Give the people a square deal and tend to your knitting. You'll be compelled to attend to it to give them a square deal. It works backward as well as forward. You'll be compelled to sell reliable goods, and you'll have to keep on the jump to get reliable goods to sell. You'll lose the idea that you know it all—if you ever had it—because no honest man can hold that idea. You'll have to be amenable to the ideas of other people; they know something, too. If you're honest, you're going to admit that knowledge. You'll have to learn from everybody all the time. If this store depended on Mr. Bamberger and me for its ideas it couldn't last. We have to learn every day from our co-workers."

**I**N NO other organization which I have investigated have I found such an ingre- sive organization for learning as that at Bamberger's. As deliberately as he studied Newark, Mr. Bamberger has studied the retail business. But the whole force studies with him. The entire management of the store is by committees of the co-workers, and study classes in merchandising are always running among all classes of co-workers, up to the buyers and executives. In addition to this, and to the regular store critics who visit other stores for the purpose of seeing what they are doing, every member of the selling force as a matter of regular duty visits the department stores in New York City two days each year at the expense of the firm. The salespeople go in twos. They are (Continued on page 121)



# INTERESTING PEOPLE

## Charles S. Clark—the "Seed Corn King"

A MORTGAGE of seventeen hundred dollars on his father's farm, and a swing around the United States for eight seasons as a professional baseball player, gave C. S. Clark, of Wakeman, Ohio, a start that has enabled him to become the "Seed Corn King of the World."

Three hundred and thirty-six farmers in northern Ohio plant a hundred and thirteen varieties of corn for him each season. Thousands of acres of the best farm land in the Buckeye State are devoted, under his direction, solely to raising seed corn, which is shipped by the carload to seedsmen all over the United States and to Canada and other foreign countries.

Forty-four years ago Clark started this business with five dollars cash, borrowed from his mother, and an acre of land rented to him by his father. To-day the gross annual turn-over of his business amounts to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and it is steadily growing. Likewise the story of Clark's struggle to win success in the face of odds is unique.

Clarke's father was a farmer. He owned fifty acres of land at Wakeman, by which he made a living for himself and family. It was difficult for him to make very much headway, for, after living expenses and the interest on the mortgage had been paid, he did not have a great deal left to apply on the principal. He needed help, and day by day, as he went about his work, he looked forward to the time when his son Charlie would finish his course at the village high school, and then be able to give all his time to helping his father. Charlie graduated at eighteen. He had ambitions of his own, and promptly made them known when his father questioned him as to his plans.

"What will you do, now that you are through school?" asked his father.

"I have been thinking of going to Cleveland to learn to be a bookkeeper. It seems to me that I could make more money in that kind of a job than I could by working on the farm."

"You will stay right here, and help me pay off the mortgage," replied his father decisively.

That was the end of the discussion, and Charlie fell in with the family plans. But he was not entirely satisfied. He wanted to earn money faster than he could possibly make it by following a plow. One

day, while he was reading a seed catalogue sent out by a Cleveland concern, he came across an article about seed corn, which he read with keen interest.

In that moment an idea was born that has shaped his life and made him independent. He would raise seed corn and sell it to seedsmen.

That would bring ready cash each fall,

which could be applied on the mortgage.

He talked the matter over with his father and mother, and they encouraged him to try it out. His father agreed to let him have the use of an acre of land, the rent to be paid out of the crop. Then his mother gave him five dollars for seed. Charlie went to Cleveland to get seed corn, and after he had made his purchases, eaten his lunch,

and paid his fare both ways, he had fifteen cents left. The fortunes of a big business were wrapped up in that bit of small change.

With the money young Clark bought fifteen postal cards, and put in the evening writing to seed dealers in various parts of the country. Two orders were received from the fifteen cards, one for \$8.40 and the other for \$6.

When he was twenty his father died, and young Clark became the sole support of his mother. He worked early and late to make a living and to pay off the mortgage.

His ability as an amateur baseball player attracted attention and he was engaged by a New Castle, Pennsylvania, manager to travel through the United States as a professional. As a member of the New Castle team his pay was \$60 a month, but he was soon making more money. For a number of years, while he was playing with the big teams, he sent his mother \$200 a month regularly.

Ball playing fitted in nicely with the seed corn business. After planting in the spring, Clark played ball all summer, and when the baseball season was over he returned to Wakeman and sold his seed corn. During his travels he looked up dealers in the towns he visited and obtained orders.

Eventually his seed corn business required so much of his time that he decided to give up ball playing.

"Be sure and mention J. M. Whiton, a general merchant; L. S. Hall, and George Cleveland, retired farmers, all of Wakeman, who helped me in the early days," said Clark in telling the story. "They loaned me money to pay for seed corn in the fall, without interest. It took me four years to pay off the mortgage on the farm, and after that I got money at a Norwalk bank on notes endorsed by my mother."

"After I had been going for a few years I sold a carload of spoiled corn to a Philadelphia concern. All the cash I had in the world was tied up in that shipment, and



Charles S. Clark is known as the "Seed Corn King." Under his direction three hundred farmers raise a hundred and thirteen varieties of seed corn every year, devoting thousands of acres of Ohio's best farm land to this purpose alone. When eighteen years old, on a capital of five dollars borrowed from his mother, Mr. Clark made his first venture in seed corn. Later, while touring the country as a professional baseball player he saw his chance to sow seeds for future business, and the harvest came in. To-day his seed corn enterprise has a turn-over of \$250,000 a year. In the circle you see Mr. Clark. Also, in oblong at extreme left in middle row as he appeared when playing shortstop with the Decatur team, champions of Illinois, in 1886



of course I lost all of it. That loss was charged up to inexperience. Hall and Cleveland helped me out, and I was soon going ahead faster than ever.

"When I was thirty years of age, and after I had been in business for twelve years, I was able to borrow ten thousand dollars at the Huron County Bank at Norwalk on my own name. It was necessary to have considerable cash in the fall to pay the farmers for the seed corn; but it all came back quickly after the corn had been shipped. From that time to the present the business has grown until I am able to handle all of it without asking the bank to lend me a dollar.

Clark does not issue a seed catalogue. He gets out a price list naming the varieties of corn he handles, including nineteen kinds that he has developed by "Bur-

banking" other varieties. This list is mailed to seedsmen, who place orders a year in advance. Clark then arranges with farmers to raise the corn from seed furnished by him. The actual growing is done in small areas completely isolated from other corn, under regulations prescribed by Clark himself. One requirement is that the corn stalks be cut off just above the ears, in order to give the corn more air and light. Clark himself raises seed corn only, on a small farm of eighty acres.

"What do you regard as the secret of your success?" I inquired.

"Stern necessity and honesty," he replied. "I was right up against a stiff proposition and I had to do something. The mortgage had to be paid. There was no choice. *It simply had to be done.* That

made me think of ways to make money, and I tried seed corn raising because it was the most promising thing in sight. Of course I hit upon something for which there was a big and growing demand. And let me make this suggestion: If you are thinking of making a venture, study market possibilities very carefully before you start. You may have a good thing, but the market may be difficult, variable, or restricted. A big element of salesmanship is in knowing *when* and *where* to sell, as well as *what* and *how* to sell. My recipe for success is simple: Work, thrift, loyalty to friends, persistence, and a product for which there is a real demand. There is no magic in those qualities. They are as old as humanity; but success cannot be achieved without them.

ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG

## She Furnishes Ready-to-Use Bags of Tea to Big Hotels

**I** WAS having luncheon at the Hotel Vanderbilt in New York with one of that hotel's executives. Tea was served in the latest way; that is, the leaves were contained within the pot in a little gauze bag, the tag of which protruded from under the pot's cover.

"All the tea served in this hotel," said the executive, "and in our other hotels, in Newport, Georgia, and Porto Rico, is supplied by the woman whose name you see on the tag. She also supplies the Ambassador, the McAlpin, and other Boomer hotels, the hotels of the Statler group, the Bellevue-Stratford and the Ritz in Philadelphia—in fact, she apparently has on her list a majority of the big hotels throughout this region."

Miss Gertrude H. Ford actually numbers among her customers over three hundred and fifty hotels and clubs, stretching all the way out to St. Louis. In telling how she built up her big business, Miss Ford said that she was twice indebted to one of her customers for a leading idea, and it was her belief that success came to her through abandoning certain false notions of life with which she started out.

"I was born and brought up," she said, "in a little town near Toronto, Canada. Conspicuously displayed in our home was the picture of a castle in England that was connected with the origin of one of the branches of our family, and apparently it was the aim of the family to live up to that castle. Certainly we children gained the idea that there was something very superior about us. However, the family's fortunes became such that not only my brothers but myself had to earn money.

"One of my brothers, who had come to the United States, always thought I made the best nut cake in the world, and he believed I could get rich supplying such cake to hotels in New York. After he had rented an apartment in this city—and that was fifteen years ago—I came down, baked my cake in the apartment and, accompanied by a colored maid who carried the bag containing my samples, went the rounds of the hotels,

my first customer being the old Fifth Avenue.

"The fact that I was not permitted to go selling without the escort of a maid shows how the family clung to its aristocratic notions. However, after three weeks of the maid, I awoke to the nonsense of the whole proceeding. It was an awakening in general. I saw that as a young girl I had no more to fear from the

social position, or business occupation.

"Dealing with the hotel stewards in my new way, I never had reason to regret it. After I had been selling my nut cakes for four years, one of these stewards said to me, 'Miss Ford, I want to go on buying from you, but I wish you would bring me something staple. As a matter of fact, I don't see how you are ever going to get ahead with your nut cakes, competing as you have to do with hotel chefs.'

"It was quite natural that the suggestion of something staple should turn my attention to tea, since my father had been in that business. The words of the steward also led me to determine that, to whatever extent I had been selling cake on the strength of my personality, I would sell tea strictly on a basis of quality and value. With that end in view, I established direct importing connections in Ceylon, China, Formosa, and other tea-growing countries, and made a thorough study of blending. A little later a steward said to me carelessly, 'Oh, yes, I'll give you an order for your tea.' 'No,' I replied, 'you will not give me an order until you have thoroughly tested my samples.' And that is the way all my present business has been built up.

"My first tea was sold in bulk. Two years later the steward at the old Hotel Manhattan in New York remarked to me, 'Why don't you bring us tea done up in little bags that we could drop right into our pots? It would save us trouble and waste in measuring out individual portions; we would not have to bother with strainers, and it ought to save *dear* on tablecloths. Then there would be no cleaning of the leaves out of the pot, and that ought to prevent a lot of breakage.'

"This was the origin of an idea that made a widespread appeal almost instantly. The generosity of the steward who casually passed it along to me was in no way lessened by the fact that he also gave it to another person, a man. It was for each of us to make out of it what we could."

To have an idea bestowed on you by a friendly customer is one thing, and to act



Alertness in accepting valuable hints from customers has been the foundation of Miss Gertrude H. Ford's business. Her first venture in money-making was selling nut cake; next she sold tea in bulk. Now she supplies more than three hundred and fifty hotels and clubs with little gauze bags of tea that are all ready to drop into the pot

hotel stewards with whom I tried to do business than from the young men who were admitted to my parents' home. I saw that they respected every woman who respected herself; that, regardless of their origin, they were in the main not only able men, but kindly, gentle men. In brief, I learned the great lesson that personal worth has nothing to do with birth,



on it with celerity, intelligence, and enterprise is something else. For a long time Miss Ford, in addition to supervising her workrooms in New York, did all her local delivering, as well as selling, in a cheap automobile. This bespeaks the energy she at all times has put into her work. As

for her principles, let this incident speak: During the World War she conceived the idea that business people should see, not how high they could boost their prices, but how low they could hold them down. Following this policy in the face of her own increasing costs, she in 1918 had a

deficit of twenty-six hundred dollars. "That," she now says, "was carrying it to an extreme. In acting for the public good you are not called on to injure yourself. Still, I would much rather have lost that money than have made any through profiteering." F. B. COPLEY

## Blind, He Runs a Print Shop and a Weekly Newspaper

TEN years ago John B. Leach, of Salamanca, New York, called himself a happy man. He had a wife and child. He had worked as a traveling printer. Sometimes jobs had been uncertain, but now he was nicely settled. Things were sitting pretty. In Salamanca he had found a printing shop for sale, and had bought it with very little cash but with a whole lot of hope. Twenty-seven years old, he was full of ambition, and the mortgage and the notes he had given in part payment for the plant seemed to be nothing to worry about.

Three months later John B. Leach stood at a case sticking type. He had had a little trouble with his eyes. Suddenly everything went black. He stood there, one hand reached out toward the case, lost. He turned to where, he knew, the sun was shining through a window. Darkness! And then he called one of the two men he employed:

"Take me home." His voice was a whisper. "The balloon's blown up. I'm blind." An oculist, summoned that afternoon, shook his head. The optic nerves had suffered paralysis. Sight was gone forever.

"The next day," Mr. Leach said, "was Thanksgiving. I sat in my new world of darkness, and I couldn't think of anything I should give God thanks for."

He weighed one hundred and forty-five pounds—when blindness struck him. Day by day he sat in a chair at home, thinking of those notes and the mortgage, wondering what was to become of his family. In six weeks his weight had dropped to ninety-eight pounds. He was the victim of depression by day and he could not sleep at night.

"And then," he said, "it came upon me that I, myself, was making it harder for my wife. 'Here,' I told myself, 'you've got to play the man. You're here and you're blind. You've got to make the best of it.'"

Next day his wife guided him to the office. She took him through the plant, and told him what she saw. He leaned in his two men and questioned them. The place was demoralized. But the mere act of trying to do something was better than moping at home. He stayed two hours at the shop.

Next day he stayed three hours. Visualizing in his mind what conditions were from what he was told, he began to give orders. He needed a secretary, someone who could give him eyes. He found one. But the shop was not making enough money to pay its two men. Adding to the pay roll seemed suicide. Mr. Leach's friends decided to buy him a cigar stand.

"You can pay us back later," they told him.

He shook his head. "No cigar stand for me. I'll do a dollar's worth of work for every dollar I get. I won't have people saying, 'Come on; let's buy some cigars from Blind John and help him out.'"

He stuck to the printing shop. By and by he was staying there eight hours a day. The balance sheet, kept by his secretary, showed that he was on dangerously thin ice. He undertook a campaign to get some printing jobs that were in the



One day, when John B. Leach, of Salamanca, N. Y., was sticking type in a print shop, which he had recently bought on mortgage and notes, he turned to an employee and said: "The balloon's blown up! I'm blind! Take me home!" He went home. Though his sight never came back, Leach did. The accompanying article tells of his struggle after the dark disaster—how he not only salvaged his printing business, but founded a weekly newspaper of which he is both editor and publisher

market. It was a case of more work, more profits, or the business would be in the hands of the sheriff. He wrote letters. They were selling letters written in the pinch of desperation. They landed the jobs.

He was gaining ground, but not fast enough to outstrip the debts that had been gathering. One day, face to face with disaster, he walked into a bank to apply for a loan. He had his balance sheet. He had a statement showing how the business had been developing since he

had brought his sightless eyes back to it. He would not ask any of his friends to endorse a note; he was afraid it might look like a play for sympathy. He went into the bank standing on his merits as a business man; he walked out with six thousand dollars of the bank's money. The bank had honored his note purely on the ground that he was a good moral risk.

That money put him on his feet for a time. But it is a hard job to struggle out from under a load of debt. Presently he was again in difficulties. This time the hole from which he had to struggle was not so deep; but he felt that the bank could not afford to come to his rescue again. His friends learned of his danger. He needed two thousand dollars. Twenty men, all of them admiring the fight he was making, came to his home one evening and made him a present of two thousand dollars.

"As a present, no," he said. "As a loan, yes." And while they sat there, he signed a note to each man for one hundred dollars. Less than six months afterward he began to pay off those notes.

Salamanca delights to tell of his encounter with the blind man with the organ. Mr. Leach was on his way to the railroad station, tapping in front of him with his cane. A thin-toned organ was sounding ahead. Suddenly the organ stopped:

"Hello, blind man," cried a voice. "What are you doing for a living?"

The two blind men, by organ note and by tap of cane, found each other.

"I'm running a printing shop," said Mr. Leach.

"Where were you last winter?" the organ grinder asked.

"Right here."

"Cold, wasn't it? I," said the man with the organ, "spent last winter at Los Angeles. The winter before that I spent in Florida. How much do you make printing?"

Mr. Leach told him.

"You fool!" cried the grinder. "Throw it away and get an organ."

"You're the fool," said Mr. Leach.

To-day the printing plant is practically free from debt. In 1919 he started the Salamanca "Enquirer," a weekly. He is practically the whole newspaper.

He gathers his own news on the street, writes his own copy, forms his own conceptions, and writes his own editorials. Last winter he bought the two-story brick building in which the plant is located.

"My advice to the blind?" He was silent a moment. "Keep away from the sympathy stuff. Be a normal man. Give the man you're dealing with a dollar's worth for a dollar, and you've got all the best of the bargain."

WILLIAM HEYLIGER



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## *When you should eat vegetable soup!*

Really good vegetable soup is a splendidly filling and hearty dish. It appeals most when you are more than usually hungry. After a good day's work, following vigorous exercise in the open air, or at the midday meal it is both nourishing and stimulating.

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Fifteen fresh garden vegetables. Big barley grains. Alphabet macaroni. Broth of choice beef. Tasty herbs and seasoning. Thirty-two different ingredients combine to make Campbell's Vegetable as wholesome and satisfying a soup as you can place on your table.

**21 kinds      12 cents a can**



My game of golf is something classy  
I wield a fearsome, wicked brassy  
And when I've laid them all a stymie  
Straight home to Campbell's Soup I hie me!



# *Campbell's* SOUPS

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



# Eva Le Gallienne—The Story of a Stubborn Girl

(Continued from page 19)

although they usually call it "determined," or "strong-willed," or something else that is pleasant-sounding.

It is characteristic of this extraordinary girl that she does not pick out pretty phrases in which to describe herself, but does it with an uncompromising honesty.

When she returned to London, she already had made up her fourteen-year-old mind that she was going to be an actress. Also, her idea was that if you *are* going to be an actress, why not begin? It seemed a good idea; but it differed by about six years from the one her mother entertained on the subject; which was that the age of twenty would be quite early enough for her daughter to go on the stage.

Perhaps this was one time when the girl *was* sulky—if she ever was. For she had to submit, and she didn't want to! But the period of enforced waiting was unexpectedly shortened by the war, which practically wiped out her mother's income and provided the young girl with a bread-and-butter argument which couldn't be disregarded.

At that time she was attending a dramatic school in London. She had been there only a few months when Lyall Sweete, a theatrical producer, happened to visit the school, saw her at work, and offered her a small part in a play he was going to put on. Forced by circumstances, her mother consented; and at sixteen Eva Le Gallienne made her first stage appearance as a little cockney in "The Laughter of Fools."

For a girl so young, and with absolutely no experience, to be given an opening without any effort on her part was a bit of uncommonly good luck. But luck is always an uncertain quantity. In this case it lost no time in turning its back. And then, having reversed itself from good to bad, it seemed determined to stay that way indefinitely.

"WHEN the play had been running a few months," Miss Le Gallienne said to me, "the Zeppelins began coming over London and dropping bombs. So the theatre closed and I was out of a job. That was the beginning of a program which lasted several years, and which consisted largely of a monotonous repetition of that same phrase: 'Out of a job.'"

"That time, however, I thought I had another one very soon after the Zeppelins robbed me of my first one. David Belasco bought the American rights of 'The Laughter of Fools,' and I came to New York to play the part I had taken in the London production. But after a few rehearsals of the piece, Mr. Belasco changed his plans, decided not to produce it—and I was left stranded.

"I had no contract with Mr. Belasco. He hadn't even seen me. He does not go to the first rehearsals of a play; and this one was dropped before it reached the point at which he would have taken personal direction of it.

"Of course I received no money for the time spent in rehearsing. The custom is for actors to rehearse four weeks, if necessary, without pay. Perhaps I ought to

have been glad that I didn't lose more time than I did. But every day counted, for I had an appallingly small amount of money on which to keep going.

"That was literally what I had to do," she said, with a rather grim smile. "I had to 'keep going'—from manager to manager, from agency to agency—an experience so discouraging, so heart-breaking, that no one can understand how hideous it is except by actually going through it.

"I said I went from manager to manager. But I almost never *saw* a manager! I saw only office boys and telephone girls.

"BUT finally, I was offered the part of a negro maid in a play called 'Mrs. Boltay's Daughter.' You can imagine how much I knew about negroes. I'd never even seen any of the American variety until I came to New York. Of course I didn't know their accent or dialect. The only thing I did know was that I *must* have a job! I would have played an Eskimo, or a Hottentot, or anything else. So I took the part.

"I took it, as I took the other parts that came later, because I simply had to have a part—any part at all! But it was the best thing that could have happened to me. What every beginner needs, more than anything else, is experience. It is the only way he can learn. And the wider the range of his experience, the more he can learn.

"I had only one objection to being a colored maid, and that was on the score of cleanliness. 'Blacking up' is a messy business. I hated it.

"But what I hated worse was the fact that I had to give it up so soon! The play lasted only ten days; and then, for the third time, I was out of a job. I received fifty dollars for the ten days, with all the rehearsals thrown in. That's less than the 'extras' receive in the moving pictures.

"Next I heard that William Harris was going to put on a play called 'Bunny,' by Austin Strong, and that they needed a girl to take the part of a little English cockney. I hurried down to their office and was engaged. My fortunes seemed to be picking up, too; for 'Bunny' lasted two weeks, which was four days longer than 'The Laughter of Fools' had done.

"For days and weeks nothing happened, until finally one manager showed a glimmer of interest by asking if I could speak an Irish brogue. I hope the Recording Angel wasn't listening when I said I could. If anyone had asked me whether I could speak Choctaw, I probably would have said I learned it at my mother's knee. For I *had* to have that part.

"I'm glad it didn't happen to be Choctaw, but an Irish brogue instead, for they actually gave me the rôle. The play was 'The Melody of Youth,' by Brandon Tynan. And I don't think my brogue was so very bad either.

"The play ran four months in New York, four months of blessed exemption from the need of haunting the managers' offices! Then it was taken off—and I was out of a job once more.

"But I was gaining experience, even if I wasn't getting much else. And the ex-

perience was beginning to count. For as a direct result of my work in that piece I got the chance to play my first good part. This was in 'Mr. Lazarus,' a play in which Henry Dixey was starred. It ran three months in Chicago, was taken to New York—and lasted there only four weeks.

"Let me see! That was the sixth time I was out of a job. But I wasn't through yet. Next, I got a part in 'Mile-a-Minute Kendall,' which Oliver Morosco put on. Up to this time, my enforced vacations had come only when the play itself was taken off. Now I had a new experience: I was fired! Yes, just plain fired. My only consolation is that Donald Gallaher, who was playing opposite me, was also fired. And he is a good actor.

"That was my seventh 'out of a job,' in about three years. It began to look as if I would go on, to seventy times seven.

"And of course I was hard up. More than half the time, since I had come to this country, I had been out of a job. One can't save money under those conditions. So I still was forced to take anything I could get. I *wouldn't* be dependent on others! That has been an obsession with me ever since I can remember.

"WHEN I was a child in Paris, it bothered me to know that my mother was working to take care of me and to give me an education. So I used to make things: practical, useful things which we needed. Then I sold them to Mother and used the money to help pay my expenses. It wasn't that I wanted money to spend for 'extras.' It was simply that I felt then, as I feel now, that I hated to be a parasite.

"People talk about 'the right to live.' It doesn't seem to me that *anyone* has a right to live, without in some way paying for that right. A person who does none of the world's work, who takes everything and gives nothing in return, is a parasite; a debtor who won't even try to pay his debts. Nothing seems to me more contemptible than that.

"I had to go on working, if I was to pay my way. So, after being fired from 'Mile-a-Minute Kendall,' I took the first thing I could get. It was what stage people call 'a bit,' a very small part in 'Lord and Lady Algy.' I had only ten lines to speak in the whole play. It was decidedly a come-down, after having had a leading rôle in 'Mr. Lazarus.'

"But it all worked out for the best. I never have regretted for one moment *any* of the things I had to do. Necessity is a stern teacher, but a good one. And she is sometimes unexpectedly generous. Necessity forced me to take that little ten-line part. But it happened that Ethel Barrymore went to see the play. She had seen me in 'Mr. Lazarus.' And when she found me doing that insignificant bit she was so sorry for me that she got the manager to release me from my contract. She gave me a very good part with her in 'The Off Chance' and later another good rôle in 'Belinda.'

"But when my second season with her came to an end, there I was, metaphorically, chanting my old refrain, 'Out of a



# VALUE

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job! And it was as imperative as ever that I should have one. I got a part in 'Lusmore,' an Irish folk-play which I loved; but the public didn't seem to share my affection, and it soon failed.

"How many 'out-of-jobs' does that make? I've lost count; but it doesn't matter. Next I was engaged for 'Tilly of Bloomsbury,' but it wasn't to be produced until eight weeks later. Meanwhile, Elsie Janis—whom I knew personally—was putting on a revue. Off the stage, she and I had often danced together. So she asked me to do a dance with her in this revue while I was waiting for 'Tilly' to begin.

"I never had danced on the stage, and didn't think I could. But it would be fun to be with her—not to mention the fact that I would be earning money! So, for four weeks, I was a French *cocotte* and danced with Elsie Janis.

"Wasn't it all a curious *mélange*?" said Miss Le Gallienne, with an amused smile. "I had been a negro maid, a cockney, an English aristocrat, an Irish peasant, several types of American girls, and now a French *cocotte*. All within the space of a few years. If I hadn't been forced to take whatever came along, I should have been vastly the loser.

"Well, next came 'Tilly of Bloomsbury.' But my appearance in that was almost as meteoric as some of my previous ones, for I had pneumonia, and that cut short my engagement.

"I was twenty years old by this time; I had been out of a job, off and on, for four years. I had taken my medicine with as good a grace as I could manage; and it had done me good in more ways than one. But now, apparently, that particular kind of treatment was over—at least for a while. I played a successful engagement in 'Not So Long Ago.' And then came almost two years in 'Liliom.'

"I don't have to haunt the managers' offices now," she said, with a rather cynical smile. "I have been asked to come to some of the very ones where I used to try vainly to gain admission. Not that I have the slightest cause for resentment!" she added quickly. "I had to *earn* my right to be given even a chance to work. The right to work, as well as the right to live, is something that must be paid for. It is nothing but a charity, if it is not earned."

"What was there," I asked, "that helped you most in achieving your own right to work?"

"OBSTINACY," she said, after thinking it over for a moment: "The stubborn determination to get what I seriously wanted. If I make up my mind to have a thing, I never give up until I get it.

"When I was fourteen years old," she went on, with a reminiscent laugh, "I wanted a copy of Sarah Bernhardt's memoirs. The book was out of print, and I couldn't find it in any of the shops. But I knew an old gentleman who owned it, and I asked him to loan it to me, explaining to him that I would copy it with my own hand.

"He laughed at me. It was a good-sized volume; and he declared that I never could, or would, copy all those thousands of words. Mother said the same thing. So did everyone who heard of my wild scheme. But I was determined to do it!

"As I couldn't afford to buy paper of

good quality I got some very cheap tablets and started in. It took me eight weeks to finish the work. I covered eight hundred pages about eight by ten inches in size. When I had finished it, I took the great pile of manuscript to the man who had loaned me the book.

"You told me I never would finish this," I said. "Well, here it is!"

"He was so impressed," she laughed, "that he told me to have it bound in any way I wanted and to send the bill to him. So all that cheap paper, covered with my childish handwriting, was bound in two large volumes. Bernhardt herself was told of my exploit and wrote me a charming letter, which was bound with the manuscript."

"WHAT became of the books?" I asked. We were sitting in the little study of Miss Le Gallienne's New York apartment. The windowed door opened onto a roof which served as a porch and I could see the partition which she had built with her own hands. English ivy, growing in the porch boxes which she had painted, covered the brick wall of the adjoining house. The tiny study was lined with bookshelves. There were rows of wonderful old volumes, their leather bindings dark and rich with age. That is the sort of thing for which this girl spends her money—now that she has some to spend.

When I asked her what had become of the Bernhardt memoirs which she had written out, she took two large books from these shelves and handed them to me. They were amazing proof of her patient persistence in getting what she wants.

She may call it obstinacy, if she likes. But it is more than mere obstinacy. That, usually, is negative. It is what makes the mule plant his feet solidly and refuse to budge. Obstinacy doesn't imply action. It is a *refusal* to act. But Miss Le Gallienne is positive; not negative. She doesn't refuse to move. She *insists* on moving. She said that if she wants a thing she never gives up until she gets it. But she doesn't sit down and wait for chance, or fortune, or luck to bring it to her. She goes after it. That kind of obstinacy is not mulishness. It is the greatest motive power in the world.

And now about her breakdown last summer. To explain that, I think, is to explain her as an actress.

The theatrical profession is divided into two clans: Those in one clan believe that the actor should really feel the emotions he is to portray; that he should *live* the part. Those in the other clan believe that it is a matter of technique; that the actor should *not* lose himself in a part; that he is an artist painting a picture; that his implements, so to speak, are tones and gestures and facial expressions; and that he is simply to use these tools with careful calculation of the effect.

An actor's temperament, or personality, seems to decide in which of these two clans he shall belong. Eva Le Gallienne is in the first one. This does not mean that she despises careful technique. But it does mean that in a rôle like that of Julie in "Liliom" she really lives the part. I have sat in her dressing-room during a performance of the play and have seen her come in after the different scenes: a somber, tense figure. Even there, she still seemed to me to be "Julie."

The play ran for ten months in New York. And eight times a week, during all those months, she lived through Julie's tragedy. The result, it must be admitted, is an argument in favor of the theory that an actor should not be swept along by the emotions he is portraying. When "Liliom" went to Chicago, Miss Le Gallienne had begun to feel the strain.

"At night," she said, "I would stagger to the theatre. After the play, I would stagger back to the hotel. Then I began fainting when I came off the stage after the fifth scene. The third time this happened, they carried me to my dressing-room; and when I came to I couldn't walk. That ended it. They put me on the train and I came back to New York. At the station here, two porters half carried me to a cab. As soon as I was able to travel I went over to England. The rest and the change put me on my feet again.

"There is one very interesting thing about achievement," she went on, "a rather frightening thing, too. When I first began to work I was supremely confident. If anyone had asked me if I would play 'Hamlet' I should have replied, 'Certainly! With pleasure!' But as you go on you realize the possibilities in your work—and you realize also your limitations. Of course that is necessary to progress. If you don't realize your imperfections, you don't know that there is *need* for you to progress. But it keeps the way from becoming an easy path.

"I think it would be a pity if this wasn't true; a pity if only the *beginnings* of success had the zest that comes with a struggle and a fight. It would be pretty dull just to sit still and have things drop into one's lap."

"TELL me how you study a part," I said. "I have done a good deal of it on the stage. But," she explained, "it was the Fifth Avenue stage! I used to get on a bus and ride for hours; not seeing anything, just thinking of the part I was to play, trying to make it a vivid reality, an actual personal experience.

"I don't even learn the lines. I try to get the *thought* in my mind. When I have done that, the words come spontaneously. I don't plan to make certain gestures, at certain points, to indicate certain emotions. I don't think about my gestures. I feel the *emotion*, and do whatever it makes me do. If you were really angry, you would show it. You wouldn't have to think *how* you could show it. If your heart was filled with a great compassion for someone, you wouldn't have to study yourself in the mirror to find out how to look with pity and tenderness at the person your very soul yearned over. You couldn't *help* showing your feeling.

"I have the greatest admiration for the supreme artists in technique. Bernhardt, for instance, was marvelous. But if I tried to do as they do I should not be an artist, I should be only artificial. One method is natural to one person, but alien to another. It seems to me a fatal mistake to copy another person's methods just because *he* has succeeded with them. People who merely imitate others remind me of flying fishes. Their flying doesn't amount to much, compared with that of the birds they imitate. I'd rather be a success as a fish, than a failure as a fish trying to be a bird."





## PERMANENT ENAMEL BAKED ON STEEL

Eight years ago, when Dodge Brothers originated the all-steel motor car body, they took advantage of the absence of wood in the framework to bake an enamel finish on the surface of the steel.

In a vast series of electric ovens, especially designed and built by Dodge Brothers' engineers for this process, three distinct coats of black enamel are successively baked on the steel at an intensely high temperature.

The result is a finish so hardy and durable that it seldom requires more than a good cleaning and polishing to restore the original brightness.

Even in sections of the Southwest where alkali in the soil is especially destructive to body finishes, Dodge Brothers enamel retains its beautiful lustre after years of wear.

### DODGE BROTHERS

*The price of the Touring Car is \$880 f. o. b. Detroit*





# Human Nature as Seen by a Station Master

(Continued from page 65)

bundles and one of her youngest in my arms, I led the way. The mother, who was easily capable of handling four to my one, kept close behind, leading two by hand and shooing two in front. We didn't delay the train more than twenty seconds, and if the other passengers on that train had seen the look of relief on the face of that woman as she and her children went through the gate, they would have been willing to wait an hour.

ON ANOTHER occasion some time ago I held up for a belated passenger a train carrying no less a personage than the President of the United States. I was crossing the concourse just after coming from the tracks on which the President's special had pulled out, when I saw a man—obviously in a bit of a hurry—who, I knew should have been aboard that train. It was the Secretary of War. It happened to be a very hot day, however, and the secretary had left the President's party to get an ice-cream soda.

"Am I going to make the President's special?" he asked hurriedly, as I approached him.

"Maybe you can," I said; "but it means hustling. The train has gone and is half way under the river by this time."

"Then how can I make it?" he asked.

"Come along!" I cried, and away I ran, followed by the Secretary of War. On getting to a telephone, I called the Manhattan Transfer—a junction just across the river in New Jersey—and ordered the President's train to be held. Then, from the nearest point, Tower A, I ordered out an engine for the Secretary of War, who boarded it and was thus transferred a few minutes later to the Presidential train, which then proceeded on its way.

A youngster of five was sent to my office by a woman who lived in Hackensack, New Jersey. I had agreed to hold the boy until his father could come and take him to the dentist. Hardly had the boy arrived when in came a wild-cat. This particular cat, a bob-cat, had been presented to Marshal Foch during his visit to the United States by the Montana delegation of the American Legion Conference in Kansas City. It had arrived in New York after a twelve-hundred-mile journey by airplane, and as the marshal was not quite ready to receive it, I was asked to extend hospitality.

The only trouble I had that afternoon in entertaining these two guests was in keeping them apart. Not that the bob-cat paid much attention to the child—it was harder to keep the child from getting too near what the bob-cat had by way of a tail! I was never so thankful to see a youngster go on his way to the dentist as I was that youngster.

The bob-cat remained with me for the better part of a week, feeding on bread and milk, and remaining tied to the radiator by the window. Sitting upon the ledge of this window he seemed fascinated by the crowds going to and fro, until finally arrangements were made to keep him at the New York Zoo pending the return of Marshal Foch to France.

The Pennsylvania is one of the largest railroad terminals in the world. It was used last year by more than 36,000,000 passengers. Not all of them—I should hope not!—have occasion to come to my office; but many of them do and for a great variety of reasons.

Some come to ask me to look up their missing relatives. Others, who have lost their pocketbooks, come to borrow enough money to get home with.

A good many women who live within a hundred-mile radius of New York write in quite frequently requesting me to send them samples of dress goods, cretonne, linoleum, and other materials. Some of the customers for whom I act as "buyer" order flowers, and others have me send them a certain brand of candy which is made in New York and is not on the market in other cities. For out-of-town patrons of the road I often arrange for hotel reservations, theatre seats, and for appointments with doctors, lawyers, or dentists. And it is nothing unusual for me or one of my assistants to go to the dock and look after the mother, wife, or fiancée of some business man in Philadelphia, Buffalo, or Chicago, who has found himself unable to meet the incoming ship from Europe.

IT'S a pleasure to be able to help people when they appreciate anything you can do for them. Like anybody else, a station master finds his joys in such incidents. But when the fellow who has let himself be irritated without reason and whose feelings are hurt into the bargain appears—then come the station master's sorrows.

The most unreasonable man I have ever had to deal with was not one who had lost his bankroll or missed a train. He had lost merely his umbrella.

A few months ago a woman with three children, who had come on from Texas to join her friends in a small town in southern New Jersey, told me with tears in her eyes that all her money was gone save a dollar and a half. She had been under the impression that the place she was going to was a part of the metropolis; but now she realized that she needed six or seven dollars more to get her to her destination.

She was not well dressed, and anyone could see that she had been a hard-working woman all her life. I provided her with the necessary transportation, feeling sure that she would reimburse me; and I was not disappointed. Six weeks later she wrote saying that she had found work in a factory packing medicine vials. Out of the first money she had earned, she was returning the sum I had advanced for her. Of course I felt like sending it back to her; but before I got a chance to do that another woman presented a somewhat similar case of distress, and I advanced the money to her.

I find that well-to-do people who, in an emergency, borrow small sums from me or some station attendant, are much more likely to forget to pay back their debts than poor people. A month ago, a girl who was dressed in very expensive furs and silks told a station attendant that she

had lost her pocketbook, and asked the loan of a dollar to get her to Long Beach. She took the attendant's name and address, promising to return the dollar as soon as she got home; but the attendant hasn't heard from her yet, and I doubt if he ever will. This girl doesn't mean to be dishonest, but is simply thoughtless. She has no idea that by failing to return the small sum of a dollar she may be depriving someone else of a similar accommodation in time of need.

I must tell you of another instance in which one of my men advanced money to a "penniless" passenger; but in this case he got it back, and quickly, too. An old man leaning on a heavy homemade walking stick went up to this attendant and said:

"I've walked all the way from the upper part of New York State on my way to Sag Harbor, Long Island. It was twenty years ago I left Sag Harbor after a quarrel with my son. I'm going back now to see him once more before I die; but I don't feel as though I could walk the rest of the way."

The old man, a veritable picture of Father Time, looked as though he had been traveling the highways for ages, and the attendant's heart was touched. He bought the man a ticket for Sag Harbor at a cost of two dollars and eighty-five cents. Then he took the man to the station restaurant and filled his pockets with sandwiches.

As the sandwiches were being stuffed into the old man's pockets, a wallet slipped from one of them and fell to the floor with a flop. Quick as a flash the attendant reached down and grabbed it. On opening it, he discovered a lot of dirty one-hundred-dollar bills. Right there before the old man he counted them, eighty in all—eight thousand dollars! And, in spite of the man's protest, he made him break one of the bills and return the price of the railroad ticket and sandwiches—a perfectly proper proceeding, to my way of thinking.

I DON'T feel that I am called upon to admit that the most incredible incident that ever occurred in the station was a woman's kissing me on the cheek. This actually happened not so very long ago.

That day I was passing a gate through which had just come the last passengers from a train from the West. Seeing that someone had dropped an old flour sack, which was apparently stuffed with clothing, I picked it up and looked around for the owner. Some distance away I saw a very excited group of people, and later learned that they were Poles on their way from Montana to their native land. They were gesticulating and looking about wildly. As I went toward them a woman held out her hands toward the flour sack. When I held up the sack, she let out a cry and grasped it in her arms. Then she passed the sack to one of the men in the party, and threw her arms around my neck and kissed me! Why the big demonstration? It was simply gratitude. The flour sack contained the party's joint wealth—\$38,000 in good United States bills!





# Men Quit

*their shaving creams for this—  
Millions of them—the world over*

Gentlemen:

Do you realize what has happened in the world of shaving creams?

Three years ago every man who shaved had his own favorite soap.

Then Palmolive Shaving Cream was perfected, and we offered a ten-shave test.

Millions accepted it. Tens of thousands took the pains to write us thanks for making it.

And now Palmolive, we figure, is saving men some ten years every morning.

## *Took a lifetime*

But Palmolive Shaving Cream was no sudden creation. We who made it have spent our lifetimes in soap study.

For 60 years this laboratory has been per-

fecting soap. One of its creations—Palmolive—is the leading toilet soap of the world.

We asked 1,000 men what they most wanted in a shaving cream. They agreed on five requirements, and we set out to meet them.

## *130 attempts*

Despite our skill, we made up and tested 130 formulas before we met men's ideals.

Some said these things were impossible, but we kept on. And in 18 months we had the shaving cream we offer you today.

Now we ask a ten-day test from every man who shaves. This shaving cream will amaze you. It will change your whole conception of what shaving cream can do.

You owe to yourself, and owe to us, this delightful test. Make it now.

- |   |   |   |  |  |
|---|---|---|--|--|
| <b>1</b> Multiplies itself in lather 150 times. | <b>2</b> Softens the beard in one minute. | <b>3</b> Maintains its creamy fullness for ten minutes on the face. | <b>4</b> Strong bubbles, to support the hairs for cutting. | <b>5</b> Fine after effects, due to palm and olive oils. |
|---|---|---|--|--|

Ten Shaves  
**FREE**  
See Coupon

*Do us the kindness  
to try it*



**PALMOLIVE  
SHAVING CREAM**

**10 SHAVES FREE**

Simply insert your name and address  
and mail to

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY  
Dept. B-418 Milwaukee, U. S. A.



The biggest sum ever lost in the Pennsylvania Station was about \$60,000. The wife of a business man passed through on her way to a train for Baltimore, where she was going to visit friends. She carried a bag with gold trimmings, in size about twelve inches by six. In the bag, she had twenty \$1,000 bills and five or six \$100 bills. In addition, the bag contained her jewel case with jewels valued at \$40,000. She dropped the bag in the lobby, and without being aware of her loss went on through the gate to her train.

By the time she had discovered the loss of her bag, the gate was closed behind her. She came back and found it fastened. Just then she saw an attendant, who had picked up her bag and was bringing it to my office. With a cry, she shook the gate, but it could not be opened quickly enough for her. She climbed right up and over the ten feet of fence and ran to the attendant, crying, "That bag is mine—mine!" And when the attendant said, "You can have it, madam, by identifying the contents," she broke down and cried.

**SINCE** the time of President Cleveland I have been in charge of the station arrangements for the arrival of all our Presidents on occasions when they have been coming from or going to Washington. Usually, when the President is coming to New York I am notified in advance by the White House. When his train comes in, it is my duty to be on hand with the Secret Service men.

The President's private car is always shifted to the track which brings him nearest the elevator that connects with the main level. From this level he walks to the automobile entrance on Thirty-first Street, properly guarded, of course, by the police, for there is usually a big crowd on hand to greet him.

The biggest crowd I have ever seen in the station was when President Wilson took a train for Washington after his return from the Peace Conference at Paris. The station was jammed and the streets outside were packed with more than twenty-five thousand persons. Next to this the biggest crowd that has assembled in recent years was the multitude that greeted De Valera on his return from Washington. Of all the famous men I have met in the course of my duties, Theodore Roosevelt, more than any other, relished finding himself in the midst of an enthusiastic throng.

I used to think that no man whose photographs had been carried in the newspapers as often as those of Theodore Roosevelt could fail to be recognized wherever he went, but some years ago I had a complete demonstration that this idea was not well founded. You might call the story I am going to tell you now "Twenty-five minutes in the life of Theodore Roosevelt, Commuter," for on this occasion he was neither ex-President, "Colonel," nor world-famous American, but just an ordinary traveler who had got to the station a little ahead of train time.

One day back in 1912, when Colonel Roosevelt was in the public eye as the founder of a new party and when enormous crowds were greeting him at each of his publicly announced appearances, he left his office in New York and came to the station to take a train for Oyster Bay. As he passed between the huge columns at

the entrance, he saw a group of men and women gazing intently upon two monumental tablets at the left and right. He stopped, joined them, read the inscriptions—and passed on—his personality unnoticed.

Then he entered the long arcade, flanked on both sides by shops, and, after covering twenty yards, stopped again, his attention having been arrested by a display of grapes, oranges, and apples. He went into the shop and quickly made a purchase of what struck his fancy. To my astonishment, when the salesman was later asked if he knew on whom he had waited, he said he did not.

Down the arcade a little way, the colonel halted again in front of a bookshop, looking at the display of the latest fiction, history, and nature books. A boy of ten pushed in between the colonel and the window, jostling the colonel violently. But the colonel never took his eyes off the books.

When he had passed all the shops, it seemed that the colonel would hurry for his train, but, instead, he acted like the usual commuter with a little extra time on his hands. At the head of the main stairway leading to the concourse, he paused, studying the multitude below. Then he compared the time of his watch with that of the fifteen-foot railroad clock, and turned his eyes to the left, where he studied the big bronze statue of Alexander Johnston Cassatt, the late president of the Pennsylvania and once an intimate friend of the colonel's.

Presently, he went down the twenty-odd steps to the waiting-room level, but made only a few strides before he discovered that the lace of his shoe had become unfastened. Passengers were scurrying in every direction, but not one of them sent a glance toward the ex-President fastening his lace.

On reaching the concourse, the colonel started full speed for his train, for it was due to leave in a few minutes. But he changed his course again, and went to a news-stand, where he bought an evening paper and two magazines. A few steps away from the news-stand a little girl of five or six was looking longingly at the counter piled high with sweets. The colonel bought a ten-cent cake of chocolate, put it in her hand, and moved hastily toward his train.

And now he stopped again and went back to the news-stand! Like all the rest of us when we are traveling, with our minds on everything but our parcels, he had forgotten his fruit, papers, and magazines! Having recovered these, he turned and started for his train on the run. With the fruit in one hand and his literature in the other, he sprinted some two hundred yards, and crossed the finish line none too soon. He was next to the last man through the gate before it was slammed shut!

**FROM** my experience I may be able to give some suggestions that will be of use to travelers who want to save themselves trouble and inconvenience. And what I say here applies to conditions in the big railway station in any part of the country.

Remember, upon your arrival at a station, that it is a poor plan to do business with any but uniformed men. Don't ask questions of anyone else. Get the information you need about the city you have

just come to *before* you leave the station, so that you will not have to consult people outside. It frequently happens that men following illegitimate pursuits linger about the vicinity of a railroad station in the hope of meeting some unsuspecting arrival, whom they may try to cheat in any one of a dozen ways.

A similar rule applies when you plan to depart from a railroad station. Transact your business inside with the proper officials. Don't buy your tickets of anyone who accosts you outside the station. Don't entrust the money for your fare to someone who offers to buy your ticket for you. That is invariably the device of a cheat, who will pocket your cash and disappear.

There are two hundred and thirty-five regular porters employed at the Pennsylvania Station. These men are paid by the railroad company. They are not allowed to set any definite price for assisting a passenger with his luggage, but they are allowed to take whatever the passenger offers, or nothing.

When you give your bag or bundles to a porter, be sure to take his number. Few people do this, but if you have any complaint to make it is often the only way the matter can be traced.

Persons who are arriving in New York and are unfamiliar with the city—elderly people, women with children, persons going abroad—these and others who may need some special arrangements for their convenience and safety, should let the station master know by letter or telegram of the time of their arrival. Arrangements will be made, whenever desired, to transfer passengers who arrive by the Pennsylvania to any other station for the continuance of their journey.

Remember when you notify the station master of the time of your arrival that the attendant he sends to help you will not know you by sight. Give the identifying number of your car and reservation.

**PEOPLE** who find it necessary to send children to or from New York without adult companions ought to make arrangements in advance by a letter to the station master. Not infrequently, we are asked to send a child clear across the continent in the custody of railroad employees. We can arrange to see to it that the juvenile passenger changes cars at the proper points under the supervision of station masters en route. Recently, I arranged to send a boy of nine years all the way to San Francisco. Before he left, his parents gave him a diet list, as their real concern for his welfare was lest he eat too much. Under the supervision of our dining-car chiefs, he was kept strictly to his stipulated diet, and crossed the whole continent without one stomachache.

One thing I would like to impress upon everyone: Whether on a train or in a station, take great pains, when you pick up a bag or suit case, to be sure that it is your own property, and that you are not exchanging bags with someone by mistake. Women should take especial pains in identifying their black patent leather suit cases. Cases of this kind are more frequently exchanged than any other, because they are so nearly alike.

Finally, I would suggest that anyone who finds himself in trouble in a railway station, or in need of special travel assistance, ought to consult the station master.





Mother—"Dear me, I wonder if it will be raining at the lake today?"  
 Father—"Never mind, dear, we can put up the windows in a jiffy."  
 Frank—"Yes, and we are sure to get through with a Jewett."

## This Year-Round Jewett Pleases All the Family

*Comfort That Defies Weather—Performance To Be Proud Of*

**J**EWETT Sedan is breezy and cool on hot days. All side windows lower, as illustrated. You enjoy all the "openness" of a touring car. In the dusty stretch or sudden storm, raise the windows and you are just as snug and clean as at home. Lock the doors and luggage is safe.

When Jack Frost comes, this Jewett Sedan is doubly prized by all the family. With windows closed tight—they do close tight—you are comfortable on the bitterest days. You will go out oftener, keep in closer touch with your friends, really *use* your car.

But Jewett Sedan gives more than weather comfort. With the longest springs of any car its size—and costly, deep seat cushions—it defies rough roads. Its rugged construction—Jewett is 200 pounds heavier than comparable cars—gives big car riding ease. It is finished, fitted and built to please and endure. Slam the doors. The sound bespeaks substantial worth.

Jewett Sedan is known as "the closed car with open car performance," due to the spirit of its 50-horsepower motor. Pass any car on any hill. Jewett Touring cars accelerate from 5 to 25 miles an hour in 7 seconds. The Sedan does nearly the same. Drive it from 2 to 60 miles an hour on high. You rarely change gears. When you do, it means a bare 3-inch movement of the lever. Do it fast or slowly—there's never a "miss" nor a "clash." Women prize the Jewett for its easy handling.

Jewett's mechanism in every particular, stays good. Jewett is the only Sedan around \$1500 made by a builder of high-grade cars. Paige-Timken axles front and rear. Paige-type clutch and transmission. Paige-built motor. Sturdy 6-inch frame. It is a car to be proud of—an economical car for long, hard, satisfactory service. Arrange with the near-by Jewett dealer for a family demonstration in this year-round Jewett Sedan.

**JEWETT SIX**  
**PAIGE BUILT**



Every ScotTissue contains millions of soft Thirsty Fibres, which absorb four times their weight in water. They make ScotTissues the quickest-drying, most satisfactory towels made.



Don't confuse ScotTissue Towels with harsh non-absorbent paper towels. Remember, it isn't Thirsty Fibre unless it bears the name ScotTissue.

## Instantly - Thoroughly - Safely

Each fresh, soft white ScotTissue Towel you reach for, contains millions of thirsty fibres that jump at your touch—that suck up all trace of clinging moisture from your hands—and leave a feeling of refreshing cleanliness.

It's so surprisingly easy and economical to enjoy this clean, wholesome ScotTissue Towel Service in your office. It's such a comfort to know that there is a fresh, dry, never-before-used towel waiting every time you need a towel.

Begin today using ScotTissue Towels. Buy a carton of 150 towels. They're only 40 cents (50 cents in Canada) and even less by the case of 3750 towels. Your stationer, druggist or department store can supply you. Or, we will send (prepaid) the towels or \$5 outfit, upon receipt of price. Try the Handy Pack of 25 towels, 10 cents.

Scott Paper Company, Chester, Pa.

New York Philadelphia Chicago San Francisco

### Own your own Towel Outfit

Plate-glass mirror  
Nickel-plated towel-rack  
150 ScotTissue Towels  
All for \$5  
(\$6.50 in Canada)  
See it at your dealer's

# Scot Tissue Towels

© 1933,  
S. P. Co.

for "Clean Hands in Business"

## My Hobby—And Why I Recommend It

### FIRST PRIZE

#### "A Natural Craze for Earning"

I MOUNTED my hobby at the age of ten years, just because I had a natural craze for "earning." I wanted to earn everything I got. Spring evenings after school, I gathered green fallen apples from the ground for my brother to feed to his pigs. By picking a few off the tree when no one was looking I managed to fill a sack once a week, then I had earned a nickel; sometimes my brother paid me, more often he didn't, which seemed to increase my craze; but the nickels I did get I clung to most desperately.

I lost myself in "free" advertisements which required only a few hours' work of an industrious youngster's time to win small but very worth-while prizes. I earned a beautiful blue willow set of dishes for my mother's Christmas and things for myself.

Another time a medicine show came to our town, and as an advertisement several children were asked to enter a wood-sawing contest. There I earned a dollar, which started my bank account.

Then I got a real job in an office, where I was paid sixty-six cents for a thirteen-hour shift on Sundays. About that time a newspaper campaign started, and to the contestant securing the most subscriptions a fine car was to be awarded. On week days, when my office hours were shorter, I worked noons and evenings in the contest, and after three months' time I overwhelmingly won the car, which was my greatest victory up to that time in the way of earning.

I now have an executive position, where I earn all the things I need. I attribute my success to-day to the ability I had, and still have, for earning, and there are few who are more successful. I still have various side issues that I handle in my own way and keep my hobby horse galloping. My family think it great, and I sometimes surprise them by earning some gift for them. I would certainly recommend it to any boy or girl, man or woman, for it is the greatest developer of perseverance, will power, and conservatism; it is the person who earns that does the most toward making this old world go ahead.

M. E. R.

### SECOND PRIZE

#### Recording Trips by the Camera

I WILL write about one of my husband's hobbies; he has several, and all of them interesting. This particular one is taking pictures.

Before we were married he hunted with a shotgun for ducks, geese, and quail. He still hunts, but has changed his weapon:



# Pleasure Island

## Romance in Chocolates

Plunder from the Spanish Main! Modern treasure ships bring back from those tropic isles sugar, spices, vanilla, chocolate, nuts and fruits. The charm of far-off, forgotten shores and storied seas is expressed in this pirate's chest of delectable sweets. The very fragrance of the opened box prepares one for the feast in store.

Delving into the treasures is a delight to any candy lover. Beneath the top trays of unusual chocolates are money bags filled with gold and silver wrapped pieces, the finest coinage of the candy maker's art.

And then as you settle back to revel in these luxuries, here are the Whitman's masterpieces you will find:

Majestic, Mincy Mallow, Plum Pudding, Temptation, Messenger, Mellowmint, Fancies, Milk Coconut Cream, Cocoanette, Pecan Marshmallow, Double Walnut, Jordan Almond, Filbert Clusters, Liquid Raisin, Liquid Pineapple, Liquid Cherry, Amaracene, Milk Chocolate Blossoms, Peanut Carmel, Marshmallow Block, Dollar Mints, Honey White Nougat, Brazil Nut and Fudge-Marshmallow.

Truly a treasure-trove is this picturesque package, so reminiscent of the brave tale of Robert Louis Stevenson!

"Pleasure Island" is sold by those good stores selected as agents for Whitman's. There is one in your neighborhood.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc., Philadelphia, U. S. A.

*Also makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip*







## Rugs "like new" after 14 years

"Come over and see my rugs!" That is the invitation which Mrs. C. B. Squires of 1010 Wethersfield Avenue, Hartford, Conn., extends to any misinformed friend who tells her a Hoover takes off the nap.

"After fourteen years of regular Hoover cleaning, my rugs are in wonderful condition and look as good as new. You would hardly believe they are fifteen years old. The Hoover has at least doubled their life.

"I never have to have my rugs beaten or taken out to be cleaned, as do friends of mine who own other cleaners. There is no comparison—a Hoover cleans clean."

Over a million satisfied users have made The Hoover the world's largest selling electric cleaner.

On divided monthly payments, a Hoover is soon paid for. Have an immediate demonstration on your rugs—no obligation. Write for names of Authorized Dealers.

**THE HOOVER COMPANY, NORTH CANTON, OHIO**  
*The oldest and largest makers of electric cleaners*  
 The Hoover is also made in Canada, at Hamilton, Ontario

# The HOOVER

*It BEATS... as it Sweeps as it Cleans*

he now takes a camera, and I often go with him. We used to take pictures of nearly everything and have the films developed and printed; but this began to be rather expensive, especially when we passed pictures around to our friends. Then we just couldn't take enough pictures of our first baby, and later of three more children. We have books of most interesting stories without words about them.

When my husband realized what he was missing by having the plates developed, he did this himself, and also the printing.

Now when we come home from a trip he gets right to work, and when we hear "Gee, but I've got a dandy!" we all rush out to see; and we are just as much interested when he prints the pictures to watch the paper put into the chemicals, to see the picture just popping up to us.

In winter, when the evenings are long, we take out our photographs and enjoy our summer trips all over again.

There are stories connected with a great many of my husband's pictures. One most interesting to me is when President Roosevelt came down the Mississippi River with his fleet of steamboats; of this he secured some excellent pictures. I think I can safely say that we have the largest collection of amateur photographs in our city—an illustrated story of our outings for the past twenty-five years. MRS. S. S.

### THIRD PRIZE

#### Thinking Pleasant Thoughts Always

AS THE mother of three children, all under four years old, with little outside diversion, I simply had to create a hobby which would bring happiness to me and to those around me—the hobby of thinking pleasant thoughts.

I recommend it because it will banish envy and discontent; it is a hobby that all can "ride;" it doesn't take up any of our precious time, and it costs nothing.

Before marriage, my brain was fully occupied with my work. I had no time to think about the latest scandal or my neighbor's new machine.

Since marriage and the arrival of the children, I have found that the petty cares of the day soon magnify when you let your mind dwell on them.

Housework, when systematized, doesn't require much brainwork. Neither does the care of children fill the thoughts of one's waking hours.

When my mind begins to wander to Aunt Sarah, who unknowingly slighted me the other day, I hastily recall a good story, and concentrate on that until all evil thoughts of Aunt Sarah disappear.

When the children have been up to all sorts of pranks, and a young woman friend happens in all dressed for the matinee and I wish for an instant that I were in her place, I dream of the fine men my boys are going to be, and am thankful that to me falls the honor of contributing to my country honorable citizens.

I'll wager that if every woman tried this simple help toward happiness our divorce courts would be less crowded and more children would know the joys of a happy home. MRS. M. H. E.



*The Good*  
**MAXWELL**



The human tendency to push a success along to greater proportions, cannot wholly account for the tremendous upward strides the good Maxwell is registering.

Underlying all that the good Maxwell has accomplished in the public view, is an enduring foundation of other things done by way of stabilizing its splendid success.

A solid, financial structure has been built. Good executive management has brought costs under close control.

A strong, substantial, distributing and servicing organization has been built.

Finally, manufacturing has been put on the sound basis of low-cost, high-quality production on a large scale.

The public was told little or nothing of these things.

But it was quick to recognize in the good Maxwell, value expressed in such terms of beauty and quality as it has never seen before; and to award to it, almost over-night, one of the few really great successes in American motor car annals.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels, demountable at rim and at hub; drum type lamps; pressure chassis lubrication; motor-driven electric horn; unusually long springs; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added: Touring Car, \$885; Roadster, \$885; Sport Touring, \$1025; Sport Roadster, \$975; Club Coupe, \$985; Four-Passenger Coupe, \$1235; Sedan, \$1335

**MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN**  
 MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO







## Nights in June

### Puffed Wheat in milk

Whole wheat and whole milk—two premier foods—made tempting and made easy to digest.

What other night dish can compare?

The wheat grains are puffed by Prof. Anderson's process. Over 125 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel. The food cells are thus broken, so the whole-wheat elements feed.

The grains are puffed to globules, flimsy, flavory, crisp—eight times normal size. So the whole grains are made tempting—airy food confections.

#### Ideal summer breakfasts

The finest breakfast dainty you can serve in summer is Puffed

Rice. These are rice grains puffed by steam explosions. And the fearful heat gives them a nut-like taste. Think what a dish this is—grains as flimsy as snowflakes, as flavory as nuts. Yet a scientific food.

#### More whole grains—more milk

Serving Puffed Grains means more whole grains and more milk—two foods that children need.

Whole wheat supplies, among other things, 12 needed minerals. Millions of children suffer for the lack of some. It also supplies bran.

Serve Puffed Grains all day long, in every way you can. Children will always welcome them, and they'll be better fed.

# Puffed Rice Puffed Wheat

## How Your Handwriting Betrays You

(Continued from page 28)

together with specimens of Grant's handwriting and of papers known to have been written by Olaf Wick, the missing Swede.

"Comparison of these specimens showed that Grant had written the relinquishment himself and had forged the checks. He had tried to disguise his writing and to imitate the Swede's. But his hand involuntarily did certain little things of which he was not even conscious, things which Wick's hand never had done.

"Naturally, the presumption was that he had killed Wick; otherwise he would not have dared to take everything that had belonged to the Swede. But as no trace was found of the missing man there was no *corpus delicti*, and Grant therefore could not be tried for murder. He was found guilty of forgery, however, and is serving his term in a Federal prison.

"Here is a case which is unique in my experience," said Mr. Wood, taking out another collection of photographs. "Some years ago a young man and a married woman disappeared simultaneously from a Western city. It was found that they had spent several days at a seaside cottage. It was known that they had gone out together in a small boat; and the theory was that they had been carried out to sea by the tide.

"Several days after the story became public, a little girl was reported to have found a note in a wooden box on the beach. It was written in pencil and signed by the missing woman. At least it purported to have been written by her and said that they had gone crabbing, and had been carried out to sea.

"THE note was brought to me for examination. The woman's husband declared his wife wrote it. But after comparing it with specimens of her handwriting, I said she didn't. The young man's mother declared that her son had written it. But I was positive that she, too, was mistaken. I asked for specimens of the handwriting of everyone who could possibly have been concerned—but got no nearer to a solution of the mystery.

"Bring me some of the little girl's handwriting," I said to the man who had brought the case to me.

"Why," he objected, "a nine-year-old child couldn't have written that letter!"

"I think, from the writing, that she not only could, but did!" I said.

"And I was right. She was an imaginative child, who had read about bottles containing farewell messages being picked up at sea. She had heard all the talk about the mysterious disappearance; and she had wanted, quite innocently, to play a part in the exciting episode.

"As for typewriting, every make of machine, and every single machine itself, has 'individuality.' They have a thousand little details that betray them: spacing, alignment, a worn key, minute differences in the form of a letter. One machine cannot write as another machine does.





**Better  
Figures  
*make*  
Bigger  
Profits**



## Larkin Co. uses 104 Burroughs Calculators

*- for payroll, compilation  
of sales, cost analyses,  
extending of invoices, etc.*

"**WE** HAVE used Burroughs Calculators in our offices," writes Larkin Co. Inc., "for over 12 years, having purchased 104 machines. We are glad to tell you that they handle the work to our satisfaction, and at a lower initial investment than other non-listing machines of a similar nature."

Thus the small first cost, unexcelled performance, and low operating expense are bringing Burroughs Calculators into universal use as a means of increasing the figure efficiency of the leading concerns of the country.

*Information regarding the calculator will be sent on request.  
Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 6040 Second Boulevard, Detroit, Mich.*

# Burroughs

**ADDING • BOOKKEEPING • BILLING • CALCULATING MACHINES**





## Note the Men

You meet everywhere today  
They are fighting film on teeth

You see glistening teeth everywhere today. Not with women only, but with men—even with men who smoke.

They are brushing teeth in a new way. They combat the dingy film. It is so the world over—in some 50 nations; and largely by dental advice.

If you admire those whiter, cleaner, safer teeth, learn how folks get them by this delightful test.

### Film dims the teeth

That viscous film you feel on teeth is their great enemy. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Food stains, etc., discolor it. So does tobacco. Then it forms the basis of dingy coats. Tartar is based on film.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Germs breed by millions in it, and they cause many serious troubles, local and internal.

### Had to fight it

Tooth troubles were constantly increasing, mostly due to film. So dental science saw that this film must be fought.

After long research, two ways were found. One acts to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods

effective. Then a new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. These two great film destroyers were embodied in it.

That tooth paste is called Pepsodent. To millions of homes the world over it has brought a new dental era.

### Other new factors

Research also proved that other effects were essential. So Pepsodent multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

### Avoid Harmful Grit

Pepsodent curdles the film and removes it without harmful scouring. Its polishing agent is far softer than enamel. Never use a film combatant which contains harsh grit.

Those are Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies their power.

### You'll clearly see

You can see and feel the Pepsodent results. After a week's use you never can doubt that you need it. And you will want all in your family to share in its benefits.

Send for the 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear.

Do this for your teeth's sake. Cut out coupon now.

### 10-Day Tube Free <sup>1152</sup>

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,  
Dept. 960, 1104 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.  
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family

**Pepsodent**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on modern research, free from harmful grit. Now advised by leading dentists the world over.

"I have had an interesting will case recently, in which a first page, written on a Remington, had been substituted for a page written on an Underwood. When I looked at those two pages I felt like saying: 'The poor fool. To think he could get away with a thing like that!'"

"I was called not long ago in a murder case. A man was alleged to have insured his wife for five thousand dollars, and then to have poisoned her to obtain the insurance. At the autopsy, large quantities of the poison were found in her stomach. So there was no question as to the cause of her death. I was called to assist in identifying the husband as the man who had signed a fictitious name on a hotel register.

"You see how unexpectedly some little scrap of writing may become like letters of fire, to settle a question of life or death, or to point the way to a prison cell.

"If any document is questioned, or may be questioned in the future, have it photographed at once. Spurious documents, especially if they have been artificially aged, often change decidedly within a short time.

"Sometimes when I am examining and testing a doubtful document I wish that the people who are tempted to commit these crimes could look over my shoulder and see for themselves how surely they can be trapped. The fear of being caught is not a very high motive for avoiding crime, but it is better than none."

## Confessions of a Common Man

(Continued from page 34)

AMERICAN MAGAZINE that I was the only man he ever knew who could equal him in doing a good day's work. You all know how every man believes he accomplishes three or four times as much as his shop-mates, therefore Mr. Mason's tribute is at least evidence that I have been willing to work, after being whipped into the habit.

I realized also the importance of good behavior, which is even more vital than industry. Original sin is strongly developed in me, but the neighbors, wherever I have lived, have been kind enough to watch me carefully, and have corrected me when I needed it. Instead of the stick my father used, they grumbled, and somehow this evidence of their lack of approval found its way back to me.

And I am sincerely grateful to them. I often think of myself as a weak man whipped into a sort of respectability; first by my father, and then by the neighbors. There is an old Arab proverb: "The whip is sent from heaven." The whip has helped me, and it will help you.

A writer once referred to me as a skeptic. I am not a skeptic, but a believer. Evidently the confusion arose because this critic does not know his dictionary, which says a skeptic is one who "questions or denies the possibility of real knowledge." The first principle in my life is that real knowledge should be accepted and faithfully observed, and that knowledge is so simple that anyone may know the essentials. I have been a student in the school of experience more than half a century, and deny nothing I have found to be





The enterprise and perseverance of Richard Arkwright, who gave the world the cotton spinning machine, enabled this man of humble origin to revolutionize a whole industry. Forced to carry on his work secretly at night, under fear of persecution and theft of his ideas, his tenacity of purpose carried him to ultimate success and lasting fame.

## Steadfast Purpose

**T**HE unswerving determination with which Arkwright labored to produce the spinning machine is paralleled in many instances throughout the course of our industrial progress.

It was such steadfast purpose that ultimately achieved a tire for which the public had long waited—the Firestone Gum-Dipped Cord.

Measuring up to the needs of today for greater dependability and economy of tire performance,

this highly perfected cord has been acclaimed everywhere as a contribution of permanent importance to motorists.

Its success amply rewards the persistent effort of the Firestone organization during a period of twenty-three years.

A multitude of car-owners responding to the standard of value set by the Firestone Cord are showing their unwillingness to speculate further on quality of less certain dependability.

*Most Miles per Dollar*

# Firestone





## PROTECTION *for you and yours*

**T**HE home is sacred to you and your loved ones, your treasures and the quiet of your hearth. It must be secure against prowlers and unwelcome interruptions. But how?

By using Sargent Cylinder Locks on all exterior doors! These sturdy locks give unfailing and unquestioned protection. Their mechanism has resulted from years of engineering study and experiment. They are as perfect in operation as it is humanly possible to make them. And they will last in constant service as long as the home itself. You cannot afford to compromise on the locks between you and the world outside. Be sure! Use the Sargent Cylinder Lock!

Connecting with the Sargent Cylinder Lock, you may use a knob and escutcheon or a door handle to match the Sargent Hardware within your home—the same fine design, the same solid, time-resisting brass or bronze. Select Sargent Hardware with your architect. Send for the Sargent Book of Designs.

### SARGENT & COMPANY

45 Water Street Hardware Manufacturers New Haven, Conn.



Sargent Cylinder Padlocks

are as finely and stoutly made as a padlock can be—in their way as perfect bits of mechanism as the Sargent Cylinder Locks. They bring real security when used on garage, tool house or locker door, on the tire rack and chest of valuables.

true, from the rising of the sun to its setting, and through many mischievous nights. I have explored roads, doctrines, habits, diets; I no more doubt the possibility of a common man acquiring real knowledge than I doubt I am living.

And the best demonstrated fact in actual knowledge is that success in life is easier than failure. By "success" I do not mean a great career; I mean a thing as simple as a lazy boy being whipped into industry by his father, and later by his neighbors into a realization of the importance of fairness, temperance, and reasonable respect for the duties of life. By "success" I mean winning the name of being a good citizen: a man who supports himself, aids others at least a little, and is greatly in no one's way. The most successful necessarily meet with humiliations, failures, pains, discomforts, but in the main live easier and more agreeable lives than tramps and drunkards. The cleanest life is easiest lived.

And I wish to congratulate you on the great number of good citizens in the United States. When I make a long journey, all day I am in sight of the homes, shops, farms of successful men. All through the night I know these evidences are passing by; when I awake in the morning, there they are again, to continue through the day. And what great numbers of intelligent people are found in these communities! How well educated they are in the real affairs of life, how generally they teach good conduct! In not one of them will be found a public teacher of immorality; at least, I have never known one. The most universal thing in the world is the persistence with which all classes agree on the importance of morals, however frequently they may offend in private.

A grocer and his wife called on me lately and talked mainly about a young colored man in their employ. He was actually the driver of their delivery wagon, but they said he accomplished more as a clerk than any other employee of the store. He had never asked for an advance in wages but was receiving very high compensation, because the merchant knew the scouts of other merchants were after him. This colored man is a good citizen of his community, even a prominent one. And there are millions of other employers and neighbors willing to praise when there is occasion. I have noted that people are more willing to praise than condemn, when they have occasion, and I am grateful to them for the honest disposition.

**EVERYONE** is familiar with the fact that scouts travel about looking for promising baseball players. One of the most pertinent facts of life I have observed is that scouts go about looking for promising performers in every trade or calling. Let any sort of worker distinguish himself, however little, and a scout with a better position to offer will hear of him. Common man though I am, scouts have heard of me, and given me a chance in the big league. If I have failed, it has not been due to lack of opportunity. I have had all the appreciation I deserve, and probably a little more.

So I am an admirer of the people. I cannot fairly find much fault with those I have been intimately associated with so many years. Their average has been as good as, or better than, my own, and I must





## “And then he looked up”

MANY YEARS AGO in the court of a king lived a humble man named Damocles.

He envied the king's luxury and power, and, above all, his freedom from the worries that prey upon other men.

One day, to his surprise and delight, the king exchanged places with him.

Eagerly Damocles ascended the throne, drew his robes about him and smiled.

*And then he looked up and smiled no longer.*

Swinging by a single hair above his head was a sharp-pointed heavy sword!

WHAT is your sword of Damocles? Is it, Mr. President, the repeated disappointment of subordinates who are incapable of assuming responsibility? Is it the pressure of expenses that are forever threatening to exceed the monthly income? Is it the unpleasant reminder that men whose start in business was no more favorable than yours have far outdistanced you? Is it lack of confidence in yourself born of an imperfect business training?

These are very personal questions which no outsider has the right to press, and only you can answer. They are set down upon this page for one reason—and one only—because the Alexander Hamilton Institute is dedicated to the task of removing the swords that menace men's happiness.

### The sword that hangs over presidents

The Institute *can* remove, and *has* removed, the sword that hangs over Presidents—the depressing consciousness that the Company's growth is retarded because its men do not grow.

“The good that our people have received from the Modern Business Course is tremendous,” the Vice-President of a \$52,000,000 Corporation writes.

And the President of another great Company said:

“When I learned that fifty of our men had enrolled with the Alexander Hamilton Institute, the stock of our Company went up, in my estimation, at least ten points.”

### The sword of financial worry

The Institute *can* remove, and *has* removed, the sword of financial worry.

“I was manager of a branch office when I enrolled for the Modern Business Course and Service,” a man wrote recently. “My salary was \$2,200 and our home life was a constant struggle. Today I am assistant sales manager with a salary of \$7,000 and I feel that my progress has only just begun.”

“During the past two years my salary has increased over 400%,” another man writes. He is still in his early thirties and an officer of his Company. “This has been due to our rather remarkable increase in sales, but this increase is the indirect result of the ideas I received from your Course.”

### The sword of dissatisfaction

The Institute *can* remove, and *has* removed, the sword of dissatisfaction.

“For years I made no progress; I was merely keeping the wolf from the door.” This from a man who was manager of a telegraph office in a small city. “It was your book ‘Forging Ahead in Business’ that gave me the first real ray of hope.” He is now secretary of a large shoe manufacturing company.

There are nearly 200,000 self-confident men who have a very warm feeling of gratitude for the book “Forging Ahead in Business.”

More than 30,000 of these are presidents, and every president ought to have a copy in his library. More than 31,000 are vice-presidents, secretaries or treasurers, and the book is for such men, but not for them alone. Somewhere in the roll of the 200,000 are men whose salary and position in business were precisely like yours, whose sword was *your* sword, and who found in “Forging Ahead in Business” the key to the things they wanted most—larger income, larger opportunity, larger self-confidence.

Surely independence and self-confidence are worth the little trouble of filling in a coupon. Your copy of “Forging Ahead in Business” is waiting for you to perform that simple act.

**Alexander Hamilton Institute**  
803 Astor Place, New York City

Send me “Forging Ahead in Business” which I may keep without obligation.



Name \_\_\_\_\_ *Print here*

Business Address \_\_\_\_\_

Business Position \_\_\_\_\_

Canadian Address, C.P.R. Building, Toronto; Australian Address, 42 Hunter Street, Sydney





## It happened!

Down the road his beautiful closed car is on fire.

He *may* get back in time with Pyrene to save the car from complete destruction.

Used when the fire *started*, Pyrene would have put it out instantly.

Every time you go out in your own car you face the danger of fire.

Is it worth the risk to go unprotected when the small price of Pyrene will give protection against property loss and personal injury?

*Sold by garages, hardware and electrical supply dealers*

PYRENE MANUFACTURING CO.  
520 Belmont Avenue, Newark, N. J.  
CHICAGO ATLANTA KANSAS CITY  
SAN FRANCISCO

## Necessary in every closed car



**Pyrene SAVES 15% on your auto fire insurance premium**

admit regarding my country that it is at least the best in the world. On the whole, the people are fulfilling their destiny with very great patience and kindness.

We have not done better than we are doing because of human weaknesses which, very naturally, are numerous. For thousands of years every critic has said: "The trouble is—;" and then proceeded to point it out.

Is there some great fault we might remedy, greatly to our advantage? I think one of the most glaring is our attempts to reform others, instead of ourselves. Certainly our ambitions in this have been very high; no one can justly say we have not attempted enough. But perhaps our most conspicuous failing is that we all pretend to believe a lot of things we do not believe. We are often too cowardly to express honest opinions more respectable than the artificial ones we are whipped into cheering. I will illustrate what I mean with an incident:

**A**T KANSAS CITY, on one of the hottest days of last summer, a monster picnic for children was held. For weeks it was heralded in the papers. Committees went about collecting money and bothering those willing to work if let alone. Everybody apparently endorsed this effort to amuse and entertain the "kiddies," and no one did, except the leaders in the movement, who were professional politicians of one grade or another.

The picnic was a disgrace. There were a hundred and fifty heat prostrations and accidents reported among children in next morning's papers. During the day fifteen hundred lost children were reported, with frantic mothers looking for them; and some of the lost children spent the night at police stations.

The flowers in the park were trampled, supplies collected were eaten and destroyed with so much recklessness that everything gave out before the picnic had fairly started. There was no ice; no water. The children wouldn't scatter over the park, where there was shade, but collected in one spot, to see the "big program of amusements" the papers had so grandly talked about. No rational amusements were provided; the children stood out in the sun and screamed and yelled, and many thousands of them were spanked by mothers worn out and angry.

For weeks the worthy citizens of Kansas City were expected to smile and congratulate each other on this big attempt to please the dear children. As they overworked in collecting cookies to eat and clowns to entertain, and raised great amounts of money, they were called upon to think of themselves as unusually progressive and kind.

Yet the affair was actually disgraceful. There was no good excuse or reasonable demand for it. It merely looked well in print, or sounded well from the lips of local orators who appeared before various audiences for weeks, and demanded funds for another demonstration in public waste.

Everybody in Kansas City knows the place for children, on a hot day in summer, is at home, with careful and intelligent supervision, but the newspapers and orators had their way and the smiling and cheering continued until the big idea had practical trial, when it failed dismally.

Kansas City is full of good men and





## These Are The Hours That Count

**M**OST of your time is mortgaged to work, meals and sleep. But the hours after supper are *yours*, and your whole future depends on how you spend them. You can fritter them away on profitless pleasure, or you can make those hours bring you position, money, power, *real success* in life.

Thousands of splendid, good-paying positions are waiting in every field of work for men *trained to fill them*. There's a big job waiting for you—in your present work or any line you choose. Get ready for it! You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep; without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour a day, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

### Yes—You Can Win Success in an Hour a Day

Hundreds of thousands have proved it. The designer of the Packard "Twin-Six," and hundreds of other Engineers, climbed to success through I. C. S. help.

The builder of the great Equitable Building and hundreds of Architects and Contractors won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of this country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers prepared for their present positions in spare hours under I. C. S. instruction.

For 31 years, in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—men have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. Over 180,000 men are getting ready *right now* in the I. C. S. way for the bigger jobs ahead.

### Make Your Start Now!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply-written, wonderfully-illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 300 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S., in the quiet of your own home, will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures, all that success means—can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste?

This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

### INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 7474-C, Scranton, Penna.  
Without cost or obligation on my part, please send me a copy of your 48-page booklet "Who Wins and Why" and tell me how I can qualify for the position or in the subject before which I have marked an X:

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting      | <input type="checkbox"/> Blue Print Reading      |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer    | <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman   | <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice  | <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Positions     | <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer     |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engine Operating   | <input type="checkbox"/> Chemistry               |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer         | <input type="checkbox"/> Pharmacy                |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping  | <input type="checkbox"/> Automobile Work         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgy             | <input type="checkbox"/> Airplane Engines        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mining                 | <input type="checkbox"/> Agriculture and Poultry |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Steam Engineering      | <input type="checkbox"/> Mathematics             |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio                  |  |

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Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation.....

Persons residing in Canada should send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools Canadian, Limited, Montreal, Canada.



Do you grow chilly  
after exercise?



## For Protection, Health and Fit Wear Underwear that's

# Knit

**TWO** things make you chilly—cold weather and damp underwear.

Summer weather seldom chills. But Summer underwear chills quickly unless it is KNIT—your best protection in Summer as well as Winter. Knit underwear protects you even if you wear a weight as sheer as a silk stocking.

These Summer-weight KNITTED fabrics keep you very cool. They are porous and permit the skin to breathe while acting as an insulator to shut out the heat.

What is even more important—they absorb bodily moisture and dissipate this moisture to the air rapidly. Your outer clothing is protected against soil. Your body is kept dry and comfortable. The underwear itself stays dry—a protection against "Summer colds" and chilling after exercise.

KNIT UNDERWEAR, in proper weights, will keep all members of the family more healthful and more comfortable throughout the year.

ASSOCIATED KNIT UNDERWEAR  
MANUFACTURERS of AMERICA  
208 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Made loose or  
form-fitting  
in cotton, wool  
silk and mix-  
tures in every  
style and  
every weight  
for every  
member of  
the family



Illustration of a knit fabric pattern, showing the texture and structure of the knit.

There are scientific  
reasons for this—27  
of them. Write for our  
Association's booklet.



women who do fine things when let alone. I am cheering just now because of what they did in the case of a fifteen-year-old girl who had an unusually promising voice; they raised twelve thousand dollars to send her to New York for necessary training. And, her voice proving as promising as claimed, New York welcomed her; another evidence that people everywhere are kind and appreciative, and that scouts find the deserving without aid from professional exploiters. Everywhere the people do fine things without suggestion from drivers; and many of the things they are driven to turn out disastrously. It is our misfortune that most of our best and most efficient men have no connection with public affairs except as taxpayers.

Everything of a public nature in the United States is fairly comparable with that children's picnic in Kansas City, because we all pretend to believe in a lot of things we do not actually believe in. And our greatest failures as Americans have been in connection with public affairs. Our elections, congresses, legislatures, club meetings, are conducted as was that picnic. There is great expense, great bother and excitement; everyone anxious to accomplish a good result, and everybody unnecessarily bored and harmed. In public affairs we learn nothing from experience, while in our private affairs we have progressed tremendously.

We are ineffective year after year in our public affairs because the democracy we actually believe in does not prevail. That great, worthy giant, the Majority, is whipped into cowardly submission by an active, impudent pygmy we might easily dispose of. The pygmy is Sentimentalism, which we have permitted to grow into a very dangerous thing, although seven tenths of us do not actually trust or respect it. In private we contemptuously call it "bunk," but in public we heartily cheer it.

**I HAVE** found that the basis of every substantial success is industry—character. You may deny this, but it will remain true. Rogues have prospered temporarily, but real and lasting prosperity must be able to look the sheriff in the face. And the great bulk of the people are able to shake hands with the sheriff without a tremor. The proportion of evildoers is actually small, except as most of us fail to do as well as we might.

Eighty per cent of the best of our best men are in some way connected with legitimate industry, the great school wherein is taught most surely that a man should be reliable—not to oblige any sort of teacher but to oblige himself.

The first, most necessary and respectable activity is legitimate industry. It develops the most cleverness, kindness, and usefulness. So those who float to the top in this great human struggle must inevitably be our best and most intelligent men. The exploiters who fatten on industry are artificial; watched less closely than the workers, and therefore less honest, if better paid.

I do not believe there are a great number of bad men trying to overcome such decency as we have. Almost everyone I have known has been a reformer. The amount of mischief accomplished by incapable men attempting to reform others with inefficient methods is appalling.





COURTESY OF MR. R. G. W.  
—and then he bought a Philco.  
What experiences—embarrassing or dangerous—have you had through the failure of ordinary batteries? We would be glad to hear from you.

## Then he got a Philco!

—the high-powered, long-life, shock-proof battery of whirling starts, quick white-hot ignition, brilliant road-flooding lights—the *battery that safeguards you and your family from the dangers and humiliations of battery failure.*

Veteran car owners know—thousands from perilous experiences—that there is no safety in under-size, under-powered ordinary batteries. Every crossing a peril. Every road-mile a risk. Every single start of your engine a possible hand-cranking ordeal.

And that's why—at the first sign of battery trouble—hundreds and thousands of motorists today are replacing their ordinary batteries with Philcos. They realize that a battery—beyond every other automobile part—must make good in performance or quickly give place to something better.

Philco's service guarantee says TWO YEARS. But Philco's exclusive oversize construction—its tremendous excess capacity—its famous Diamond-Grid Plates and other sound, time-tested engineering features—*not only make this extraordinary guarantee possible but extremely conservative.*

Why longer risk the uncertainties of ordinary batteries? A Philco Retainer Battery—the strongest, toughest and most powerful Philco Battery ever built—now costs you no more, *in many cases even less*, than just an ordinary battery.

There's a Philco Battery for every make and model of car. See your nearest Philco Service Station at once. Write for address, if necessary. Send for a complimentary copy of our new booklet, "How to Stretch Your Battery Dollar."

### Philadelphia Storage Battery Company, Philadelphia

*The famous Philco Battery is standard for Radio "A" and "B," electric passenger cars and trucks, mine locomotives and other battery uses where long-lasting, low-cost service is demanded. Whatever you use batteries for, write Philco.*

**PHILCO**  
DIAMOND GRID  
BATTERIES



### 3-Point Superiority

1. The Famous Diamond-Grid—the diagonally braced frame of a Philco plate. Built like a bridge. Can't buckle—can't warp—can't short circuit. Double latticed to lock active material (power-producing chemical) on the plates. Longer life. Higher efficiency.

2. The Philco Slotted Rubber Retainer—a slotted sheet of hard rubber. Retains the solids on the plates but gives free passage to the current and electrolyte. Prevents plate disintegration. Prolongs battery life 41 per cent.

3. The Quarter-Sawn Hard-Wood Separator—made only from giant trees 1000 years old; quarter-sawn to produce alternating hard and soft grain. Hard grain for perfect insulation of plates. Soft grain for perfect circulation of acid and current—quick delivery of power. Another big reason why Philco is the battery for your car.

#### LOOK FOR THIS SIGN

of Philco Service. Over 5500 stations—all over the United States. There is one near you. Write for address, if necessary.

**PHILADELPHIA**  
**DIAMOND**  
**GRID**  
**BATTERY**

With the PHILCO Slotted Retainer

RADIO DEALERS—Philco Drydynamic Radio Storage Batteries are shipped to you charged but absolutely DRY. No acid sloppage. No charging equipment. No batteries going bad in stock. Wire or write for details.





## The importance of ONE SHORT WORD!

IN every home, there is a daily need for certain household products. Upon the purity and reliability of such products may depend the health of your family. Unless these are of the correct standards of purity, they may be more harmful than beneficial.

Your protection lies in remembering *one word* whenever you buy articles for your medicine cabinet. *That one word is "SQUIBB."*

The name Squibb identifies the products of a house which has served the medical profession for more than sixty years. In this service, E. R. Squibb & Sons have made many contributions to the advancement of chemical science as applied to medicine.

In most drug stores you will

find Squibb Sections. These sections are devoted to Squibb Products, every one of which is made to conform to the highest professional standard.

For instance, you will notice that Squibb's Epsom Salt is more agreeable to take, due to its freedom from impurities.

Squibb's Olive Oil is a superior "virgin" oil from Southern France, unsurpassed in quality and flavor.

Squibb's Bicarbonate of Soda is pure. It is, therefore, without the ordinary bitter taste which is caused by impurities.

Look for the Squibb Section at your druggist's. Whether you buy household or toilet products, you guard the health of your family by remembering one word that assures safety and reliability—"SQUIBB."

# SQUIBB

THE "PRICELESS INGREDIENT" OF EVERY PRODUCT  
IS THE HONOR AND INTEGRITY OF ITS MAKER

General Offices:  
80 Beekman Street, New York City

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Brooklyn, N. Y.; New Brunswick, N. J.

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Such advances as we have made come from practical men interested in more efficient methods. The great good is accomplished incidentally by the workers: a little in every neighborhood every hour, and the total is enormous.

Another confession I wish to make (and perhaps it has been delayed too long) is that I do not easily make myself understood; I lack the gift of expression. I recall that a stranger once asked me to direct him to a foundry I had been familiar with thirty years, and which was in plain sight. My answer was such that the man became provoked and went angrily away, although my intentions were good. Later I saw him applying at the wrong place. I get this weakness honestly enough; I have heard my father say to his congregations he feared no one had ever understood what he earnestly desired to teach. If any reader of this believes I am advocating less good conduct, then I have suffered the fate of my father and have not been understood, for the strongest lesson that has been whipped into me during more than fifty years of active life in many places is that the greatest human mistake is sin, and sin is anything harmful, as surely as righteousness is anything good for you.

I HAVE just read a book giving a history of the speculations of the wise men of the past, and have concluded that the shepherds in the hills, and workers in the lowlands, could have corrected many of their mistakes. The hermits argue and speculate, and the common people find the simple truth in experience with active life. All they need do to be saved is to make public affairs as sensible as their private affairs. We are not a bad people lacking in intelligence; our great fault is we do not accomplish the good we wish to, and might accomplish, with less effort than we give to projects in which we fail.

The great reform will come about not from new laws or new wars, but from everyone behaving a little better. And every man may do a little better than he has been doing, with profit and satisfaction.

How long the quarrel has gone on that to-morrow will be better because of public reform work in past centuries, I do not know; but I have seen many to-morrows, and noted that the same old conditions prevail. Indeed, so far as public affairs are concerned, they are a little worse, because the public quarreling has grown steadily worse. The Armageddons we have fought have not benefited us, but there has always been profit and satisfaction in a good day's work performed by steady men who accept the rules, and carefully watch all the corners. The notion that we can get something for nothing must be abandoned. We cannot do it; no saint or statesman can bless you as much as you can bless yourself by better behavior, and more common sense.

I have as pretty dreams as any man, but after looking life squarely in the face a long time, I find my ideals are still as far away as Mars, and as completely out of reach. Therefore I humbly recommend that the people make an effort to reform their ideals, and make them conform to human and earthly rules; not because they wish to, but because it is the better way if they would be as effective and comfortable as possible.





## The Vagabond Days Have Come

**S**OME happy mystic day in June when the soft green of early summer is lit by the golden sun—forget the town—its turbulence and fame—and bid the world good-bye.

Idle the twilight hours away in a Jordan, light-footed, silent, flying free—companions, chums, camp followers of spring.

This nimble car of fascinating ease scuds through the large and solemn world—making one golden hour out-measure a long drab year.

A car of striking beauty on the road—it thrills you with its gratifying style—crowds your pulses with its urge of power—and satisfies your need for a reliable companion.

Economy of course—in tires and gas and care—the successor to the bulky car of other days.

A delight to drive on busy errands in the traffic—balanced as every car should be—a friendly pal for business and your freer hour.



# JORDAN

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Inc. Cleveland, Ohio



## OSTEOPATHY



### The Application of Natural Law

*Osteopathy walks hand in hand with nothing but Nature's laws.*  
—Dr. A. T. Still

Providing a means for permanent health is the chief concern of the Osteopathic physician.

Because of this, temporary suppression of symptoms is altogether insufficient.

To him, a symptom is but an effect. His concern is with the correction of the condition that has caused the symptom.

It is this view-point that has led the Osteopathic profession into so great an understanding and application of natural law.

Growth, repair, recovery—these are not within the power

of man to supply. Nature, alone, can provide them.

The efforts of the Osteopathic physician are not vain attempts to supply something over which he has no control. His work is to keep the thinking right, to keep the living right, to keep the mechanism of the body right—so that nature can fulfill her functions and her duties without interference.

It is the natural way—and the Osteopathic physician believes, the only way—to provide a physical basis for permanent health.

Adjustment characterizes Osteopathic science. Spinal adjustment originated with Osteopathy.

Structural adjustment—the maintenance and regulation of the physical mechanism of the body—is utilized rather than drugs as curative agents.

Equally important with structural adjustment is the adjustment of diet, hygiene, sanitation, environment. Surgery is an integral part of Osteopathic practice when necessity requires its application.



#### Without Charge

An interesting and attractive 42-page booklet giving the history, fundamentals and growth of Osteopathic science. If you are interested in information concerning Osteopathy the Bureau will gladly send this book, without charge. Address your request to

Executive Office  
1105 F. and M. Bank Building  
Fort Worth, Texas

### Bureau of Osteopathic Education

*An Organization for Disseminating Responsible Information Concerning Osteopathy*

## Where Their Roads Parted

(Continued from page 33)

supplied. She didn't shy at the word. "I won't let him forget. We're both going to have careers, you know."

Poor things, he thought. A fat chance for a career either of them had!

As soon as Bob Daynes received his A. B., he went to work on the "Star." He didn't go up to Rochester that spring. The urge to see Carol had come, with June. But he put it down sternly. Art first. . . . And newspaper work was a preface to Art. Besides, he knew a half-dozen corking girls in town who were willing to play around, and didn't take you seriously. That, he decided, was much the best.

Already he was writing graceful sketches in his spare time. He had actually sold two of them. Dick hadn't sold anything. He doubted if Dick had even written anything, outside the office.

The Winters had left the room in East Fifteenth Street and were living in a two-room-bath-and-kitchenette place on the upper West Side. He dined with them occasionally. Not often. It stirred him up to see old Dick domesticized. Aroused compassion that was a hindrance to creative work. There was no good getting stirred up about things that had no direct bearing on his writing.

In honest moments, however, he admitted that Rita Winter was a good little scout. Even if she did imagine she could write poetry, she was no shirk—earning her salary right along, keeping the flat clean, with Dick's help; cooking nourishing meals.

Then suddenly it was April and he realized that he hadn't been up to the Winter flat since February. He decided to drop in on them about six, armed with a thick beefsteak.

Dick opened the door for him. An unbelievable Dick, with burning eyes and two-days' growth of beard. There was a strange smell.

"For heaven's sake—what's happened?"

Dick drew him in. "Hush! It's Rita. We couldn't get her to the hospital in time!" Dick's voice was a dry whisper.

THROUGH the open door of the bedroom Bob saw the white-gowned figures of a doctor and a nurse. His hair lifted at its roots. He stood gaping, the paper of beefsteak in his hands.

"When will it end—when will it end?" Dick was imploring him—of all people! Dick's hands clutched his.

"Good heavens! How do I know!" He cast about for a means of escape. Dick's hands were vises.

But even as he pitied Rita (and he did) he felt resentment. What a babe Dick was! Always had been. Caught now in this net, now in that. And now in a net he would never get out of!

A low sound, not the voice of nurse or doctor, reached him. The vises cut deeper. Bob wrenched himself free. Must get out—

An hour later he did have the grace to call up and apologize. "I'm deucedly



# Mighty Like a Rose

Every baby is mighty like a rose in looks and sweetness to its mother. But the fact that 200,000 babies die every year in the United States before reaching their first birthday proves that thousands of mothers fail to realize how like a rose a baby is in its frail hold on life.

## *The most dangerous business in the world—*

the most hazardous occupation, is the business of being a baby. Figures show that the reckless taxi driver has a better chance to live a year than has the new born baby to survive one day.

## *Of the Seven Ages of Man—*

the first age, the "baby in its nurse's arms", is the most dangerous. 35,000 die on the day on which they are born. 100,000 of them die before they are one month old.

The hideous picture of the Ammonite god Moloch into whose fiery arms and bosom ignorant, superstitious mothers of old threw thousands upon thousands of babies as a sacrifice, fills the mind with sickening horror.

Yet today, through ignorance and neglect, the horrible sacrifice of babies is still going on, while parents and communities blame the deaths on Providence and hot weather.

"If all the babies born in New York City in one year were placed shoulder to shoulder they would make a line twenty-two miles long," according to U. S. Senator Copeland, former Health Commissioner of New York City, and

## *"Five miles of babies—*

died in the first year of life in 1891. In that year the great fight to save babies was started. Welfare

stations were established where mothers could go for advice and where their babies were given thorough physical examinations. Pasteurized milk was the next baby life-saving step. The result of teaching mothers how to care for their babies and of providing pure milk has reduced the death rate in New York City from 241 to 72 per thousand.

"But we may still refer to the deaths of infants as the Slaughter of the Innocents—for the work done in New York City but proves that thousands upon thousands of baby deaths can be prevented throughout the United States when every mother is taught that:

**"Babies do not die because the weather is hot—**

**"Babies do not die because it is dry or because it rains. Babies die in the summertime because they are not properly fed and not properly taken care of."**

## *Save the new born babies—*

by teaching the mother to safeguard her own health before the coming of the baby. Thousands of the 35,000 babies who now die on their natal day will then be saved, and one-half of the 100,000 who die before they are one month old

will be saved when mothers take care of themselves and make proper arrangements for the coming of their little ones.

Observance of the rules of hygiene, proper feeding, proper bathing, proper clothing, will save thousands of runabout baby lives this summer if the work of saving them is only begun in time.



Sweetest little fellow  
Everybody knows,  
Don't know what to call him  
But he's mighty like a rose.

Frank Stanton

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company issues a booklet which has helped to save many, many baby lives. It may save your baby's life this summer. The booklet is called "The Child." It tells of the care of the baby—its feeding—the care of milk and what to do the minute a baby shows digestive disturbances—the cause of most baby deaths in summer.

The care of the runabout child is also

fully covered. The boggy of the Second Summer is banished and the belief that teething is a sickness is proved to be merely an old-fashioned superstition.

The booklet tells the Mother how to care for the baby's food—to remember the three C's—Clean, Cool, Covered.

The booklet was prepared for use

of Metropolitan Policyholders but whether or not you are a policyholder if there is a baby in your family and you want to know how best to see it through this summer, write the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, New York City, and ask for a copy of "The Child." It will be mailed free of charge and without obligation on your part.

HALEY FISKE, President



Published by

**METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY—NEW YORK**

**Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year**





Hamilton No. 928  
in "Byron" Case \$172

In steel or white gold (14k engraved),  
21-jewel, five-position adjusted move-  
ment. Attractive dial with raised gold  
numbers.



Women's Wrist Watch  
White Gold Filled \$48. 14k White Gold \$63

In four different styles—cavalier, round,  
cavalier, or design—as pictured here.  
With ribbon buckle to matched case.



Men's Strap Watch  
Sterling Silver \$48. 14k Green Gold \$72

The accurate Hamilton movement No.  
928—in a smartly designed cavalier  
shape case with leather strap and  
cavalier dial.

*Beauty*  *Accuracy*

## A GRADUATION PRESENT

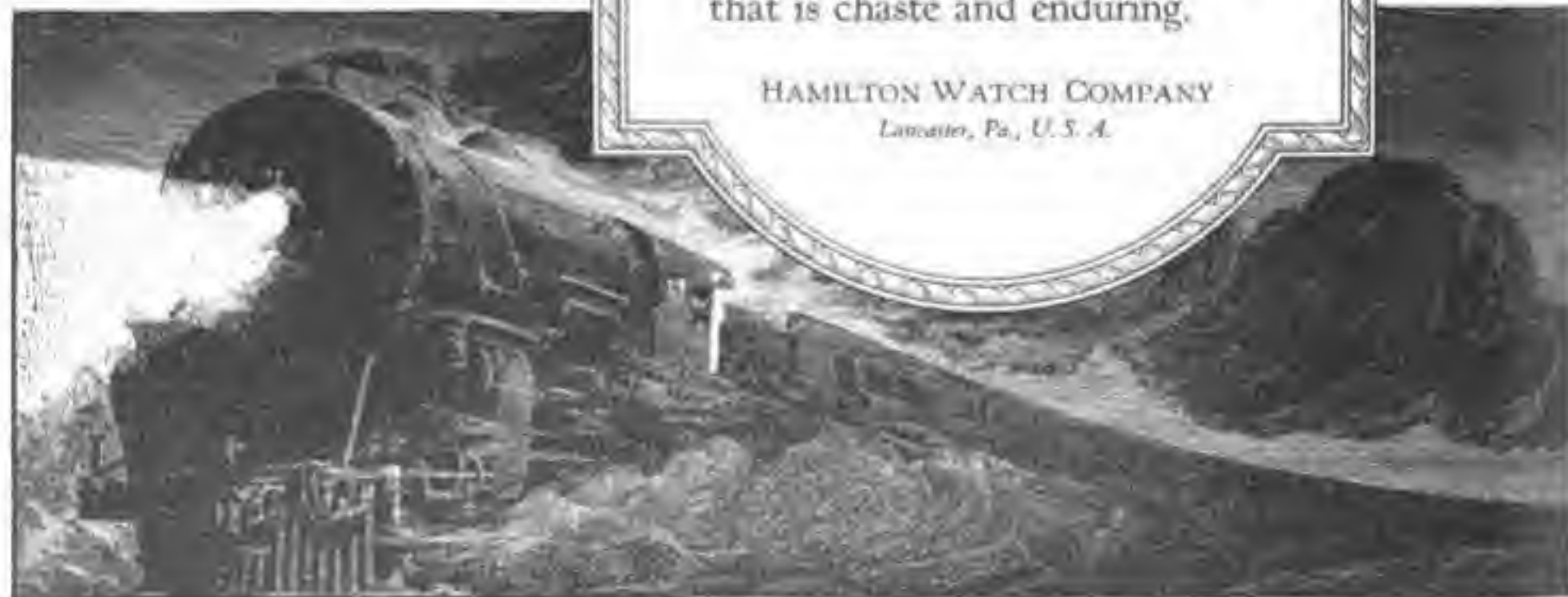
*That will be treasured  
a lifetime*

ON Graduation Day let a  
Hamilton Watch convey the  
sentiment that you would have  
live a lifetime.

Among precious objects that  
you might select, very few can  
come into such intimate and  
permanent use.

Intrinsically, any Hamilton  
Watch is worthy of such a trust.  
It is a fine watch, noted for  
accuracy and possessed of beauty  
that is chaste and enduring.

HAMILTON WATCH COMPANY  
Lancaster, Pa., U. S. A.



# Hamilton Watch

*The Watch of Railroad Accuracy*



sorry! If there's anything I can do—"  
"Not a thing," came Dick's voice clearly. "We're all fine here now. We have a daughter!"

Bob marveled. Well, it wasn't his idea of happiness. Getting yourself into a state where you forgot to shave, and everything.

That evening he couldn't concentrate on the sketch he was doing. He wanted to finish it the worst way, too. The "Little Dipper" had virtually agreed to accept it.

That summer Bob's grandfather died and left him a small unlooked-for income. He began immediately to plan. There was no need of staying on the "Star" any longer. He could begin his world travels. His writings earned him a little. His father was good for reasonable deficits.

His parents approved the idea. They thought he would return in a year, and gave him a generous check. He had no intention of returning in a year, but he didn't tell them so. He had no intention of returning until he was a made man. He intended to begin a novel at once, as he traveled. That should bring him back in two or three years. Of course, if he wanted to whip together a cheap novel he might manage that sooner. But he was going to do slow, serious stuff. Literature.

He went up to Rochester and stayed a fortnight. Carol Hemmingway was out of town. He was glad . . . and sorry.

The afternoon before he sailed he called around at the "News" office. He wanted Dick to spend the last evening with him.

AS DICK crossed the city room to meet him he could hardly believe that they were the same age—twenty-four. Bob was alive, springy with anticipation. Dick was old, tired, settled.

Dick was enthusiastic over the plans. "That's great, that's great!" he kept saying. "You must come out to the house for your last dinner."

"No, I want you to—" Bob's voice died. He couldn't utter a plea for an evening alone with Dick. Dick's face forbade it. "I couldn't think of bothering Rita."

"Nonsense! You've got to come!"

"Then let's the three of us dine out."

Dick grinned. "Four in the party?"

The fourth doesn't like restaurants yet."

"I forgot. How is the younger lady?"

"Not so good. . . . But we have the best specialist in Manhattan."

Bob thought of the specialist's fees. More instalments! Dick telephoned Rita, and they started up-town.

The dinner was sketchy. Dick ran out for chops, then broiled them himself. Rita excused herself and did something to her hair; something rather futile, although it smacked of effort. She daubed a bit too much powder on her nose.

Would Bob like to see the baby?

He wouldn't. But he did. He gazed distastefully at the small unbeautiful infant.

"What's her name?" he whispered.

"Gloria."

Of all the inappropriate names! Gloria! He recalled the moments he had spent there the day she was born. And they could call her Gloria!

Half way through dinner Gloria began to cry. It was a feeble, annoying sound. Her parents looked at each other, dismayed. It wasn't nearly time for her bottle, they said.

Dick swallowed his coffee in haste and

# SIMMONS

TRADE MARK

# CHAINS



## The Ideal Summer WATCH CHAIN

IN the vestless days of summer how are you to wear your watch? Certainly not loose in your pocket! Nor do you wish to use a full-length Waldemar to dangle awkwardly from your belt!

But a Simmons Belt Chain suits your needs exactly. It is just the right length to reach from belt to watch-pocket in a graceful curve. Its patented clasp locks securely around the belt. Yet, if you desire, it can be released by the pressure of a finger. Nothing could be neater, nothing could be surer protection for your watch.

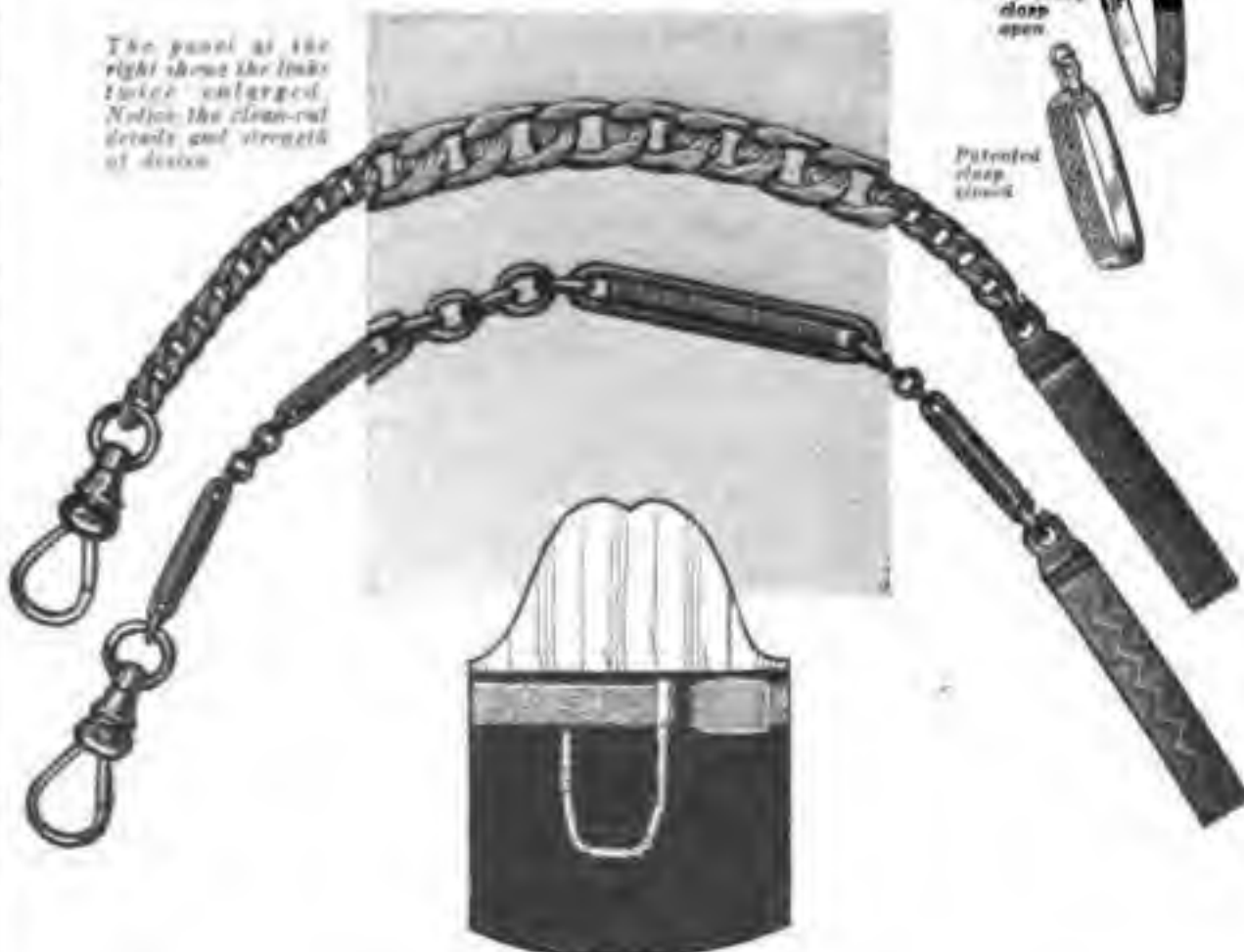
And the Belt Chain comes in all the-link styles and finishes of any Simmons Chain. There are gold, green gold and Platinumgold drawn over a less expensive base metal by the exclusive Simmons process.

Ask your jeweler to show you a Simmons Belt Chain. You will find it beautiful and reasonable in price—\$2.50 to \$5.00.

R. F. SIMMONS COMPANY  
Attleboro Massachusetts  
R. F. Simmons Company of Canada, Ltd.  
Toronto Ontario

"For fifty years unsurpassed in watch chain value."

The panel at the right shows the links twice enlarged. Notice the clean-cut details and strength of design.



The Belt Chain is just the right length to reach from belt to watch-pocket.



"MAN IS NOT THE CREATURE OF CIRCUMSTANCES. CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THE CREATURES OF MEN"—DISRAELI



## THE LAND BEYOND

INTO the lives of most men comes at some time an urge—

An impulse to journey out and see what lies beyond the local horizon, to prospect other, newer lands.

The story of many a man's success is a record of that impulse acted upon—of a fortune founded in "the land beyond."

The Pacific Northwest is singularly rich in men who came—many of them empty handed—to see what the country offered. And found there opportunity, happiness and prosperity beyond the common measure.

This is an invitation to you to visit the Pacific Northwest. An invitation to *invest* in a vacation that will not only enrich your experience and broaden your horizon, but may change for greater happiness and prosperity your whole future life.

The gigantic forests, tremendous logging operations, saw mills and paper mills; the titanic hydro-electric power plants; the stupendous irrigation projects—all typical of the vast scale of things in the Pacific Northwest, are sights worth going far to see.

If your interest is in the soil, you owe yourself a first hand knowledge of the mar-

velously fertile farming and fruit lands. Or stock: there are the superb dairy herds, the equally magnificent beef cattle, the great sheep ranches and the famous poultry farms.

Visit the world's largest salmon fisheries and canneries; the mines and oil fields; the great harbors of the Pacific Northwest ports.

And with these—and more too numerous to list—you will enjoy a scenic grandeur and climate that will make your tour an unforgettable pleasure! Yellowstone, Glacier, Rainier and Crater Lake National Parks, the Columbia River High-

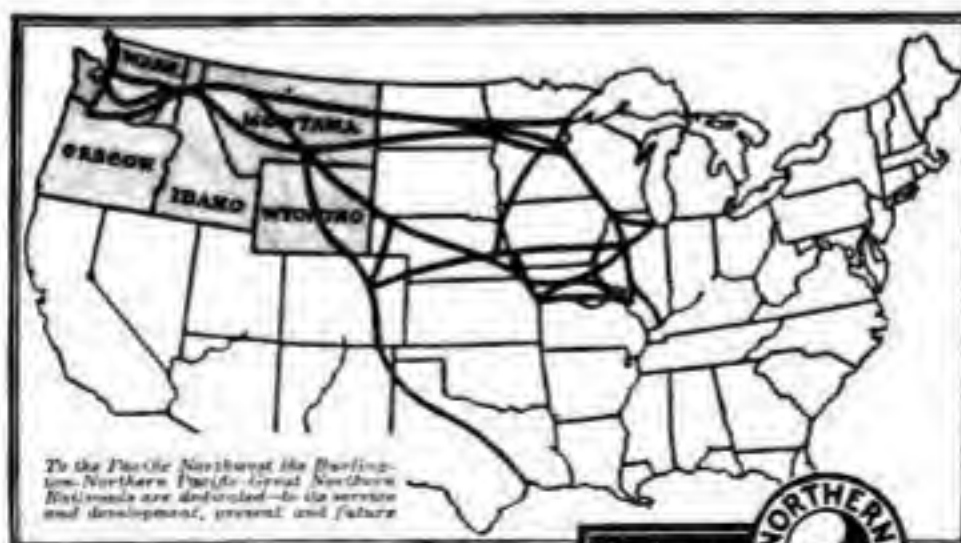
way, the Alaskan tour—numberless natural wonders that are nowhere in the world surpassed.

Everywhere in the Pacific Northwest—in the cities, in the country—you will sense a vastness of achievement, a rush of progress, the nearness of a great destiny—but more than that!

You will feel the *realness* of "equality of opportunity"—a higher valuation of the individual, and a larger chance for a man to succeed on his own resources.

Visit the Pacific Northwest!—not alone to see it, but to appraise it. Cover the ground yourself—weigh your abilities and means in the scale of its opportunities. Let your own judgment, based on your personal observation, decide whether or not this is the land for you.

Write for interesting booklet, "Through the American Wonderland." Address P. S. Eustis, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R., Chicago, Ill.; A. B. Smith, Passenger Traffic Manager, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.; A. J. Dickinson, Passenger Traffic Manager, Great Northern Ry., St. Paul, Minn.



CHICAGO BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.  
NORTHERN PACIFIC RY.  
GREAT NORTHERN RY.



To the Pacific Northwest

THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY



said he would eat his dessert later; it was a bakery pastry, marshmallowy and flat. Lifting his daughter's small weight up against his shoulder, he began to walk about. "I wouldn't do this for a husky youngster," he whispered as he passed Bob's chair. "But we figure this one has it coming to her."

Bob dried the dishes for Rita. Then Dick, the infant still against his shoulder, took Bob aside. "Stay here with me to-night, and let Rita go over to her brother's and get a good night's rest. She's worn out."

"Why, sure," Bob agreed. He had to! Rita objected. She said it was no way to treat Bob on his last night. "You go to a show with him, Dick," she said.

"No; I want to stay," insisted Bob. It had occurred to him that they could have an old-time talk.

But he didn't know the parents of young babies. They went to bed at ten o'clock. And the moment Gloria was asleep, Dick slept also.

Darn queer situation, this. Lying here in the room with an infant. Dick's baby. And Dick sleeping like the dead beside him. Old Dick, who was to have accompanied him around the world!

Bob fell asleep. In what seemed no more than five minutes the baby's cry awakened him. It was really two hours. The light was on in the living-room, and Dick in his pajamas was fussing at the kitchenette. He came back, carrying the child's bottle. Bob pretended to be asleep. Dick padded out and turned off the light. And the next instant he was asleep again!

So this was what babies did to you! It seemed as if Dick was up all night, fixing bottles, walking with the baby.

At seven-thirty Rita came in, refreshed, more as she used to be, and made them some excellent toast and coffee. The baby was brighter, too, and made a facial contortion which they said was a smile.

AND then they were leaving Rita and her gay smile. They went down in the subway together. Dick couldn't go to the steamship dock. He had to interview a man at nine-thirty. But he gulped out something by way of parting:

"I wish . . . I was going with you . . . you know! But, Bob, I can't think of anything but the baby! The doctor says she's awfully sick!"

Threading his way through the chattering throng on the "Lorraine's" deck, he could still see Dick in his wrinkly suit. "Nothing like that for *mine*," he repeated.

Bob had a wonderful time abroad. He visited nearly all of Europe. He went with a relief expedition to Russia, thus traveling safely. He went to China and Japan.

But he didn't start his novel. Neat themes for sketches kept occurring to him. He wrote them out, and sold most of them—to the "Little Dipper," for two cents a word.

After eighteen months, he decided to settle down in France. Some quiet inn in Provence, he thought, would turn the trick.

He found the inn—but he didn't start his novel. He grew alarmed. He had all the requisites: a classical education, newspaper experience, and travel. The fault must be in not concentrating.

Now his parents' letters were begging him to come home. His mother reminded



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Little Men's Brown  
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him that it was two years since she had seen her boy.

He was sorry for his parents. He would like to see them, too. But he had promised himself not to return until he was made. If they'd only stop pleading, until he got started at least!

He supposed he'd have to go home. They were getting old. He felt guilty.

Yet why should he feel guilty? He had heeded Art. He had refused to be led up blind alleyways, like Dick.

He shipped for New York. He had been gone now two years and a half.

As soon as he landed, he called up the "News" office. They said Mr. Winter didn't work there now. He called the apartment, without success. Where had the poor things drifted to? Well, he couldn't wait to find out just now. He had to go to Rochester.

His parents were pathetically pleased to see him. Deferential. That hurt. Hang it, he hadn't expected to find his mother so gray. And the old man walked rheumatically. . . .

Carol Hemmingway hadn't married. She was just the same—almost. Her eyes looked tired, as if from too long gazing at a wall that had no door. Her ruffy hair had settled into a pleasant tawny shade. She still played a fast game of tennis, and read a lot. The old urge to drift with Carol came back.

But, no, no, no! Not yet. He couldn't marry. Not until he was sure of himself.

The second day after he came home he visited a book shop, and came almost immediately on a thin blue book called:

## The City Room

By Rita Winter

*What!*

There were eighteen short poems in the book. He sketched them through. Live, swinging songs of the newspaper world.

Small, thin Rita of the tragic, young-mother eyes! A sudden pride filled him.

**BUT** had she won her first small silver spurs by trampling on Dick? For if she had—The old sense of brotherhood with Dick came pounding back.

"Ah, I see you are interested in Mrs. Winter's book." The voice of the book dealer.

"Yes; I know her. Her husband is my best friend."

"Richard Winter? I congratulate you, sir! Then of course you're familiar with his book. A marvelous portrayal, marvelous—and a money-maker, too." The man sighed as though he regretted this.

Bob controlled a tendency to stagger. He followed the dealer's gaze to the window display, which he had missed. A hundred thick red books lay there, in even rows of twenty:

## Pavement Children

By Richard Winter

That afternoon he locked himself in his room. He was trembling. Things were happening inside him.

Rita's poems were lovely, to lay down, think about, take up again. But Dick's book!

Dick's book was a story of everyday city folk who weren't afraid of love and life; who accepted life's deals sometimes grumblingly, sometimes humorously—but always accepted them. A serious,

finely-written story. Literature. The sort of novel he had always intended to do.

**A DIFFERENT** sort of apartment—very. A frilled maid. Two babies rolling with an Airedale puppy on a Persian rug. A handsome young woman with gay gray eyes and dark hair done soft and high, writing at a spinet desk. An untidy young man—an extremely young-looking young man with a pleasantly-lined face—rushing in with a sheet of manuscript in his hand.

"And think, Bob," Dick was saying, after they had laughed and all but cried for an hour, "we're actually going to the Riviera this winter! I can't believe it."

Bob wished he had never been there.

There was a mirror across the room. He saw his reflection. How smooth his face was. No lines to speak of. Young-old Smooth—smooth. Good heavens!

As he went on talking, stray tangibilities began to pelt his brain: his mother's white hair; his last check from the "Little Dipper," for thirty-five dollars; Dick's book, in even rows of twenty; these two pretty children—Why, the adorable girl must be Gloria! Gloria of the feeble wail.

"When are you going to get yourself a wife and family, old bystander?"

"Me!" Bob laughed. His thought leaped to Carol . . . whose eyes looked tired, as if from too long gazing at a doorless wall. . . .

He felt a sudden crumbling in the underpinning of his carefully reared soul-structure. *By heaven, the wall did have a door! By heaven, he'd open it—and let things stream in!*

Words that he never intended to say tore their way up from that crumbling philosophy: "Thought I was serving Art—fool! She's been laughing at me—Art, laughing at me!"

He realized that he was making something of a scene. He could sense the sudden drawing together of the group of three. Dick's voice came quietly: "Art was never more than a glorified transcript of Life. . . . And, if you don't know Life, from the bottom—"

"I'm beginning to see. My heavens, yes! My mother—Why, they were old when I started away—and now—now—"

It wasn't a bit like Bob, the cynical, the unscathed. He saw, dimly, that a capable-looking elderly woman had come in and was leading away the children and the puppy.

"You mustn't reproach yourself, Bob." Rita was speaking. "Just start now."

He stared at her. He didn't resent the advice. He thought: "She knows. She knows."

"What shall I do—to start?"

Rita laughed. "Why, don't do anything! Let things do you!"

He searched her face for a hint of ridicule. It wasn't there. She knew! And Dick knew!

The tenseness of the group was lifted. "I've been talking like a silly fool," Bob muttered.

"Sure," grinned Dick. "A silly, human fool—at last. Say, I'm going to quit work for to-day. Let's all dine out and go to the theatre. Then Bob can come back here for the night."

"Fine," said Bob quickly. "All except the last. After the theatre I'm going to take the eleven-thirty train for Rochester."



# The Only Way Out of a Pit— —UP!

**I**T was Jack London—penniless and with only a scanty education—who uttered those words—

—"The only way out of a pit is UP!"

That one clear challenge, flashing across his mind with the force of inspiration, gave the impulse to work and study which set him on his way to a brilliantly successful career.

## The One Great Test—COURAGE!

It has been said that the great difference between one man and another is in the amount of COURAGE he possesses.

Not PHYSICAL courage, of course, but the courage to turn the searchlight on one's MENTAL equipment, to recognize the training which one lacks, and to do as Jack London did—climb out of the "pit."

Right now, in your own office, there are probably dozens of men who are performing the same old routine tasks they have been performing for years—tasks which literally millions of men could do equally well; yet hardly a man in the lot but thinks he is having a "mighty hard time" and that "luck never seems to break his way."

But how CAN it break his way—when he is obviously not PREPARED?

How futile, for example, to expect an employer in need of an expert accountant to appoint a man—at five or six thousand a year—who knows nothing beyond the keeping of a set of books.

—Or to expect the head of the firm to entrust his transportation problems to a man who has got all his knowledge about traffic management from the shipping room and the loading platform!

—Or to expect ANY reputable business house to choose, say, as district manager a man who has no conception whatever of salesmanship—to advance to the superintendent's desk a foreman who knows nothing about industrial management efficiency—to entrust a direct-by-mail campaign to a routine correspondent—or to appoint a "one-department man" as general manager.

It may be RESTFUL to stand at the bottom of the pit and to gaze at the stars—but the SHREWD thing to do is to seize the rope of SPECIALIZED TRAINING—and to pull oneself OUT!

## The Kind of Experience That COUNTS

—And EASIER, too, by far, than one might suppose—this climbing to a higher place by the aid of specialized training.

For within the last two decades a method of business training has been evolved which marks an advance beyond the earlier correspondence-school idea as outstanding as the advance of radio beyond the original Marconi "wireless."

Under this modern method—distinctive with LaSalle Extension University—every portion of the work is directed toward the rapid imparting of ORGANIZED EXPERIENCE.

Step by step, the member is shown the PRINCIPLES which govern the various business situations he must face in that bigger place—and step by step he fixes those principles firmly in his mind through the solving of ACTUAL BUSINESS PROBLEMS.

A dozen times a man might READ how to do a thing—how to swim, for example—and STILL be unable to do it!

But let him grasp the PRINCIPLES that govern an undertaking—and let him put them into successful PRACTICE—and he has acquired the greatest asset a business man can possess—thoroughly practical EXPERIENCE.

## A Club That Everyone Likes to Join

Hundreds—yes, thousands of letters in the files of LaSalle Extension University bear out the scientific soundness of the LaSalle Problem Method.

The members of LaSalle, for example, have a club they call the "100% Club," to which no man is eligible until he has increased his salary at least one hundred per cent. Not a month goes by but what acres of names are added to its rolls.

Indeed, if we liked, we could fill this page—in close-set newspaper type—with the names of just a small proportion of the men who have actually DOUBLED and TRIPLED their incomes through the Problem Method.

These men, you will say, are men of unusual determination and persistence—

Absolutely true.

—But also true that no one KNOWS what he can do until he TRIES.

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## Ask Yourself if You Can Qualify— Then ACT!

There is a certain class of men who seem content in a low-pay job.

There is still another class in whom the phrase "I can't" is so deep-rooted that they seem afraid to grasp the fairest opportunity.

Neither of these types are sought by LaSalle—nor would they profit greatly by its training.

There are countless other men, however, who appreciate what specialized training MEANS—who realize the tremendous HELP it offers—and who are not afraid to take their chance against the entire field of competition.

To men of this latter sort LaSalle Extension University has much to offer—both for mental growth and for increased earning power.

If you are in earnest when you say that you wish to get ahead, you will take your pen or pencil NOW—and check the training that appeals to you.

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## Wheels Within Wheels

(Continued from page 69)

it, when he told her that her husband was dead. What line of conjecture this might open up he was afraid to think.

"That's what I say," he put in abruptly. "It's not possible to state these hours exactly. Miss Mills is not sure of the time Mrs. Howland went down-stairs, Doctor Mason and I cannot be sure of the exact hour of Mr. Howland's death, nor can we make a good guess at it until we know what killed him. At whatever hour Mrs. Howland went down-stairs, it was evidently before the death of her husband."

Then O'Brien said suddenly, "In what mood was Mr. Howland when you left him, Mr. Magee?"

"Angry," said Magee, succinctly.

"At you?"

"No."

"At whom?"

"Oh, nobody in particular—at circumstances."

"Was Mr. Howland still angry when you talked to him, Mr. Swift? After Mr. Magee had left you?"

"He was getting over it," said Swift, speaking slowly, as if choosing his words.

**T**HERE was much more discussion, but the great question was still unsettled as to whether Ralph Howland met his death at the hands of a murderer or died from natural causes. Meanwhile, Rob and Sally Peters had been called back to New York by business.

Chief Weldon and his detectives, as well as Doctor Mason, seemed bent on the crime theory, while Doctor Avery and all the members of the household took the other view. Thus, it was plain to be seen that all were more or less influenced by their own inclinations.

The police could get no definite evidence, however, to help them out. Both Weldon and O'Brien questioned and probed and racked their brains for ingenious theories to fit the case, but found none. Doctor Mason persisted in his story of the fleeting whiff of the odor of prussic acid, at which Doctor Avery scoffed. If it were true, it meant a fine start for a poisoning case.

As county medical examiner Mason was in full authority; he gave a burial permit, but he reserved his decision as to what was the cause of death. And so Conrad's father was at last called in.

John Stryker was accustomed to houses of mourning, but never before had he been ushered into a household like this. At once he sensed the fact that sympathy was neither expected nor desired. He waited for a cue on how to conduct himself.

"I'm in charge, Mr. Stryker," Leonard Swift said, and his bearing was that of a man suddenly called upon to assume great responsibilities. "You will please attend to all details of the funeral of Mr. Howland, referring all matters of importance to me. Mrs. Howland is too ill to consider these matters at all. As to the funeral appointments, let them be dignified and proper, without any display."

"Yes, sir; yes, sir," said the black-barbed man, deferentially.

"A moment, please, Mr. Stryker," said

Weldon, as the man started for the door. "Just a word about that boy of yours. He wasn't at home last night?"

Stryker's face showed a sudden agonized look.

"No," he said; "but Conrad rarely is at home nights. He is—he is not responsible, you see. As he is quite harmless, I let him go where he will. He has done so for many years, and no harm has ever come of it. Was he here?"

"Yes; most of the night. If your son saw anything, could he tell us of it?"

"No." And the father's face was positive, though very grave. "No reliance whatever can be placed on his word. He does not mean to lie, he does not know lying is wrong; but his memory is a blank. He says one thing one minute and the opposite the next. He made no trouble, did he? My Conrad?"

So pathetic was the man's face that Weldon remarked gently, "Not at all, Mr. Stryker. That will do! You may go!"

"And yet the idiot boy was in the library last night," said the detective, O'Brien.

"How do you know that?" asked Magee, surprised out of his usual calm.

"Who else let the bird out? I'm told this idiot chap has a sort of mania for freeing captive animals. Must it not be, then, that he freed the canary?"

"That's nothing," Weldon remarked. "I can't connect that poor half-wit with this crime."

"If it is a crime!" said Magee.

"**I**T'S a crime, all right," O'Brien answered curtly, and announced that he would take the finger prints of everybody.

Weldon smiled. "I wondered how long before you'd get at that," he remarked. "Mr. O'Brien is a firm believer in the finger-print method. He'll take every hand from the head of the house to the lowest scullery maid."

"The head of the house is dead," said Magee solemnly, and quite as if he refused to recognize Swift's claim to that title.

"That won't prevent my getting his prints," and O'Brien left the room.

In carrying out his program, the detective so wheedled Nurse Lane that she readily allowed him to take her finger prints, and also ushered him into the little boudoir where Mary Howland sat.

"What is it?" Mrs. Howland said, looking at the detective.

O'Brien regarded her closely. To his experienced eye, the process Doctor Avery had called unseating her reason had already taken place. Her glance, though direct enough, was a little vacant.

"Nothing much," said O'Brien casually. "Just put your finger tips on this sheet of paper, please, Mrs. Howland."

Without the least objection she did as directed, and then O'Brien said, "Where did you put the will, Mrs. Howland?"

"In that box," Mary replied, pointing to a leather box on the table.

"May I take it, please. They want it down-stairs."

She made no objection, and O'Brien put the document into his pocket. Mrs.



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Howland's eyes followed his movements, but still with that blank, unseeing stare. "Avery's right," O'Brien thought to himself. "A jolt of any sort would make her a maniac. But as yet she is holding on to her brain."

O'Brien went down-stairs and gave the will to Weldon, with a brief account of its finding.

"What made you think she had it?" Weldon asked.

"Why, I had looked in the drawer they spoke of, and it wasn't there. But on the drawer were fresh finger prints, and as soon as I saw Mrs. Howland's hands I knew they were hers. Nothing surprising that she should have possession of her husband's will, but—it may establish the fact that she was down-stairs last night, later than the men were."

"H'm. Is she crazy enough to have killed him?"

"I don't see how she could have done so. She's crazy enough, yes—but how?"

"How was he killed, anyway?"

"Doctor Avery knows more than he tells. He's shielding somebody."

"Must be Mrs. Howland, then. Who else?"

"Might be anybody in the house. I can't think Mason knows more than Avery about that prussic acid odor. I think Avery wants to hush it up."

"Well, he sha'n't. I'm going to get at the truth of this thing. Now, I should say that the will had better be read. Get the people together."

**T**HE entire household was summoned to the reading of Ralph Howland's will. Mary Howland was not present, but was left in the charge of a maid.

The provisions of the will were simple: About a third of the estate was left to Mary Howland. A large bequest was made to Austin Magee and goodly sums were left to Nurse Lane, to Miss Mills, and to several of the servants. A few friendly bequests were left to friends, and the residuary legatee was Leonard Swift.

At this point, the little group was momentarily electrified by an important and astounding proviso. The bequest to Swift was void, "If my daughter Angela should be found," to quote the document.

"Angela!" cried Leonard Swift, "why, she died when she was a baby!"

"Five years old," Doctor Avery corrected him.

"What does that clause mean?" asked Weldon curiously. "How could the child be found? Was there any doubt of her death, Doctor Avery?"

"Not the slightest. She died of the sleeping sickness. There was a terrible epidemic of that disease, and half the children of Normandale succumbed."

"Then Ralph's mind must have been affected," said Swift. "With Mary's brain unsettled, that gives us two irresponsibles to consider."

"Conrad making three," Doctor Avery added. "But I don't understand this thing. You're executor of the will, Magee; what do you know about it?"

"I know that Mr. Howland believed that his daughter did not die in infancy, but that she is still alive—somewhere."

"Had he any real reason to think that?" said Doctor Avery, looking absolutely dumfounded. "If so, why was I not told about it?"

"He had a reason to think it might be so," Magee returned. "But it is all uncertain. I'd prefer not to say more at present."

"By Jove, you will say more," Leonard Swift spoke angrily. "Not say more, indeed! You'll tell all you know about this absurd story, and tell it mighty quick, too. I'll have you know that such a clause jeopardizes my interests, and I won't stand for it! I believe that somebody—he looked straight at Magee—"that somebody has trumped up a plan to make believe Angela is alive."

"I think, Mr. Magee, you must tell all you know about this strange thing," said Weldon in his most judicial manner.

"But why?" said Magee. "The will distinctly states that the property is to be Mr. Swift's, unless the daughter appears. How can anything I say affect that?"

"I told you so!" Swift cried. "There is a plot afoot to do me out of this inheritance, and Austin Magee is at the bottom of it."

"There is no plot," Magee said quietly, "and if there were, it would be Mr. Howland's, not mine. It is his will we are discussing."

"There is a plot," Swift persisted; "I hold, Mr. Weldon, that you must make Mr. Magee tell all he knows!"

"I will tell," said Magee suddenly. "I think, perhaps, it is the wisest course."

His bearing was that of a man with a weighty secret to impart, and the little audience listened breathlessly.

"About two years ago," Magee began, "we had a notice from the Cemetery Association in Grantburg—"

"Where is Grantburg?" interrupted Swift.

"It is a small town in New Jersey, and it is where Angela Howland is buried," Doctor Avery informed him.

"Was to be buried," corrected Magee. "Yes, it is a small town, and the home of Mrs. Howland's girlhood days. When her child died, she wanted the interment in the old family plot at Grantburg. So the little casket was sent there."

"I REMEMBER perfectly," said Avery. "I myself superintended its dispatch, for Mrs. Howland was too ill and Mr. Howland too distraught to see to it."

"And you sent the casket out there by express," put in Magee.

"Yes; it was during the awful epidemic. I couldn't leave to go myself, and it was expressed to the cemetery people out there. Later I visited Grantburg to assure myself that everything was all right. I learned that Angela had been duly buried in the family plot. At the interment there were many relatives of Mrs. Howland and many friends and neighbors. I reported these facts to Mr. Howland."

"Yes," and Magee looked thoughtfully at the doctor; "it was all right—as far as the burial went. But—it was an empty casket that was buried that day."

"What! Impossible!" Doctor Avery's eyes nearly bulged out of his head. "Why, I know it was the right casket, I had selected it myself, a little white one with silver handles—and the name plate was on it, besides!"

"Yes, that is all true; but the casket was empty when it was put in the ground."

"How do you know?"

"Because, as I began to tell you, about two years ago, Mr. Howland received





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## Just 15 Minutes a Day

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He knows something of Science, though he had to stop school at fifteen. He is at home with History, and the best biographies, and the really great dramas and essays. Older men like to talk to him because he has somehow gained the rare gift of thinking clearly and talking interestingly.

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word from the cemetery people that, owing to freshets, the river running through the cemetery had overflowed its banks so often that lots on the bank of the river were unsafe, and it was necessary to remove the bodies buried in those lots to other locations. The lot of Mrs. Howland's family was one of these.

"Mr. Howland at first thought he would merely direct his daughter's casket to be moved with the rest. Then he changed his mind, and asked me to go out there and see about it. He had a great desire—perhaps it was morbid, but it was very strong—to look again on the face of his child, if the remains were in such condition as to render it advisable. This was what he wanted me to find out. He had been told that children dying of that disease preserved their natural looks for many years.

"I did not at all enjoy the prospect of the errand, but I could not refuse Mr. Howland's request. So I went, and there was absolutely nothing in that little casket. Nor was it possible that there had been a body buried in it. The satin lining was fresh and clean, though a trifle yellowed by time. There was no dust, no bits of clothing, no signs of a disintegrated body. It would be impossible for the remains to have disappeared so absolutely.

"I conferred with the cemetery authorities. While surprised beyond measure, they agreed that no body had been buried in that coffin. It was improbable, practically impossible for it to have been removed without their knowledge. So we faced another mystery. I bound them to secrecy until I could report to Mr. Howland and learn his desires."

"Incredible!" Doctor Avery said, staring at Magee. "I can't seem to believe it!"

"Yet it is all true," Magee said, "exactly as I have told it. Ever since my discovery, Mr. Howland and I have been trying to learn something further about the mystery, but we have been unable to do so. We questioned Mr. Stryker very closely as to the details of the shipment."

"Mr. Stryker is here now," suggested the doctor, "why not call him in?"

THE undertaker was summoned, and he repeated what he had already told Ralph Howland.

"I can't understand or explain it," he said. "I put the little body in the casket myself, and closed the lid. At that time there was a terrible rush of business—so many children died at once—and I was overworked. But I remember distinctly the Howland child, and I know I did all my duties exactly as usual. I remember the little girl well. She wore a short white frock trimmed with lace, and a string of coral—not beads, but that branchy coral that looks broken."

"And you sent the casket to the train yourself?"

"Of course I did. Went to the depot with it, and saw it properly shipped. I had receipts from the New Jersey people and due notice of its safe arrival."

"Then," said Detective O'Brien, "the body must have been taken out *en route*. That is a strange thing to happen! Was the casket opened at the time of the burial in New Jersey?"

"No," said Austin Magee, "it was not."

"That's stranger yet!" said Leonard

Swift, who was listening with a resentful look in his dark eyes. "Why wasn't it?"

"No, that's not strange," Doctor Avery remarked. "The casket was taken from the railroad directly to the cemetery, and the interment did not seem to call for its opening. But it was all wrong to send it unattended," he went on, broodingly. "I said so at the time. Yet there seemed nothing else to do. An epidemic, such as that one was, left no time or opportunity for anything except the care of the living."

"Well," said Magee, "there's my story, and it's a true one. For the past two years Mr. Howland has been trying to get some inkling of what could have become of his daughter. His theory is that she was taken from the casket alive."

"Alive!" cried Doctor Avery. "Impossible!"

"But is it impossible, Doctor?" Magee asked. "In the rush of the epidemic, might it not be possible that you thought the child dead, when she was not?"

"My God!" groaned the doctor. "If I could believe that—"

"It is only theory," went on Magee. "But it became an obsession with Mr. Howland. He believed thoroughly that little Angela did not die; that she awakened, and was somehow released from the casket, and that she is still alive."

"DOES Mary Howland know of this?" asked Swift.

"Not a word," replied Magee. "Mr. Howland would not tell her, knowing that the uncertainty would be harder for her to bear than the loss of the child."

"Do you suppose she read this will?" asked O'Brien, suddenly.

"I dare say," returned Doctor Avery; "and I believe that is what has made her so much more unsettled in her mind. The implication that Angela could be alive was quite enough to disturb her brain to the extent of irresponsibility."

"Well, I think it's all poppycock," said Leonard Swift scornfully. "I'm quite willing to take the chances of the child turning up again. She never will. I agree the body must have been taken from the casket on the way to its final resting place; but I don't for a minute believe it was a live body. It had been in the closed casket overnight—had it not, Mr. Stryker?"

"Yes, it had," said the undertaker positively, "in my rooms."

"The child couldn't survive that, could she, Doctor?"

"No," replied Avery, speaking as one in a daze. And indeed, this strange story had completely floored the good old doctor. If he had really thought the Howland child dead when she wasn't, he could never forgive himself!

"This whole story is strange and exceedingly interesting," said Chief Weldon, at last; "but even at that it is not our present business. That is, to find out if Mr. Howland was put to death and, if so, by whom. I cannot see that the reading of his will has thrown any light on this matter."

"Except," said O'Brien, "that it is sure that Mrs. Howland came down-stairs late last night and took the will away with her. Might it be possible, Doctor Avery, that the knowledge of the will's contents turned her brain, and in her madness she killed her husband?"



## Do you also guide her eating?

EVERY mother wants to lay the foundation for her child's education. But are all mothers just as particular to build for a healthy body?

Oatmeal is the safest corner-stone for health. But there is a great difference in rolled oats.

The superiority of H-O (Hornby's Oats) is due to an exclusive process of Steam-Cooking and Pan-Toasting the oats in the old-fashioned way.

The thorough Steam-Cooking in closed kettles, breaks down the starch cells to dextrinize the starch and make the oats digestible. Pan-Toasting in ovens over live coal fires, produces that delicious H-O flavor.

For free trial package, write the H-O Cereal Company, Inc., Department C, Buffalo, N. Y., or Ayr, Ontario.





## The Beard Softener



### Welcome back

I know how it is. You get kind of interested in the glowing promises regarding the magic virtues of some other shaving preparation and buy it. If you weren't always looking for the best, you wouldn't have known about Mennen's.

Under the Coué influence of aforementioned promises, you even imagine for a few mornings that you have found something pretty good, but somehow a beard is unresponsive to auto-suggestion.

Before the week is up, you begin to yearn for the old, firm, creamy Mennen lather. Your mind dwells on how soft and non-resisting your beard used to be. You miss that gorgeous after feel of glowing skin comfort. You begin to dislike the razor that had seemed so friendly. Blades don't last as long.

What a real pleasure it is, once more to see the old green and white striped tube of Mennen's in your bathroom.

I am glad you experimented, for now we can stick together to the end.

Welcome back!

Let me tell you a secret about Mennen's. Just because we gave to the world, ten years ago, the most perfect beard softener that had ever been made—which actually revolutionized the shaving habits of a nation—we didn't just rest on our laurels.

We kept right on improving the Cream. Perfecting Boro-glycerine and incorporating it in the Cream was a triumph. Boro-glycerine is a soothing emollient which relaxes skin tissues and provides an antiseptic protection.

Have you noticed what a small amount of the Cream you now require and what an enormous quantity of water you can work into the lather? Have you used Mennen's with cold or hard water? Have you tried shaving without rubbing in the lather with fingers?

All these superiorities are the reward of a firm purpose to retain leadership by a constant striving to improve?

Would you like to try a few Mennen Shaves? Buy a tube. Use it for a week. If the shaves are not the finest you ever experienced, send tube to me and I will refund purchase price.

THE MENNEN COMPANY  
NEWARK, N. J. U. S. A.

*Jim Henry*  
Mennen's Salesman

"It is quite possible that the reference to her daughter would cause her to lose her mind; but I cannot see how that indicates crime on her part."

"Mad people are often very ingenious," persisted O'Brien, who was greatly impressed with this new idea.

"But how could she do it?"

"Hatpin," said O'Brien, shortly. "You doctors say you can't find any wound, but there must be one."

"Not likely," growled Doctor Avery, who was nervously upset.

"But possible," O'Brien insisted. "A puncture at the base of the brain—he has such thick hair you'd never see it—"

"There wasn't any," and Avery spoke sternly. "I looked especially for that."

O'Brien said no more, but he shook an obstinate head.

"At risk of repetition," said Weldon, "I'd like you men to tell me again of your visits to the library last evening. Who went there first, to talk to Mr. Howland?"

"I did," said Austin Magee. "I was with Mr. Howland for a short time, and then Mr. Swift came, and I left and went up-stairs to bed."

"What were you and Mr. Howland discussing, Mr. Magee?"

"We were talking on what was to him an all-absorbing subject—his daughter."

"They were!" exclaimed Swift. "I heard them as I entered. And Magee was trying to persuade Mr. Howland that she had been found! Ridiculous! I can tell you all that, as master here, I will stand none of his hocus-pocus! It's all a piece of deceit—pretending to recover a living body!"

Austin Magee frowned a little as he silently contemplated the speaker. It was plain to be seen Leonard Swift was greatly annoyed at the idea of a living Angela.

"If I may be permitted a suggestion," Magee said, "why not quiz that idiot boy, Conrad. To be sure he wouldn't tell a coherent story, but he might give some broken sentences that would offer a clue."

"I expect to do that"—and O'Brien nodded—"all in good time."

"He's outside, prowling about now," said Edith, who was near the window.

"Have him brought in," ordered Swift. "Let's see what we can do with him."

CONRAD was of little help, however. He answered all questions willingly and volubly, but his statements made no sense. "You here last night?" O'Brien began, a little uncertain how to address this strange witness.

"Yeppy, yeppy," and the lack-luster eyes rolled about uncannily. "Yep, I was here all night—all night."

"You let the bird out of his cage?"

"Yes, yes, yes; poor little birdie. I let him out—I let him out. Nice little birdie. Where'd he go?"

"Were you on the porch, looking in the window all night?"

"All night—all night—all night, I was."

"You saw Mr. Howland through the window?"

"Oh yes, oh yes—all night. He sleeps in his chair! In his chair! Not go to bed—Oh, no."

"When you came into the room and let out the bird, was Mr. Howland asleep?"

"Oh, yes, very asleep—very asleep."

"Did you touch him?"

"Wake him up? Oh, no, no. Let him sleep—poor man so tired!"

"Now, whatever happened to Ralph Howland, that idiot had no hand in it," declared Swift. "Do send him away—he's awful!"

"I awful?" And Conrad roused to a semblance of mild anger. "Bad Mr. Swift—don't call poor Conrad awful."

"Better not antagonize him, Swift," Austin Magee said. "He doesn't forgive easily."

"He can't remember," and Swift laughed. "Send him away, O'Brien."

"Just a minute. Whom did you see in here last night, Conrad?"

"All everybody. Charles come—and Martin come—and Misser Swift, and Misser Magee—and angel lady come."

"That's Mrs. Howland," Magee explained. "She may or may not have come, but that's Conrad's name for her."

"Yes, angel lady come," Conrad repeated, "and gay girl come—"

"That's Miss Mills," Magee again said explanatorily; "the boy has names for us all."

"You saw all these in the room?"

"Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes—"

"Perhaps he did and perhaps he didn't," Magee said. "There is really no reliance to be placed on his statements. We've often proved that."

So the half-wit was sent away.

THE funeral of Ralph Howland was duly held and Leonard Swift took possession of his inheritance. He gave Austin Magee notice that his services were no longer required. Magee returned that he was executor of the will, and should stay on to see that its bequests were duly carried out. He said that if Swift wished, he would go to live at the village inn; but to take advantage of the offer would have seemed so positively churlish that Swift agreed to his remaining.

Mary Howland, kept in absolute quiet and seclusion by Nurse Lane, grew stronger in mind and body, and forgot, apparently, what she had read in the will. Indeed, Doctor Avery was not sure that she had read it, after all. The good doctor had a slight fear, deep in his heart, however, that Mary Howland was responsible for the death of her husband. He had not noticed that prussic acid odor, but he fully believed his colleague's attestation of its presence. And that, without question, meant poison. It was possible that Mary Howland could accomplish such a deed through the cunning of a disordered brain.

Mr. Esterbrook, the Howland lawyer, came often to the house, to advise and assist in the settlements. One afternoon, perhaps a fortnight after the death of Ralph Howland, he was in consultation with Swift, Magee, and the stenographer, Miss Mills, in the library, when a slight tap was heard on the door. A moment later Martin opened it, without a word, and ushered in a girl—a young thing, slim, dainty, and exquisitely gowned. She stood, framed in the doorway, one hand on the knob, and looked from one to another of the men. Stepping inside, she stood still for a moment and again glanced in turn at each man. Then, seemingly by instinct, she moved nearer to the lawyer, Esterbrook.

"I am Angela Howland," she announced. "Where is my mother?"

(To be continued)





*This outfit exactly as pictured  
\$1.00 complete.*

# Mahoganite — New Scientific Water & Wearproof Razor Case



**T**HE Mahoganite Ever-Ready De Luxe Case appears to be of rare old mahogany — beautifully-grained and mirror-polished. Interior as well as exterior is given the same rich finish.

The case is fashioned of a vulcanized composition which is water and warp-proof—washable and sanitary.

Mahoganite is a novelty—something never used before for a razor case.

It is thick-walled—solidly built—neatly partitioned to hold the Ever-Ready frame, handle, blades, etc.

The outfit includes the heavily nickel-elled Ever-Ready frame with the new balanced hexagon handle, and a supply of the famous Ever-Ready Radio Blades—\$1.00 complete.

This ten-year guaranteed frame is scientifically designed to hold the blade at its most efficient shaving angle. There are no delicate adjustments to bother with—simply slip the blade into the frame, snap down the top, and the Ever-Ready is all set to give you the safest, quickest and best shaves of your life.

Drug, hardware, jewelry and general stores everywhere are now selling the new Ever-Ready De Luxe razors—the “Town,” in flat compact case of beautifully-grained imitation ivory—the “Touring,” in high, heavily nickelled case—the “Sport,” in flat nickelled “cigarette” type case—all \$1.00 complete.

No matter which outfit you select you will be getting a real \$5.00 value for \$1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CORPORATION  
Also Makers of Ever-Ready Shaving Brushes  
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# Ever-Ready

## SAFETY RAZOR

*\$3 Models Now \$1*



Ever-Ready  
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6 for 40¢



# Send The Coupon for free estimate

Chamberlin Metal Weather Strip Co., Detroit, Mich.  
Tell me the cost of equipping my building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips (check whether home, factory, office building, church, school).

Give number of outside doors \_\_\_\_\_  
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Eng. Dept. J-6

## Save Fuel Keep Warm End Draughts

You will be surprised at the small cost of equipping your home or business building with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

And they add so much to comfort, cleanliness and good household economy. They save 25% to 40% of fuel costs. Keep dirt, dust, soot and smoke from sifting in. That ends one of the most tedious tasks of housework.

### Why Heat Your Building 36 Times Every Day?

Tests show the inrush of cold air at unprotected windows and doors fills the average building 36 times daily. Why fight this with fuel?

How much more simple to bar it out as thousands of good home managers do, with Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips.

At 12,000,000 windows and doors Chamberlin Metal Weather Strips permanently end fuel waste and discomforts resulting from draughts. They make homes dust-proof. Protect hangings, furnishings and decorations. End rattling doors and windows.

Healthier homes result. Children are safe from cold

air currents. No cold spots. You are not driven from the bright, cheerful window by chill draughts.

**Free** Chamberlin Strips are used on 85% of all weather stripped buildings, including homes, banks, schools, office buildings, churches, stores, hotels and apartments.

They are guaranteed to last as long as the building. Any need for service or attention, no matter how many years hence, is cheerfully done free, by Chamberlin experts. An estimate by our engineering department, on the cost of your equipment, is free. Just send the coupon.



## It's Fine to Have Ideas—But Can You Put Them Over?

(Continued from page 53)

Almost as difficult to deal with as the self-absorbed man is that very smart person who no sooner senses that you have a change to propose than he confidently assures you that he will "tell you why it won't work." This he proceeds in great detail to do, undeterred by the trifling consideration that, giving you little or no chance to explain, he has at the best only a hazy conception of your idea.

I once had a particularly exasperating case of this kind—the more I tried to explain, the less the man listened and the more he went on talking about something I never had in mind. Letting the matter drop for the time being, I suggested a few days later that he visit with me the office of a former client and there look into the workings of a department that I thought would interest him. He did so, and at the close of the visit turned to me to declare enthusiastically, "Now, that's what we ought to have." Of course it would have done no good for me to tell him that it was the identical plan I had been trying to present to him.

This method of getting ideas across by an object lesson is one that I use frequently. Indeed, I have found that it will reach men who cannot possibly be convinced otherwise. In conferring with the chief executive of a large establishment I once found myself balked by his repeated statement that he didn't want any "machine-made efficiency." It was useless to protest that my only object was the elimination of waste; all my ideas and suggestions simply rebounded from his stereotyped three-word barrier. At the close of the conference, he mechanically reached up and switched off the electric light. Catching his arm, I asked abruptly: "What did you do that for?" His heightened color showed that he got the point; that he realized he was practicing "machine-made efficiency" himself.

**B**ACK of the trouble I had with this man probably lay the fact that because of the way the word "efficiency" has been overworked and crimes committed in its name by incompetents and fakers, everything and everybody that could be associated with this word had got a black eye with him. And it is truly astonishing how often "hard-headed" business men are led into opposing a thing of clearly demonstrable money-saving or money-making value, simply because the thing has for them some objectionable or painful association.

A case of this kind occurred in a textile mill manufacturing some two or three thousand varieties, sizes, and styles of product, and which had a "color card" showing about five hundred different shades. A study of the dyeing room disclosed that it was the common practice to waste money dyeing very small lots at frequent intervals. Although five pounds of material was the proved economical minimum, sometimes there would be dyed only a few ounces.

We suggested that they never should

dye at one time less than a month's supply of each shade. Against this they urged that such a practice would increase their inventory, a very undesirable thing in a falling market. We showed that as the dyeing applied only to material already in stock, it could not possibly increase their inventory of purchased or raw material, and we proved from their own figures that our suggestion would save no less than \$500 a month in the dyeing room. You would think that any firm would be glad to add \$6,000 a year to its income; but the demonstration availed nothing. At length I got the explanation: A few months before, the firm had lost \$150,000 speculating in raw materials, and this experience made them shy at everything having any resemblance to an increase of inventory.

As cases of this kind are extremely common, it is for each of us, I think, to search his own mind and see if some painful memory (who does not have them?) is not making him in this connection *proof against the facts*, and so leading him into blindness to his own interests, and perhaps into injustice to others. I suspect that a good psychoanalyst could get at the bottom of many business blunders.

**R**ELUCTANCE to adopt new ideas also may arise from fear of criticism, especially that of one's superior officers. Frequently the management engineer hears it said by employees or by minor executives: "Oh, the chief would never stand for anything like that. It's contrary to his general policy." Which leads me to remark that if the average executive would require his subordinates to prepare statements setting forth their ideas of what his general policies are, he would in all likelihood receive some very astonishing information.

True, there sometimes is a good reason why minor officials should fear to adopt anything new, since over them is a man who, trusting only himself, centralizes in himself all powers of initiative. I once had business relations with the general manager of a manufacturing company who, in addition to his general managing, insisted on directing and approving everything procured by the purchasing department, every change in design by the engineering department, and every production plan, down to the purchase of specific pieces of machinery by the superintendent. None of his officials, he said, was capable of making decisions. When asked how they could learn to swim without being permitted to go into the water, he replied that he would permit them to make decisions when he had confidence in them, and not before. Is it surprising that this company to-day is keeping afloat with difficulty?

Of all the opposition you are likely to encounter, perhaps the most formidable is that of the man who, polite and affable, pretends to take a deep interest in your idea and to be willing to help out with suggestions of his own. "Very good," he



## NEW FEATURES THAT MEAN ECONOMY

*Important developments make the new Goodyear Cord Tire with the beveled All-Weather Tread conspicuously better in performance*

All of the several improvements embodied in the new Goodyear Cord Tire are calculated to a single result.

That result is increased economy for the Goodyear user—greater mileage at lower cost.

The new beveled All-Weather Tread, for example, is made of an improved rubber compound that offers extreme resistance to wear.

The beveled feature assures a more uniform distribution of the load over the carcass, enables the tire to seat itself better in ruts, and relieves the carcass from vibration as wear proceeds.

Contributing to increased economy also, are better unions between the plies of the carcass and between the carcass and the tread.

Contributing again are heavier sidewalls to resist curb and rut wear.

These and other features in the new Goodyear Cord with the beveled All-Weather Tread combine to the finest and most serviceable tire Goodyear has ever made.

Quieter, smoother-running, longer-lived and more economical, it is called by users the greatest tire achievement in years.

You can get this improved Goodyear Cord at no extra price from the Goodyear Service Station Dealer near you.

He is pledged to back up its high quality with a service that will help you get from it all the mileage built into it at the factory.

*Goodyear Means Good Wear*

GOODYEAR

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Photograph by J. E. Christ

## The store that did a \$21,000 business during a special FARM & FIRESIDE week

**How the B. & O. Cash Store of Temple, Oklahoma (population 906), tied to the products advertised in Farm & Fireside and brought 10,000 people to their store in a single week.**

When Bob and Otha Mooney bought out a little grocery store in Temple, Oklahoma, fifteen years ago, they little dreamed that in 1923 they would be possessed of one of the greatest stores in the entire Southwest—a store that today, in a town of 906 people, is doing a business in excess of \$1,250,000 annually.

"Taking advantage of every opportunity we can safely swing" has been their guiding motto. Standard merchandise, backed by national advertising, represented one of these opportunities. Early in their career they learned that it was far easier, and took much less time, to sell merchandise about which their customers already knew something through the advertising of reputable manufacturers.

At the beginning of the present year, when the Mooney brothers were planning a Spring style show, it occurred to them that some additional attraction would be valuable in bringing in more customers.

### The Farm & Fireside Week

Why not a showing of the products we carry which are advertised in Farm & Fireside? they asked. "Why not give our entire window display to these products? Hundreds of our best customers are readers of Farm & Fireside—and it would be worth a good deal to us to show these people the merchandise which they have

read about in Farm & Fireside."

The idea was no sooner conceived than it was put under way. Twelve products,



Bob Mooney (right)  
Otha Mooney (left)

Proprietors of the  
B. & O. Cash Store

as advertised in Farm & Fireside, were selected for this display:

American Fence, Colgate's Toilet Preparations, Gillette Razors, Goodrich Tires, Hartshorn Shade Rollers, Ingersoll Watches, Mulsified Coconut Oil, Pepsodent, President Suspenders, Renfrew Devonshire Cloth, Swift's Products, Wright's Bias Fold Tape.

In each of the four windows large signs, "Come in and see this Standard Merchandise—As Advertised in Farm & Fireside," were displayed across the backs of the windows.

Each of the products was attractively grouped, and accompanying each display was a large cardboard sign bearing the words, "As advertised in Farm & Fireside," together with pasted-on copies of several advertisements of the product.

### \$21,000 in sales

What were the results of this display? No special price inducements were offered—and yet the sales for this one week reached

the remarkable total of \$21,000. More than 10,000 people visited the store during the week.

Sales on each of the Farm & Fireside-advertised products increased from 25 to 200 per cent. More than \$1,250 worth of American Fence alone was sold. Sales of Goodrich Tires were \$300. Sales of Swift's Products doubled. And so on—with every item.

The Mooney brothers saw an opportunity in Farm & Fireside advertising—and cashed in on it to the extent of several thousands of dollars.

### An opportunity for you

There is a similar opportunity in your community. Whether you handle one or a dozen of the products advertised in Farm & Fireside, there are hundreds of prosperous farm families, readers of Farm & Fireside, who will be interested in seeing the merchandise about which they have read. A window display of these products will make sales for you.

If you would like to try this plan in your store, we will be glad to help you. Just write us, "Tell me how to put on a Farm & Fireside Week," and name the products from the list below which you carry, and we will send you display material and suggestions. We will also include a copy of our new booklet, "Projected Selling," if you request it.

### The Crowell Publishing Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City  
Farm & Fireside, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion, Collier's, The National Weekly, The Mentor

# FARM & FIRESIDE

*The National Farm Magazine*

## TIE to these products advertised in FARM & FIRESIDE

Absorbine  
Advance Cork Insert Brake Lining  
Agricultural Gypsum  
American Fence  
American Pad & Textile Company  
American Radiator Company  
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.  
Anthony Fence  
Beal Spray Pump  
Black Flag Insect Powder  
Brown's Beach Jacket  
Burpee's Seeds  
Capwell Horseshoe Nails  
C. B. & Q. R. B. Company  
Chandler Motor Cars  
Chesbrough Vaseline Products  
Chevrolet Cars  
Clark's Grave Vault

Clark's O. N. T. Crochet Cotton  
Clothesline Clothes  
Colgate's Toilet Preparations  
Dandol Butter Color  
De Laval Separator & Milkers  
Devco Paint & Varnish Products  
Diamond Tires  
Dietz Lanterns  
Douglas, W. L. Shoes  
Dr. Hess Truck Tissue  
Dr. Hess Poultry PAX-A-CEA  
Duro Pump & Manufacturing Company  
Edison Lamp Works of the General Electric Company  
Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco  
Ewert Cars  
Excelsior  
F. & W. Motors Corporation

Gibson Musical Instruments  
Glastenbury Underwear  
Goodrich Tires  
Great Northern Ry.  
Green Guild Watches  
Hansen's Dairy Preparations  
Harley-Davidson Motorcycles  
Hartshorn Shade Rollers  
Henderson Seeds  
Hooder Kitchen Cabinets  
Hudson Cars  
Ingersoll Watches  
International Harvester Farm Operating Equipment  
International Motor Trucks  
International Tractors  
Kotliog's Cream Plates  
Lambert's Menthyl Cough Drops

Lyon & Healy Musical Instruments  
Mellin's Food  
Mulsified Coconut Oil  
National Electric Light Assn.  
Northern Pacific Ry.  
O'Quinn Polish  
Old Tyme Socks  
Oliver Oil-Gas Burners  
Overland Cars  
Paper Ensilage Cutters  
Percin Sales Company  
Pepsodent Tooth Paste  
Perfection Oil Heater  
Pillsbury's Flour  
Planet Jr. Implements  
Prest & Lambert Varnish Products  
President Suspenders  
Rat-Nip

Reo Cars  
Royal Fence  
Sapello  
Semi-Solid Buttermilk  
Shaler Vulcanizer  
Shan's Liniment  
Smith Brothers Cough Drops  
Smith & Barnes and Strobert  
Pianos and Player Pianos  
Stark Bros. Fruit Trees  
Stewart Warner Speedometer Corporation  
Stewart Custom Built Auto Accessories  
Swift's Products  
United States Tires  
Velluette Underwear  
Willis-Overland, Inc.  
Wright's Bias Fold Tape



says; "but do we really need to do it? Why not do so and so?"—his "so and so" being, in effect, the very way the thing is now being done. Such opposition is formidable, not merely because it is cleverly veiled but because it is the mark of one whose conservatism is a matter of deeply-rooted principle or of habit.

NOW, this conservatism, or fear or dislike of change *as* change, has prevailed among the great majority of people in all ages. Don't let it discourage you.

If you are an enthusiastic, optimistic innovator, you will do well to view the chilling, pessimistic conservative, not as an enemy but as an opponent in a friendly game. If you have the facts on your side, and will keep patiently putting them forward, with due diplomacy, you must ultimately win sometime and somewhere. For facts are stubborn things.

Never forget, however, that real diplomacy is necessary; and do not expect to

change an existing order of things overnight.

Moreover, you cannot assume safely that the idea whose birth gives you such a thrill is born perfect. The chances all are that, to make it practically useful, it will need modifications or additions such as can be supplied only by other minds. All our great inventions, although they sprung from the *leading* idea of some individual, really represent the contributions of many individuals.

Even if your idea were to be born perfect, it would not be advisable for you to take that attitude. Discuss it with other men, especially those who are conservative. If the other fellow contributes a new thought about your project, go out of your way, if necessary, to make acknowledgment. It is not enough to mention it to him alone. *Mention it to someone else in his presence.* Men not only long for credit, but will fight for it. Give it to them freely, and they will plug for your game as they would for their own.

NINA WILCOX PUTNAM has decided which is the weaker sex, and so has H. I. Phillips, famous humorist of the New York "Globe." Next month they give their decision in companion articles. You will get many a laugh out of the amusing arguments advanced, and some real food for thought, too.

## Do the Wise Thing if You Know What It Is—But Anyway Do Something!

(Continued from page 73)

provided with an itinerary of stores which they must see, and of departments in those stores they must see, and they add to that as many places as time permits. They bring back a report, which they write out in full and send in to the head of the department, who replies to it in person. The whole selling force at Bamberger's is in this way shown the very best merchandising methods and offered a chance of comparison with their own, knowing that any word from them will be heard and answered. In addition, the executives of the store visit every department store of any size in the country, each executive traveling to a new district each year. Bamberger's can tell you what almost any store in the country is doing in a particular department at any time, and believing in reciprocity their own records are open to any visiting merchant.

"Some ideas we get are big and some very small," said Mr. Fuld. "But every report is studied and the writer receives a definite reply why a suggestion is accepted or refused. If it is accepted it is paid for. Any method that will help a force to develop into thinking people through their own observations is going to result in a broader and more efficient force. Let me read you a suggestion or two from these trips:

"We should have more goods bearing our name." [A report from the perfumery counter.] "Blank has many such articles and it keeps the store name before people.

"I don't like this store" [another co-worker said]. "It has no cordial welcome nor any 'at home' feeling. The salespeople don't seem to care whether you come or not.

"We ought to have a stand for rubber sheeting. It could be measured better and the customers could see it with less trouble.

"Nothing revolutionary there, but little things that make a store more efficient. One of our unique features is our telephone switchboard. That grew out of a suggestion from one of our co-workers who is now an executive."

It was a woman's objection to a toll charge that gave the co-worker an idea for a free telephone service. On the first day it was installed and advertised the store was almost swamped with orders. To-day there is a sixteen-position switch-board in the store, sixty-three trunk lines, with four hundred and eighty-two extensions, running through Newark, to Elizabeth, the Oranges, Bloomfield, Montclair, and other suburban towns. Anyone in any of these towns may call Bamberger's for a local charge. The result to the store is figured at a thousand extra orders a day.

"It isn't only women who like the free service," Mr. Bamberger assured me. "Men like it just as well. I don't mean that a man will go far out of his road to save five cents, but he'll call up a store to do it just as readily as a woman will. It took us four years to get the telephone number '1'—an unforgettable number."

"HOW is it?" I asked, "that you are adding over a third to your store after such a period of depression?"

Mr. Bamberger leaned back in his chair and reflected.

"I believe I am getting a bit superstitious about dull times," he said finally.

# HERE'S A PENCIL WORTH TRYING

1586-№2

Yes, sir! A real bargain in pencil satisfaction—a joy alike to your hand and your purse.

### DIXON "TI-CON-DER-OGA"

Remember that name when you want smooth, responsive lead—a rounded-hexagon shape that is pleasing to the fingers—the best medium-priced pencil you have ever held in your hand. Try it soon.

Sold by practically all leading stationers

JOSEPH DIXON  
CRUCIBLE COMPANY  
Pencil Dept. 161-J,  
Jersey City, N. J.

#### SAMPLE OFFER

Write direct to us if your dealer does not have Dixon's Ti-con-der-oga pencils—enclose five cents—and we shall send you a trial-length sample.



FORT TICONDEROGA  
Drawn by Earl Hester, after reproduction drawing by Alfred G. Bussan, architect.





## This Amazing Book Has Increased the Pay of Thousands

W. Hartle of Chicago, Ill., had been for ten years in the railway mail service at a low salary. He sent for this book. During the last thirty days his earnings were more than \$1,000.

O. Mallroft of Boston, Mass., has increased his earning power since receiving this book to \$10,000 this year.

Charles P. Berry of Winterset, Iowa, had been a farm hand at \$50 a month. Then he sent for the book above and shortly after he earned \$1,000 a month.

F. Wynne of Portland, Ore., is making money that he never dreamed of before he sent for this book. One week he earned \$554.37, and the next week went over \$400—total for two weeks, \$954.37.

HUNDREDS of other cases are on record—stories of men who have suddenly stepped from ungenial jobs and small pay to magnificent earnings. Today they are making five, ten and fifteen times as much money as ever before.

And it all came about through reading a little Book, the same Book that is here offered to you absolutely free of cost. To thousands this Book has meant the turning point in life—the difference between commonplace work and careers of splendid success. It has brought amazing increases in earnings to men who had been plugging along for years in low pay jobs without any prospects of advancement.

### The Secret of Earning \$10,000 a Year

Yet this Book claims no magic power—it contains no get-rich-quick formula. Its secret is simply that it opens the eyes of men to the tremendous opportunities today in the most highly paid field of modern business—the great field of Salesmanship. It explains how any one, no matter what he is doing now, can quickly learn the secrets of Master Salesmanship in his spare time at home by means of a remarkable system based upon the fundamental Principles of Selling.

It tells of the wonderful work being carried on by a great organization of top-notch Salesmen and Sales Managers in fitting men for careers in Salesmanship and helping them to positions through its Free Employment Service.

### Whatever You Are Doing NOW You Should Read This Book

Surely if it has brought such good fortune to so many others—without any previous experience—you should at least examine the evidence. There is no cost or obligation whatever. Together with the Book you will receive the stories of men who tell in their own words of their amazing jumps to big earnings.

Simply mail the coupon or write—it may mean the turning point in your life as it has to so many others. Address, National Salesmen's Training Association, 23-G, Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association  
23-G, Chicago, Ill.

Without any cost or obligation on my part, please send me your Free Book, "Modern Salesmanship."

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Age..... Occupation.....

"The year I came here—December, 1892, and we opened the store on the thirteenth, too—was one of the panic years. Ten years ago, when the Hudson Tubes were completed, a number of Newark merchants felt that it was the end of big business for this city. With transportation to New York made so easy how could Newark hope to compete with the biggest market in the world? We didn't feel that way. We argued that we could always hold the trade, not by appealing to people to buy in their home town but by giving them everything New York could give in as good a way—and a little more if possible. That was why we decided to put up our new store, to be ready when the tubes were finished, so that we could give the people a beautiful store as well as good merchandise.

"This year we are adding to the building because we have been crowded; our goods could not be well shown, nor could our customers get as good service. The store has felt the depression of course, but what is depression but a forerunner of good times to come? This city and all the Eastern part of the country is but at the beginning of its growth. New York is going to be a city of a magnitude undreamed of now; Newark, an industrial center such as we have never yet seen. These little periods of depression pass, and are succeeded by periods of prosperity. This store will hardly be ready for good times before they are upon us—and we won't have time to build then."

"THAT'S like the heads," one of the executives assured me, "incurable optimists, both of them. But I remember that opening of the new store ten years ago, and some of us didn't feel any too sure of results. Most of us had seen what is only too common: a store get a good start, then put up a more ambitious type of building, and fail to get the old people into it. The old crowd, rather awed by the new magnificence, hang back, and there aren't enough new people coming to take their places. Like newly-rich people the

old friends are dropped before the new ones come. We were just in that position when one of the members of our committee came back from Baltimore with great enthusiasm for a made-in-Baltimore exhibit he had seen there. He proposed that we have such a Newark show. As Newark is primarily a manufacturing city it offered good opportunities. Mr. Fuld and Mr. Bamberger are always for trying out anything that promises well. Mr. Fuld never quite approved of this show, but finding the rest of us did, he gave his cooperation. It wasn't the first show we had given; when we were inducing people to round that corner at Market Street and come over here we had many shows. We ran a poultry show for about seventeen years, and it brought a surprising number of people into the store. And people heard of the store who never would have heard of it otherwise."

THE Made-in-Newark show ran for three years, and upon occasions there were one hundred thousand visitors a day. After three years the new store dropped shows and substituted other forms of publicity.

"We outgrew them, just as we have outgrown many ideas," said Mr. Bamberger. "But we continued to keep our name constantly before the people. It isn't enough for a store to sell good merchandise or to be honest with customers; it must see that people know it. It isn't enough for a man or woman to do good work; it is necessary to see that work recognized. We've done some things that were pure stunts, such as importing the first load of furs from Canada by airplane and installing the first radio department in a department store, two things which did more to make our name known than any business transaction we ever completed. Neither a store nor a man can go about shouting of his achievements, but to get ahead means not only good work but the recognition of it, and to assert one's self firmly and honestly is as much a part of business progress as work itself. It has to be done."

## And So I Left the Ministry to Go Into Business!

(Continued from page 41)

and myself but the probability of being dependent upon a pension in our old age. It was true that we had relatives who might help us. I was unwilling, however, to continue the devitalizing habit of depending upon someone else for help. This custom of mind had started back in the early days when I first began to wonder how I could live on my salary. Just at the time when things looked darkest, the congregation came in with a "pound party" that reduced the grocery bill. Then, a second time, when supplies were running low, the performance was repeated just in the nick of time. Presently we learned to know about when to expect these organized donations, and expect them we did! Gradually we came to depend on gifts of all kinds. When the baby was sick and the doctor said that he would give us his services at half price, I was

enormously relieved; for I did not know where I could get the money to pay him.

Through experience I learned that as a preacher I could get the price of almost anything reduced; for preachers never were expected to have enough money to pay as much as other people. I could travel on railroads at reduced rates, and I could get reductions at any store in town. There was a milliner among my members who insisted upon giving my wife a hat every spring and fall. Then the women in the congregation had a convenient way of noticing when our little girl needed a new dress, and bringing it to her. In fact, the feminine members of my family were pretty largely clothed through charity.

In the end I woke up to my shamelessness in going through the world and letting someone else pay my bills! I was nothing but a parasite on the society that





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Don't swelter through the summer in a hot, stuffy house. Equip your windows with *AiR-Way Multifold Window Hardware* and enjoy the cooling comfort of every breeze that stirs.

*AiR-Way Multifold* windows flood the home with sunshine and fresh air. Your bedroom, for example, may be a sun room by day and a sleeping porch by night. Dining and living rooms with *AiR-Way* windows are always light and airy, while kitchens so equipped are comfortable on even the hottest day. Especially desirable for sun rooms and sleeping porches.

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*A Hanger for any Door that Slides*

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*Exclusive manufacturers of "Slidetite"—the original sliding-folding garage door hardware*



# LEPAGE'S CRAFT BOOK



Made by League Member

This illustration was made from an actual photograph of a crocheted cover that goes around a flower pot and saucer to hide the unsightly red clay. The League Member who made it had never tried anything of this kind before, and she had no idea she could be half so clever or skillful. The material cost her only a few cents and she made it in half an hour. Since then she has made a number of other useful and decorative articles all described in *LePage's Craft Book*.

**This new, fascinating way  
to make things  
at home—**

**LEPAGE'S CRAFT BOOK**, fully illustrated, is a remarkable new publication that shows you a new way to make 50 different articles for use in your home. It is a much easier and quicker way than sewing, and much easier on your eyes. The directions for making are so clear, simple and complete that anyone can follow them.

You will be constantly surprised at the things you can make with the help of this book; at the ease and quickness with which you can make them; at their inexpensiveness, and at the high quality of your own craftsmanship. You can make things that until now only experts have made. It is truly fascinating, and the results are remarkable.

There is not a single impractical thing among these 50 articles. Each one is useful, decorative and substantial. And you can make them for much less than they would cost you ready-made.

**Send 10c in stamps  
for LePage's Craft Book**

Try this new way. A great deal of time and money has been spent in the preparation of this book now offered to you practically free. Cut out the coupon below; write your name and address on it and mail to us with 10 cents in stamps. We will at once send you a copy of *LePage's Craft Book*. Address: LePage's Craft League, care of Russia Cement Company, 52 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.

# E PAGE'S GLUE

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52 Essex Ave., Gloucester, Mass.**

Gentlemen: Enclosed you will find 10 cents in stamps in payment for a copy of your new *LePage's Craft Book*.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

I had expected to serve. Or, in still plainer words, I was a beggar!

At Christmas and Easter the children were supplied with toys and candy by their friends; so I was relieved also of the necessity of buying their luxuries. Yes, letting other people help to fill our needs and wishes had become a fixed habit with me. And now I was planning subconsciously to let my brothers or my wife's relatives educate my children, and probably help to keep my wife and myself in our old age. Were I to die early, my family certainly would have to be dependent upon them.

**BUT** my worst imposition, it seemed to me, was not on society at large so much as on one individual.

That individual was my wife! When I think now of the sacrifices that she had to endure, of the life of veritable slavery that she led, I almost wonder how a minister in a small church can have the heart to ask the woman he loves to marry him at all. It must be that he does not realize, any more than I did, just how much will be demanded of her, and because he hopes, just as I did, to get a larger church later.

I realized more poignantly than ever before that my wife was doing the work of four average women. She was first my wife and home-maker, a position in which many women have to have the assistance of a nurse for their children and a maid for the housework. My wife not only performed all three of these functions, but she was my assistant pastor as well. Indeed, she did as much actual ministerial work as I did. I could not have held my position at all successfully without her assistance, for in a church, as in no other field of activity there are certain things that are distinctly a woman's work. Being a general favorite, she held the congregation together and smoothed over much friction. But, oh, what a lot of her time it took!

I might have known that my wife's health could not hold out forever under all this strain. The day of reckoning finally came. When she fell ill, I, as usual, had no money with which to hire a nurse, so the congregation got one for me. Moreover, different parishioners kept the children from day to day, thus relieving me of the need to pay someone to take care of them, and the doctor gave his services at less than half price. It was the doctor who first gave voice to the thoughts that I had been harboring.

"This life is killing your wife," he said. "She was a woman with average strength to begin with; but she's been doing enough to kill two women stronger than she. The marvel to me is that she's kept up this long. I've been watching her and seeing how tired she's looked for months, and I'd thought of speaking to you before, but decided maybe it was not my affair."

His words cut me like a knife. Maybe I had become unduly sensitive, but I felt that the doctor had insinuated that I had not taken the proper care of my wife. Then I hid behind my old excuse. How could I have done any better when I had no money to hire the help that she needed? It was the fault, I said, of the congregation, for not paying me enough to live on. Yet after all, were they to blame? Down in my heart I knew that they were paying me as much as they

could afford to pay, for they were not wealthy people. Moreover, I had accepted willingly a call to a poor church, for I felt that the opportunity for real service was unusually great in such a church.

This brought up the question of my service. All in all, was my work actually worth more money than I was getting? In the end I decided that it was not. Altogether I was not doing a vast amount of work, because of the fact that my congregation was small and there was too much outside competition for new members. In the immediate vicinity of my church there were three other churches—a Methodist, a Baptist, and an Episcopal—all struggling hard for an existence, with barely enough members to keep going at all. There were too many ministers for the people in the neighborhood, and the work of each man was far from burdensome.

When my service was weighed in the balance I could not evade the glaring evidence that *I was the one who was being served by society more than I was serving it*. It seemed, moreover, that any accomplishments of mine had been done at the expense of my wife's health. Her illness tipped the scale and caused me to make my final decision to leave the ministry.

But what other work could I find? As a minister's position in society is unique, there seems no other occupation for which his training directly fits him. Moreover, in the business world the preacher usually is regarded as an impractical dreamer. Eventually I decided to write to my brother, who was in a Chicago bank, and talk things over with him. The idea of this letter was an inspiration, for my brother replied that a man had just been talking with him about an opening in a large industrial concern in Buffalo where a personnel director was needed. Indeed, my brother had mentioned me for the place, because of my understanding of people and my ability to handle them. He advised that I go to Buffalo at once for an interview. I decided to do so.

**MY PROBLEM**, as usual, was where to get the money for the trip. I knew that I would have to borrow it; but I resolved that, for the first time in my working life, I would pay the expenses of the trip in full. I was still a minister, but I was going on business not connected with the church. Thus, when I went to buy my railroad ticket I did not present the slip that would allow me a reduced fare. Moreover, I was going to stay at a hotel, and not be "assigned" to some home for entertainment! The very thought of it gave me an added feeling of self-respect, and an added determination to get that job. And I got it!

I started in Buffalo at four thousand dollars a year, and I have made good in my work. In three years of service my salary has been increased annually. I shall never be a wealthy man, as the world counts riches, nor do I aspire to be. But we have all that we want or need. Moreover, I know that I can educate my children and thus fulfil my duty as a parent, while I can make gifts to charity instead of receiving them. Since I know the struggles of a poor minister, I give to the church more liberally than the average man with a similar income. But this is a gift that my wife and I always enjoy, for we know





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No other car in its field offers the manifold advantages of an all-steel body, with baked-enamel finish—or the buoyant riding ease of Triplex Springs (*Patented*). No other

light car duplicates its liberal use of Timken and New Departure bearings in its axle construction.

The new Overland is a better looking car. The hood is higher. Body lines are longer. Seats are lower. It is also a very satisfying and economical car. The powerful engine gives smooth, sure performance and 25 miles and more to the gallon of gasoline. Drive an Overland and realize the difference.

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we are putting the money where it is really needed. We not only contribute to the church in Buffalo of which we are members, but we also make contributions to several smaller ones that we know are having a hard time to make ends meet.

If the financial results, however, were the only benefits of the change it might be said that I sold my soul for a farthing. But here is where the best part of my story comes: In my new work I have found a greater opportunity for real service than I had in all my nine years as a minister. I wish I had the time to tell of my rich experiences in human contact, in helping the man who is discouraged, and in finding places where each worker will be happy and efficient. Indeed, I have the chance now to preach my sermons to those whose need of them is of a most practical and pressing nature. What is more, I have come to believe that the man in any big business, where he is thrown elbow to elbow with other men, has as good an opportunity to preach and practice the gospel of Christ as any man in the world. To illustrate I will tell one story:

A few months ago one of the factory hands, whom I shall call Jones, came to me with his problems. He had been with the company three years, and his pay had never been raised. With a wife and two growing children he was still making one hundred dollars a month, and his rent had been increased considerably. The circumstances reminded me so painfully of those under which I had lived but a short time before that my first impulse was to tell the man that I would see what I could do for him. But I did not, for I knew that no man wants to be pitied; he needs to be challenged. Instead, I said to him:

"IT IS the policy of this company to promote every man who proves that he is worth promoting. Now, if your pay has not been raised in three years, there must be some definite reason for it. *What are you giving to the company?*" The man admitted that for the amount of work he was doing he was well enough paid.

"Why not try doing a *little more* every day than you are expected to do?" I suggested, and he said that he would. Five weeks later I noticed that Jones had been recommended for an increase in salary. I was curious to hear what his boss had to say about him, so I called him to my office.

"I don't know what's come over Jones," he told me. "His work has been so much better lately that he's seemed like a different man."

Since that time I have been watching Jones, and I learned just the other day that he is to be given the place of his immediate superior, who expects to make a change.

This is just one of the hundreds of similar cases which I handle from day to day. In all my dealings with the men I stress the idea of service, of taking a pride in their jobs, and thinking of what they can give rather than what they can get. Thus I help them to help themselves, and it is surprising what a lot of heartaches I have been able to penetrate, and how many problems I have helped to solve. Above all, I am happy in my work. I am happy because I am doing something vital, and because I know I am serving, in the larger sense of the word.

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**YOU** can give every room in your home that fine air of immaculate cleanliness—You can rejuvenate your furniture, woodwork, floors and linoleum—You can take the drudgery from dusting. By just going over all finished surfaces occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Polishing Wax.

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*How to make your home artistic, cheery and inviting.*

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*How to finish soft and hard woods.*

*How to refinish old wood in stained and enameled effects.*

*How to fill unsightly, germ-catching cracks.*

*How to stain wood artistically.*



Johnson's Polishing Wax covers up marks and surface scratches. Takes all drudgery from dusting.



Johnson's Liquid Wax is the ideal furniture polish. It cleans, polishes, preserves and protects.



Your linoleum will last longer and look better if you polish it occasionally with Johnson's Prepared Wax. It makes cleaning easy.



### Book on Home Beautifying FREE

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. A. M. 6, RACINE, WIS.

(Canadian Factory—Brantford)

"The Wood Finishing Authorities"

Please send me free and postpaid your book telling how to make my home artistic, cheery and inviting. I understand that it explains just what materials to use and how to apply them—includes color card—gives covering capacities, etc.

My Dealer is.....

My Name.....

My Address.....

City and State.....





**T**HE PARTHENON is immortal largely because of the remarkable degree of refinement that it represents. Today, in its particular field, the Royal Typewriter is just as notable an example of that superior designing and workmanship which together make perfection of detail possible. One of the largest users of the Royal recently paid us the compliment of referring to it as "the perfected typewriter"

**ROYAL TYPEWRITER COMPANY, Inc.**  
Royal Typewriter Building, 364-366 Broadway, New York  
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*"Compare the Work"*

**ROYAL**  
Trade Mark  
**TYPEWRITERS**

## Why I Quit Working For My Wife's Father

*(Continued from page 29)*

newspaper man knows, is intoxicating; it forms a habit which is almost impossible to break. A man may wander away into other lines of activity but, until his last day on earth, he will never pass a newspaper office and smell the fresh, damp ink coming up through the iron grating from the presses in the basement without wanting to walk into the office, take off his coat, and go back to work.

My first job was counting the papers and passing them across the counter to the howling mob of youngsters who piled in through the back door of the office as soon as school was out. The logical line of progression was into the business office or the advertising department; but almost from the first day, I began writing little items in odd moments and slipping them onto the city desk. By the end of three months the lure was so strong upon me that my highest ambition was to be assigned to one of the battered old typewriters on which the news of our fair city had been pounded out since the oldest living resident was a babe in arms.

The chance came at last. I was assigned to a suburban district where nothing ever happened except afternoon parties, and deaths of old people, perfectly proper weddings, and an occasional broken leg caused by slipping on the ice.

From that bucolic beat I was removed after a while to police headquarters; then to the city hall. And three years from the time I started I was assistant city editor at a salary of forty dollars a week. That year Ethel and I were married.

**E**THEL'S father and my father were classmates. I had a letter of introduction to him when I arrived in the city and was a frequent guest in his home. He is one of these elemental characters who has never had the slightest doubt or misgiving. Growing up on a farm, he determined to go to college, and went. Moving from college to the city he looked around, decided that the rubber business was destined to large development, borrowed five thousand dollars from a man who had never heard of him three months before, and began manufacturing a household product in a garret. To-day he must be worth well over a million dollars.

I am sure he liked me from the beginning; but he treated the newspaper business with a disdain that created unending debate between us.

As the time of the wedding drew nearer the colonel and I had fewer discussions. He assumed, without saying so definitely, that I would give up "this newspaper foolishness" when I had become his son-in-law. The idea did not appeal to me at all, but Ethel urged it.

"The business and I mean a great deal to him, dear," she said; "it would be selfish and unfair not to help him."

So we had the big church wedding, with great bunches of flowers, and automobiles, and the swell caterer from Chicago. It

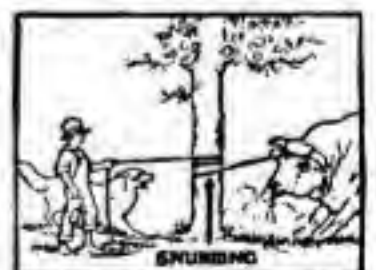




LET A MOTORIST once own a car equipped with Gabriel Snubbers—and from that time on, while he may change his mind as to the type or size of car he wishes to drive, he will never change his mind about the value of Gabriel Snubbers and the need of them on *every* car. 37 cars are standard-equipped and the manufacturers of 34 others put holes in frames for them.

*Sold by Legitimate Dealers*

THE GABRIEL MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
1411 East 40th Street  
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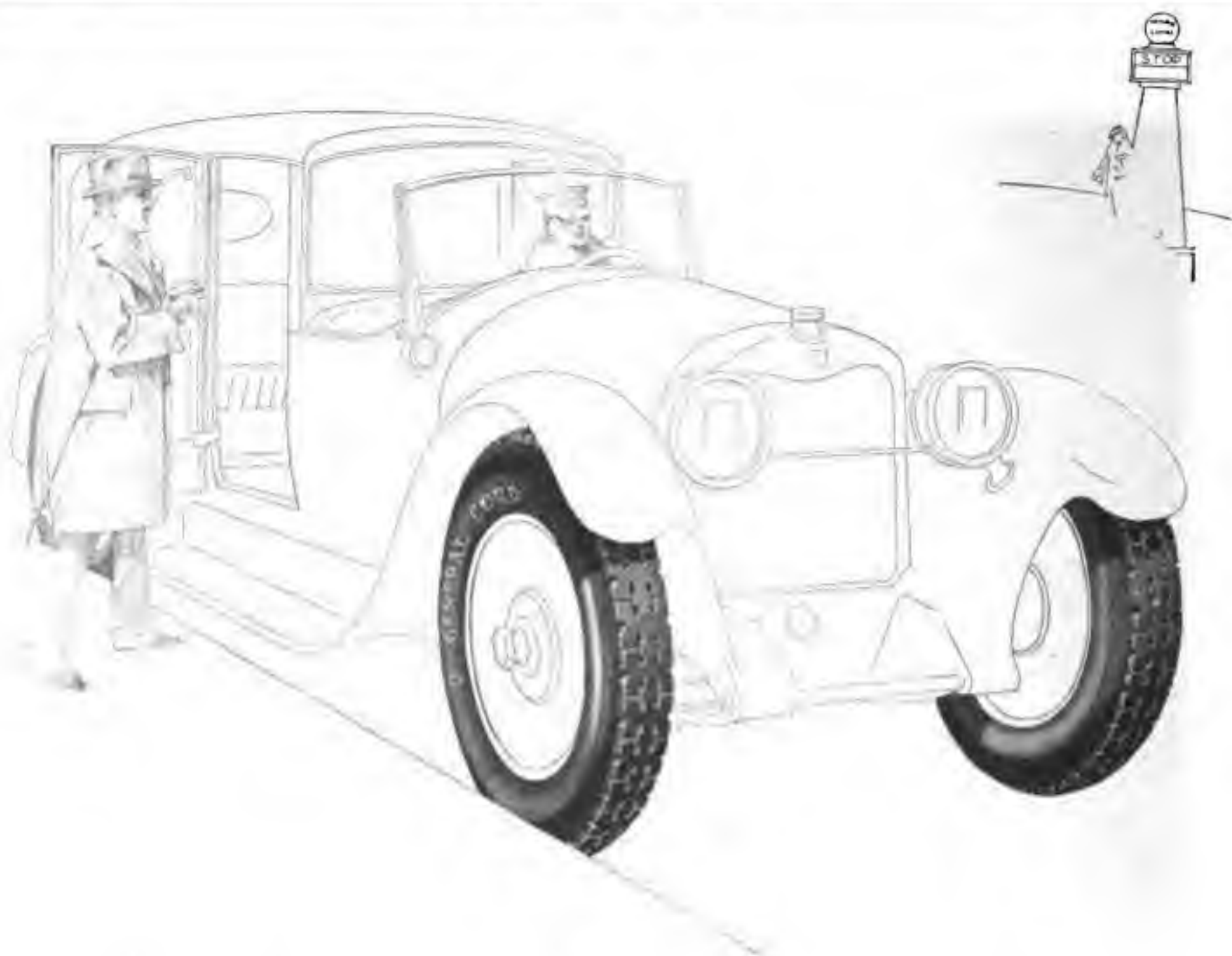


Keep You on the  
Seat  
Save Your Car

**GABRIEL**  
**SNUBBERS**  
THERE IS NO OTHER

If it's a Snubber  
—it's a  
"GABRIEL"





**S**OME almost unbelievable successes are being recorded by the General Tire. Not only in sales, great as they are, but in the shattering of mileage records which were generally supposed to have about reached their limit. To advertise a greater service than car owners *now* expect is daring, but more than justified in the eyes of anyone who is using the General Cord.

You probably know General's reputation for comfort—its ability to travel on unusually low air loads—but have you realized that all this comfort—all this extra cushioning for yourself and your car—is combined with such remarkable economy?



—goes a long way  
to make friends

# THE GENERAL CORD TIRE



was Colonel Mason's wedding from the Lohengrin march to the second helping of ice cream. I was about as important and conspicuous as a spare tire; and my little mother, in her faded black dress, looked as bewildered as an out-of-town cousin at a dinner dance. She cried when she kissed me. Long afterward my favorite old maid aunt told me that Mother had said that Colonel Mason seemed to think that buying a son-in-law was just about like buying a new car. She has very keen eyes, my little mother, and a way of saying things that is all her own.

After our honeymoon we settled down in a house which the colonel had built and furnished; and I "went to work" at the plant.

**T**HEORETICALLY I began at the bottom. I reported to Big Tim Hogan, superintendent of the yards, and took my place with half a dozen huskies of various nationalities, unloading crates and boxes from freight cars. My pay was forty cents an hour, and the work took everything that my training on the scrub team at college had given me. You would say, offhand, that there was no softness or favoritism in a business start like that. But consider the other side of the picture: My earnings for an eight-hour day were \$3.20, with time and a half for overtime. I was living in a twelve-room brick house with three baths; we had two maids and a car; we entertained and were entertained. The difference between my \$3.20 and the \$25 or \$30 a day which it cost to keep our establishment going was made up out of my wife's "allowance."

"No reason why you two should scrimp along the way your mother and I did," said the colonel to his daughter. "Money will all be yours sometime, anyway; might as well get some enjoyment out of it now while you're young."

"Course I think Ned ought to work, and work hard," he continued. "Got no use in the world for a man that hasn't shed his full quota of honest sweat. I want him to be able, at a pinch, to do any job in the whole works."

My increases in salary, which were frequent and substantial, brought no real satisfaction. The total was never quite enough to meet our living costs; and always there was the guilty feeling that I was being lifted over the heads of men who had every right to precede me. They had been there longer; they knew infinitely more; and, in a crisis, they would have been far more capable of assuming command. Yet I marched by and they stood still.

It was not during business hours that I felt most restless, however, but at home. Colonel Mason, with all his bluff and bluster, had two masters and knew it full well. At the works, in the Chamber of Commerce, or on the board of the First National Bank his word was law; but in his domestic relations he was *persuaded* by his daughter and *ordered* by his wife. A big-hearted, substantial woman is his wife, my mother-in-law. She likes me, in her dowager fashion, and I have a very sincere admiration for the way in which she stood at the colonel's back and fought off his enemies from behind, while he was laying them low in front. But she had plans for Ethel and Ethel's husband.

She had made up her mind that the



PRESCOTT

\$19.50 20 1/4 inches Long, 9 1/4 inches High, Mahogany Finished Case, 6 in. Silver or Porcelain Dial, Silver Bezel with Gold Plated Sash, Convex Glass, 8 Day, Cathedral Gong, Hour and Half-Hour Strike.

## *They liked it best of all,*

**A**ND is it any wonder! No wedding gift is more appropriate. A home without a clock is like "a bride without a heart." It's the "heart" of a happy home.

And surely nothing in the house is more serviceable and satisfying than a clock that "tells" the time honestly—and tells it with a joyful voice.

For grace of design, for careful workmanship, for time-keeping accuracy, Sessions clocks are unique. You will wonder how such beautiful clocks can be made for so little money. Nothing, at any cost, could make a more graceful or more useful wedding present. As for your own home—get a Sessions clock. It will be good to look at, precise in its performance and its mellow strike a pleasure to hear.

At leading jewelry and department stores are many styles and designs of Sessions clocks. Make your selection today.

Send for booklet "Friendly Clocks"

THE SESSIONS CLOCK COMPANY  
Foresville, Conn.



HILTON

\$34.00 21 inches Long, 10 1/4 inches High, 8 Day, One Tuned Chime, Hour and Half-Hour Strike, Hand Carved Solid Mahogany Case, Solid Back Plate with Brush Brass Finish, 8 in. Engine Turned Silver or Porcelain Dial, Gold Plated Sash with Silver Bezel, Convex Glass.

# *Sessions Clocks*

**DEPENDABLE AS TIME ITSELF**



# Of Every Five Persons, Only One Escapes



*Kindly Nature  
gives a timely warning*

All too few are immune to Pyorrhea.

The odds are overwhelmingly in its favor.

Dental records show that four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, contract it.

Tender, bleeding gums are the warning signal.

When nature's kindly warning is unheeded, the gums recede, the teeth loosen or must be extracted, and the poison often spreads through the system.

After you have gone to your dentist for tooth and mouth inspection, brush your teeth, twice daily, at least, with Forhan's For the Gums. It is an efficacious, healing dentifrice, the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used consistently and used in time, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its progress. It will keep your teeth white and clean, your gums firm and healthy.

Buy a tube of Forhan's For the Gums today. Brush your teeth regularly with it. The foremost dentists use and recommend it. It is time-tested, beneficial, and pleasant to the taste. At all druggists, 35c and 60c.

## Forhan's FOR THE GUMS

*More than a tooth paste — it checks Pyorrhea*

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
Forhan Company, New York  
Forhan's, Limited, Montreal



years of her prosperous middle age would be made bright with the companionship of her daughter. I was her daughter's traveling companion, the strong-looking young fellow who sat beside her at dinners, or made a fourth hand at bridge, or went along to Europe to check the trucks and browbeat taxicab drivers. For these services she had purchased me, paying a good sum down and a generous instalment each month. That business, or any foolish ideas of my own—such as a man's duty to *earn* what he spent—should be allowed to interfere with her program was plain foolishness. She would not hear of it.

VERY early in the game we had the first of our many battles. I came home from the works one night dog-tired, to find Ethel getting into a new party gown under her mother's critical direction.

"You'll have to hurry, Ned," Mrs. Mason exclaimed in her Napoleonic fashion. "We're going to the Newtons for dinner and the theatre."

All the way home there had been just one idea in my mind—bed. For four nights running we had been to somebody's house for dinner or a dance. It was all right for Ethel, who could have her breakfast in bed and catch up with her sleep; but one of the men in my department at the works was sick, and temporarily, at least, I was doing a real man's work.

"I guess you'll have to go without me to-night," I said calmly. "I'm tired."

"Go without you," she repeated incredulously. "Of course we can't go without you! Hurry and change your clothes, or we'll be late."

At that all of my male ancestry for thirty generations rose up in rebellion. We respect our women, we MacDonalds, but the *man* sits at the head of the table; we are not in the habit of taking orders from our wives or our mothers-in-law. I kept my temper, but I intended to be firm.

"This is the busiest time of the year at the works—" I began.

"The works," she cried, before I could get any further. "Always the works, the works. I slaved as much as the colonel did to build those works, but I don't intend to spend the rest of my life slaving for them. And I won't have them control Ethel's life, either. What's the use of having money if you've got to keep on being a slave? We're going to the Newtons', and you're coming with us."

There was murder in my heart, and the words I was about to utter would have added something new to her vocabulary. But I looked across at Ethel and saw tears in her eyes—the first tears of our marriage. I turned on my heel and strode off into my room. I was about as entertaining at the Newtons as the butler that night; my contribution to the talk was zero. But I was *there*, Ethel's husband, the colonel's son-in-law was there all right.

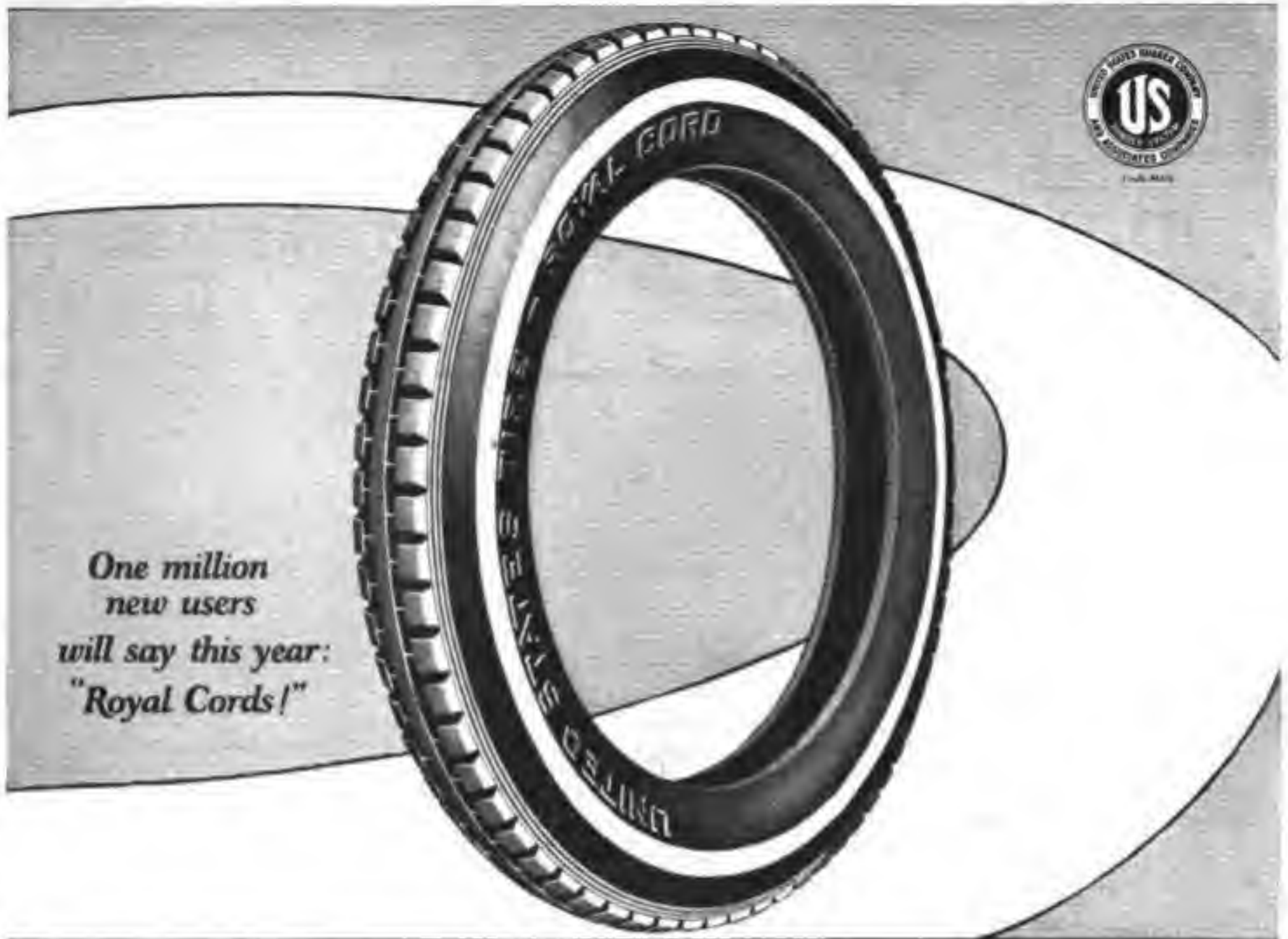
How I came to hate that title of son-in-law. It hung about my neck like a millstone. A friend would meet me at the club.

"Come over here, Ned," he would say. "There's a dandy chap I want you to know." A moment later I would be shaking hands with this new acquaintance while the friend repeated the same old formula:

"Want you to know Ned MacDonald. Ned is Colonel Mason's son-in-law."

The new acquaintance would remark that he was glad to know me; and I, look-





*One million  
new users  
will say this year:  
"Royal Cords!"*

## If this happens to be the year you come over to Royal Cords

**T**HERE'S not much difference between the way a man buys his first U.S. Royal Cord and the way he buys any other tire.

But there comes a time a little later when he thinks back to see how he came to ask for a Royal Cord.

And why he didn't do it sooner.

\* \* \*

If 1923 happens to be the year you come over to Royal Cords you are likely to notice this—

You didn't buy Royal Cords on the strength of any advertised extravagant mileages.

The makers of Royal Cords believe in

letting each tire user make his own comparisons on his own car. That provides every man with the facts in the form most useful to him.

You didn't buy Royal Cords on an impulse. The conviction that the Royal Cord is a good tire had been growing with you for some time.

You didn't buy Royal Cords merely because they are the product of the largest rubber organization in the world.

More than anything else, it has been the simple, understandable policies of the Royal Cord people that have made the Royal Cord seem a tire of personal responsibility.

\* \* \*

It has been the growing understanding among men that Royal Cord value conscientiously out-tops all other tire values today.

## United States Tires are Good Tires



# As good a wood-insulated battery as can be made

Willard Wood-Insulated Batteries first established Willard reputation and leadership. For years they led all others as original equipment on motor cars and in sales to car owners. They held this position until Willard developed the Still Better Willard with Threaded Rubber Insulation.

Wood-Insulated Willards—better today than ever—cannot be equalled in value for the money nor excelled by any other make of battery. They're made in various types and sell at a wide range of prices.



## + T. R. I.

It stands for Threaded Rubber Insulation, an exclusive Willard feature and the biggest single battery improvement since the early days of electric starting.

T. R. I. means doing away with a \$10 or \$12 repair bill; less re-charging; more power to start your engine; less danger from overheating, and more miles of service.

That's because Threaded Rubber Insulation permits a more active and uniform flow of the acid solution and has greater ability than wood to stand heat, chemical action and the pinching and grinding of the plates.



*Willard "A" and "B" Radio Storage Batteries reduce noises and increase efficiency. Write for free booklet, "Better Results from Radio".*

**WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO**

*Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario*

# Willard STORAGE BATTERIES



ing into his eyes, knew exactly what was going on in his mind.

"Colonel Mason's son-in-law," he was thinking. "Pretty soft for you, old fellow. Only daughter, and a million dollars."

All doors were open to me. I was welcome everywhere, too welcome, if anything. For in every new contact there was always the suspicion—the lurking reservation which makes rich men so cynical and so lonely. "This man is cultivating me not because he cares a hang about me," I would say to myself. "He wants something from the colonel."

Deep down inside me there was the old Puritan conviction that every man who is born into the world has some real work given him to do, work that is his because he is himself. If that were true then I was a traitor to the Eternal Order. I was not doing my work; I was merely picking up the chips that fell from the colonel's bench. The call of the printing press was still strong in my ears. I began doing a little writing at night, and one or two things were accepted by an obscure magazine. It was like the smell of liquor to a reformed drunkard. I was restless. The colonel and Mrs. Mason noticed it and prescribed Europe again. But they were wrong. What I needed was not more vacation but work, my own work, which would let me hold up my head and say: "I am doing a man's job. I am supporting my woman and cubs" (we had two boys). "I am doing the thing that I was made to do, and asking no favors of anybody."

IT WAS the European suggestion that brought things to a crisis. Mrs. Mason proposed it, as she proposed most things, and the colonel acquiesced. Not only that but he added a pleasant little thought of his own. He intimated that when we got back there would be something bigger in store for me.

"I'm not going to keep on wearing harness all my life," he said, in his broad, expansive fashion. "There's got to be a new president down at the works one of these days. I don't know who it'll be," he added, winking at Ethel; "but I've kind of got my suspicions."

I didn't say anything just then. I couldn't. I wanted to talk with Ethel all alone, to make her see, if I could, how we were cheating ourselves. How, with only one life to lead, we were throwing away all the adventure and thrill of carving out our own path in our own way. I dreaded it. I approached the subject haltingly that night. I felt like a criminal about to rob a happy home. For what I had in mind, if she would agree to it, meant starting all over again, starting in with just the little I could earn, and making our way alone.

I stammered into the subject, but I had hardly uttered a sentence before I realized that I had done my wife the greatest wrong that any man can do, in his thought. I had underestimated her. She knew what I was going to say, had known it for weeks, in that strange, instinctive way which women have.

"You don't suppose I could live with you for twelve years and not know what was going on in your mind, do you?" she demanded. "I've been waiting for you to think it through, and I'm just as excited as when we were married. Think of the fun of it, Ned, beginning all over again. It's like having two lives in one. . . ."

## Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

### .. and here's your Waterman

SHE has hers, of course. But she's making sure that scratchy pens and gummy ink-wells will play no part in their vacation this summer and that their necessary correspondence will all be done out of doors in the open.

There is a size in  
**Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen**

that fits your hand exactly, and a style of point that was shaped and tempered to fit perfectly your individual character of handwriting.

Waterman dealers, the world over, will gladly help you in selecting this perfect combination.

THREE TYPES  
Regular — Safety — Self-Filling  
**\$2.50** and up

Waterman's Ideal Ink—Best For Fountain Pens  
and General Use—Writes Blue—Dries Black

**L. E. Waterman Company**  
191 Broadway, New York  
Boston Chicago San Francisco



## Luxury

By EDGAR A. GUEST

*Not in the gilded walls of wealth  
Does all life's luxury abide;  
Who sees his children glow with health  
Has more than money can provide.  
And those whose homes with love are blest,  
Whose walls with merry laughter ring,  
Though humbly reared, and humbly dressed,  
Have richer envied by the king.*

Written Especially for  
John Lucas & Co., Inc.

## LUXURY

There is no luxury in the life of a pioneer. Many businesses spring up, flourish for a few years and die. What is the reason that accounts for the great mortality of business concerns? The answer is in the difference in vision, methods and policy.

The heritage which comes with the years, if scrupulous attention has been given at all times to render a dependable service or to produce a dependable product, is the wide-spread confidence of the public in the name of that service or product. And such a confidence is a luxury, which many men and many businesses never achieve.

### Write for the Book of Happiness

Book was written by Prof. A. J. Snow, Ph. D., Northwestern University, a recognized authority in psychology—tells what colors are conducive to comfort, restfulness, harmony, etc. FREE. Write Department 26.

**John Lucas & Co., Inc.**

Paint and Varnish Makers since 1849

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NEW YORK PITTSBURGH CHICAGO BOSTON OAKLAND  
ASHVILLE DENVER LOS ANGELES  
ATLANTA BIRMINGHAM  
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# Lucas

Paints and Varnishes

Purposely Made for Every Purpose



The next morning I went to the colonel.

It was a turbulent session, more turbulent even than I had anticipated. He stormed and roared. We were a couple of fools, a fine pair of babes in the woods. I was just as bad as my father, who might have made a fortune if he had only been willing to put his scientific knowledge to some sensible business use, but he preferred to stick up in a little one-horse college teaching a lot of feather-brained young fools. Fools like me—

The storm raged for an hour, back and forth. And then suddenly—so suddenly that it took me entirely unaware—it stopped. For the first time in twelve years I saw deep down beneath the hard shell of Colonel Mason, to his big, tender heart. His voice softened; his eyes filled up; he stepped across and laid his hands on my shoulder.

"I always wanted a son," he said in a choking voice. "I would give anything in the world to have my own flesh and blood sitting down there in my place, taking the little start I've made and building it into the biggest thing of its kind in the world. I've hoped that you—" He stopped, and controlled himself with an effort. "But I care more for Ethel's happiness and yours than anything else." And with that he turned suddenly and strode across the room and stood looking out of the window.

I hardly knew whether to go or stay. It was misery for me. I felt selfish and ungrateful; and yet I could not face the future in any other way. Presently he swung around, stuck one of his big cigars between his teeth and smiled. He was his old, confident self again.

"You're a couple of fools," he snapped, "and I'm going to have one dickens of a time keeping your mother from having you arrested. But I'll say one thing: you've got guts. Get out of here now; I'm busy."

THAT pretty nearly finishes the story, which would hardly be worth telling if it were not for the fact that there are so many other men in the world who, for one reason or another, are living their lives without ever finding their work.

From a letter that came to my desk only

last week I quote this paragraph. It refers to a close friend of mine, who married the daughter of a Pittsburgh millionaire:

It's sort of too bad about old Jeff. He had the makings of a really first-class lawyer; but between the automobiles, and Bermuda, and Europe, and Palm Beach, the law didn't have much chance for its white alley. From the point of view of the man in the street he has "everything that heart could desire." But H—, who sees him more often than I do, tells me that he is one of the most miserable men alive.

SO I might go on with several other instances, but they would add little to the story and, after all, it is my story. And if I were asked to pin a moral on it I think I should quote from doughty old Carlyle, who said: "Blessed is the man who has found his work; let him ask no other blessing."

As for Ethel and me, we are living in a good little house, partly paid for, as I said at the beginning. We have our good little flivver (now in its Year III: Miles 18,099) and every night we thank our lucky stars that I did not wait until it was too late, before cutting loose and starting to do the thing I really wanted to do. For we are exceedingly happy. I am managing editor of a newspaper, with fair prospects of succeeding to the editorship. I am active in politics, and who knows what that may mean? Congress, perhaps, or the governorship? Stranger things have happened in this staid old state. At any rate, we are living our lives and having our fun, and even the colonel and Mrs. Mason are reconciled to the situation, though they don't admit it. At the last Republican gathering in the state capital, the colonel and I were both delegates, and I was scheduled for a speech. After the meeting a friend rushed up to us, with a stranger in tow.

"Frank," he cried to the stranger, "want to make you acquainted. Ned MacDonald and Colonel Mason. Colonel Mason is Mr. MacDonald's father-in-law."

The colonel puffed up like a pouter pigeon, whether with pride or a touch of apoplectic wrath I could not make sure. Ethel, who was standing by, says it was pride.

## The Seven Greatest Americans

(Continued from page 15)

country and across the sea! And if one would discover his real estimate of the "damned human race," as he used to call it, one should read his "Mysterious Stranger," prudently reserved for publication until after his death. So we will put him *Fifth* on our list. My second choice would be Howells, his dear friend, who set new standards in novel writing. Before Howells I might place Henry James, had I read more of him and were he not by adoption half an Englishman.

When it comes to the fine arts, other than literature, I feel even less confident than in other fields that any choice is possible. Edward MacDowell was, I am confident, our greatest musical composer. He was also a man of very unusual learning and intellectual acumen. Among the painters there are Whistler and Sargent, ranked as Americans but spending their lives mainly in England. Of bona fide

Americans John La Farge perhaps ranks highest for his breadth and learning, as well as for his artistic achievement. Then there are the architects. Unhappily we scarcely ever think of them, although their works are full, conspicuous, and monumental. We think of the Woolworth Building in terms of a man who made millions selling articles for five and ten cents; we overlook Cass Gilbert, who tackled and solved a novel problem with such soaring grace. And there are in New York the two impressive railroad terminals, an inspiration to the hurrying traveler, the Public Library, the Columbia Library, and the very perfect St. Paul's Chapel on the Columbia campus, wrought out with loving care in every detail and adorned with La Farge's windows, with the blue Aegean shining behind the Apostle Paul preaching to the Athenians about the unknown God. Our civilization will





*YORKSHIRE MOORS, ENGLAND\**

*"Confound these infernal slippery roads! Why don't some of these clever Johnnies invent a tyre that won't slither about so?"*

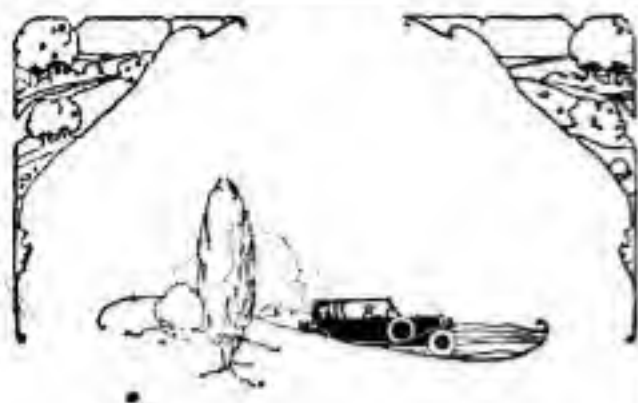
*"They have—Kelly-Springfield Cords."*

**T**HERE is ample justification for the absolute confidence which the owner of Kelly Cords places in them. Not only are they surefooted on practically all kinds of roads and in all kinds of weather but they have that characteristic Kelly sturdiness which insures long mileage in spite of severe punishment.

Truly, a rare combination of Safety and Service, yet—it costs *no more* to buy a Kelly.

*\*Drawing by Laurence Fellows, England.\**





## Controlled Spring Action

**Y**OUR car can ride comfortably on rough roads only when violent spring action is prevented. The vicious rebound of the springs, after the bump, is the cause of most breakage and most discomfort. The body must be held as level as possible without up and down movement. That alone can give completely restful riding. It also saves the mechanism and the tires and results in distinctly lower operating and repair costs.

Hassler Shock Absorbers are wonderfully effective in controlling spring action. They have earned the enthusiastic approval of over a million car owners—and the respect of automotive engineers everywhere.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, INC.  
Indianapolis, U. S. A.

ROBERT H. HASSLER, LTD.,  
Hamilton, Ontario

*Hassler Shock Absorbers are for sale throughout the country.  
Wholesale stocks are carried at all Distributing Offices.*



have advanced far when we ask who designed and adorned outstanding buildings, such as the Capitol at St. Paul, the Boston Public Library, the Congressional Library, or St. Thomas's in Fifth Avenue.

But no American architect can aspire to enduring fame yet. And the same can be said of gifted physicians or of scientific investigators, who usually enjoy little reputation beyond their own guild. Nor does the fame of historians, lawyers, and ministers extend far either in time or space. So we shall refrain from including any of these highly important classes in our list.

**F**INALLY, I come to the group in which I am personally most deeply interested: what may be called the "thinkers," who range beyond the confines of a particular art or science or profession, and endeavor to clarify our notions about man, his nature, possibilities, and destiny. Of these, four names stand out in my mind, four philosophers, as they would once have been called, whose insight is a constant source of wonder and excitement to me. They seem to be divided by a great gulf from those nearest them. I know others who have thought boldly and honestly and have expressed themselves ingeniously. But these four have thought so much more boldly than the others, have so much more successfully uncovered hitherto hidden things, and escaped so much more successfully than others from the routine presuppositions of their time, and made such contributions to the elucidation of our lives and the problems that beset us, that I have no doubts of their inherent supremacy. These four are William James, George Santayana, Thorstein Veblen, and John Dewey.

William James, who taught for many years at Harvard, is in a sense the Lincoln of our national philosophy in the peculiar affection that his admirers have for him. He was a most lovable personality. His great work on psychology put the whole subject in a new light, brought it close to every one of us and made it of urgent daily importance. The work he began in obeying the ancient behest to "understand ourselves" has been carried on by others, and the "new" psychology should in the end enable us to lead far more intelligent lives than has hitherto been possible, and to make far better terms with ourselves and others than previous generations have done. John Dewey has carried on James's work and advanced far beyond him in the analysis of human nature and conduct. He has shown why the older philosophy and psychology were too remote from the lives we really lead to cast much light upon our paths. He shows how we must use intelligence to break and modify old, noxious habits. Unhappily he is not so highly gifted as James as a stylist but fortunately he enjoys a great reputation with the more alert teachers throughout the country, and his "Reconstruction in Philosophy" and his recent "Human Nature and Conduct" can be read by anyone with a fair power of attention. Both of these works put old problems in a wholly new light for most of us. I can imagine no more important duty for those who have familiarized themselves with Dewey's ideas than to busy themselves explaining and recommending them to others.

George Santayana, whom I remember years ago as a handsome youth in one of

William James's classes, and who long taught at Harvard, is, as one of our college friends remarked, an "Olympian." He reviews the course of human reflection and endeavor with a species of sympathetic remoteness and detachment. His style is exquisite and the despair of other philosophic writers. But profoundly as I admire him, I see that he can never appeal to more than a very few, who have devoted themselves especially to philosophic meditation.

Thorstein Veblen is the Henry James of Economics and Sociology, so fascinatingly interwoven is his style and thought. His books on the leisure class, business as usual, with all its strange hazards and anomalies, the national spirit, the rôle of the engineer and scientist, and the patent deficiencies of our education, win the admiring attention of all those who incline to look at man as a serio-comic animal who should be handled somewhat ironically. As for his fame, when Sinclair Lewis mentions one of Veblen's books as having found its way into Main Street, I imagine scarcely a thousand of the hundreds of thousands of readers of "Main Street" would be very clear as to Veblen's claims to distinction. He should nevertheless be mentioned among those entitled to a fame which he can scarcely hope for. So it falls out that, reckoning with both merit and fame, William James must appear as *Sixth* on my list and John Dewey as the *Seventh*.

In timidly settling on these seven names I have, as is apparent, taken account of the multiform activities of mankind, political, military, commercial, scientific, artistic, literary, and philosophic; of the inherent genius of the candidates as judged by those best able to estimate their place among competitors in their special field of endeavor and, lastly, the success each has had in winning wide recognition and the reverence of great numbers of their fellow men. So, taking account also of my own limited personal knowledge, preferences, and prejudices, I should be personally inclined to answer the Editor's question as follows:

**T**HE seven greatest Americans in our history are Abraham Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller, Thomas Edison, Mark Twain, William James, and John Dewey.

I am as much surprised as anyone else that the list has fallen out thus. It is the outcome of lines of reasoning which do not appeal to others—but of course the question has a certain fantastic quality about it and any answer is bound to partake of grotesqueness. All dogmatism is out of place and the fun consists in *thinking*, not in *deciding* in a matter that really cannot, in the nature of things, be decided.

Now for the latter part of the Editor's question: What are the lessons for us when we spy the footprints of the great on the sands of time? The great man is one who in some one or more respects escapes from the commonplace. He braves the dangers and discomforts of being exceptional. He runs great risks because we are afraid of the exceptional. He is likely to be without honor in his own country and age, as one of the most exceptional and most misunderstood of the world's great men so bitterly reflected. To be maligned by their fellows—called "here-



*for Economical Transportation*

## Making the nation a neighborhood

**G**EORGE WASHINGTON saw clearly and far ahead. He knew that Distance was the enemy which menaced the new Republic most.

One of his first acts following the surrender at Yorktown was to mount his horse and seek out new paths from the eastern seaboard to the west.

"Open all communications which Nature has afforded," he wrote to Henry Lee, "and encourage their use to the utmost."

Revolution made the colonies into states; only transportation could make a United States.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stage coach followed the ox cart, the steamboat and railroad succeeded the coach. Then came the automobile. When there were no roads, it created them. Where the railroad encircled hills, it pushed boldly across. Where cities were separated by miles, it reduced the miles to minutes. It has, indeed, opened all paths of communication and encouraged their use "to the utmost."

General Motors builds five passenger automobiles, of which Chevrolet is one.

Chevrolet brought to the General Motors' family a vision of great multitudes who needed economical transportation—a quality car at the lowest possible cost. Producing such a car, Chevrolet met a public response that was tremendous and has been increasing every year.

In the future, as in the past, those cars will play the largest role which can give the largest value. It is on the recognition of this fundamental truth that General Motors stands.

By the economies of large purchasing power and quantity production; by the free interchange of men and money and ideas; by the fullest encouragement of engineering research General Motors helps to build added value into the products of each of its parts.

Its ample resources are a guarantee that each of these parts is permanent—a continuing factor in the unfinished task of making the nation a neighborhood.

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Harrison Radiators • Hyatt Roller Bearings • AC Spark Plugs—AC Speedometers





## How a roofing mistake cost Charlie Benson his home

By DON R. RANSBURG

It was only yesterday that I met Charlie Benson. I hadn't seen him in years. After a few minutes' chat, I asked him about that old-style roof I once put on his house.

"Well, sir," said he, "I have long wanted to tell you about that roof. You see, I have learned a good deal about roofing since then. It has been an expensive lesson, too, for it cost me my home.

"It happened like this: One night during a nearby fire, a burning ember was blown on my roof. Our home was in ruins before the blaze could be put out. We escaped with our lives—that was about all.

"As for my two next-door neighbors' homes, the flying sparks had no effect on those asphalt shingled roofs. They proved a better protection than our fire department.

"But that is not all I have learned," said Benson. "I have learned that there are many qualities of asphalt shingles. Neighbor Brown's roof, for example, was a complete disappointment. It quickly developed leaks, ruined their interior decorations, and required endless repairing.

"Now I know," said Benson, "that you are wondering about the Vulcanite Roof you put on John Baker's house. That as-

phalt shingle roof is surely a wonder! The shingles have stayed flat and resisted all kinds of weather. Besides, they make a fine looking roof and are still good today."

I was sorry to hear of Benson's bad luck; however, I was glad to know about Baker's Vulcanite Roof. For this again confirmed my long-standing belief in this wonderful roofing.

Today, when my customers want a *real* roof, I always recommend Vulcanite. I know it is heavy, rigid, tough and strong—the kind that gives service.

I understand that one of the big reasons back of Vulcanite quality is the Glendinning Saturation Process.\* According to this process, I am told, the felt base is run **THREE TIMES** through a hot asphalt saturating bath. Then huge, steam-heated rollers literally "drive" the excess asphalt into the felt. No soft or porous spots remain to let in moisture and cause rotting.

I have often wondered if my experiences with Vulcanite have been exceptional. I am told that thousands of other builders and users have given similar reports—and that it is today one of the oldest and most widely used of all roofings. Moreover, it is *even better* today than ever before.

I usually buy Vulcanite Roofing from local lumber or building material dealers. Or, if I want special information, I write the Vulcanite Division, The Beaver Products Company, Inc., Buffalo, N. Y.

# BEAVER

## VULCANITE ROOFING, WALL





The Vulcanite Roof shown above is made of "Self-Spacing" Individual Shingles. Patented "shoulder" automatically regulates the space between shingles. Also seals the roof above the notch. Shingles lay easily and economically—produce an extra thick roof that combines beauty with long wear.

Vulcanite "Hexagon" Slab Shingles produce a beautiful, durable roof of extra thickness and unusual fire-resisting qualities. Easy and economical to lay in the usual way or over old shingles. Patented design gives a deep, tile effect.

Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingles make a distinctively individual roof, not unlike Italian tile. Economical to lay. Triangular projections underlie each slot and assure extra wear and weather protection.

Vulcanite Roofings are also made in roll and ordinary shingle styles—for homes, commercial and industrial buildings—in jumbo and standard weights—in smooth finishes, surfaced with mica, talc and sand; also in red and green crushed slate finishes.

*You can always identify Genuine Vulcanite Roofing by the well-known Vulcanite name on the label.*



No room for rain or snow to blow in here



Vulcanite "Hexagon" Slab Shingles



Vulcanite "Doubletite" Slab Shingles

## \*Glendinning Saturation Process

*Why it insures roofing satisfaction and economy*

This process was named after Robert Glendinning, who many years ago founded the Vulcanite Roofing Business in Belfast, Ireland, and who is considered one of the creators of the asphalt roofing industry in this country.

The Glendinning Saturation Process is based upon the continuous method. Only genuine Mexican asphalt and our own make of tough, long fibre, pure felt are used. No imitations, adulterants or other cheapening materials. By means of this process, every tiny niche, crevice and pore of the felt base is thoroughly and permanently impregnated. This process is today one of the biggest reasons why Vulcanite Roofing never softens, dries or curls under summer's hot sun, why it avoids brittle hardness and cracking in freezing weather, why it retains its beauty and weather-proof properties even after years of exposure. In fact, this time-tested process is the foundation upon which the world-wide prestige of Vulcanite Roofing has been built.

*Send for Free Samples and Descriptive Folders*

## 101 Uses for Beaver Wall Board

Have you a wall or ceiling that needs repairing? Have you some remodeling to do? Do you need additional rooms? Are you building a new garage or summer home? Have you an idle attic? Do you need new partitions in factory, office or store? For these purposes and scores of others where a smooth and easily handled sheet of tough, durable, heat, cold and moisture-proof board is required, use Genuine Beaver Wall Board.

By insisting upon the *genuine*, you gain the advantages of (1) Virgin Spruce Fibre Through and Through. (2) 26-Layer Laminated Construction. (3) Patented "Sealtite" Moisture-Proofing Formula. (4) Kiln-Dried and Seasoned. (5) "Dead-Air" Insulation against cold and heat and sound. (6) Art Mat Surface. Genuine Beaver Wall Board is plainly

marked for your guidance and protection. Insist upon seeing the Red Beaver Border and Beaver Trade Mark on the margins of the back face of each panel.

Your lumber or building supply dealer can furnish genuine Beaver Wall Board in panels 32 or 48 inches wide and from 6 to 16 feet long.

Write for a **FREE COPY** of the **BEAVER PLAN BOOK** which tells all about Beaver Wall Board.

### Beaver Gypsum Wall

Beaver Gypsum Wall comes in large, wide panels of stone-like gypsum plaster, sandwiched between two facings of tough fibre board. These panels are nailed to the studding or over old walls. You can saw them just like lumber.

Beaver Gypsum Walls can be painted, papered or paneled immediately. Will not warp—burn—crack—or crumble. Permanent as a stone wall. Save much labor, time and "muss."

Millions of feet of Beaver Gypsum Wall are used annually in new building construction. It is sold by leading dealers in lumber and building supplies. Upon request we will send you a sample of Beaver Gypsum Wall with complete information on "how to use."

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# PRODUCTS

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has been  
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**after** tobacco  
has been  
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has been  
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- the sooner  
you smoke it  
the better it is



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is dated  
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showing the last date on which  
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Now, wherever - whenever - you  
buy Tuxedo, it is

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INCORPORATED  
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TOBACCO

tic," "atheist," or "red"—shunned, persecuted, banished, imprisoned, burned, or crucified has been the lot of men we now rank as supremely great. We seem never to learn the lesson, and are as ready to punish divergence from respectable ways of thinking and doing as ever man has been. Dewey says that for one man that thanks God that he is not as other men, there are a thousand to thank Him that they are so like their neighbors that no one will notice them. So there is every discouragement to those who find themselves forging ahead of the procession. They are likely to be harshly recalled to the ranks. Too few of us study the lives of great men, or really consider their claim to the reputation which they have gained. It is only by doing this that we can derive any real good from them and take heart again when we face the obstacles they had to face in the disapproval of their associates.

We are by nature timid, and our education cultivates conformity and discourages originality. The main reason is that we want others to be docile and predictable and convenient for us. Ethics and morality, as usually accepted, consist in warnings against doing, not in exhortations to do.

Now, every one of us is exceptional by nature and experience. No two of us are alike in taste, capacity, and the range of our interests; but we are rarely encouraged to exhibit our peculiarities—only our likenesses. There was never in the whole history of the universe a person precisely like you or me, and there will never be. To make our lives sublime would be to realize boldly the capacities we each possess. And the study of the lives of the great would be a study of how rare individuals have, in the face of constant discouragement, managed to do this.

**G**REATNESS, in the last analysis, is largely *bravery*—courage in escaping from old ideas and old standards and respectable ways of doing things. This is one of the chief elements in what we vaguely call capacity. If you do not dare to differ from your associates and teachers you will never be great or your life sublime. You may be the happier as a result, or you may be miserable. For physicians now know that a great deal of distress and disease is the result of what is called the "inferiority complex"—our sense of lack of recog-

nition, and our inadequacy to realize the great things that we feel to be in us. We are right in surmising that we have far more capacity than we are able to manifest. This is rather grotesquely proved by the fact that we never get praise enough. Our deserts outrun the recognition which others are willing to grant. In a sense, we are all great to ourselves and we crave that others should see that adverse circumstances alone—bad luck, unfavorable conditions, jealousy, persecution, want of sympathy—account for our failure to prove our distinction.

Should our world get freer and more tolerant of divergence, and more appreciative of variation and individuality, there would be an increase of greatness, for greatness is not only a bold escape from the routine, conventional and accepted, but it is really at bottom a sort of extension or amplification of the commonplace. The scientific man sees what others see, and then he looks hard and sees more; and then things do not seem to him as they did before. So with the philosopher, and the poet. The artist sees possibilities which others miss, in color and form. This is the way things get along. *Each of us is great in so far as we perceive and act on the infinite possibilities which lie undiscovered and unrecognized about us.*

**I**T WILL be observed that I have mentioned no women among the great. I have taught women as well as men for many years, and see no special or clear differences in their possibilities. But women are traditionally permitted far less freedom than even the scanty amount approved in men. To be great, as we have seen, one must be brave and take the risks of neglecting the usual demands made upon our credulity, and the usual plan of life laid down for us by the people among whom we live. Now the woman has hitherto had far less chance of escape than the man. Most men yield to the pressure toward conformity and practically all the women. But times are changing, and we may look forward to the emergence of women who will disengage themselves from the old ideas of feminine propriety and from the often quite silly demands made upon them in the matter of dress and trivial social obligations, and develop here and there the varied capacity which I am confident that they possess.

## My List of the Seven Greatest Americans

### Prize Contest Announcement

**I**N THE article you have just read, Doctor Robinson gives you a list of men who are, in his opinion, the seven greatest Americans. What are your ideas on the subject? What seven would you select as the greatest this country has produced? Possibly you will not agree with Doctor Robinson in a single instance. Anyway, write us your list of the seven greatest men, and give a few sentences explaining why each one was selected. Be just as original as you care to; don't select any one because others have done so, but make the list absolutely your own. Think over your country's history and the great men and women whom you know or know about, regardless of whether they are famous or obscure,

and then write us your conclusions in a letter of not more than four hundred words. We offer these prizes: \$20, first prize; \$10, second prize; \$5, third prize. Competition closes June 20th. Winning letters will appear in the September issue.

Address Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

Contributions to this contest, and any enclosure, cannot be returned, so make a copy of your contest letter, and of any enclosures, if you want to preserve them. Manuscripts and inquiries not connected with the contest must be sent under separate cover to the Editor of THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.





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Twinplex made in that shave.  
No new blade ever before shaved so smoothly.  
Twinplex sure does improve new blades 100%."  
Yes, and delivers 100 smooth shaves from each new  
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FOR SMOOTHER SHAVES



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**Y**OUR money in your bill-fold. Your cigarettes in their case. Your fountain pen, accessible, convenient on its clip—But! How about your keys?

Are they in a bulging lump, wearing and tearing your pockets; disorganized, jumbled, inconvenient, hard to find? Then you need a Buxton Keytainer!



A KEYTAINER keeps your keys flat, orderly and easy to find; and protects your pockets and clothing. In many styles and prices from 30c. to \$11; in sizes holding 8 to 16 keys. There's one that you will like.

There is a special type with a handy pocket for small important papers.



ALL Buxton Keytainers have the patented revolving humped hook, which prevents the loss of keys and makes them easy to turn. Protect your pockets with a Keytainer.

Dealers: Write for details of \$30 introductory assortment

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**BUXTON  
KEYTAINER**

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## "The World Makes Way for a Man Who Knows Where He's Going"

(Continued from page 37)

one thing I wanted to tackle and the one thing for which I was best fitted.

"There was another circumstance that helped clinch my decision. When my father had been killed by the accidental discharge of his shotgun as he was climbing through a fence, the only thing that kept the family together was his seven-thousand-dollar insurance policy. Our Iowa farm was mortgaged and a number of debts were outstanding. With the proceeds from the policy Mother was able to pay off these obligations and have a comfortable surplus left over. This made a profound impression on me, and left me in a state of mind to advocate life insurance to other people with my whole heart and soul.

**A**FTER reaching my decision I went home and talked it over with my wife. She approved thoroughly of the step I was taking.

"You know lots of people here in Glenwood," she said. "That ought to help you in getting a start."

"I told her that I had no intention of starting out in Glenwood. There were two good reasons against it: One of them was no man ever got off on the right foot in business by cashing in on personal friendships. The other was that the territory was too limited to allow me to reach the goal I had set for myself ten years ahead."

"You mean that you mapped out your life for ten years?"

"I mean exactly that. Had I failed to do so my whole future might have been different. It is a course that I believe in more firmly to-day than ever before, and one that I try to communicate to everyone who is working with me. In picking up thousands of life insurance salesmen I have always given the preference to the man who knows where he is going—the man who has a definite and reasonably distant goal. Progress never seems to wait on the piece worker."

"The piece worker?"

"Yes, the man whose 'piece' is a day eight hours long, and whose horizon never extends beyond it. The bigger achievements are measured in years, and they must be foreseen to be prepared for."

"What did you do when you decided to leave Glenwood?"

"We sold our home and moved to Omaha, twenty-three miles distant. The principal insurance offices in that part of the country are located there. I wanted to study them at close range. From the sale price of the house I put five hundred dollars in the bank as a maximum on which we could live until I could meet our expenses in my new work.

"I visited two or three of the insurance offices in Omaha. I'm sure I didn't make the slightest impression on anyone in these offices—and they didn't make the slightest impression on me. I was feeling my way carefully. Finally, one day on a railroad train I struck up a conversation with a fellow traveler. He asked me what

my business was. I told him I didn't have any business at present, but that I was planning to go into life insurance.

"Fine!" he exclaimed. "Why don't you tie up with my concern; and he named one of the smaller Middle-Western companies."

"I never heard of that company," I said.

"Then it's an even break," he remarked whimsically. "For I know they never heard of you."

"We both laughed, and I started pumping him with questions. What he told me interested me so much that I called on the Omaha manager of the company a day or two later. Before I left him I had signed a contract whereby I was to start work immediately on a straight commission basis. Without a word of instruction he handed me a neat bundle of forms and literature, patted me on the back, and wished me good luck. I found out afterward that he didn't expect much of anything from me."

"How did you make out?"

"For three weeks I didn't write a policy. The trouble was that I knew next to nothing about the business. But I set out to inform myself thoroughly. After talking with prospects all day I would sit up far into the night studying every scrap of information on which I could lay my hands. Slowly I mastered the answer to every question that stumped me. I dug out facts to stack up against every possible objection. I got a definite and complete vision of what insurance meant to the average man, woman, and child.

**F**INALLY, in Oakland, Nebraska, I wrote my first policy. It was for \$2,000 and I had to take the man's note for \$68.34—the amount of the premium. Rather jubilant at having broken the ice at last, I mentioned the sale to a banker who boarded at the hotel where I was stopping. He smiled sympathetically.

"I'd like to congratulate you," he said; "but you ran foul of the wrong man. That fellow's note isn't worth the paper it's written on!"

"I hustled down the street and hunted the man up."

"I want you to know two things," I said. "First, I've heard from one of this town's prominent citizens that your note is worthless. Second, I don't believe it's true. You've taken out this insurance to protect your family. They trust you and I trust you. I know that you will come through!"

"Did he?" I asked.

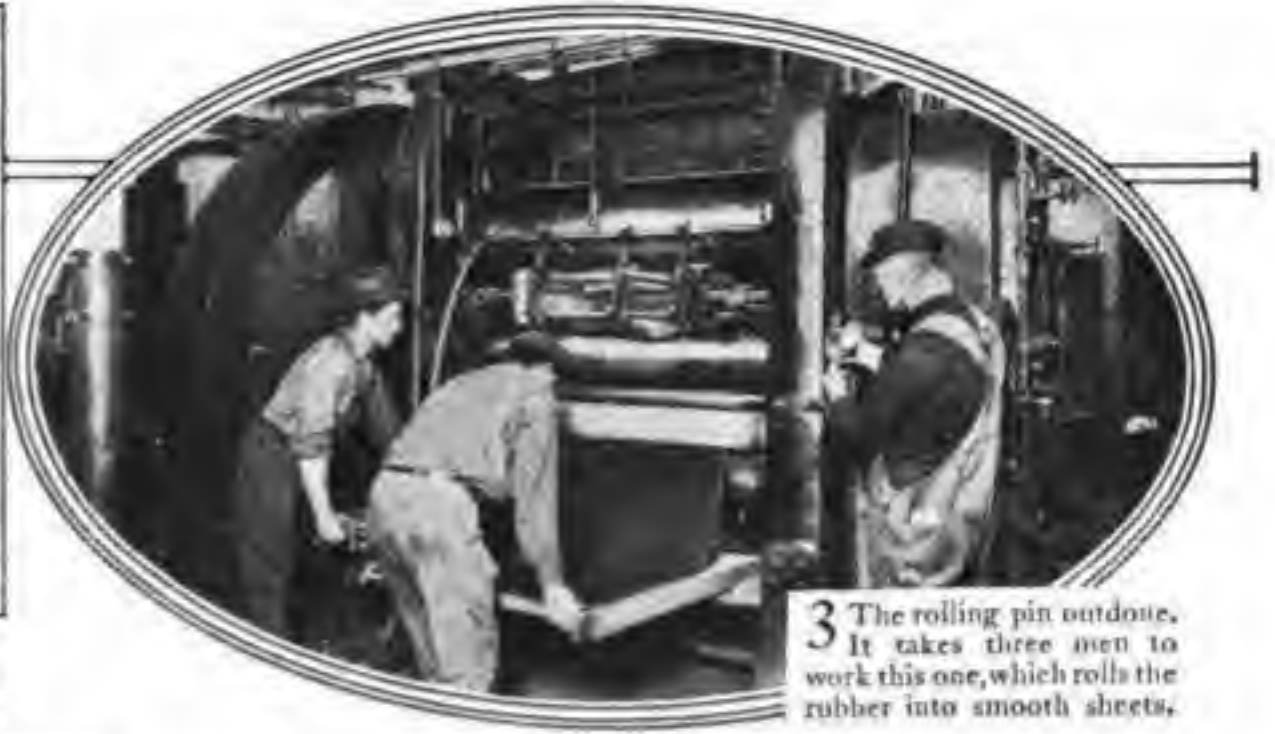
"You bet he did! He met the note promptly when it was due."

Once under full steam Davis shot ahead with almost incredible speed. Before the end of his first year of service the company notified its two thousand salesmen throughout the country of an important contest. A convention was to be held early in the autumn in the city in which the home office was located. At this conven-





**1** Crude rubber. Looks like dough, doesn't it? Several kinds of rubber are used, and to get the right results these varieties must be put together according to a recipe.



**3** The rolling pin outdone. It takes three men to work this one, which rolls the rubber into smooth sheets.



**2** This machine combines the different kinds of rubber. The principle is the same as with biscuit dough—to mix the ingredients thoroughly.



**4** Strips in the shape of a telephone receiver are punched out of the rubber. These strips, in pairs, with a mold between them, are then put into a closed baking pan.



**5** Baking on a grand scale. The chef who puts the receiver forms into an oven. The heat there would scorch a batch of home-made biscuit, but it's needed to vulcanize the rubber.



**6** The receiver case, baked hard to well protect the delicate mechanism it is to cover. It next goes through a finishing and polishing process to prepare it for your telephone.

## Made to a recipe, baked like a biscuit

**YOU** may be interested to know that the process for making your telephone receiver case is for all the world the way Mother makes her biscuit.

The pictures tell the story—one of many curious sidelights in the development of Western Electric telephones.

A fascinating work, but an exacting one. It demands constant testing of materials and improvement in design and the methods of manufacture.

The result? A telephone that is the standard the world over.

**Western Electric**  
Since 1869 Makers of Electrical Equipment

*No. 3 of a series  
on raw materials.*



# What would you do in his place?

## The steeplejack lights his pipe and goes on painting

Imagine, if you can, a steeplejack 487 feet above the street level. Hanging on by his teeth he is applying a more or less rough-and-ready coat of paint to a flagpole.

Right in the midst of a busy morning's painting an adventurous bee buzzes into the picture. In fact, there are two bees, both buzzing viciously.

What should the steeplejack do?

There being in the profession no local rules for buzzing bees, your average steeplejack probably would get the all-clear signal from below and slide promptly down to safety.

But not Our Hero. He takes out his pipe, lights it, and goes on painting.

"It soothes the nerves," he says frankly about pipe smoking.

We have no way of knowing what kind of tobacco the steeplejack pours into his pipe on these bee-buzzing occasions, but we have a feeling that it is Edgeworth.

For Edgeworth does much to give the smoker a sense of calm, peaceful security.

Of course we wouldn't care to go on record as claiming that smoking a can of Edgeworth is as good as a two-weeks rest cure in the mountains; but we would like to register strongly the opinion that smoking any pipe makes life seem more worth living and that smoking a pipe filled with Edgeworth helps a lot.

If you are interested in finding out more about Edgeworth, the most sensible plan is for you to let

Larus & Brother Company send you some free samples so that you can try the tobacco for yourself.

Just write your name and address down on a postcard and you will receive immediately generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Ready-Rubbed. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will make it easier for you to get Edgeworth regularly.

For the free samples address Larus & Brother Company, 25 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

tion two salesmen and their wives would be the guests of the company. One would be the man who wrote the greatest volume of business during the month of August. The second would be the man who turned in the greatest number of policies.

"Better get some new clothes," Davis told his wife. "You are going to be one of the two ladies in the case."

"But how can you expect to win out against two thousand salesmen, many of them with years of experience?" she asked.

"I haven't a Chinaman's chance to turn in the greatest volume of business," he replied. "But watch me go after the greatest number of individual policies."

DAVIS'S campaign through Iowa and Nebraska in the month of August, 1911, is still one of the classics of insurance annals. Working from morning until midnight, jumping from town to town by any transportation in sight, interviewing prospects at any hour and any place, he soon swept past all competitors in the Middle West. When the month's returns were totaled it was discovered that the Iowan not only led the sales force of the whole country but that he had shattered all existing records for the number of policies written in a single month. In addition to winning the contest, he was presented at the convention with a check for \$903—the largest prize bonus check ever paid by the company under similar conditions—and he was elected vice president of the star salesmen's executive council. Thus ended Frank Davis's first year in the insurance business.

Shortly after his return home Davis was commandeered to assist in picking salesmen for the Omaha district and instructing them in his own rapid-fire methods. He had been carrying on this work, in conjunction with his regular soliciting, when he was called to the home office and given charge of the entire state of Ohio, where the organization had slumped into the doldrums and business was almost at a standstill. His success here was notable. Within a few months he had rebuilt and inspired an effective and enthusiastic organization.

Although less than two years in the insurance business Davis was now making more than six thousand dollars a year, and he seemed just on the threshold of greater things. At this point, however, he took a step that was directly tied up with his decision of the year before—always to face the facts and act fearlessly on their evidence. During this period he had been making a careful study of the field of life insurance, and had decided that if he was to reach the goal which he had set for himself he must be associated with one of the larger companies—one whose operations covered the entire country. He realized that if he was to make such a change it meant a sharp immediate financial sacrifice, in order to secure a larger opportunity.

Once he recognized these facts he found himself churned by a conflict of emotions. He was enthusiastically happy in his work and making far more money than he had ever made before. His associates were all loyal rooters, and whenever he went to the home office the head officers of the company slapped him on the back and whispered of greater things to come. To offset all this, he had only his new-born conviction that his present association did

not offer sufficient opportunity for his growth and development. He fought a short and decisive battle with himself, which ended in his resolution to resign.

The next day he received a telegram summoning him to the home office.

"Hang up your hat and take a seat," called out the general manager, when he reported. "I've got some good news for you!"

Davis sat down.

"We've called you in," continued the general manager, "to give you the biggest opportunity we have ever offered any man. I have railroad reservations for you and your wife to proceed at once to Dallas, Texas. We're going to turn the entire state of Texas over to you, because we are convinced that it is the ripest and richest field in the country to-day. If you clean up down there the way you have elsewhere there's all kinds of prestige and money in it for you. Go to it, old man!"

With a lump in his throat as big as a walnut, Davis leaned forward and shook his head slowly.

"It's too late," he said. "When I got your wire I was just getting ready to come in, anyway—and offer my resignation!"

"Your resignation? What in thunder are you talking about?"

Davis explained how and why he had arrived at his decision. The general manager heard him through and then burst into a laugh.

"You're bilious to-day, Frank," he said. "Been working too hard, I reckon. Go back home and get ready to leave for Texas at once."

"You don't seem to understand," said Davis slowly. "I'm through. I'll stay any reasonable length of time, to clean up whatever may be hanging fire; but after that I'm leaving you."

"Go back to Columbus and quit your kidding!" was the general manager's only response, as he shoved him toward the door.

WHEN Davis reached home at midnight he was told that the long-distance telephone operator had been after him. He went to bed—only to be roused a half-hour later. It was the general manager calling up to say that the company wouldn't let him go under any circumstances. Davis repeated his determination—and hung up. Then he sat down in his pajamas, curled his toes around the rungs of his chair and spent the next two hours writing a long letter of resignation. He set forth in full his reason for leaving and tendered his thanks for all the consideration that had been shown him. A few days later Davis received a return letter, which finally accepted his resignation and paid a warm tribute to his services.

Davis's first step toward making a new connection was to write letters to nine of the largest mutual life insurance companies in the field, setting forth briefly his experience and asking if an opening was available. He received nine replies, several of which offered him immediate employment. The least favorable of all the replies was from the Equitable. And that was the one which Davis decided to follow up.

He came to New York and introduced himself to the superintendent of agencies of the Equitable. For three days the Middle-Westerner, of whom the officials had already heard interesting reports, was





## If you ever want to sell your house ARCOLA is a salesman

"I WISH to inquire how long it would take to get another ARCOLA, similar to the one you sold me last year, as I have sold my house," writes E. D. Saunders of Alton, Ill.

"Possibly you will be interested in knowing how the ARCOLA entered in the deal," he continues. "My neighbor and I owned houses adjoining, that were built by a housing company and *exactly alike*; both of us were trying to sell and a prospective buyer, after looking both houses over, paid me six hundred dollars more than my neighbor was asking, because my

house was hot-water heated by an ARCOLA and American Radiators."

ARCOLA is an investment on which it is *impossible* to lose. If you want to sell your home you discover that buyers are glad to pay more for a house with an American Radiator in each room. If you keep the house several winters ARCOLA's cost is entirely absorbed. It pays for itself in the fuel it saves.

Send today to either address below for a fine ARCOLA book. Life is too short for shivering; begin this year to enjoy radiator warmth.



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## How Do You Can?

THERE are several ways to can, but the Oven Method is the one to be preferred. So says the U. S. Department of Agriculture in Farmers' Bulletin No. 203. Under the caption of "Canned Fruits Cooked in the Oven", the Government Experts have this to say:

"This method of canning fruit, in the opinion of the writer, is the one preferred. The work is easy and quickly done, and the fruit retains its shape, color and flavor better than when cooked in the preserving kettle."

But the Government Bulletin was written long before the advent of the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator, the wonderful device that exactly measures and controls the heat of the Gas Range Oven. And so, the Lorain Method of Oven Canning surpasses even the method recommended by the Government.

If you owned a Lorain-equipped Gas Range you could do many wonderful things in cookery. In the first place you'd never again experience a single failure in baking, roasting, etc. Also, you'd be able to cook a whole meal in the oven all at one time—while you're miles away enjoying yourself.

Wherever gas is available you'll find dealers who sell Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges. These dealers are always willing to explain or demonstrate the unusual advantages of this greatest of all time—and labor-saving appliances.

Send for a free copy of the Lorain Oven Canning Chart. It explains how to can 37 different fruits and vegetables by this new and better method.

AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY  
Largest Makers of Gas Stoves in the World  
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**LORAIN**  
OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

shunted from office to office in order that he might pass under general inspection. At the end of the third day the superintendent of agencies sent for him.

"What do you want to do?" he asked.

"Anything," said Davis.

"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere."

"How soon can you leave?"

"Any time."

"How much compensation do you want?"

"Whatever you say."

"Haven't you the slightest preference about the kind of work you're turned loose on?"

"Yes, I have—if you put it that way," replied Davis. "When I mapped out my career a couple of years ago, I felt that I could make good in organization work. My short experience has encouraged me in that belief. I'd like to tackle the toughest and most unproductive territory you've got, and be given a free hand to build up my own organization."

DAVIS was handed exactly what he asked for. A certain slice of Northwestern territory, with its branch headquarters at St. Paul, Minnesota, was known as the company's "graveyard." A disjointed and discouraged organization was doing about \$1,500,000 worth of business a year. Davis went there—starting out in his new field at half the salary he had been making in Ohio.

He reached St. Paul just after the Christmas holidays, and plunged into his new job. Before he was fairly under way his wife was stricken with typhoid fever and for a time her life was despaired of. During each day he would make train trips to outlying agencies, help the local managers stage their campaigns—and then travel half the night in order to reach his wife's bedside. After a few hours' sleep he would plunge out early and repeat the procedure.

At the end of his first year in St. Paul the new pilot had doubled the sales in his territory. At the end of the second year he had shot them up to \$5,000,000. And in the meantime he had rebuilt his organization from top to bottom—dropping at least half of the agents he found and replacing them with fresh and untried timber.

His method of picking salesmen was typical. He never advertised for a salesman, either then or in any subsequent position he has held.

"Wherever I went," he told me, "I kept my eyes 'peeled' for individuals who handled themselves in a manner that convinced me that they had the makings of real salesmen. I found them in the most unlikely places."

"For instance, there was a laundry wagon driver who came to the house several times to try to persuade Mrs. Davis to give him our work. One day I happened to be at home, and he tackled me. There was an earnest persuasiveness about the man that was captivating. He believed that he was working for the best laundry in the city and he wasn't afraid to tell the world so. Furthermore, he knew why it was the best. I gave him our work."

"During the next month he called me up several times at the office to find out if we were pleased with the service. Presently I sent for him to come in and see me."

"What's your aim in life?" I asked him in the course of our chat. "What do you expect to be doing ten years from to-day?"

"I'll have a laundry of my own," he said. "And it will be a darned good one."

"No, you won't," I returned. "You'll be selling life insurance." And before he left the office I had him under contract. To-day he is one of the ablest life insurance salesmen in the Northwest.

"On another occasion I stopped overnight at a small town which was crowded with delegates to a convention. I finally squeezed my way into a 'shakedown' rooming-house above a pool room, where I had to share a double bed with a total stranger. The next morning we had breakfast together. Talk turned to business, and I found that my bedfellow was doing very nicely as a salesman of household utensils. I liked him—for he was a straight shooter, with a pleasing personality."

"Why don't you go into life insurance?" I inquired.

"Often thought I'd like to," he replied.

"Fine! You're hired," I told him.

"To-day that man is managing one of the largest agencies in the United States."

"Still another time I dropped into a music store to buy a phonograph. The young chap who waited on me impressed me so favorably that I purposely deferred the purchase in order that he might hand me some more sales talk. Then I asked him to lunch, and before we had got to the dessert he was an enthusiastic recruit. To-day he is one of our most successful men."

At the end of his second year in St. Paul, Davis was called back to New York.

"The Chicago district has gone to sleep," he was told. "It's doing only a third the business of Pittsburgh, and far less than half a dozen other smaller cities. We want to turn you loose there."

Davis's reorganization of the Chicago territory was a repetition in a larger way of what he had accomplished in St. Paul. He stayed there five years, during which he raised the total annual sales from six million to thirty million dollars.

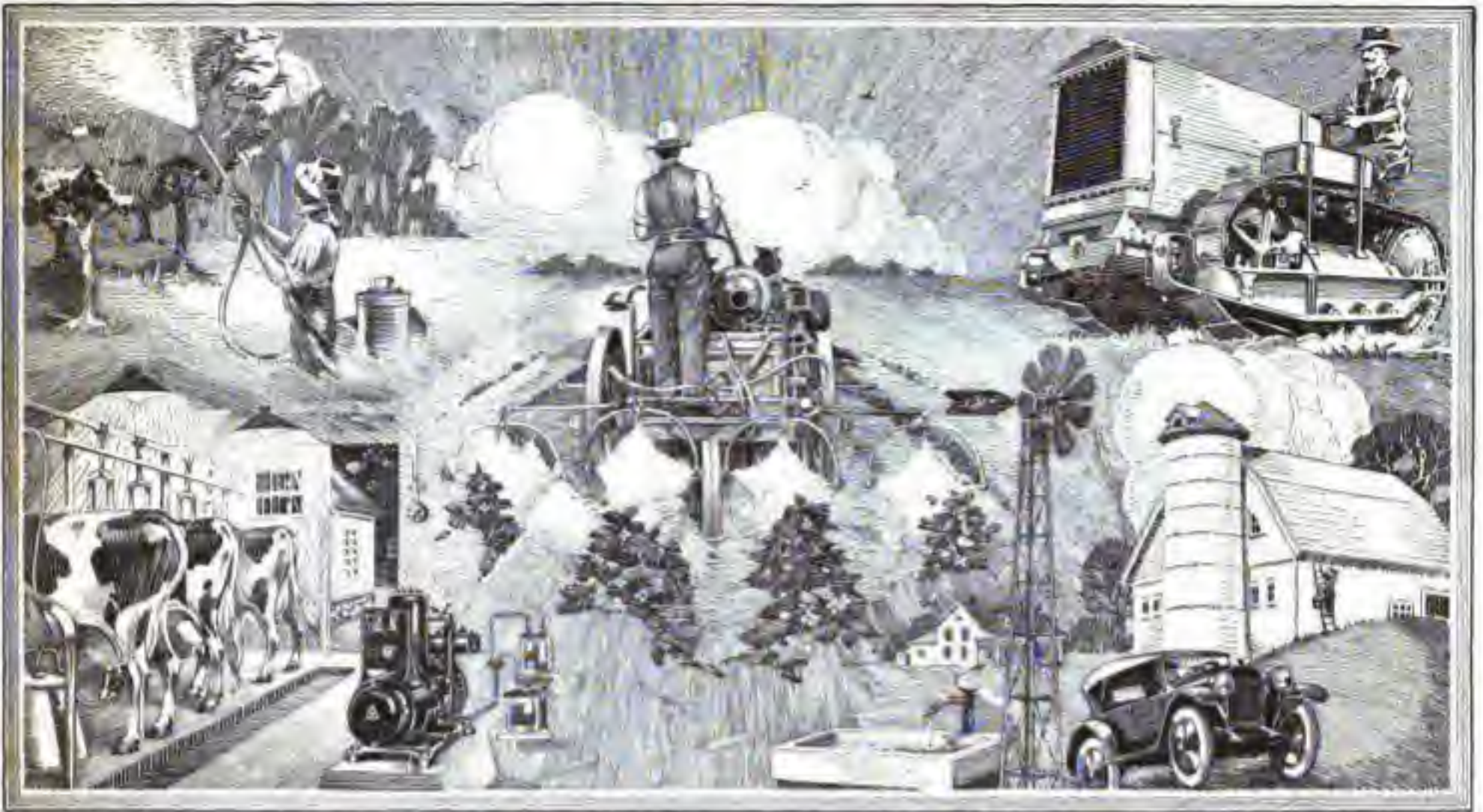
In October, 1919, he was called to New York and put in charge of the sales force of the entire country. The following June he was elected second vice president of the company. These are the positions that he holds to-day, at the age of forty-two, only twelve years from the morning he took his first parcel of literature and set out as a green salesman. So rapid an advance to a place of so great authority has never been known in life insurance circles—or in few other businesses.

IN a hasty survey of the high lights in Davis's career I have thus far neglected to mention the characteristic that has aided preëminently in making him a leader of men—his vigorous, persuasive, kindly personality.

More than six feet tall and broad-shouldered as a champion wrestler, Davis packs two hundred and thirty pounds between the soles of his shoes and his wide brown eyes. Energy spills out all over him. He is said to have more friends than any other superintendent of agencies in the country, and he is in constant demand as an extemporaneous speaker before assemblies of insurance salesmen and insurance executives.

"Davis seems to have the quality of





## How lead keeps the wolf from your door

**L**EAD helps to protect you from famine. Even before the farmer plants his seed, lead is working to produce fertilizers. And each year your daily food supply grows more dependent upon the proper use of the fertilizers lead helps to make.

Lead is also the farmer's assistant while crops are growing and fruit trees are bearing. Indeed, the farmer would be greatly handicapped without lead, and this loss would be felt throughout the world in inadequate food supplies.

### Enriching the soil

Phosphates are the basis of nearly all artificial fertilizers. The phosphates mixed with sulphuric acid give one of the elements plant life needs. No lead enters into the fertilizer itself, but lead successfully resists the action of sulphuric acid. Hence it is used for lining the rooms and tanks in which the fertilizer-manufacturing processes are carried on, for making the pipes which convey the corrosive liquids, and for the pails and other containers used about the factory.

### Guarding fruit trees

Lead aids the farmer in protecting his fruit trees, vines, and truck crops. He sprays them with arsenate of lead to poison insects that would otherwise destroy them.

### Lead in batteries

The modern farmer's tractors, trucks and automobiles depend largely on lead. A storage battery, mostly lead, provides electric current for the

tractor's ignition system and for the starting, lighting, and ignition of truck and automobile. Lead-tin solder seals gasoline tank and radiator. Litharge, an oxide, is used in refining the gasoline that makes the tractor, truck, and automobile go.

Where the farm is isolated from central electrical plants, the lead storage battery provides power for lighting and for running farm machinery. In the generators which charge the batteries are bearings of babbitt metal that often contain lead.

Electric light bulbs and lamp chimneys throughout house and farm buildings are made of a superior lead glass.

### Painting with lead

As paint, lead helps to protect the farmer's house, farm buildings, and equipment.

Red-lead, an oxide of lead, makes a paint that guards the metal of his wind-mill and machinery against the attacks of rust and thus prolongs their usefulness indefinitely.

White-lead is the paint usually used for wood and other non-metallic surfaces on farms and throughout the world. Practically everywhere one

goes—on sea or land—he can see or touch white-lead paint.

More property owners than ever before are learning the value of the phrase, "Save the surface and you save all." They are thinking more of what proper painting will mean in protecting their investments than of the cost of applying the paint. They are, therefore, saving the surface with white-lead or at least with paint containing a high percentage of white-lead.

### Look for the Dutch Boy

NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY makes white-lead of the highest quality and sells it, mixed with pure linseed oil, under the name and trademark of *Dutch Boy White-Lead*. The figure of the Dutch Boy is reproduced on every keg of white-lead and is a guarantee of exceptional purity.



Dutch Boy products also include red-lead, linseed oil, flattening oil, babbitt metals, and solder.

Among other products manufactured by National Lead Company are bar lead, litharge, glassmakers' red-lead, lead pipe, battery red-lead, orange mineral, and die castings.

### More about lead

If you use lead, or think you might use it in any form, write to us for specific information.

### NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

New York, 111 Broadway; Boston, 131 State St.; Buffalo, 116 Oak St.; Chicago, 900 West 18th St.; Cincinnati, 659 Freeman Ave.; Cleveland, 820 West Superior Ave.; Pittsburgh, National Lead & Oil Co. of Pa., 316 Fourth Ave.; Philadelphia, John T. Lewis & Bros. Co., 437 Chestnut St.; St. Louis, 721 Chestnut St.; San Francisco, 485 California St.





## Will Be Sent Without Cost

Eight ways to test the safety of your investments are given in this interesting booklet, "How to Select Safe Bonds." This important booklet (the coupon will bring you yours) has been prepared from the long and successful experience of George M. Forman & Company. Every investor, large or small, should know the facts it gives about getting a higher yield with positive safety.

# EIGHT WAYS to Test the Safety of Every Investment

### 1 Is Your Investment Protected by Property of Permanent Value?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why investments should be protected by property having a permanent value well in excess of the amount of the entire loan.

### 2 Does Your Claim Command Payment Before Other Obligations?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells what securities come before all others in obligation to pay promptly and fully.

### 3 Has the Property Sufficient Earning Power?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why a safe property must have an annual earning power of at least two and a half times the total annual interest on the loan.

### 4 Is the Property Adequately Protected by Insurance?

An important consideration, as fire often wipes out overnight a valuable property.

### 5 Is it Properly Managed?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why proper management is essential to insure prompt payment of interest and principal upon maturity.

### 6 Is the Title Clear?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells a sure way of insuring against loss through faulty title.

### 7 What is the Moral Character of the Borrower?

As important as proper management—explained in this interesting booklet.

### 8 Who Offers the Securities You Buy?

"How to Select Safe Bonds" tells why even the experienced investor must depend for safety entirely upon the reputation and length of service of the Banking House offering the investment. It tells of the conservative policy of painstaking investigation and selection which has made it possible for George M. Forman & Company to sell bonds for 38 years without loss to a customer, large or small.

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Let "How to Select Safe Bonds" show you definitely how you can enjoy, with absolute safety, a larger income from your investment. Mail this request blank for your copy of this interesting booklet. No obligation.

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literally setting men on fire," one of his associates told me. "I have never seen him wind up a speech at a convention without bringing his audience to its feet in one wild howl of approval."

But it is a much less spectacular side of his nature that enables Davis to make friends and hold them. Not long ago one of the Western representatives of the company wrote that he was coming to New York to rest up for a few days from a severe illness. The train on which he was due to arrive was delayed for several hours and when it drew into the Pennsylvania Station, at two o'clock in the morning, the weary traveler staggered into the wide-open arms of Frank H. Davis, vice president of the company.

"There's a taxi just outside, and we'll have you at the hotel in a jiffy," he said.

Davis was taking a tiresome trip on a local Western railroad train a short time ago when the locomotive panted to a stop at a small station. A twenty-minute lay-over was announced. He followed the general rush to a wayside eating place.

In the same coach sat a little white-haired woman, who was evidently worn out by the long ride. Left alone, she dozed off for a few minutes. Presently she woke with a start to find a six-foot Samaritan standing beside her. In one hand he held a steaming cup of coffee; in the other were two fat sandwiches.

"I noticed you didn't get off, Grandma," said Davis gently; "and I thought that you might like a bite to eat."

The woman tried to smile, but two tears trickled down her cheeks.

"Bless your dear heart!" she said, her voice breaking. "I am 'most famished, but being so crippled up with rheumatism and sick into the bargain, I was afraid I'd be left behind if I tried to make it over to the restaurant."

ONE of the things that Davis continually preaches to his men is pride in their profession.

"If you don't think you're in the best business in the world, I don't want you to work for us," he has said repeatedly. "No man can swing his job right unless he believes in it. If you're unable to get thrilled over the prospect of human service—if you haven't an appreciation of the contribution made to the general welfare by an economically administered life insurance company, then it's useless to waste your time and mine."

Many stories are told of the way in which Davis lived up to this philosophy when he was in the field as a salesman. On one occasion he had made a definite appointment with an important business man. Arriving promptly on the minute, he was kept waiting in the corridor. Eventually the executive strolled out.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. "Make it brief."

"I can't talk standing up," said Davis, "and I don't intend to try. I have a definite appointment with you. If you see fit to keep your word and listen to the kind of service we can render you, I am at your command. Otherwise, I shall say good day."

The business man blinked. Then he held out his hand.

"You're right, my friend; come inside," he said.

Inside of three minutes Davis left the

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White, bond stock—200 sheets—4 1/2 x 11—100 sheets—5 x 11—100 sheets—6 x 11—100 sheets—8 x 11—100 sheets—10 x 11—100 sheets—12 x 11—100 sheets—14 x 11—100 sheets—16 x 11—100 sheets—18 x 11—100 sheets—20 x 11—100 sheets—22 x 11—100 sheets—24 x 11—100 sheets—26 x 11—100 sheets—28 x 11—100 sheets—30 x 11—100 sheets—32 x 11—100 sheets—34 x 11—100 sheets—36 x 11—100 sheets—38 x 11—100 sheets—40 x 11—100 sheets—42 x 11—100 sheets—44 x 11—100 sheets—46 x 11—100 sheets—48 x 11—100 sheets—50 x 11—100 sheets—52 x 11—100 sheets—54 x 11—100 sheets—56 x 11—100 sheets—58 x 11—100 sheets—60 x 11—100 sheets—62 x 11—100 sheets—64 x 11—100 sheets—66 x 11—100 sheets—68 x 11—100 sheets—70 x 11—100 sheets—72 x 11—100 sheets—74 x 11—100 sheets—76 x 11—100 sheets—78 x 11—100 sheets—80 x 11—100 sheets—82 x 11—100 sheets—84 x 11—100 sheets—86 x 11—100 sheets—88 x 11—100 sheets—90 x 11—100 sheets—92 x 11—100 sheets—94 x 11—100 sheets—96 x 11—100 sheets—98 x 11—100 sheets—100 x 11—100 sheets—102 x 11—100 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office with a signed contract for fifty thousand dollars of life insurance in his pocket.

On another occasion Davis had spent the better part of an hour discussing life insurance with a professional man who seemed to delight in trying to "bait" him and to avoid a single direct answer.

"Why should I leave a big life insurance check to my wife?" the prospect said at last. "What assurance have I that she won't marry some ne'er-do-well, who'll blow it all in?"

"If you leave your wife an estate, she won't have to marry a ne'er-do-well the next time," Davis shot back.

"What's that?" The man jumped to his feet, bristling. "Do you mean to infer that I'm a ne'er-do-well?"

"Any man who talks that way about his wife certainly has the characteristics of one," said Davis calmly.

"Oh, I guess I didn't mean it the way it sounded," mumbled the man, slumping down in his chair. A few seconds later he signed the application blank.

WHEN I told Davis that I had heard these stories of his early days he shook with laughter.

"Yes, they're correct," he said, "but please don't carry away the impression that I adopt that attitude toward the average prospect. These cases were decidedly exceptional. Yet I wouldn't give a tinker's dam for a salesman who wouldn't maintain his self-respect and stick up for his rights if he saw that someone was trying to bluff or bulldoze him. If anyone attacked your family, or your religion, you'd certainly take up the cudgel in defense. Well, a man ought to have that same sort of sacred feeling about his job, too.

"It all comes back to the question of vision. If you're living piecemeal, if you can't see the whole pattern of the thing out of which you're making a living, your convictions won't be big and broad enough for you to bother about sticking up for them, anyway.

"You can't get anywhere without enthusiasm; but I have little use for the intermittent brand—the kind that bubbles over some things, fizzles out over others, and then starts in bubbling again. Continuous enthusiasm comes only when you see the far-away goal you are aiming for.

"When you once get working for you a man who is endowed with enthusiasm and vision and courage, the thing to do is to let him alone. I give my branch managers almost unlimited authority and responsibility—so long as they follow the broad fundamental principles on which we operate. I even allow my managers to fix their own quotas.

"I conceive it to be entirely reasonable that the man in charge of the state of Iowa, or California, or Massachusetts, knows a good deal more about the conditions in his territory than I can possibly know. Consequently, if he has the ability and imagination I credit him with, he can tell the amount of business available in that territory. If he were to set a figure that was absurdly low, I would know that he wasn't a 'good soldier,' or that he was lacking in business imagination. I have found out, however, that nine men out of ten, when placed on their honor, will shoulder a bigger pack than you would ever think of putting on their backs."



## A telephone personality

In your face to face contacts with people, your appearance, your bearing and many other things help you to make the right impression. But in your telephone contacts there is only one thing by which you can be judged—your speech.

An effective telephone personality is to-day a business and social asset. Everybody appreciates the person who speaks distinctly and pleasantly, neither too fast nor too slow, with a clear enunciation of each word, with lips facing the mouthpiece and speaking into it. In business, this is the telephone personality which induces favorable action on the part of the listener. To the salesman it may mean the difference between an order and no order; between an interview

granted and an interview refused.

Curiously enough, people who are careful to make themselves effectively heard and understood face to face, often disregard the need for effectiveness in their telephone speech. Perhaps they shout, perhaps they mumble, perhaps they hold the mouthpiece far from their lips. And frequently they never realize that their carelessness has defeated the purpose of their talk.

The Bell System maintains for telephone users the best facilities that science, modern equipment, skilled operation and careful management can bring to telephone speech. But these facilities can be fully effective only when they are properly used.



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## Unmasked

(Continued from page 23)



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The Disappearing Propeller Boat

the very sort, perhaps, to appeal to a serious and inexperienced girl. He called himself an Englishman; he went in the best society; he was a leader everywhere; he had a fine position, kept a splendid establishment, was known as a perfect host and a charming companion.

"What was it, then, that I'd felt when this lovely girl had jumped up so eagerly to go off with him? What was it that Lee Fu had instantly recognized in my question? For my part I couldn't say, except that there were subtle things I didn't like about the man. As head of the largest German house in Hong Kong, for instance, why did he continue to pose as an Englishman? All his connections were mid-European. An Englishman of sorts he was, of course; yet it was whispered that he had a Turkish mother. His past was shadowy, a period practically unknown. I myself could remember the time when he had appeared in Hong Kong full blown, as it were, a man without a record but with a backing mysteriously substantial.

"I have nothing against him," I announced at last. "I'd like to know where he came from, that's all."

"You are mistaken," said Lee Fu sharply. "That is the last thing that you would like to know."

"I raised my eyebrows. 'You've run him down, then?'"

"Lee Fu nodded slowly, holding me with a flat gaze that managed to convey a depth of meaning. I waited to be told, but he remained silent. Behind the flat gaze I saw the marshaling of thoughts.

"So he isn't fit to marry her?" I observed.

"EXACTLY," said Lee Fu. "Let us start, of course, from the assumption that there is no man in the world fit to marry her. She only may choose the least unworthy. But in this case, she has not so chosen. You must be satisfied that I know what I know. The match cannot be permitted. This decision is final, and allows of no compromise."

"I pursed up my lips in a silent whistle. It must be pretty bad! 'Is she very much in love with him?' I asked.

"She is infatuated. Whether that is love, remains a problem of the ages. Because sometimes it is love, and sometimes it is not; sometimes it may become love, and sometimes it may turn to the bitterest hate. A given thing sometimes will turn it one way, sometimes another. Thus, in spite of untold experience, there is no precedent."

"That makes it fairly difficult," I murmured. "And I recall that she used to be a headstrong chit. Have you taken the matter to Amesbury yet?"

"Hardly!" exclaimed Lee Fu. "He knows, of course, but perhaps is too ill to realize. Yet I doubt if he would raise objection; in his eyes she can commit no error. The father is too near, my friend; it is the godfather who has the thankless task of seeing clearly. She guesses that I disapprove of her lover; she has asked me candidly what I know against him.

It was a painful question for me; I fear I did not acquit myself too well. Now, as you see, she keeps us apart, and I have lost her confidence."

"You didn't tell her anything about him?"

"No, I am not a fool."

"But why should she ask you, if she hadn't begun to doubt?"

"I am inclined to agree with you," replied Lee Fu. "Yet that, too, is highly dangerous. Infatuation feeds on doubt."

"But isn't there some young man handy who can take her away from him?"

"There is one who would, but cannot. Also, he is a man of her own way and kind. I speak of Captain Trowbridge of the ship 'Defender.'"

"THE very god from the machine!" I cried. (I'd met young Trowbridge the year before, on his first voyage to the East as master, and had been strongly impressed by him. One of your genuine, angular down-Easters, straightforward and open as the day.) "Is Trowbridge in Hong Kong?"

"Yes, he is here. It is one thing to produce the god from the machine, and another to set him going. For my part, I think it would be better if Captain Trowbridge were elsewhere. He alienates her daily by an immutable devotion."

"I see."

"It was a pretty mess, indeed, with all the elements of danger if not of disaster."

"During the next few weeks I had ample opportunity to observe the romance from many angles. Amesbury was better, but still confined to the ship. One was forever running across Minnie with Cavendish, chaperoned by some gay widow, at tiffin at the Hong Kong Hotel, at afternoon tea at the Yacht Club, or at dinner aboard a member of the fleet. Even if I went for the view along Glenealy Road, I'd be apt to meet them riding in two chairs under the tall bamboos."

"As I continued to meet them, I got the disagreeable impression that Cavendish accepted her too carelessly. It was quite the finest adventure, no doubt, that ever had come into his life; but he was going over familiar ground. I cultivated the man's acquaintance, I tried my best to fathom him; I had to admit that he conducted himself with strict propriety; yet I grew to regard him at last with an unreasonable aversion."

"I cultivated young Trowbridge, too, a simpler and sweeter proposition. He was the sort of chap who grows on you, a man full of character, who had pulled himself to the top of the ladder at the age of twenty-seven. Before I'd known him long, I realized that if Minnie would give him half a show she'd find that she liked him tremendously. Beyond question, he was just the man for her; he, too, loved ships and the sea. But he had begun wrong. His doglike devotion, as Lee Fu pointed out, had done the rest."

"Stop hanging around her," I told him one day, as he started after Minnie up the Jetty. By this time he'd confided all his woes to me.



"But she's alone," he snorted. "I don't hang around her, anyway."

"You stand and gaze at her like a dying calf. You have no savvy; you don't use ordinary common sense. Can't you see that you lose a trick every time?"

"What's the use?" he demanded. "Do you mean that I ought to keep away from her?"

"Entirely out of her sight. I can't promise that it would be any use. But take it from an old fellow, the thing you're doing now is plain suicide."

"AFFAIRS drifted on, as they have a way of doing. The longer I watched Minnie, the more I became convinced that she wasn't entirely happy. One morning in Lee Fu's office I opened up the subject. 'Are Minnie Amesbury and Cavendish engaged?' I asked.

"I cannot say," Lee Fu answered. "What does it matter? There is no further need for worry on that score."

"No further need for worry? Has anything happened?"

"Nothing. But I was thinking of the imponderables."

"I laughed cynically. 'It strikes me they're up against an imponderable. You said the match mustn't be permitted.'

"Then who permits it? . . . Captain, do I remember that you often go to the Yacht Club to observe the swimming?"

"Why, yes," I answered.

"Have you noticed the expertness of Mr. Cavendish at that sport?"

"Cavendish? He's always there; but now that you speak of it, I don't believe he swims. I've never seen him in the water."

"Strange, is it not, for such a sportsman? Yet perhaps he is more interested in yachting?"

"He doesn't go into the races, Lee Fu. I was a judge at the last regatta, and know all the boats. What are you driving at?"

"The Chinaman leaned toward me, an incomprehensible gleam in his eyes. 'I have made a discovery,' he said. 'Even Achilles, you will remember, was not invulnerable.'

"Don't expect me to ask," I laughed. "I know you have no intention of speaking what's on your mind."

"Be patient, Captain," he answered, as I went out the door. "We must wait now for the monsoon to change."

"Whatever he meant, the monsoon in reality was on the point of changing. I moved the 'Omega' to Wanchi anchorage that afternoon. Going down the harbor, I saw that the calm season of southwest breezes was over; at any moment we might expect the annual blow that brought the wind around into the northeast. It struck at midnight; I went on deck to see how she was riding in her new berth, and found quite a sea on in that part of the harbor. At daylight it was blowing half a gale.

"For a number of reasons I had to go ashore; at nine o'clock I called my sampan, which had been making easy weather of it under the stern. She was an excellent seaboat, as all Hong Kong sampans are. Under a few bamboos of the foresail, we ran down in short order the three or four miles that now separated me from the main fleet, and hauled up with a dash in the lee of the Jetty.



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"First—The Investor's Welfare"

"It was nearly noon when I got around to Lee Fu's office. 'Well, the monsoon has changed,' I said. 'Can you tell me your discovery?'"

"All is arranged, Captain," answered Lee Fu briskly. "The guests are invited, and have accepted. They think it an odd whimsy of yours, yet all have entered into its spirit save Mr. Cavendish, who in his heart curses you with direst maledictions, but is obliged to come. Our Sailor Boy is delighted. Captain Trowbridge was difficult, but at length agreed to lend his presence. These, with our old friend Captain Spaulding, to whom I have made partial explanations, and ourselves, of course, comprise the party. It remains only for me to thank you for the pleasure which I anticipate."

"What the dickens is up now?" I demanded.

"EXACTLY what I said. To-night on board the bark 'Omega,' at Wanchi anchorage, you give a farewell dinner for Mindoro Amesbury. The weather is rough, so we are starting at three o'clock from the Jetty, in order to enjoy the sail. Here is the dinner in this basket, an excellent one, I assure you. I have even provided a sampan for the occasion."

"I don't pretend to understand," I said. "But, Lee Fu, it'll be a dead beat up the wind, a wet, nasty trip."

"The Chinaman rose behind the desk with a rustle of embroidered garments. 'I have told you once,' he said in a tone of quizzical despair. 'You must be wilfully stupid. But listen again. All men who live as Cavendish has lived are cowards. He is a coward, in every relation of life; but most of all he fears the water. The rest he is able to conceal, by careful sportsmanship, by irreproachable behavior. But this fear overwhelms him; he dare not trust himself with it, for it reveals what he is. Are you aware that he will not set foot in his steam launch unless the sea is calm? It is a study in the psychology of terror. I have sought desperately for this key to his character; it was necessary that she behold the truth rather than be told. She has seen him always safe on land, protected by his environment, clothed in the mantle of his faultless aplomb. But perhaps, with luck in our favor, we will be able to show her the true Cavendish.'"

"Nonsense, Lee Fu," I cried. "If he's so timid, he'll simply play sick and stay away."

"Not so. I myself have called upon him. He will come."

"You threatened him with exposure? But if you have power over him, why didn't you break up the match long ago?"

"The real problem is to break up her regard for him."

"Well, this point was sound enough, but the rest of the plan seemed utterly fantastic. It was a long while before I'd consent to abet the scheme."

"I was agreeably surprised when we gathered at the Jetty that afternoon to find the party in a lighter mood than I'd anticipated. The trip was taken as a lark, and I came in for a good deal of chaffing. 'A handsome day for a sight-seeing expedition,' laughed Spaulding, of the 'Tam o' Shanter.' 'I haven't been at Wanchi anchorage for years.'"

"Don't put on airs," I retorted. "Wanchi is heaven compared with some

of the places a poor trader has to go."

"Minnie arrived with Lee Fu, and soon infected us all with her high spirits. She loved nothing better than a sail in rough water. 'You're a dear to give me a real sailor party,' she greeted me. Then she caught sight of Trowbridge coming gloomily down the pier. 'Why, Captain Trowbridge, I haven't seen you for an age!' she cried. 'Where have you kept yourself?' He gave her a hangdog grin."

"Last of all came Cavendish. I watched him narrowly. If Lee Fu's discovery amounted to anything, the man was holding himself well in hand. As he glanced to windward across the angry harbor I thought that he turned a little pale; perhaps, too, there was a trace of nervousness in his manner. But on the surface he was the same debonair and confident fellow."

"We boarded the sampan at once, put on the oilskin coats that we found in the cuddy, arranged our seats, and were off. The craft that Lee Fu had provided was an ordinary harbor sampan, smaller than mine and not so well equipped; she was manned by a fat old Chinaman, his withered wife, a married son, a younger boy, the wife of the married son, and a child five years old. I wondered why Lee Fu had chosen such an outfit."

"The moment we poked our nose past the end of the Jetty, the sampan caught the gale and buried her lee rail under water. The sea was a nasty chop. All of us fell silent, feeling out the boat, as a sailor will, and forming an opinion of how she handled herself. All of us but Cavendish, that is to say. I suddenly thought of him; and a strange thrill went through me to discover him crouched back in the corner of the seat beside Minnie, palpably using the whole effort of his will to control his emotions."

"NOW it was heavy weather, no doubt, the sampan wasn't of the best, and the fat Chinaman evidently was a poor sailor; yet we weren't in the slightest danger. It's hard for a seaman, however, to imagine the state of mind of a land-lubber on the water, the apprehensions of one who has no guide or experience. And here was a man—I began to see it now—who added to ignorance of nautical matters a fear of the elements neurotic and ungovernable."

"For instance, it didn't occur to anyone to reassure Minnie Amesbury; least of all did she think of such a thing as needing to be reassured."

"Isn't it fun!" she cried, watching the waves swirl past to leeward as the sampan heeled sharply to the rising wind. "I don't know when I've had such a glorious sail, Captain Nichols. These Hong Kong sampans are so easy in a seaway." She turned to Cavendish, puzzled by his tense silence. "Don't you love a sail like this?" she asked enthusiastically.

"I hate it!" he rapped out harshly, putting a trembling hand across his mouth.

"The answer cut her; everyone had looked up in surprise. She gazed at him coldly for a moment, then got up and left the cuddy, taking her stand on the main deck to windward of the mast. In a moment Lee Fu followed her."

"We'll catch it yet!" she laughed, swaying her body to the rapid motion of the sampan, meeting the spray with-



out flinching as it flew over. At such times she seemed the very embodiment of the sea's spirit. 'It's breezing on every minute, Lee Fu. But what's the matter with your sampan-man? He doesn't know his business.'

"Then why not take the tiller yourself," Lee Fu proposed. In point of fact, the sampan was being steered atrociously.

"I'd like to," she exclaimed. 'May I, Lee Fu? I've never steered a sampan.' Her voice revealed more than she knew or intended; she longed for action as a relief from thoughts and feelings.

"Certainly. I will arrange it. Come through the cuddy."

"She passed by Cavendish without a glance, and emerged on the little deck abaft the cuddy. Lee Fu spoke to the fat Chinaman, who grinned and gave the tiller into Minnie's hands. At another word of command he squatted to leeward. Lee Fu at once returned to the main deck, where Trowbridge, Spaulding, and I now joined him, leaving Cavendish alone in the cuddy.

"The sea was rising fast as we opened up the long reach of the harbor. The sampan labored heavily, burying her nose with every plunge and flinging the spray in sheets across the deck. But in spite of this, she sailed better under Minnie's guidance; I realized again the innate seamanship of this slip of a girl. Here she was, steering a craft she'd never seen before; she had taken the helm, too, at a hard time, when an error might have spelled real danger. But the behavior of the sampan showed her instinctive mastery. Watching her as she steered, her body bent to the pull of the tiller, her hair flying loose, her face glowing with ardor and determination, one realized that these were her native elements.

"I saw Trowbridge looking long in her direction.

"FROM where she steered, Minnie could see Cavendish plainly through the rear of the cuddy. Now and then she glanced at him in perplexity. What could she make of it? He sat as we had left him, huddled in the corner, staring straight ahead and shuddering at every jump of the sampan. Suddenly he got up and started to come on deck. Lee Fu anticipated the move, and held him back.

"No, it is wet here," he said suavely. 'You are feeling ill, Mr. Cavendish. If you need the air, you will be better on the after deck. Come, I will assist you.'

"Before Cavendish could collect himself, Lee Fu had ushered him through the rear of the cuddy to the little section of deck directly under Minnie's eyes. There he left him without a word. Cavendish gave a frantic glance at the heaving water, then turned away without looking at Minnie, leaned his elbows on the roof of the cuddy, and covered his face with his hands.

"What is the matter?" Minnie asked anxiously. 'Are you sick?'

"Without answering or changing his position, Cavendish shook his head. He was too distraught to seize the open opportunity.

"In a short while we tacked ship in a smother of spray, and stood across toward Kowloon Point on the starboard tack. The crew of the sampan, men, women, and children, hung to the weather



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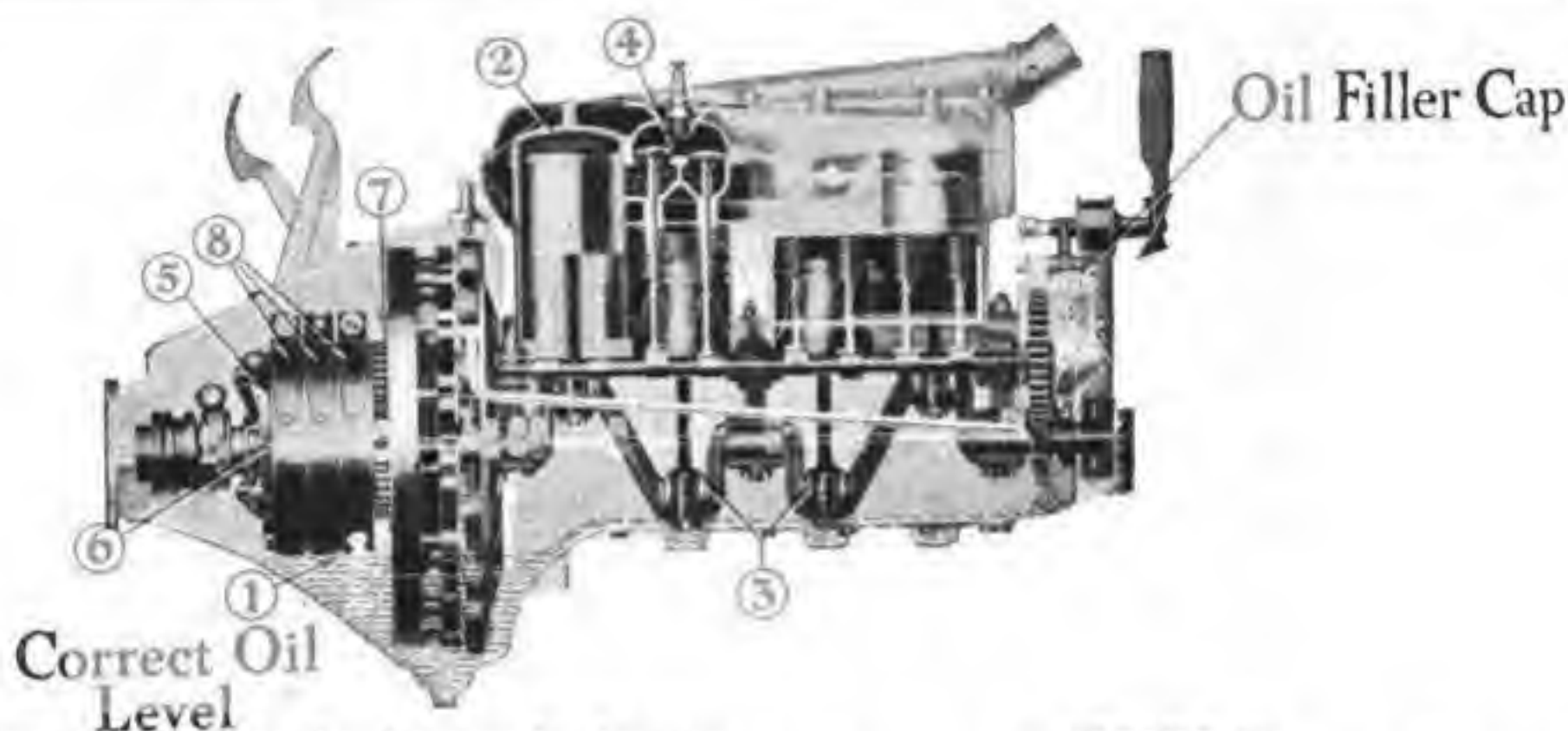
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**L**ET us show you exactly why your Ford engine operates best on a clean-burning oil, such as Gargoyle Mobiloil "E."

First, you pour in the oil. Your Ford manual tells you to open the top pet-cock on the oil reservoir, and to pour oil into the filler until it runs from this top pet-cock.

Suppose you pour in an oil *heavier* than "E." It is easy to supply too much, unless the oil flows out freely when the upper pet-cock level is reached. Heavier-bodied oils flow sluggishly. Consequently there is a danger of over-supply.

## (POINT 1)

*When you pour in Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," it runs out at once when the oil is up to the pet-cock level. The correct oil level is obtained with CERTAINTY.*

But possibly you do not think that this over-supply of oil makes any difference. Well, let us see what happens.

You notice that there is no splash trough for the rear cylinder. It is lubricated by the fly-wheel splash. (The third cylinder also receives some of this splash.)

If there is *too much* oil in the reservoir, there will be too much oil splashed to the third and fourth cylinders. From the cylinder walls this excessive amount of oil reaches the combustion chambers where it is burned up.

With an over-supply of oil heavier than "E," don't be surprised if you find extra heavy carbon deposits in these rear cylinders.

## (POINT 2)

*The exceptionally clean-burning character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" minimizes the tendency toward carbon formation in the combustion chambers.*

Next let us look at the connecting rods and splash troughs. Cylinders 1, 2 and 3 are lubricated by the dipping of the connecting rods into the troughs underneath. Remember that these connecting rods have no oil holes, no oil grooves, no dippers. To lubricate the friction surfaces the oil must work its way through the close clearances between the ends of the bearings and the crank cheeks, and then distribute itself over the bearing surfaces.

## (POINT 3)

*Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is sufficiently fluid to reach and lubricate these surfaces with ease. An incorrect or heavier oil very often does not.*

Next, let us consider the pistons. The Ford pistons over-run the top of the cylinder bore. Consequently, any oil carried up by the piston rings is forced into the valve chambers. A heavy oil does not burn up readily, but remains to gum the valves.

## (POINT 4)

*Gargoyle Mobiloil "E," being a clean-burning oil, is readily consumed and expelled. It does not remain to foul the valves, seats, and stems.*

The Ford multiple disc clutch runs "wet"—is continually in a spray of engine oil. All manufacturers of this type of clutch recommend an oil which will

# VACUUM OIL COMPANY



# Lubrication for your Ford?

give positive, quick engagement with no slipping, and an instantaneous release.

Heavier oils used in Ford engines cause a drag between the clutch plates. "Creeping" is the result. The car starts ahead when the engine starts, although the clutch is released.

## (POINT 5)

*Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" gives positive and immediate clutch engagement and disengagement. There is no "creeping."*

Just a word about the transmission. In the Ford you have a Planetary transmission employing three close-fitting sleeves, mounted on an extension of the crankshaft. A heavy-bodied oil is not well adapted to work into and thoroughly lubricate the sleeves and bearings.

## (POINT 6)

*The body and character of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" enable it to distribute thoroughly and meet this lubrication need perfectly.*

As to the transmission gears: There are three sets of triple gears mounted on close-fitting pivots. These gears are bronze bushed. The bearings fit tightly—in fact, so tightly that oil heavier than "E" is handicapped in working into and correctly lubricating the bushings and pins.

## (POINT 7)

*Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is of such body that it freely creeps in between the close-fitting parts and thoroughly lubricates the gears and bearings.*

Chattering of Ford transmission bands comes from incorrectly adjusted bands or worn out linings, and is aggravated by unburned fuel mixed with the lubricating oil. In such cases the diluted oil should be replaced with fresh oil and the bands correctly adjusted or the linings renewed. To attempt to remedy such mechanical conditions by the use of so-called "anti-chattering oils" containing foreign

materials which may separate, or lard oil, wool grease or other animal fats which decompose under heat, is obviously wrong and likely to cause gumming of the valve stems, carbon deposit and other troubles.

## (POINT 8)

*Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is free from foreign material and animal fat. Its use and proper attention to the adjustment and renewal of the bands will give the greatest possible freedom from chattering. At the same time it will correctly lubricate the engine.*

This concludes our trip through the Ford lubrication system.

AFTER careful consideration of the above Ford characteristics the Vacuum Oil Company's Board of Engineers saw plainly the need for a free-flowing oil of high quality, and with minimum carbonizing tendencies.

To meet these exacting needs of the Ford engine, clutch, and transmission, Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is manufactured.

The results secured by Ford owners through the use of Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" is ample proof of the high quality of this oil and the correctness of this recommendation.

Put Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" in your Ford today.

## FAIR RETAIL PRICE— 30c A QUART

When the dealer sells a quart of Gargoyle Mobiloil for less than 30c, he does not make his fair, reasonable profit.

Lower prices often accompany substitution of low-quality oil for genuine Gargoyle Mobiloil.

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# Gargoyle Mobiloil "E" for Fords

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confidently on his shoulder. I heard a chuckle at my side.

"They are too much excited to note how well the youngster floats," said Lee Fu to Spaulding and me. "Then let us make a solemn compact never to raise the question. This bath cost me fifty dollars in gold, my friends."

"Cavendish, who had come to his senses after the blow, was muttering and moaning in the cuddy. I went down to see what I could do for him. Glancing aft through the door, I noticed Minnie Amesbury getting ready to bring the sampan about. She commanded the situation; she had before her the task of picking Trowbridge up—while Cavendish lay here, beaten and dishonored. Was it imagination, or did I see on her set face an expression of relief, the grimness of a painful but glad awakening, as she matched her hand and eye against a sailor's responsibility?"

LINCOLN COLCORD, writer of great sea stories, gives you next month a fascinating account of his own life. Born in a storm at sea, he spent his first fourteen years on his father's ship, and out of thrilling adventures and the vastness of the sea he learned, he says, "those lessons which are still my ultimate test of life."

## Number Nine Schoolhouse

(Continued from page 45)

"opened school," times without number, so she would close it—for the last time.

"Our Father which art in Heaven..." her voice came tremulously, "Hallowed be Thy Name..."

When the shortening September day ended, the depot bus took its load away in time for the down-train. The other cars were started, one by one. Miss Malvina would not let anyone take her up the hill.

"I'm just going to sit here a spell," she insisted. "...I want to think it all over, by myself."

Mary Emma and Sam came back, after a while, and looked in at the window. But when they saw her sitting happily at the old desk, piled with the letters and telegrams it would take a day to read, they went softly away without disturbing her.

No longer did Miss Malvina feel alone in the world. These strange men and women had by no means forgotten her. What did it matter if she couldn't teach now, if there was nothing left to do but sit in the sun and dream?

Her arm brushed against the great loving cup, ripping it over, and she saw that there was a paper inside. She pulled out a long legal document. Unfolded, her astonished eyes saw that it was a deed, the deed of the school-house, Number Nine, made out to her. The town had sold it at last. *It was her own property!*

Then she realized that she was crying! "I guess the Lord knew what he was about when he made folks so's they could cry," she said. "I would be a terrible pity if they couldn't, when they feel the way I feel now."



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## There Are "Big-Town Birds" and "Small-Town Birds"

(Continued from page 25)

became a matter of wheeling the baby up and down the river front in the afternoons and hurrying back to get supper at night. After a few months I took on a three-nights-a-week job at seventy-five dollars a month, keeping books for a firm of architects.

When Jim, Junior, was about six months old my sister visited us. Her husband has an insurance agency in our hometown which gives him an income of about four thousand dollars a year. They are paying for a little home, and have two babies and a car. She was full of gossip about folks back home. The Joneses had just bought a lot and were planning to build. (Bill Jones was one of the dullest boys in my class at night school, but he seemed to be bright enough to make a good living back home.) The Emersons were expecting a new baby, their third. (Helen and I, knowing the cost of one baby in New York, could hardly conceive of wealth enough to support three; yet my sister said that Ted Emerson was earning less than I.) A new addition was being built on the country club, and the dues had been reduced to fifty dollars a year so that all young couples might come in. Three times while she was with us we left little Jim with the folks across the hall and went out—twice to the theatre, and once, Sunday morning, to hear a famous preacher. We were determined to show her that we were having a wonderful time. Apparently we succeeded.

"Oh, we envy you back home, all right," she said on the last day. "We often talk about it. You have all the new plays and the wonderful music and sermons. You're a couple of lucky babes in the woods all right. Still, we aren't complaining," she added as an afterthought; "we have pretty good times, too."

WHEN I got back to the apartment that evening, after putting her on the train, I found Helen sitting alone in the dark. I turned on a light and sat down on the arm of her chair.

"We're a couple of lucky babes in the woods," I repeated, stroking her hair. "All the new plays and wonderful music and lectures and—"

"Don't, Jim," she cried, leaping to her feet. "Don't! I can't stand it."

Without another word she started for the bedroom. I saw there were tears in her eyes.

That week I hired a nurse. Even with the extra money that came to me from the architects we couldn't really afford it, but I was determined that Helen should not be shut up any longer. She protested a little, but I was firm; and in the next few weeks the color came back into her cheeks and the baby was apparently healthier and happier. Certainly he cried less at night. I tried not to let her suspect that the night work was having any effect on



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A careful selection of 50 of the world's choicest Dutch bulbs—Tulips, Hyacinths, Narcissus and Crocus so exquisitely perfect that when they bloom in your garden next Spring they will be an unfailing delight to you and your neighbors.

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me, but you can't hide much from a wife—at least not when your whole life is spent in a kitchenette apartment. One evening at supper, when I just couldn't carry on the pretense of eating, she leaned across the table and took hold of my hand.

"I saw Mr. Mason to-day," she said quietly. Mr. Mason was the lawyer for whom she had worked before our marriage.

"That so?" I answered, suspecting nothing. "How is he?"

"He's all right," she continued, "and I'm going back to work for him on the first of the month."

"Helen!" I cried, and jumped to my feet. "You don't mean to tell me—I don't believe you're serious—"

She met my look firmly.

"I was never more serious in my life. Do you suppose I'm going to stay at home here and see you killing yourself?"

"But what about Jim, Junior? He's your first job. He has a right to a mother. It isn't fair."

"He has a right to a father, too," she answered; "and he won't have one long if you keep to night work."

IT WAS our first real dispute and it lasted long into the evening, interspersed with some tears, a few hot words, and plenty of apologies and forgiveness. But it settled nothing. She was just as determined at the end that she would go back to the office and I was equally determined that she should not. How it might have ended I hardly know; but Fate took a hand in it before the end of the month and swung our lives into a new channel.

It was about eleven o'clock and I happened to be sitting at the desk of the assistant vice president, who was downtown attending a meeting, when I heard my name spoken in a familiar voice and looked up to see the president of the Citizens Trust Company, the best bank in our little old city. He had come in to invite me to lunch with him, and I went. He is one of the finest old fellows in the world, a lifelong friend of my father, and the hour we spent together over our luncheon was like a visit home. When the coffee was served, he pulled out a couple of large fat cigars, tossed one across to me, and drove straight to the point.

"Jim, we want you to come back to the Citizens as cashier," he said.

"Why, Mr. Thorne," I exclaimed, "of course I'm flattered; but—"

"I know what you're going to say," he interrupted. "You have a fine chance with the big bank down here." (That wasn't what I was going to say at all, but I didn't confess that to him.) "This is the place to make money, of course; probably you're making more right now than we can afford to pay you. But there are some nice things about the old town, Jim. Your father and mother would be glad to have you back with your youngster."

That afternoon I telephoned Helen to come down to dinner, and the three of us talked the matter over again. The upshot of it was that we decided to accept. So, as I said at the beginning, we are back here in a little cottage, with a garden and a place where the garage is going to be, and a salary of three hundred dollars a month.

There are, of course, always two sides to any such story as this, and I am willing

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to admit the advantages of the big town for the big-town bird. The point I make is simply this: there are big-town birds and small-town birds; the tragedies happen when the little-town bird tries to live and thrive in the big town, for which he is not designed. As I studied the men who made good in a big way in New York, it seemed to me that they had five distinguishing characteristics:

**FIRST:** Almost invariably they were men of unusual physical endurance. Not physically big men, necessarily, but men who could stand a long-continued strain without regular exercise and with only a fraction of the ordinary quota of sleep. Someone will at once make the objection that more golf is played in and around New York than anywhere else in the country. But I am speaking, remember, of the man who gets to the very top. He may become a golf player *after* he has arrived; but in the lives of almost every one of these men there is a five-year or ten-year period of almost literally day-and-night work.

The army statistics proved that men from the big cities had a higher power of nervous resistance than men from the small towns and farms. I don't mean necessarily that men in New York work harder than we work in our little town, but the strain is greater, and no small-town bird whose wings droop at the end of the day ought to try flying over the hot pavements of the big city.

**Second:** A second requisite for large success in New York is the ability to go it alone without becoming lonesome. My father is a great social being and I take after him. We like to belong to organizations, and to sit down in the evening with a circle of friends. He would fret himself to death in New York, just from the strain of living in an apartment house of forty families, none of whom knew him or wanted to. The man who wins out in New York may be a very human chap, when you get to know him; but if you want to get to know him you will have to make the effort. He won't. He is so constituted that he can exist for long periods without any friendly gossip.

**Third:** Between two men of equally sound judgment there is often a great difference in the way decisions are made. One will gather evidence slowly, turn the facts over in his mind and tell you he will let you know to-morrow; the other will say "Yes" or "No" on the spot, and take his chance of being right fifty-one per cent of the time. Generally speaking, the "think it over" man is better off in the smaller town; the microbe-man goes big in New York.

**Fourth:** I believe that the most successful big-town bird has to be satisfied with acquaintances rather than friends. In our little city a man may have a hundred friends. In the big town you can have perhaps a dozen friends; but to keep up with more is impossible, the pace is too swift and the schedule too full. Instead of friends, one has acquaintances and—whether he wants it or not—the acquaintances change as his material prosperity increases. In spite of ourselves, we are eternally with the people who make and spend about as much as we do, and can afford to do the same things. We may say to ourselves: "We will never let money

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change us; we will always see just as much of the Joneses as we ever did." In a little town that is possible; in a big town it is not.

When you grow richer you move to a different section of the big town or out into a suburb, leaving the Joneses behind. And after a few spasmodic efforts to "have them over," and to "look them up," you drop the struggle. In a small town the friendships cut through the money lines. Those of us who think of life in terms of friendships, rather than of money or position, are happier, I think, in being small-town birds.

Fifth: Finally, the big town demands a certain strain of daring, even recklessness, in the men whom it rewards most highly—a characteristic which the smaller town looks at askance. Read through the histories of the men who have been most successful in New York; how few had anything at all at forty. Why? Because they are natural-born chance-takers. Whatever they could get together in their early years they bet on themselves, either by backing a business enterprise, or in living and entertaining more extravagantly than their means really allowed. Usually they lost enough bets in their early years to keep them pretty well strapped until middle life; but when the tide turned they cashed in big.

THE career of the typical small-town man is quite different. He starts saving money from the very beginning. If his income is twenty-five dollars a week he lives on twenty dollars; if it is one hundred and fifty dollars a week he lives on one hundred dollars, or less. He may never win out in such a spectacular fashion as the big-town man, but he plays a surer game. In the final accounting, he shows up remarkably well.

There is nothing of the gambler in my make-up. I thought during the war that I had got so used to big sums that I would never feel any awe, but that was self-deception. I am a *saver* rather than a *maker*—and that, I am sure, is one of the marks of the small-town bird.

So here we are, at three hundred dollars a month, and a pretty good chance of my being vice president of the bank some day, and perhaps president, if we behave ourselves. We're paying for a home—and incidentally buying a couple of other lots in the same locality and investing a little in other local things that look good.

Every Sunday we have dinner with my father and mother, and my sister brings her youngsters over, and the grandchildren romp all over the grandparents for a couple of hours. Everybody who comes into the bank or passes us on the street calls me "Jim." And the lawn is green, and the garden grows, and there is a place behind the house for the garage.

All of which seems to me to prove that we small-town birds have about all that life can give—except a fortune, perhaps. I am not sure that there isn't a chance for the fortune, *also*. At least, I've noticed this in reading about the death of rich men in the newspapers, and I wonder if you have noticed it, too—the popular estimate of a big-town man's wealth is almost always too large; the estimate of a small-town man's fortune is frequently too small.



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**N**EGLECT of such injuries is folly. Dirt, grease, chemicals may contaminate, with serious results. Neglect of minor industrial accidents costs men and management millions of dollars every year in wages and profits, disorganized production, delayed deliveries.

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The name "Norwich" on a pharmaceutical preparation stands for purity of ingredients and extreme accuracy in control of preparation. Rely on this name in drug store purchases.

## A Mother Who Wouldn't Give Up

(Continued from page 50)

to happen! I can't disappoint them now."

"Nearly everybody's gone in now, Mama." Frances looked up at Mollie's harried face questioningly. "There won't be any seats left, and we'll have to stand up."

Mollie looked around again. Yes; everybody had gone in except a few grown people like herself and scores of wistful-faced children. The time was getting desperately short. Was it possible that *nothing* was going to happen? Could it be that—

A man came to the entrance of the big tent and, mounting a platform, bawled that the performance was now beginning.

"Come on!" The children started forward with a rush, dragging Mollie along. She tried to hold back, to gain a little time, just a moment to think. She felt now that there was no hope. But if she could just manage to spend the two dimes so that the children would not feel that they had missed everything. The merry-go-round! That was it! None of the children had ever been on one. That would help. But, no, her hopes suddenly fell. That would take five nickels and she had only four. Wasn't there something else? She thought frantically. No; there was nothing you could buy for twenty cents that could be divided by five, nothing but candy. She supposed it would have to be candy. But the children had had candy!

**T**HEY were at the entrance to the big tent now and the children were clustered around her, waiting eagerly, hardly able to hold themselves still.

"Hurry, Ma! They've started to laughing inside already." Charlie was jumping up and down.

The ticket-taker held out his hand. Mollie looked down at it in a daze, then around at her children. She started to untie the corner of her handkerchief, then stopped—

"Ma!" There was anxious questioning on five small faces.

"Ma," Jimmie's shrill whisper broke through to her, "what's the matter? Ain't you got the money?"

Mollie looked down at the wistful freckled face of her son and knew that the day of reckoning was at hand. Her faith, her trust, had amounted to naught. She shut her eyes, steeling herself not to let the hurt on her children's faces cut too deep. It would have hurt them less to have told them in the beginning. But, somehow, after she had done her best, she had been so certain—

"Ma, don't!" Jimmie's rough little fingers closed suddenly around hers. "Don't! If you ain't got the money, we don't care! We've seen about all there is to see, anyhow. We can come next year. Don't, Ma!"

Mollie saw his face through a mist and the faces of the other children, who crowded close. "Children," she began tremulously—



"Thank goodness!"

Mollie whirled and faced the big man who was shaking her by the arm and panting his relief.

"Mr. Ren-fro!"

He let go her arm and mopped his perspiring face. "Well, I've had a narrow escape! If I hadn't found you, I'd never have made peace with my wife. She told me last night to see you this morning without fail. In fact," he grinned at Mollie, "she threatened to divorce me if I didn't. Said she owed you some money she'd promised to pay to-day and that you were counting on it to take your children to the circus. I remembered it when I got about forty miles from home, and I've been burning up the road getting back. Made it just in time, didn't I?"

He grinned at Mollie again, but she could not smile back. She could do nothing but just look at him. He began to fumble in his pocket hurriedly. "The madam didn't tell me how much she owed you."

Mollie, with a lump of utter thankfulness choking her, told him the amount. She did not add the raise in price she had hoped for, and that meant so much. That would not be right or fair, she decided instantly. He would pay what she told him without question. He'd take her word. No; no matter how badly she needed it, she'd wait until Mrs. Renfro came back.

MR. RENFRO counted out the money, and started to hand it to her, but changed his mind. "Got your tickets?" he asked.

Mollie shook her head. She was not able to say much just then.

"All right. You wait here. I'll get them for you."

He came back in a moment with the tickets. He gave them to her, then he handed her her change, or, rather, he handed her *all of her money*.

"My treat to the children," he said, looking away from her.

Before Mollie could get her breath to protest he hurried away, but not until he had thrust a dollar into Jimmie's hand.

"Buy the kids some peanuts and balloons and crackerjack, son."

They all went in the big tent then, the children walking on air, Mollie with her head bowed, scarcely seeing where she went.

"I'll never doubt again!" she whispered tremulously. "Oh, I'll never doubt again!"

"HENRY FORD Talks About His Mother" is the title of an extraordinarily human interview written by Edgar A. Guest that will appear next month. In this intimate talk Ford looks back to the days of his boyhood spent on a farm, and tells of the abiding influence of the homely truths his mother taught him.

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It does more than remove food debris. It attacks the coats, the cause of most tooth troubles. It is adapted to the rolling method, now generally advised. One should always brush from the gums toward the tooth points. Careful people everywhere, under dental advice, are adopting

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Wherever you are, teeth should be brushed immediately after meals. With people who eat away from home, this is the only way.

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY, Decoater Tooth Brush Dept.  
1164 S. WABASH AVE., CHICAGO

## The Luck of Being Lame

(Continued from page 51)

in safety. Many a time a rough-looking truckman will halt his truck and wave for me to cross the street ahead of him.

Only the other night, as I was leaving the theatre in a pouring rain to join the mad scramble for taxicabs, I heard a pleasant voice addressing me.

"Can't I give you a lift?"

There, leaning from the window of her limousine at the risk of having the rain spoil her evening gown, was a beautiful woman, a star of the theatrical world, whom I often had seen on the stage but never had met, offering the use of her car to a lame stranger. Even though I refused the ride, I see no reason why anonymity should hide the person who had such a generous impulse. It was Marguerite Sylva.

Still another important lesson that lameness brought home to me was this:

*A handicap demonstrates the body's adaptability.*

Scientists say the faculty of the human being to adapt himself to circumstances is mainly responsible for his having so far outstripped the rest of the animal kingdom. Man has always shown remarkable adaptability to the conditions in which he had to exist. If he lived where game was plentiful, he became an eater of meat. Where game was lacking, he lived on vegetables and roots. If it was his lot to be on the seashore or by a lakeside, he ate fish. Unclad, he survived in the tropics, but placed in the arctic regions he covered himself with furs, and outlived the bitter cold of the long winters.

THE records of what the physically handicapped accomplish are really marvelous. A thirteen-year-old youngster on Staten Island, with one leg off at the hip, insisted on entering the school athletic contests. Dropping his crutches, he gave a hop or two to get his balance, and then with his one leg surprised everybody by making a high jump of four feet and six inches.

Every summer the newspapers record feats accomplished by swimmers with one leg or one arm. There are many blind persons in all our cities who go about the streets unattended. The other day I read of a man out in Michigan who, since he was three years old, has had to go about in a wheeled chair. He has become an expert marksman. One of his pastimes is to go deer-hunting. He has his wheeled chair carried into the forest, and, sheltered by a blind, waits until he gets a shot at a deer.

One blind man in New York City goes regularly to the baseball games. He takes someone with him to describe the plays, and is delighted to realize that his recreation now gives pleasure to two instead of to one, as it did before he lost his sight.

The strangest thing about this particular blind man is that when he had his sight he was unsuccessful in business. Since he has become blind he has amassed a comfortable fortune. He says he owes his financial success to his blindness. The fear of becoming a burden to others acted as a spur, and after losing his sight he

## The Man in the Wash Room

ALL the directors were assembled. Only the chair at the head of the table was empty. "Where is he?" one man asked. "Washing his hands," said another.

But the chairman of the board was in the wash room, running through the Daily Dozen exercises. "It is the greatest way in the world," he explained, "to clear your brain and calm your nerves before an important meeting." A trial will cost you ten cents in stamps. Send them today for

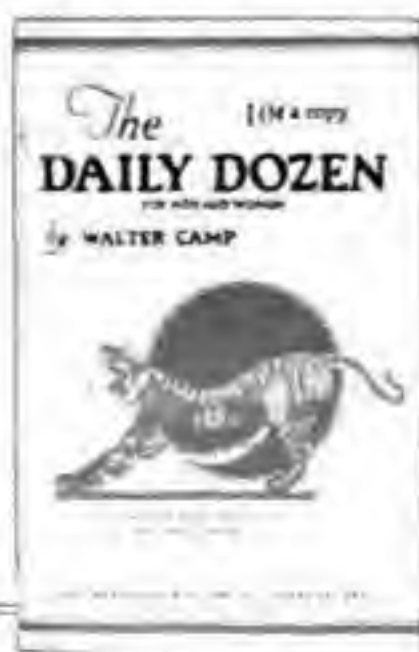
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For Men, Women and Children

Walter Camp's original book, complete with diagrams and full instructions.

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"The Daily Dozen" in book form is also sold by all newsdealers.





found that there were fewer things in life to distract him from giving proper attention to his business.

There is hardly an avenue to success to which a physical disability, properly dealt with, is a handicap. If I had never known lameness, I never would have written the book "Limpy," which brought me more reputation as a writer, and incidentally more money, than any other of the many books I have written.

**YOU** will be surprised to discover, if you study the records of the outstanding figures in the world's history, how many of them have had what is popularly called a handicap. Milton was blind, Shakespeare was born poor, Byron was lame, Beethoven was deaf, Roosevelt, in youth, was a physical weakling. What of it? Each of them succeeded in doing what he wished to in life. That is one of the most wonderful discoveries which lameness or any other physical defect brings home: *A handicap is an incentive to effort.*

The lack of things in our lives is what spurs us on. Life is a sort of a race, a game, and one of the greatest joys it offers is keeping up with the other fellow, or getting ahead of him. In most of us there is a contrary streak. When anything is forbidden or denied to us, that is the thing we wish most to do. The man who is handicapped, trying something that seems impossible for him, gets an extra delight in its accomplishment. And that perhaps is why I can truthfully add another to the lists of lessons that have come to me from lameness: *A handicap adds to happiness.*

Whenever I hear anyone attributing his failure to attain success or happiness to the fact that he was deaf, blind, or lame, or was born poor, and had no chance to get an education, I get out of patience. I am tempted to produce a letter which I keep among my treasures.

This letter is from a young woman whose home is on a farm in the West, fourteen miles from a railway, one of those little homesteads whose neighbors are so distant that you never see them. It is a home where money is always scarce, where luxuries are unknown and comforts are few.

Most girls would regard the necessity which requires this young woman to live in such surroundings as bad enough in itself. When they learn that she is motherless and that her work-worn stepmother has three younger children of her own, they will doubtless picture her as leading an unhappy life. But listen!

On top of these things, this girl is stone deaf and totally blind. Several years ago, through illness, she had to have one leg amputated at the hip.

This girl, at the State Institution for the Deaf, has learned to read, to master the books and magazines printed in raised points, and in addition to run a typewriter. The typewritten letters I receive from her have few errors. They show a wide range of reading—history, geography, fiction—and in the particular letter I have mentioned there is a note of joy. Two wonderful things have happened to her: Someone has given her a pair of crutches for Christmas. Think of it! Glad to get crutches on Christmas! Now, she gleefully writes, she no longer has to sit all day long in one place but can move freely about the house. More than that,

# Spur Tie

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Four-in-Hand  
All tied for you—no  
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By hand, better than you'd tie yourself. The cost? No more than ordinary bows—or less. 50¢ each—two for \$1.00. You can't find more neckwear value for your money—anywhere!  
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Accept no substitution for the Spur Bow. Others imitate but do not equal. The Spur Bow has exclusive features. Insist on the genuine. The name "Spur" is plainly stamped on every tie.

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one of her former teachers has written that in a few months, when the school term is ended, she is coming to take the blind-deaf-lame girl to her home for a visit.

Only those who have suffered can enjoy. It is true, of course, that anyone who finds himself all at once physically handicapped experiences mental suffering more keen than his physical suffering has been. Invariably, out of it comes peace of mind and contentment. Presently he begins to discover that his lot is not going to be nearly as bad as he had pictured it.

Blind people are noted for their cheerfulness and optimism. It is remarkable how often a lame newsboy is nicknamed "Happy" by his mates. I think it is because the whole world shows its kindest side to the handicapped that they soon find themselves becoming perpetually cheerful.

Even the worst sort of handicaps seem to bring compensations in optimism. There was Charles Noel Douglas, bedridden for years, who carried on a vast correspondence, receiving fourteen thousand letters a year, spreading with his dictated letters the spirit of optimism; "smiling Joe," a little charity patient, spending his days strapped to a board, but his cheery face brought in many dollars to aid other little sufferers.

No matter what happens to you, you can always find pleasure in life if you look for it. A handicap never really interferes with anything you want to do, for it quickly teaches you to adapt your wants to the things you can do.

**BUT** I can tell you of one drawback in being lame. It tends to make you selfish—or at least spoiled. Everybody is always so ready to do things for a lame man—to run his errands, to get him a glass of water, to bring him a book—that he finds it hard to resist letting other people do for him what he is perfectly able to do for himself. If he drops a package someone always springs to pick it up. Generally, he accepts the kindness, even though he knows that he is not getting enough exercise and that the bending would be just the thing for his abdominal muscles. If you're fortunate enough to be lame, you'll find everybody nice to you.

"But," says some doubting Thomas, "down in your heart you are not really glad that you're lame. You don't honestly believe, do you, that a handicap is an advantage?"

I can truthfully answer that: It is not what happens to you that matters but what you think about what happens. So long as a man isn't lame in the head, and can think right, it doesn't really matter much what happens to his body. A handicap, I have learned, is a mold of character. It reveals pleasures and joys that the unhandicapped never find.

Before commencing this article, I looked in the dictionary for the word "handicap." This is what I found:

*Handicap: an extra burden placed upon a superior contender to make the chances more equal.*

A superior contender! That ought to be enough to satisfy anyone, more than enough to make up for the loss of an eye or a leg. It is the tribute of the ages to the handicapped—to those superior persons who had to have an extra burden laid on them to keep them from getting too far ahead.



## Experiences of an Ambulance Surgeon

(Continued from page 47)

free. A policeman and a bystander held him while the first stitch was finished, but I didn't like the idea of completing the work under such conditions. So I had them let the boy sit up.

Then I turned the youngster's foot around so that he could see it. I showed him the cut, the stitch I had taken, and explained how hard he would make it if he struggled while I was putting in four more stitches, which were necessary to bring the edges of the wound together so that they would unite. "Now you watch," I said, "and you'll see how it's done!" And he did! He sat there as interested and as quiet as though the work were being done on someone else, never whimpering a bit, nor moving, though the tears stood in his eyes all the time.

A great many people are like the Irish lad. When you have to hurt them they become badly frightened; but if you take time to explain just what you are doing and the reason for it, they become able to control themselves very well.

I HAVE found that the patients an ambulance surgeon deals with usually belong to one of four classes: First, there is the man who becomes shy on finding himself in the surgeon's hands and the center of a curious crowd. On account of his shyness, he begins to belittle everything about the accident and says that his injuries don't amount to much. Very probably he tells you that what you're doing for him is of no use, since his cuts will get well just as quickly if you don't sew them up. This man doesn't want anyone to think he takes himself too seriously.

There is another type of man who does take himself very seriously, and he is inclined to exaggerate the circumstances of his accident and the extent of his injuries. He seems to think that unless he impresses on the surgeon the importance of the case the surgeon may fail to give it the attention it deserves.

The third class are the average, sensible people, who give the doctor the best information they can, neither underestimating nor exaggerating when they answer his questions. And there is still another class—those who need care the worst way and yet say they would rather die than go to a hospital. People of this kind are fewer than they used to be, but there still are a good many.

Some time ago, a tailor, a man of moderate means, was taken with a severe pain in the region of his stomach. It became so acute that his wife wanted to call an ambulance, but he refused to let her.

Instead of going to the hospital, the tailor took some home remedies that his wife thought might bring relief. At the end of eight hours he was unconscious and his stomach was as hard as a board. Then his wife did send for an ambulance—but it was too late. The man's trouble proved to be a gastric ulcer, which had burst through the walls of the stomach, letting the stomach's contents into the abdominal cavity. Had the man gone to



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the hospital and submitted to an operation immediately after the pain became acute, his life undoubtedly would have been saved.

Many people, as I have said, do call out an ambulance on a very slight pretext, but very often this is an error on the right side. The point of view of the ambulance service is that we would rather respond to a thousand trivial cases than fail to attend one serious case.

**N**O HARD and fast rule can be laid down as to when an ambulance should be summoned, but it would be well to bear these suggestions in mind: In case of an accident in which the patient is threatened with a great loss of blood, the call for an ambulance should be sent in with the least possible delay. Likewise, in cases of serious illness, an ambulance should be summoned if a regular physician is not to be obtained. In all our large cities, and in many smaller places, ambulances are always at the service of persons, whether sick or hurt, who are too poor to defray the expense of having their own doctors.

In New York all calls for ambulances are sent in through the police headquarters in the various boroughs, but the same arrangement does not exist everywhere. It would be well for everyone to inquire the quickest way of sending in an ambulance call in his home town, in case such information were needed in an emergency.

The ambulance service in New York is generally recognized as being the finest in the world. It has several times been studied as a model for improving the service in some of the largest European cities.

The city as a whole is divided into forty districts. In each district there is a hospital with two or more ambulances on duty day and night, and these districts are so arranged that an ambulance can reach any point in response to an emergency call within five minutes in good weather and during a non-rush hour, or within seven minutes in rainy weather or when traffic is heavy. The only exception to this is in a few outlying districts, where the calls are not numerous.

Altogether in New York we have 107 ambulances in continuous service. They are manned by 350 surgeons, each a graduate in medicine with at least four months' hospital work to his credit before he is allowed to take his first ambulance call. In a year's time these ambulances respond to more than 111,000 calls.

At Bellevue alone we have four ambulances for emergency cases of sickness or accident, and in case of big fires or explosions we are able to put nine into service. Last year our ambulances went out on 11,000 calls, a greater number probably than were answered by any other one hospital in the world.

You will get some idea of the importance of the ambulance service if I give you a few figures. These figures show the number of patients that were treated or were taken to hospitals by ambulance surgeons last year for various causes of the most common occurrence:

### Injuries and Accidents

Broken legs and arms.....	5,900
Fractured skulls.....	1,639
Burns and scalds sustained in the home, factories, or electrical plants.....	1,211
Sprains.....	1,270



Gas poisoning .....	1,175
Dislocated joints .....	949
Rupture .....	551
Cerebral concussion .....	766
Bullet wounds .....	621
Abdominal injuries .....	439

**Diseases**

Diseases of the heart, chest, kidneys, and intestines .....	8,734
Pneumonia .....	3,660
Tuberculosis .....	1,220
Alcoholism .....	4,108
Infection .....	2,224
Hysteria .....	1,634
Insanity .....	4,705
Epilepsy .....	2,182
Hemorrhage .....	1,743
Convulsions .....	593

Accidents of such serious nature that a delay in the arrival of the ambulance may mean life or death to the patient are not unusual.

Recently, a woman had both legs cut off just below the knee by a trolley car. In the excitement that followed this accident there was a considerable delay in sending in the call for an ambulance, and when the call did come the quickest possible response was not sufficient to save her life. The surgeon in charge of the case promptly applied tourniquets and brought her to the hospital from a distance of more than two miles in three minutes, but she was in such a weakened condition from loss of blood that at no time was there any hope of her recovery.

**S**UCH a case as this is exceptional, however. Far more often the surgeon arrives to find that his patient is much less seriously hurt than the first report indicated. Not long ago, a call came in for an ambulance to attend a woman who had been struck by lightning; but upon arriving at her home I found that she was suffering from hysteria due to the belief that she had been hit.

She had been standing near the kitchen window when a flash of lightning came, and this was followed by a terrific crash of thunder. She gave a piercing cry, dropped the bowl in her hand, and fell to the floor. Both she and her husband thought she had suffered a physical injury.

I found the woman sobbing convulsively and unable to control the violent shaking of her hands. But all she needed was encouragement to believe that she was unhurt. I told her that she was not injured, and insisted firmly but gently that she could hold her hands still if she would try. She was doubtful about it at first, but finally did try and succeeded.

Far more ambulance calls come in at the noon hour and at six o'clock in the evening than at any other time of day. This is due to the fact that traffic is heaviest at these times, and many people, who are in a hurry and consequently careless of how they cross the streets, are struck down.

At all seasons of the year the cases that most commonly come to the ambulance surgeon's attention are "lacerations"—cuts on the head, limbs, or body in length anywhere from three quarters of an inch to five or six inches. Last year, more than fifteen thousand patients were treated for this cause alone. The great majority of these injuries were sustained by slipping in the street, falling down stairs, or in collisions between persons and moving vehicles.



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Does that sound too good to be true? If it does, then let me tell you what J. R. Head did in a small town in Kansas. Head lives in a town of 631 people. He was sick, broke, out of a job. He accepted my offer. I gave him the same chance I am now offering you. At this new work he has made as high as \$69.50 for one day's work.

If that isn't enough, then let me tell you about E. A. Sweet of Michigan. He was an electrical engineer and didn't know anything about selling. In his first month's spare time he earned \$243. Inside of six months he was making between \$800 and \$1,200 a month.

W. J. McCrary is another man I want to tell you about. His regular job paid him \$2.00 a day, but this wonderful new work has enabled him to make \$9,000 a year. Yes, and right this very minute you are being offered the same proposition that has made these men so successful. Do you want it? Do you want to earn \$40.00 a day?

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Recently a restaurant proprietor who  
was closing up his place a little after mid-  
night was asked by two men to open up,  
so they could get something to eat. When  
he refused they ordered him to do so, and  
when he still refused they beat him over  
the head until he became unconscious.  
There were three bad cuts in the restau-  
rant man's scalp, and the surgeon who at-  
tended him had to put in fifteen stitches.

Every year in the fall we have some  
cases of persons who have had their scalps  
cut by the "straw hat smashers." The  
"straw hat smashers" are usually rowdies  
who take upon themselves the enforce-  
ment of the fashion edict which says that  
straw hats shall not be worn after Septem-  
ber fifteenth. In some instances men have  
not only suffered scalp wounds at the  
hands of these jesters but injuries—from  
sticks or canes used in smashing their hats  
—which cost them the sight of one or both  
eyes.

One thing the ambulance surgeon al-  
ways has to contend with—the crowd that  
gathers at the scene of every accident.  
Last summer I was called out with the  
ambulance at seven-thirty in the morning,  
and arrived at a busy intersection in the  
central part of the city to find that a win-  
dow washer had fallen from the seventh  
floor of a bank building and had struck on  
his head. The sight was a very terrible one,  
but this only seemed to draw a larger  
crowd than usual. While I was doing  
what I could for the dying man, there  
was a noisy disturbance on the outskirts  
of the crowd.

PRESENTLY I discovered that a young  
woman, having torn her clothes and  
knocked her hat off in fighting her way to  
the inner circle of the crowd, was standing  
where she had a full view of the patient.  
Then suddenly she gave vent to a piercing  
scream, stood for a moment in a daze—  
and fainted.

Thus I had two patients to attend to  
instead of one. When the young woman  
was restored to consciousness I told her  
that I hoped her experience would teach  
her a lesson, and make her remember the  
next time that her presence on the scene  
of an accident when an ambulance surgeon  
was already in charge was far more likely  
to be a hindrance than a help.

At Bellevue, besides our four ambu-  
lances devoted to sick and accident cases,  
we have two ambulances that are used  
exclusively for transporting patients suf-  
fering from mental derangements. A  
doctor seldom accompanies these ambu-  
lances, a male nurse or both a male and  
female nurse being in charge. The other  
day a man who has been in charge of one  
of these ambulances for a good many  
years, in telling me of his work, said:

"In the course of a year I bring to  
Bellevue many hundreds of patients who  
are suffering from mental ill. They are  
brought here so that their cases may be  
studied and the best treatment for them  
determined upon. Sometimes they are  
poor, under-nourished people who have  
lived lives of prolonged hardship; some-  
times they are men of substance and posi-  
tion broken down through nervousness.

"I am very seldom that I have any real  
trouble in getting these patients to come  
with me to the hospital. They are often  
very apprehensive and want to do just the  
opposite of what you want them to; but



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pher—worth more money than the average right from the start. If al-  
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I have found that kindness and persuasion of the diplomatic kind count a great deal in dealing with them, as with all other kinds of people.

"Some time ago I was called to the home of a well-to-do man in upper New York. I was told that through excessive work and various anxieties he had suffered a mental breakdown. It was feared that I would have trouble in handling him, and there were three policemen on hand to help me.

"THE patient was suffering from delusions; he had become convinced that he was soon to be elected mayor of New York. When I heard this I decided upon the best course for me to follow and asked the policemen to stay out of sight, so as not to excite the man. I was warned to be careful, as the patient was then at his dinner table and it was thought he might resist with the carving knife.

"The first thing I did on entering the dining-room was to greet the patient with a cordial 'Good evening,' and then I said, as though I had known him all his life, 'I hear you're going to be elected mayor of the city.'

"That's so," he answered. 'I'm going down-town to see about it right after dinner. The only trouble is that some of my own people here have got the idea that I'm crazy.'

"Is that so?" I said. "Then I can tell you what you ought to do. There's an ambulance out here from Bellevue now. You go along with me down there. They'll look you over, and if you're all right, they'll give you a certificate to show it. Then you won't have any more trouble."

"That's a good idea!" he exclaimed and, getting up from the table, he put on his hat and came with me to the hospital. He made no complaint nor protest until he found that he was not to be released from the hospital at once. But it was best for him that he stayed here. He was kept under observation for a short time, and then was sent by his relatives to a sanitarium, where he was restored to himself within a year.

"I have brought in patients who were suffering from delusions that they were J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, or the President of the United States; and the other day a man solemnly told me that he was Jesus of Nazareth.

"I believe everything my patients tell me, of course, and either for this kindness or other things I do for them they are often anxious to reward me liberally. They don't seem to realize the difference between fifty dollars and a million. So when they write out checks payable to me the sums are usually large. Sometimes these checks are written on scraps of paper borrowed from me, and sometimes upon the margin of a newspaper, and once a man wrote a check for a million dollars on his cuff. When we arrived at the hospital he gave me the cuff. I have figured out that if all the checks I have received from patients who have ridden in the ambulance with me were valid, I would be the richest man in the world.

"The other day I brought to the hospital an Englishman who had once been a clerk in a book store. On the way in he said to me, 'Have you heard the news? King George is coming over to rule the United States!'

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"Is that so?" I said. "When does he arrive?"

"The date of his arrival is a little uncertain; but it's all arranged. I have presented the king with a ship of gold. It is all pure gold—masts, keel, decks, sails, and everything. And when the king arrives on this ship he will be received with open arms and proclaimed the ruler of the land. Soon after that, I expect to be appointed his Prime Minister. Then I'm going to make you a member of my Cabinet, or you can go as Ambassador to London if you want to."

"Even then I didn't let this well-disposed man see me smile, nor did I tell him that if I were able to fill all the high positions I had been promised in the last fifteen years, I would be more powerful than any man that ever lived, not excepting Caesar or Napoleon."

**I**N MY experience as an ambulance surgeon I have seen that occasions are likely to arise in which a knowledge of a few first-aid principles is very important for all of us. In conclusion, I am going to give you a few suggestions on this subject:

When a person has had his arm or leg badly cut or torn off, a tourniquet should be applied without delay. The tourniquet is a bandage made of gauze or any cloth that can be obtained in an emergency. It should be tied above the wound and then twisted tight to prevent the loss of blood. The twisting can be done by means of a stick or any rigid instrument thrust through the cloth bandage so as to give a leverage.

In case of much bleeding from a cut on the head, the edges of the wound should be held together by pressure upon a cloth. In either one of these cases the cloth used should be as clean as possible, sterilized if possible, to prevent the danger of infection.

It is very seldom that ambulances arrive on the scene in drowning cases in time to resuscitate the victim. If a person who has been long under water is to be saved, it is necessary that artificial respiration should be begun as soon as possible. The method of inducing artificial respiration should be memorized, or, better yet, practiced, by anyone who lives near, or spends his vacation time near, water.

The first thing to do for the rescued person is to drain the water from his lungs. This can be accomplished by holding him so that his head is toward the ground, or by rolling him, face downward, back and forth on a barrel. Next, lay him on the ground flat on his back. Take his wrists in either hand. Then pull his arms up

straight above his head. This movement will inflate the lungs. Then lower the arms, bending them at the elbow and pressing them against the chest so as to deflate the lungs. These movements should be continued until normal breathing can be stimulated, if possible.

Artificial respiration is also the first-aid treatment in cases of gas poisoning and for patients overcome by smoke. In emergencies of this kind the patient should be taken to the open air if possible, and put through the same movements as above.

Every year ambulance surgeons in New York treat between three and four hundred cases of people, mostly children, who have been bitten by dogs. Usually these dog bites are not serious; but any bite needs prompt and proper medical attention because of the possibility that rabies may develop. It is always best to have a dog bite treated by a physician. If this is not possible at once, the wound should be washed with iodine, or, better yet, it should be cauterized with carbolic acid. After the application of the carbolic be sure, however, that the surplus acid is washed from the wound with alcohol, to prevent the acid from burning too deep.

Iodine, which is so commonly used nowadays as a disinfectant, seems to be kept in such a convenient place in many of our homes that people are likely to make the mistake of taking it instead of some other medicine. Cases of iodine poisoning are frequent. The best plan, of course, is to use proper precautions against taking this substance internally. When an error of this kind has been made, the antidote is starch and water in liberal quantities.

**L**ET me give you a word of warning about another kind of poisoning that is frequent to-day. In the first six months after prohibition there was a marked decrease in the number of cases of alcohol poisoning. Then they began to increase, and they are increasing right along. During the first six months of 1922, we had 1,223 more cases of alcohol poisoning in New York than during the last six months of 1918. The total for the first six months of 1922 was 3,128.

The reason for this increase is not that more liquor is being drunk, I believe, but that a greater proportion of the liquor used is of very poor quality when manufactured, or else it has been poisonously adulterated. The best way I know of for avoiding alcohol poisoning is to fall in behind the eighteenth amendment with a good grace.

## They Have Plenty of Rain in Corpus Christi

**I**N THE April number of this magazine the following statement appeared in an article entitled "The Experiences of a Buyer":

You may be surprised to know that there is one town in the United States where umbrellas are never sold. This isn't because the people prefer to get wet to carrying umbrellas, but because it never, or almost never, rains. The town is Corpus Christi, Texas.

A few days after this article appeared we received a communication signed by more than thirty prominent residents of Corpus Christi, calling our attention to the fact that their city, situated in the

midst of one of the most fertile farming regions in the entire United States, has an average annual rainfall of between twenty-five and thirty inches. Other documents and letters pointing out the same misstatement were attached.

Now, an interesting side light on this error, which we are glad to set right, is that very few readers in the entire United States seem to have noticed it. At least, only one or two wrote to us about it—and all editors know how quick readers are to call attention to discrepancies of any kind. This all goes to show that ours is an immense country, and that few of us know as much as we should about it.





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## Flivvers and Philosophies

(Continued from page 61)

learn unless you let me do it myself."

"That's all right," said Will, "but—"

"But you want me to do everything just your way," I interrupted him. "Now just let me alone a minute."

He subsided, and then, to my irritation, I couldn't get the engine started right. It would go all right as long as I had it in low, but when I tried to let it up into high it would roar a minute and then die. I couldn't think what was the matter, but I felt that I was appearing in a very undignified light, and the more the engine roared and died the madder I kept feeling at Will. He was silently criticizing me.

"You know there are different right ways of driving an automobile," I said, along the line I had been thinking that afternoon. "You aren't the only person who knows how. I might drive differently from you and yet drive very well."

Will didn't say anything to that, which made me madder still. The engine roared, gasped, and died again unpleasantly. "I want to learn to drive my own way," I said, determinedly stepping on the self-starter for the tenth time and pushing on the gas till I had to shout to be heard above the roar of the engine.

"All right," said Will in the sudden silence, "but it's going to be darn hard on the engine if it's your way to drive with the emergency brake on." I looked down, and to my horror that was just what I was doing. I bent over and removed it. Of course it was my fault, but I felt suddenly simply enraged at Will.

"You ought never," I said coldly, "to lead low from an ace."

"What?" said Will, as though he couldn't think what I was talking about.

"You did it twice to-night. It throws your partner all off. It made me think you had the king."

Will said nothing at all to that and we drove home in cold silence. But when we were getting ready for bed I went up behind him and kissed the back of his neck. I couldn't stand it to go to sleep mad. Then we laughed, and I said I wouldn't forget the emergency brake again, and he said he'd try to remember about the ace.

THEN the very next day, being Sunday, we were going on a picnic with the Edwardses. Will had to go down to the office for an hour, Father Horton being away, so he told me to look the car over and see that everything was all right. I worked over two hours on it in the heat, washed all the windows, brushed out the cushions, and put two roses in the little glass vase. I was so proud of it when Will got back.

"It's all ready," I said proudly. "Everything done that could be done."

"She's a slick-looking little car, isn't she?" said Will appreciatively. We stood looking at it proudly like parents of the valedictorian when she's making her speech. The glass shone like diamonds in the sun, and the little flowers made it look like a limousine. Will was going to drive, so I just settled down to enjoy myself.

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We hadn't gone farther than the top of the hill on the Verblenck road when Will slowed down.

"Gosh, the engine's hot!" he exclaimed. "Wonder if the fan belt's slipped." He stopped and got out and looked in the hood. The fan was working all right. He drove a little farther, then he stopped again, and looked at me accusingly.

"Did you put lots of water in the radiator?" he demanded.

"Oh, my soul!" I gasped. I had forgotten all about the water. I hadn't put in a drop!

We just crept along to the nearest farmhouse, where Will got some water, and all the way he acted so aggrieved at me. "You said you'd done everything," he kept repeating.

"I did everything but that," I said.

"And that's the only thing that amounts to anything at all. You can't run an engine on a pretty vase of flowers."

I thought of how hot I had got polishing the windows and brushing out the cushions, and there Will sat saying that didn't amount to anything. It occurred to me for the first time since I was married that Will was not very understanding and appreciative.

BUT that was as nothing to the next day. I was going to take the car out alone for the first time. Will got it out of the garage for me before he left in the morning and he looked it all over, putting water in the radiator in a very conspicuous way. He came back into the house.

"Now she's all ready to start," he said, as though he were speaking to a child. "And don't forget to take off your brake when you start. There's plenty of gas and water."

"Don't talk as though I didn't know enough not to carry packages by the string," I said. "Just because I made a trifling mistake once."

"It's enough of those 'trifling mistakes' that will ruin an engine," said Will. "And I'm not going to have my engine ruined."

"Your engine!" I repeated. "I should think it was part mine. It was a wedding present to us both."

"Well, I'm not going to have my half of it ruined by stupid driving," said Will. "Either you've got to learn to drive that car right, or you've got to let it alone."

"Well, of all the nerve!" I gasped.

But Will gave me a strange look and walked off without saying another word. I couldn't get that look out of my head, and the more I thought of it and his saying what I had got to do, the more furious it made me. All the time I was making the beds and doing the breakfast dishes I was thinking of what I would say to him when he came home. I thought of different retorts, some cutting and some just coldly bitter. Finally, I thought of a dandy. It combined them all. It was cutting and independent and cold and bitter all in one remark.

I kept saying it over to myself as I got dressed to go, and the more I said it the better I liked it. I could hardly wait till Will got home! I kept thinking of it with angry satisfaction as I climbed into the car and started the engine, said it over in a whisper to myself as I took off the brake. I remembered that strange look of Will's as I threw in a lot of gas and angrily



pushed her into low. I guessed that answer would show him not to look at me like that!

There was a lot of gas on and the car started forward with a lurch. I turned the wheel out toward the street. A cold panic of terror struck me suddenly and my heart seemed to stop beating. The car did not turn at all, the steering wheel whirled loosely in my hand. Will had not unlocked the thief-proof lock! The steering gear was not connected with the wheels.

I twisted and turned it, I tried wildly to think how to stop the engine, and I couldn't think. The terror of it drove everything out of my head. I was heading straight for an iron post.

Suddenly the engine stopped. I groped for the brake, but that was too late too. The bumper hit the iron post on the end, I felt the seat tip up and I slid off onto the floor, crashing my head against the door. The car had gone off into the ditch and turned over. Taking my feet off the pedals just as I had happened to shut off the gas had killed the engine just in time to save my life.

I SAT up, unable to believe that I wasn't dead. I heard someone screaming. Dulcie and Mrs. Long came running out of Dulcie's house toward me. I climbed up and stuck my head out of the upper door.

"Oh, Dot, are you killed?" I heard Dulcie's frightened voice. "Jimmie, run down quick and get Will Horton, tell him Dot's had a terrible accident. Run quick."

Jimmie started off on a dead scared run. Mrs. Long, shaking all over, came and opened the door that opened straight into the air. I climbed out, shaking pretty hard, myself. My head ached like mad, but I didn't seem to be hurt at all. The car wasn't hurt, either, except that it would have to be turned over and have the bumper straightened. I could hardly walk; I kept shaking harder every minute, so Dulcie and Mrs. Long got hold of my arms and helped me into the house. I lay down on our living-room davenport. Both Mother and Mother Horton had gone to the Ossili picnic, so Dulcie and Mrs. Long got me cold cloths for my head.

"Just lie still, honey," Dulcie said. "Don't try to talk. We'll stay till Will gets here."

So I lay still, with the cold cloth on my head. Dulcie and Mrs. Long sat across the room talking in low voices.

"Oh, dear," Mrs. Long was saying, "and to think I used to think it was dangerous to drive a horse and buggy! I remember when I was learning to harness old Dolly—Joe wouldn't let me learn to drive till I'd learned to harness her myself—and a bee stung her and she kicked me. Joe was scared to death. We'd just been married and he was crazy about me. He thought I'd been killed."

I lay there, my head thumping, my mind going over and over Mrs. Long's words. Mrs. Long young, learning to drive a horse and buggy, Mr. Long fussing about the harnessing, me learning to drive a car, Will fussing about the engine. It was queer to have something reach down all those years and connect up old Mrs. Long and me. Oh, there's more than just the "Mrs." that's alike for all married women.

"Joe was scared to death—he was

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crazy about me. He thought I'd been killed." Will would be scared, too. So Mr. Long had used to be crazy about Mrs. Long—I thought of the way he had looked at her that night of our housewarming, as though he hated her. A queer cold chill swept over me, the same feeling that I had had when I saw the iron post rushing toward me. For I suddenly recalled the way Will had looked at me that morning. It was a faint, faint copy, but it was that same kind of look. Perhaps that was the way Mr. Long first began to look at his wife, long ago, when he was still crazy about her.

And following instantly came the cutting, bitter, icy remark I had been saving up to say to Will. It was almost the kind of thing Mrs. Long would say to Joe.

I began to cry under the cold compress where they couldn't see me. I could hear the little wedding clock ticking. Oh, the idea that ever I might listen to the little clock tick—alone!

"Here comes Will!" Dulcie hurried to the door. I heard the thud of running feet up the path. "Oh, she isn't hurt! Don't look like that, Will! It's all right. Don't look like that!"

I guess Mrs. Long and Dulcie went out right away—I don't know. I tried to sit up, but I was still shaky, and in a moment Will and I were both crying.

We sat and talked a long time, Will's arm tight around me, my hand clinging right to his, the little clock tick-ticking away on the mantel.

"DOLL," said Will solemnly, "when I think what might have happened to you—to have had to remember all my life the way I went away this morning—oh, Doll!" He shuddered and held me tighter.

"Well," I said, "from now on, as long as I live, no matter what happens, I'm going to try always to be polite to you."

"I'll always try to be polite to you, too, Doll," said Will solemnly.

It sounds like a funny promise, but it was just as solemn as the one we made the night of the housewarming and, somehow, it's more practical. Many times have I remembered it in the six months that have followed. I would be all ready to say something, and I would think of Mrs. Long harnessing up her horse and buggy, of the way her husband looks at her now, I would hear our little clock ticking, and I'd just shut up.

Will has been the dearest thing in the world—he feels it was his fault not to have unlocked the steering wheel, and he says I can smash the whole car and he won't have any kick if I just don't hurt myself. It's a heavenly feeling we have for each other and I'm not going to put any strain I don't have to on our promise. I have never let Will give me another lesson on the car. I got Rosemary to teach me, and Will says now I'm a fine driver.

It is strange, as I said before, how being married makes you understand other married women, how it makes you feel older. I have always felt that anything you'd call a crisis, for instance, belonged to people a million years older than us. And yet, I've talked about Will's teaching me to drive to lots of other married women, and, old and young, all those who have been taught by their own husbands agree that we have passed one of the crises of our married life.









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he said, 'I might give you *three cents* a pound for it. *But I ain't.*'

"Of course, since I've been in Newburgh I haven't gone out through the country collecting. The small dealers do that and sell their loads to me. But both the farm and town people know me—I'm more or less of a fixture here, you see—and they bring me a lot of scrap themselves. It's not uncommon for country folks to drive up with a spring-wagon full of scrap iron that has been rusting for years in some outbuilding. And you can find people here in the city steering the family car around to my place with the back seat stacked up with piles of newspapers and magazines and other left-overs from spring housecleaning.

"One trouble with saving paper, of course, is the fire risk. Superintendents and janitors of apartment houses in large cities, and even in smaller places like this, make money collecting and selling the stuff thrown away by the tenants. Many of them do such a thriving business they can afford a waste-paper baler. As a matter of fact, in most big cities they are obliged to have one, to keep on the right side of the fire insurance regulations and city ordinances that prevent the collection of loose paper in buildings. Baled paper burns fairly slowly, but a pile of waste paper kicked about over a basement floor has been the cause of many a fire.

"YEARS ago the junk dealer used to get hold of many a lot of old brass and-irons, candlesticks, and such things, which he pounded up for shipment like so many flywheels. After these things went out of style, the housewife consigned them to the junk pile and replaced them with something 'up to date.' Nowadays these trinkets are gobbled up by antique dealers and we seldom see them.

"Restaurant keepers have to warn their help to be careful in shaking cloths and dumping refuse, that silver tableware doesn't get mixed up with garbage. It is said that one of the big chain eating house concerns keep one man busy in each restaurant sorting table scraps; and that these scrap pickers recover more than enough silverware to pay their wages.

"Not all the scrap that the junk man collects is smashed up to be sent to the mill. Lots of things are reclaimed by the collectors. They get a great many old stoves, for instance, which may appear to be in the last stages of decay, but are really only badly rusted. If the parts are all there they scale off the rust, give the stove a stiff brushing, put on a coat of benzine blacking, and set it aside for an hour or so to dry. Then it can be polished and sold to a dealer, or to some poor family that can make good use of it for years.

"Manufacturers and other business men kick like steers at the price they are offered for huge pieces of machinery such as boilers, locomotives, and power-house apparatus, that have broken down and are ready for the scrap heap. I know of one company that had a giant machine they wanted to get rid of. It was so big that originally they had to set it up and then build the factory walls around it. The flywheel alone was twenty-five feet across. In the pit under the machine was a pool of grease, oil, and water that had been dripping off the bearings for years. That made it particularly hard for the

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men who had to get down there with oxyacetylene torches and cut it up.

"When the junk man said that he would tackle the job if the firm would pay for the labor, the owner almost ordered him out of the building. In those days the acetylene torch was in the early stages of its development and blowpipe men came high, the equipment and the operator's wages running as high as thirty dollars a day.

"After the manufacturer had called up a number of junk dealers, and found that they didn't care a hang whether he ever disposed of his white elephant, he cooled down a bit. Presently he paid his first bidder a call and coaxed him to get the machine out in his own way and on his own terms. At that, the dealer said it was one of the toughest pieces of work he ever tackled.

"Some owners of old-fashioned safes weighing from two to six tons seem surprised that the junk man isn't willing to pay perfectly good money for them. But the metal is often hardly worth cutting up and it's a nasty job to handle, especially in the upper floors of buildings. Often the owner has to pay for having the safe cut up and carted to the junk yard.

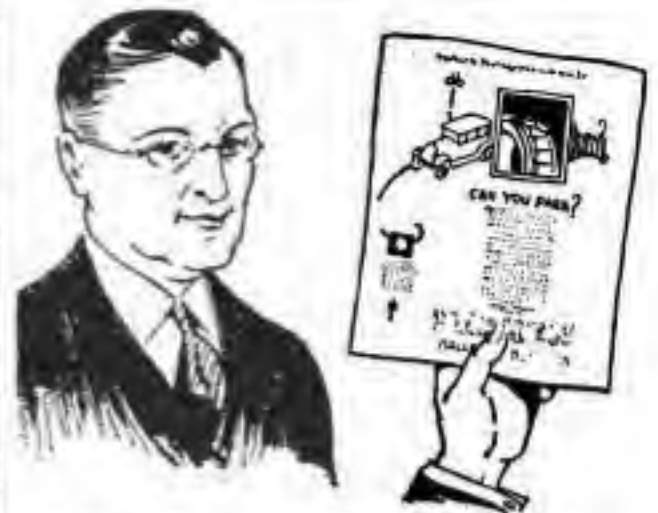
**WASTE** materials of every kind that, not so many years ago, were considered worthless trash are now piled, sorted, and sold, to be turned into the raw material for the making of useful products.

"The old newspaper that the housewife sells may return to her a few months later filled with bonbons that her husband brings home on Saturday night. Her cast-off aprons, bedding, and other rags come back as the fine bond paper on which she writes her letters. The farmer's discarded hay rope may turn up again in the form of the paper flour sack he brings home from the grocery store.

"The old faucets, pipes, and bits of scrap iron you sell may appear again in important parts of the motor in your new car. You discard the rubber top of that same automobile when it wears out, and it comes home once more as your winter overshoes or toy balloons for the children. Tin cans and tin foil are turned into window weights and various other articles.

"Old magazines are de-inked and made once more into print paper. High-grade book paper and medium-grade writing paper are made from sail cloth, canvas awnings, and all kinds of soiled rags. Low-grade cotton rags go into roofing paper. It may be that some of the paper money you are carrying in your pocket was made from factory clippings of the very shirt and collar you are wearing. Bagging is used for tissue paper, while the bulk of the woolen goods goes into shoddy and turns up again in your new spring suit. I have heard of a plant in Ohio that handles carloads of old shoes, just to extract the chemicals from them, and I know of other plants that do nothing but reclaim the rubber cement from worn-out raincoats and from the litter of clippings left over when the coats are cut out.

"Old paint brushes, worn and soaked with white lead, are now saved and remade into good scrubbing brushes. I have read that the worn-out tooth fillings the dentist saves, along with old silver spoons and other gold and silver scrap, amount to over \$20,000,000 a year.



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"Take the history of coal tar, which is one of the most surprising things I know about. Not so long ago it was considered to be of little or no value. I never dreamed that within a few years the carbolic oil distilled from the ordinary lump coal that you put in the stove or furnace on cold winter mornings would be used in making aspirin and a thousand other kinds of medicine, as well as benzol, creosote oil, benzene, pitch, perfume, kodak films, near-silk, and airplane wings. But the most important substance of all made from coal tar is aniline dye. In fact, the dye industry of to-day is largely built up from the chemicals contained in coal tar.

"In dressing granite slabs there used to be a big loss. A large percentage of the rock quarried was chipped off and cast away when the granite was worked down. But the chips are not thrown away any more. The big pieces make fine roadbeds and the smaller chips go into the material making up granolithic pavements. Even the wheel grit worn away in sharpening knives and scissors makes a cement that can't be beaten for sealing furnace boxes.

"The scraps from cork cuttings used to be tossed on the dump. At last the manufacturers found it could be mixed with cement to hold it together, and made up into crude linoleum. It is also used in lining icehouses, as heat and cold find trouble in passing through it. And since it is light and damp-proof, it makes good stuffing for mattresses for use on shipboard. If the boat should happen to strike a rock, you could float on a cork mattress, while the ordinary kind would go down.

"The best metals on the market to-day are made from old scrap melted down and used with a certain proportion of the fresh ore. This is why we are able to buy metal things so cheaply. And manufacturers have learned to use all the by-products, too. How to get rid of the slag from blast furnaces, which comes out two or three times as bulky as the iron from which it is separated, used to be one of the biggest problems the steel men had to face. They paid the railroad companies to haul it out and scatter it along the right-of-way. To-day a large portion of that slag is used for road material, garden rollers, and slabs for pavements, as well as for making brick, imitation tile, and cornices.

"EVEN though more than a billion dollars a year of waste material is being salvaged these days—and some of the biggest men in the country are spending their lives figuring out new ways of using by-products, scraps, and rubbish—a real fortune is going up in the smoke of backyard bonfires of every city and town in the country. I have seen carefully worked out estimates that housewives of America could save out of their waste baskets, scrap heaps, and rag bags enough money to run the National Government a whole year in times of peace.

"Great stacks of paper and rags that are now thrown away could easily be kept. As an example of what a junk-saving drive can accomplish, I remember reading in the paper that the people of the little town of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, managed to collect 160,000 pounds of old paper in a single week.

"A man from the Middle West told me not long ago of an interesting experiment tried by the superintendent of the Chi-



tago House of Correction. He put the inmates to work salvaging the materials in the city waste pile, and in the first year they saved enough to pay for the upkeep of the place. It cost the city fifty cents a day to support one old prisoner. But while serving a year's sentence, he salvaged from worn-out electric bulbs, enough platinum to sell for *ten thousand dollars*. . . . I wouldn't advise you to go into the business of collecting old bulbs, however," Hart added with a smile. "After the war started they found a substitute for the expensive platinum."

"When the war was on and raw material was needed for a million purposes, the waste reclamation service of the Department of Commerce salvaged for war purposes \$900,000,000 worth of scrap iron, \$300,000,000 of old rubber, \$100,000,000 worth of cotton and wool waste, and \$75,000,000 of waste paper and rags. This shows what can be done in a pinch."

"THE waste material to be salvaged today is many times as great as it was when I started in the business sixty years ago. Heavy industrial machines wear out and have to be replaced, and bridges get dangerous for traffic and new ones have to be put up. Scrapping such an enormous amount of material as that contained in a bridge is too big a chunk for the little fellow to bite off. So large firms have been organized, capitalized at hundreds of thousands of dollars, to handle this work."

"I know of one Philadelphia concern that buys battleships, torpedo boat destroyers, worn-out ocean liners, trolley lines, and bankrupt railroads—in fact, it buys anything from the lightest to the heaviest scrap in the world. Not so long ago the workmen of this company dismantled and carted away the old Columbia steel bridge over the Schuylkill River in less than sixty days."

"The heavy scrap is cut up with the acetylene blow-torch or else with enormous shears that can slash right through *six square inches of steel*. Those I have up on the hill are not nearly so powerful."

"Soldiers coming back from the European War have told me that a big battlefield after a day's fighting looks like a junk man's paradise. Tons upon tons of battered guns, bayonets, uniforms, shells that failed to go off, hand grenades, helmets, and smashed airplanes, formerly worth millions—and still valuable—are salvaged by soldiers known in the army as 'ragpickers.'"

"All of the stuff that can possibly be used again is hauled back of the lines to be fixed up. Waste metal and other waste material is then sorted, to be melted down later. I have heard that some of the army bands were put on the job of cleaning up after a fight. In one case a brigadier general ordered out his whole army to clean up a battlefield just taken from the Germans."

**MERLE CROWELL** tells next month the business romance of the Ley Brothers, famous contractors. They have tackled and conquered many a vast construction enterprise, but the greatest piece of building they have done is found in their own careers. "Two Boys Who Never 'Overlooked a Bet'" is the subject of the interview.



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"I think that day was the most painful of my life. I was battling between my ambition to get a start as an artist and my bashfulness. It was physical suffering to force myself to ask for work. Probably I never would have gathered up enough courage to go down to the Philadelphia 'Ledger' office if it had not been for my mother. I had tried it a couple of times and almost reached the door; but one look at my clothes was enough to start me running away. My mother finally went with me.

"Look at me now, yes, look at me a year later, when I got to be one of the freshest office boys in the shop, and it would be hard to recognize the same fellow. To-day I could walk into King George's office and put my feet on his table, and never blush. See what education will do!

"Well, they gave me the job of office boy at the 'Ledger' at two dollars a week. But the idea of being an artist still stuck in my head. At every opportunity I sneaked into the art department and looked things over, picking up such information as I could. I studied at night, too, both electricity and drawing, and also designed some curtains. Mr. Gilbert Allen Geist, now at the Texas Agricultural and Mechanical College, took an interest in me. In fact, most of the men around the 'Ledger' were good to me, and offered advice and encouragement.

"FINALLY, I wedged my way into the art department and managed to get along by keeping quiet, so they wouldn't know I was there. I will say that Michelangelo himself couldn't retouch photographs any better than I could! My specialty was painting whiskers on photographs of men who had grown them after having their pictures taken. Probably my experience designing lace curtains helped in that.

"I went to the 'Ledger' in 1910. I left it to take a job on the Washington 'Times' at a lower salary. I figured that I would have a better chance if I got away from the place where they remembered me as the office boy. Maybe I had some idea of trying to make them think I was a real artist. The Washington 'Times' hired me as a retoucher and letterer.

"I have been seriously libeled around Philadelphia and Washington. The allegation that I took my cartoons to the editor of the 'Ledger,' and that he mistook them for lace curtain patterns, is false. Nor is it true that the lace curtain manufacturers thought I was drawing patterns and used my cartoons for curtain designs. Slanderers who claim that I founded the cubist school of art are all wrong. Anyone who can take a picture of Lydia E. Pinkham, put whiskers on it, and print it as King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, is a real artist.

"If more proof that I was an honest-to-goodness artist is needed it can be furnished by evidence that I attended the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and painted in oil. All real artists paint in oil. They gave me a diploma stating that I used more oil than any other pupil in the academy. I attended the school of fine arts at night. My masterpiece in oil I submitted for the Rockefeller prize, but it was turned down. I still feel that this was an act of injustice, considering the amount of oil I used.

"I was aching from this injustice when the Washington 'Times' took me on. Not



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long after I went to work, I wrote to Lee Wilson, the editor, asking him for more money, or for some money—I've forgotten which. That little accident proved the turning point of my career. It happened because I hadn't nerve enough to go in and ask him for the money, face to face. He came out into the art department, crying with astonishment, 'An artist who can spell!' He exclaimed. 'A treasure! Unbelievable! Raise his pay at once, give him ten dollars a week.'

"I was on my road to fame. Night clerks, even, recognized me. Since then I have become acquainted with almost everyone excepting a bank teller."

"BUGS" has almost forgotten that his name ever was Arthur, and there is a general misapprehension as to how he acquired his nickname. After he had been working for the Washington "Times" a few months he was called to do sports cartoons. Presently he evolved a couple of small figures which were printed in baseball articles. He called them "Bugs" and "Ump." They were baseballs with queer little arms, legs, and hands, and they were shown in different attitudes every day.

The little figures proved extremely popular, especially "Bugs," who was shown daily in some attitude expressing the emotions of Washington baseball fans when the team won or lost. The nickname "Bugs" fastened itself upon their creator, and in his desire for recognition of his work he adopted the name and commenced to sign articles with it.

All the time that Bugs was making others laugh, he was grinning that odd, twisted little grin which proved that he "knew what the jest was worth." One day he wrote a paragraph that changed his entire life. It was in 1915, before the United States decided to get into the World War. The paragraph read:

The Lady who thinks the atrocities of war are too terrible for anything, will soon go away for the summer and leave the cat with a jar of condensed milk and no can opener.

"Jack" Tennant, who is managing editor of the "Evening World" got a laugh out of it and reprinted it for the benefit of his readers. Then he asked who "Bugs" Baer was. Finally he sought information from the sporting department, which, marveling at the ignorance of managing editors, told him. He wrote for Bugs to come to New York.

For three years after his arrival in New York, Bugs kept the readers of the "World" roaring and grinning. They were joined by readers of other papers throughout the country, to which his writings were syndicated. The war took him away for a time, and when he returned he joined the Hearst organization.

Queerly enough, Bugs's favorite reading is the Bible and Shakespeare. He really likes to read Shakespeare. Even more, perhaps, than he likes to read dime-novel thrillers.

He has become one of the closest followers of national and international events. He reports crownings of kings and making of presidents—all in the same style.

His is the jazz school of literature and of philosophy—but nine tenths of the readers skip what Lloyd George says about anything to read Bugs's views on the same subject.

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# Inside Facts About Smoking and Smokers

(Continued from page 57)

A good many men whose work is indoors where they cannot smoke, chew tobacco, because the sedative effect is much the same as that of smoking. I have noticed that practically all jurists use tobacco. Many of them who smoke when off the bench, chew when engaged in their official duties. The heaviest user of chewing tobacco I have ever known was a judge of the Federal court. He used four papers of chewing tobacco a day.

It has been estimated that in the United States eight out of ten men over twenty-one years of age are accustomed to smoking. The last census shows that there were 31,403,370 men over twenty-one. Eighty per cent of this number is 25,122,696, which gives us approximately the number of adult men smokers. There seems to be no way of estimating with the same exactness the number of women who smoke. However, the use of tobacco among them is far more common now than in former years.

Mark Twain was well known for his fondness for tobacco. A heavy smoker, he used the weed in every form—cigars, stogies, cigarettes, briars, corn cobs, and calabashes.

SOME years before the humorist's death a cigar salesman I know presented Mr. Clemens with a very choice calabash. To show his appreciation, Clemens went to a photographer and had his photograph taken in six different poses, and in each he was either smoking the pipe or "cradling" it affectionately. He gave these photographs to the salesman, and told him that he liked the calabash better than any pipe he had previously owned.

One day, some months later, Mr. Clemens went to this salesman and bought a rather large quantity of tobacco, which he said was for use in his "good old calabash."

"It's a long time since you've bought any cigars," said the salesman. "How is that, Mr. Clemens? Don't you smoke cigars any more?"

Mr. Clemens looked behind him as though alarmed. Then he said in a whisper. "Yes, yes, I still smoke cigars; but don't tell anybody. It tempts my friends to give me some, and as I've always been loyal to my friends I find I smoke them. A friend gave me several boxes last week."

There was a peculiar curl about the humorist's nostrils as he spoke.

"I hope," said the clerk, "that these particular cigars are good ones."

"That's very kind of you, I'm sure," said Mr. Clemens; "but the best wishes in the world won't help these cigars any. They're awful—awful. Every time you smoke one the wrapper comes loose and flops about like a regular Mother Hubbard."

"Maybe the quality of the filler makes up for that defect somewhat," offered the clerk hopefully.



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"The filler!" exclaimed Clemens, who was so excited that his voice was raised somewhat. "Confidentially, I'll tell you, young man, that the filler in those cigars is like the bad habits you've tried to give up! You want to forget 'em, but you simply can't!"

A man who uses far less tobacco than Mark Twain was accustomed to would undoubtedly be classed by many people as a heavy smoker. The ordinary heavy pipe smoker uses a little less than three ounces of tobacco a day—between twenty and thirty pipefuls. Many moderate smokers use not more than four or five pipefuls a day, one after each meal, one in the middle of the forenoon and one in the afternoon—considerably less than an ounce.

People often ask me this question—about how much tobacco various kinds of smokers use—so I imagine the subject may be interesting to most of us, whether or not we are smokers. I know a good many cigar users who limit themselves to one after each meal. Others use from five to ten a day. While some men take not more than five cigars all day long, others will smoke that many before ten o'clock in the morning. Some heavy smokers keep a cigar going continuously, smoking as many as twenty or thirty a day.

I HAVE found that cigar smokers as a rule are among the most particular as to the quality of their tobacco. Some well-to-do men never smoke a cigar that has not been made up from stock especially selected for them. These men usually order anywhere from a thousand to ten thousand at a time. The leaf is selected by an expert, who goes to Havana especially for this purpose and who knows from long experience just the quality, strength, and color these special customers prefer.

The price of cigars made to fill special orders of this kind ranges from forty cents to a dollar and a half. Sometimes the customer has them kept for aging in the humidors of the cigar company, to be delivered as he requires them. Other customers have their own large humidors, with a capacity for anywhere from several hundred to several thousand cigars. Some of these customers are to-day using cigars that were made for them in 1908, and it is the rule with customers of this kind to have made up in advance a stock that will last them for two or three years at least.

What is probably the finest private cigar humidor in the world was built some years ago in the wine cellar of the Fifth Avenue home of a New York financier. It is made of porcelain and is six feet high, six feet wide, and two and a half feet deep. It has three compartments, with a capacity for ten thousand cigars. One compartment is for new cigars that are to be kept a long time and allowed to season. The second is for cigars that have dried out after being exposed to the air. The third is for cigars that have been properly aged and are in just the proper condition for use.

The cost of this humidor was over five thousand dollars. In the old days, the owner, an intimate friend of the late J. P. Morgan, always kept on hand a considerable supply of long cigars of specially selected leaf which cost about a dollar and



a half. These were Mr. Morgan's favorite smoke.

The cigar humidors most commonly used hold anywhere from fifty to five hundred cigars. These are made of walnut, oak, mahogany, and other high-grade woods, and some are lined with porcelain. They cost anywhere from three and a half to several hundred dollars.

Pipe smokers who are disposed to be particular about their "blends" are often even harder to please than the particular cigar smoker. I know a good many men who buy three or four different kinds of pipe tobacco, which they themselves mix as suits their taste. One man I know of blends together as many as twelve different kinds. Another man owns a farm in Connecticut, where he raises tobacco for his own use, and in preparing his mixture he first boils some of his home-grown tobacco and then heats it in an oven. To this he adds Kentucky, Burley, Virginia, and Havana in the proportion which he has found most pleasing.

The secret of any high-grade pipe mixture that burns slowly and uniformly is always in the blending and in the proper aging of the various tobaccos used. The base of practically all high-grade mixtures is either Virginia or Kentucky Burley, to which proper quantities of Turkish, Perique, and Latakia have been added.

Turkish tobacco is grown throughout the Turkish Empire. It has a small, fine leaf and is highly aromatic. When blended with a mild type of Virginia or Burley, it produces an extremely mild mixture. Perique is grown in the Mississippi River bottom lands, mainly in St. James and Assumption Parishes of Louisiana. Of fine fiber, rich, gummy, and dark, it is almost never smoked without blending, but is added to a mixture to give strength. When used in too great amounts it makes a mixture heavy and too strong for continued smoking. Latakia is grown in Syria. Dark in color, highly aromatic, but not strong, it is used in mixtures to aid in reducing "bite" or sharpness, and always gives the blend a certain pungency.

**PIPE** smoking is far more common today than it was five or six years ago. To some extent this increased popularity of the pipe is due to the fact that many Americans have learned to how great an extent the pipe is used abroad. Formerly, it was quite unusual in this country to see a well-dressed man using a pipe on the street, but it is not so now.

Some smokers are enthusiastic collectors of pipes. I know one who has a pipe for almost every day in the year, and to each he has given a name. On February 22d, he smokes a pipe which he calls "Martha Washington." On Lincoln's birthday he smokes "The Log Cabin." His Fourth of July pipe is called "Paul Revere." He celebrates the fall of the Bastille by smoking "Robespierre." One pipe he calls "The Egg," and another is known as "College Bend." His "Poker" pipe has a flat bottom, so that it will stand up without support. Recently he added a new pipe to his collection for smoking on Armistice Day. He calls it "The Army and Navy."

A few smokers prefer the clay pipe to any other kind. I know of one man who always buys clay pipes, breaks the stems

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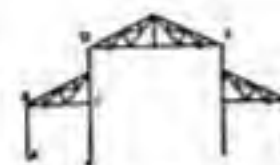
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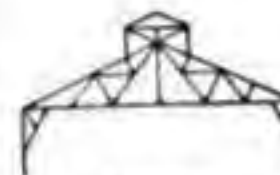
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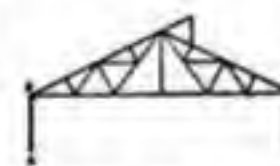
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Boers and were introduced into England by soldiers returning from the Transvaal after the Boer War.

I have traveled a great deal in all parts of the United States, and have been interested to observe how different kinds of tobacco differ in popularity in various parts of the country. More cigars are sold per capita on the Pacific Coast than anywhere else. The reason for this is, I think, the mildness of the climate. Many men prefer smoking cigars when out of doors, and there is more good outdoor weather on the Pacific Coast than elsewhere.

Another reason is that people on the Pacific Coast do not take life in such a hurry as they do in the East, and the cigar is generally regarded as the leisurely smoke. Nervous people are seldom very fond of tobacco in this form. They prefer smoking three or four cigarettes to one cigar.

In the large cities throughout the country—New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, St. Louis, New Orleans—far more cigars are sold per capita than in the smaller towns and cities, or in the country districts. The reason for this is that our cities always have a large floating population. Many of these visitors use cigars when in the city, though at home they may prefer a briar or even a cob.

In our Southern states the blended Virginia cigarette is the most popular form in which tobacco is used. Fewer cigars are sold there than in any other part of the country.

Scrap tobacco for both chewing and smoking is most popular in the Middle West. This is due largely to industrial conditions, for in the Middle West a large proportion of men who are employed in factories where smoking is not permitted because of the danger from fire, chew. Many people think this kind of tobacco is literally made of scraps, but the fact is that it is a fair grade of tobacco which is cut up rough and prepared either plain or sweetened with licorice, molasses, or glycerin.

More plug tobacco is used in New England than in any other part of the country. The liking for it has come down from the farmers, sailors, and whalers of thirty or forty years ago, with whom it was very popular. It is much less commonly used than formerly, however, scrap tobacco having taken its place.

The average smoker uses more tobacco in summer than in winter. This is simply because at this season he is likely to spend more time out of doors.

TAKING the country as a whole, the cigarette is the most popular form in which tobacco is used. The cigarettes sold outnumber the cigars nearly eight and a half times. The exact figures for the year ending in June, 1922, show that the number of cigarettes used was 50,058,250,357; cigars, 6,621,173,340; chewing and smoking tobacco, 368,563,368 pounds.

The highest-priced cigar carried in stock to-day by any considerable number of stores sells for \$1.50, though formerly a few stores carried a cigar that sold for \$4. This \$1.50 cigar is an all-Havana between nine and ten inches long. The longest cigar sold to-day is fourteen inches, and costs ninety cents.

The most popular cigars are those



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which range in price from eight to fifteen cents. More than 2,525,000,000 of them were sold last year. Next in popularity were the little cigars, running in price up to five cents. Of these 2,285,000,000 were sold. Next comes the cigar costing between five and eight cents; then those from fifteen to twenty cents. Cigars costing twenty cents and up were sold to the number of 32,530,000 last year. The highest-priced cigar which can be said to be really popular sells for thirty cents.

A good many smokers have asked me about the relative expense of smoking cigars, cigarettes, and pipe tobacco. Cigar smoking is the most expensive, of course, owing to the cost of selecting the leaf and of the workmanship. Pipe smoking is the most economical. A comparison of the cost of these three tobaccos can be arrived at as follows:

A man can buy two ounces of scrap tobacco for a nickel, or a pound for forty cents. He can buy a pound of good pipe tobacco, such as Butley, Virginia, Kentucky, or Maryland for a dollar and forty cents.

For the same amount of money—one dollar and forty cents—a man can buy fourteen cigars of good quality; but these cigars will weigh two and a half ounces as against the pound of pipe tobacco. The smoker who buys a hundred cigarettes for one dollar and eighty cents gets about ten ounces of tobacco.

The most popular cigarettes to-day are those priced at from fifteen to twenty cents. The most expensive cost thirteen dollars a hundred. The largest cigarette, known as the "after-dinner cigarette," is six inches long and costs five cents. The highest-priced pipe tobacco on the market to-day is imported from England and sells for ten dollars a pound. The average price of the higher grade pipe mixtures ranges between two and four dollars a pound.

THE average man is inclined to think that the cigar with a light-colored wrapper is always a mild one. The fact is, however, that a cigar with a dark-colored wrapper may be just as mild. Nevertheless, it is perfectly true that the cigar which most pleases a man's eye best pleases his taste.

Light-colored wrappers are often made of leaves which have been cured quickly. It is only through this process that the leaf can be made to come out "light." Thus, it sometimes happens that a light-colored, poorly-cured wrapper may be sharp and peppery to the lip, misleading the smoker into thinking that his light cigar is not as mild as a tobacco with a darker, well-ripened leaf.

Actually, the mildness or strength of a cigar is determined by the quality of the tobacco used and the process of curing. The "color mark" on a cigar box indicates nothing as to the strength of the cigars. This mark is used simply so that all the cigars in one box shall have a uniform appearance. The same "filler" may be used in a Claro as in a Maduro, for instance, and often a cigar marked Claro is peppery and much stronger than a Maduro, on account of the leaf not being as well ripened and matured.

The five "color marks" commonly used are terms from the Spanish. Their meanings are as follows:

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Color Mark	Translation	Popular Meaning	Trade Meaning
Claro	Light	Very mild	Very light (in color)
Colorado Claro	Light Red	Mild	Light (in color)
Colorado	Red	Medium	Medium (in color)
Colorado Maduro	Red Ripe	Strong	Dark (in color)
Maduro	Ripe	Very strong	Very dark (in color)

The other day a lawyer, who always smokes a medium dark cigar, told me that his appreciation of a good smoke is always greatly increased by surrounding it with what he considers the proper rites and ceremonies. He wouldn't think of cutting off the head of a cigar with a knife or of biting it off. Instead, he pierces the head with a toothpick or a sharpened match, and then presses the head lightly between thumb and first finger until it cracks.

While still pressing the head between thumb and finger, he blows through the tuck (the end you light), and thus removes any dust or small particles of tobacco, leaving a clear air passage. He makes a point then of always lighting the cigar with a wooden match, but, after striking the match, waits to let the sulphur burn off before applying the flame to the cigar.

He emphasizes the fact that lighting a cigar properly requires quite a bit of care. He himself makes a practice of holding the flame so that it touches the end of the tuck everywhere, as evenly as possible, without burning higher on one side of the cigar than on another. If it happens that the cigar doesn't draw freely, he pinches the tuck just above the end very lightly until he gets a good draft.

"Rotating a cigar between the fingers as you first draw on it will also help to prevent burning down the side," he said.

"And then what?" I asked.

"Smoke slowly until your cigar is consumed up to the end of the shaped or drawn part. Then you've got clear sailing and will have a cool, even, free-burning cigar."

The lawyer always selects a cigar of perfect size, but he admitted that once, when he was defending a criminal case in a small town, he was unable to get a perfect one and had to smoke a cigar of Londres shape. This, he said, he lit in the same way as his perfect one, only with much more care to see that the broad surface of the open tuck was lighted evenly all over before he began drawing freely.

Since the lawyer seemed to be a deep thinker on this subject, I asked him what he would do if his cigar went out.

"To tell you the truth," he said, "I make a point of seeing that my cigar doesn't go out, for after a second lighting I figure that a cigar is never quite as good. But once I did let a cigar go out and, not having another handy, I re-lit the one I had been smoking; but first I was careful to blow through it so as to remove any of the stale smoke remaining in it!"

IT USED to be a common thing for a man who had received a gift of tobacco from his wife, or from any woman relative or friend, to receive the commiserations of his men friends. To-day, however, jokes on this subject are not likely to be very well founded. The fact is that women who make presents of tobacco are apt to be pretty good judges of it, and the price they pay is generally enough to insure good quality.

It is very seldom now that we hear complaints from men about tobacco given



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98 Quality Products that Serve and Save

them by women. Far oftener we hear from such presents as in this instance, which happened the other day: A well-to-do business man went to the head clerk of a Fifth Avenue cigar store and said, "This is a mighty good cigar I'm smoking. Do you want to know how I came by it? It's one out of a box my wife bought. Why don't you ever show cigars of this kind to me when I'm buying?"

By far the greater part of the tobacco produced to-day is used, as I have indicated, for smoking or chewing in various forms. A considerable amount of tobacco, however, is manufactured into snuff. The amount of snuff sold last year amounted to 38,597,950 pounds.

**M**OST of the snuff sold to-day is used for chewing instead of smoking. When moistened it works itself into a "cud," and by some people is preferred to any other form of chewing tobacco because of the various flavors added to the powder, such as spices and salts.

Snuff is made from aged, dark Virginia and full-bodied Kentucky and Tennessee tobacco. The tobacco is first ground and is then allowed to ferment, after which the spices and salts are added for flavoring, depending upon the variety of snuff being made.

One of the older methods of using snuff was known as "booming," but I understand that this term came from "gumming" or "gooming." In "booming" the snuff user employed a little "booming stick" to put the snuff under his lip and between his teeth. This use of snuff seems to have been discontinued everywhere except by a comparatively few negroes in the South.

We have found that the great majority of people who use tobacco are particular both as to how they are served and the conditions in the store where they make their purchases. They appreciate a clerk's knowledge of tobacco quality and brands as well as his courtesy. When a man goes into a store to buy a cigar and sees someone take down a box from a shelf and blow the dust off it, he is very apt to be dissatisfied with any cigar selected from that box. Even if the cigar is an excellent one at a high price, he is almost certain to be displeased with it owing to the impression he got that the cigar had not been kept in clean surroundings.

## A Great Expert Reveals Surprising Facts About Precious Stones and Jewelry

(Continued from page 40)

in the popular idea that the warmth of the human body will keep pearls from losing their luster. Scientists know that this is not true—but the belief has so strong a popular hold that it is almost impossible to dislodge it. Indeed, I recall reading a press dispatch from San Francisco to the effect that a woman was directed by a Superior Court order to wear a ten-thousand-dollar pearl necklace at least thirty



days a year. Evidently the judge was a victim of the prevalent impression.

The fact that a pearl contains two per cent water usually surprises people. They never think of a gem as being partly liquid in composition. But if you were to tell them that the opal is *ten per cent water* they would hardly believe you. This is true, none the less. The opal is one of nature's puzzles. It is composed of nothing but silica and water, and is never found crystallized, like other gems. Instead it occurs free—usually in seams and cavities of rock.

Another curious thing about the opal is that its lovely play of color is really stolen splendor. The gem, strange as it may seem, has no color of its own—but it has a wonderful trick of catching and breaking up rays of light by diffraction. This gives it a changing iridescence that reminds one for all the world of gorgeous tropical plumage.

Opals tend to dry out and lose their beauty in the course of time. Even the finest specimens of Hungarian opals show some loss of life within a century, and Mexican opals lose their color and are filled with flaws within a few years. The hydrophane is a variety of opal. Naturally it is a light-colored opaque gem of no particular beauty, but once you immerse it in water it takes on a lovely transparency.

**M**OST gems, however, are not susceptible to the influences I have mentioned as marring the opal, pearl, and turquoise. The diamond, for instance, cannot be dimmed by chemical contact. I do not mean by this that the king of gems—the hardest substance known to man—cannot be injured if you take too many liberties with it. Diamonds can be pulverized in a steel mortar with a steel pestle and I have heard of a man who split and spoiled a fine gem by striking it with a large hammer, in a misguided attempt to find out whether it was real. No less unfortunate was the lot of another man, who accidentally dropped his two-carat ring into the fire and in his excitement threw water in the stove to put the fire out. His diamond was fractured, too, when the water struck the hot gem. Indeed, you can burn a diamond up if you kindle a hot enough fire. The stories you read from time to time about diamonds being consumed when left on bodies consigned to the crematory are probably true, as the temperature during cremation is close to two thousand degrees, which is hot enough to consume a diamond. Another strange fact about the diamond—although it is so hard that only other diamonds and diamond dust can be used to cut and polish it—is that sometimes it has its sharp facets slightly rounded by constant contact, over a very long period of time, with dress fabrics.

There is probably more sentiment about jewelry than about any other kind of personal property. I remember how one man brought me his baby's first tooth and asked to have it mounted for a watch charm. Many women wear locket in which are preserved strands of hair from heads long since laid to rest. And any safe deposit man will tell of pieces of jewelry—sometimes of little value—on which storage charges are paid for year after year.

Back in the early eighties I was going



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over a miscellaneous assortment of old-fashioned jewelry which I had been requested by a New York pawnbroker to melt down for the fine gold it contained. Presently I came across a handsomely made and expensive gold locket. Inside, under a cracked glass plate, was a miniature photograph of a middle-aged, stern-looking man, with luxuriant side-whiskers. He was dressed in the severe business costume of the early sixties. I inserted my penknife under the picture and lifted it out. Underneath, I found another photograph of the same size. This one, however, was the likeness of a handsome young officer attired in Federal blue. His hair was dark and wavy, and about his well-formed mouth there lurked the suggestion of an engaging smile.

Idly I turned over the picture of the side-whiskered business man. On its back was written these words: "My husband." Then I glanced at the back of the young soldier's likeness. On it was written: "The man I love. Died in battle—1863."

IN BY-GONE generations almost every precious stone was freighted with superstitions in which people of even the greatest intelligence believed implicitly. The ruby was an amulet against sadness. The onyx was supposed to produce nightmares. Jasper would save its wearer from drowning. The topaz was vested with the power of warding off sudden death. Amber was supposed to be a preventive of intoxication—and so on through the whole gamut of gems. Most of these superstitions have long since faded away, except among the very ignorant. Perhaps the one that persisted longest was the belief in the malevolent powers of the opal.

One remnant of superstition that still has considerable vogue is a belief in the "good luck" of birthstones. Various lists of the stone peculiar to each month of the year have been given from time to time in the last few centuries. The one most generally accepted to-day is as follows:

January	Garnet
February	Amethyst
March	Bloodstone
April	Sapphire
May	Emerald
June	Agate
July	Ruby
August	Sardonyx
September	Chrysolite
October	Opal
November	Topaz
December	Turquoise

The beneficent properties of each month's gem have also been perpetuated in verse. Here is one for January:

By those in January born  
No gem save garnet should be worn;  
It will insure you constancy,  
True friendship, and fidelity.

If you are interested to learn the verses for the other months your own jeweler or a good reference book will furnish them to you.

Many well-known people have been subject to a fascination for gems that persisted throughout their lifetime. I remember that Henry Ward Beecher, the famous clergyman, although he wore no jewelry, always carried two or three expensive stones loose in his pocket, from which he used frequently to take them

and admire them. "Diamond Jim" Brady, the New York financier, who died a few years ago, was so under the spell of the gem from which he gained his sobriquet that he never appeared in evening dress without a dazzling display. James Fiske, Jr., one of the striking figures of another generation, habitually wore a shirt stud worth twenty-five thousand dollars.

Diamonds are to-day by far the most popular stone. This is especially true in the United States, where it is said that one half of the world's supply is owned. The pearl comes next in popularity; then the sapphire and the emerald. Two or three decades ago there was a steady demand for turquoises, but this has now dwindled to very small proportions.

Every woman has an inborn love of gems and jewelry. Yet the average woman seldom buys an expensive piece of jewelry for herself. She prefers to receive it from husband or sweetheart—something which gives it an added sentimental significance. During the holiday season, when nearly one third of jewelry sales are made, the average jeweler's shop is pretty well filled all day with male customers.

Many people buy diamonds for investment purposes. Judging from the way their price has constantly increased during my lifetime, I should say that this is an act of excellent judgment. The fact that a good diamond can always be pawned at pretty close to its face value leads many people in seasonal professions to invest in them during "flush" times. Then, when their purses are running low, they have something to fall back on. Many a stranded man or woman has been relieved from temporary embarrassment by this expedient.

Frequently I am asked if the diamond is the *only* stone that can be used in an engagement ring. I do not know that there is an inflexible rule covering this, but the fact remains that almost invariably it is selected by people who can afford it. Furthermore, the single or *solitaire* diamond is purchased ninety-nine times out of one hundred. Occasionally the pearl is chosen, and I have seen a few engagement rings in which diamonds were set with sapphires, emeralds, and rubies.

THE wedding ring—the "circle without end" that symbolizes eternal constancy—is restricted by custom to plain or burnished gold and recently platinum. I have found many people curious as to why this ring is always worn on the third finger of the left hand. According to the best authorities, the left hand was chosen to indicate the wife's subjection to the husband and the third finger was picked because it was believed to be the only one with a vein leading directly to the heart.

In recent years platinum wedding and engagement rings have largely supplanted gold bands among folks who can afford to buy them. To-day many women, anxious to keep pace with fashion, are having their gold wedding rings covered with platinum. I have never known a man to wear a platinum wedding ring, however. Such husbands as still cling to this fading custom also cling to the plain gold band.

A half century ago, when I entered this





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**SECOND:** Packer's, by virtue of its distinctive ingredients, does more than merely cleanse—it

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Physicians recommend pine tar as a healthful beneficial shampoo ingredient. The creamy Packer lather will bring out the natural glow and sheen of your hair—no matter what its color. We especially recommend Packer's to preserve the golden gleam of blond hair.

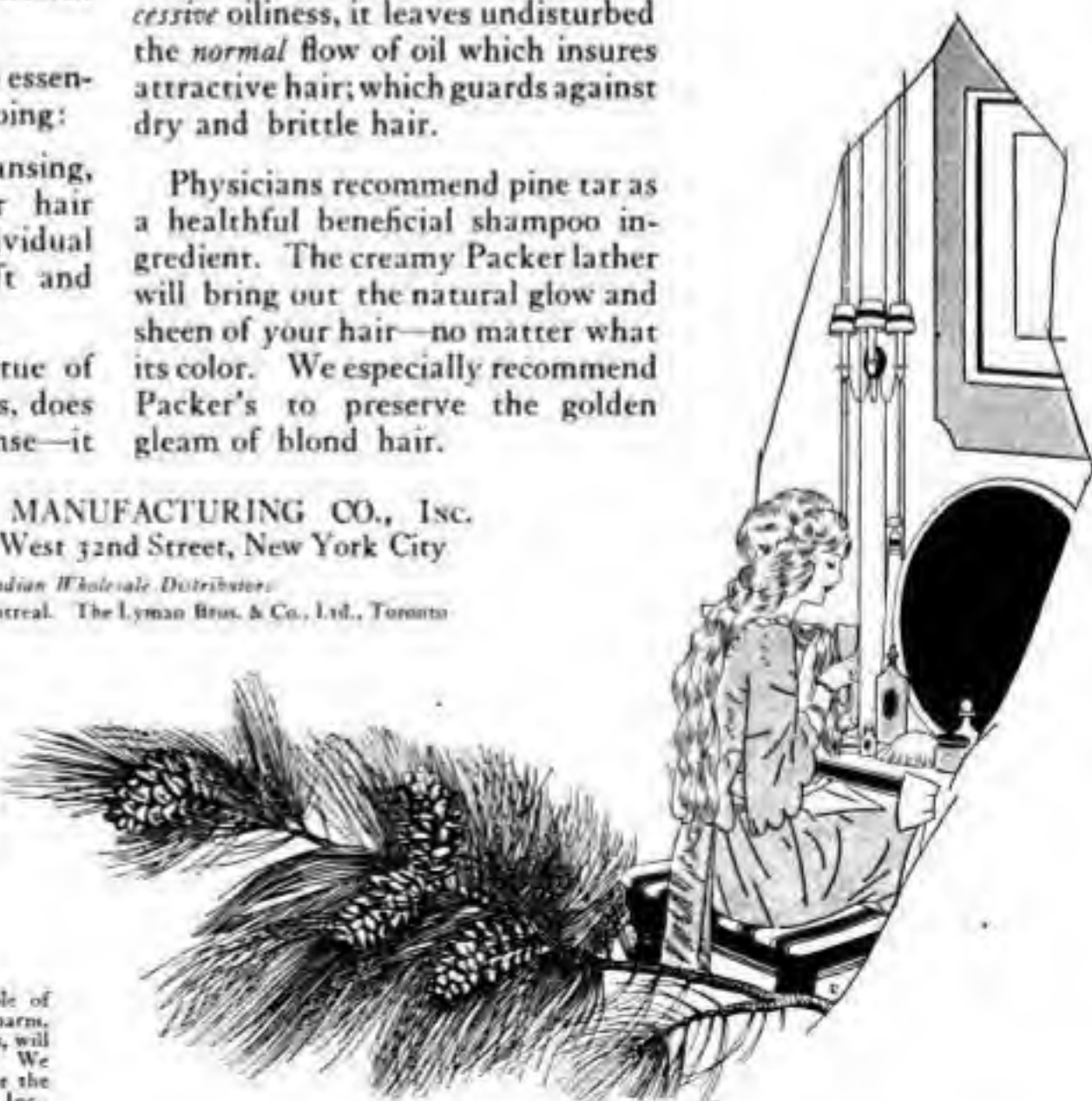
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**LIBERTY MOTOR**  
for ROWBOATS

business, the use of platinum in jewelry was unknown. Practically the world's entire supply of the metal was in a rather generous deposit in the Ural Mountains in Russia. In this particular locality platinum was so plentiful that it had very little value. Five dollars would buy an ounce of it in this country, and it was considerably cheaper than that in Russia. The Russian Government tried the experiment of coining ruble pieces from it, but the people turned a cold shoulder to the experiment. The metal was put to all sorts of uses—even making buttons and umbrella handles. And pots and pans in the same way that copper is used to day.

About 1897 the possibilities of platinum in the manufacture of jewelry were first realized. Then the vogue for it gradually got under way. Jewelry makers turned to the Ural Mountains deposit. But this had about given out, and nowhere else in the world could the much-sought metal be found in any considerable quantities. Then a rapid market developed for the buttons, umbrella handles, knife handles, and utensils, which the Russians had made from platinum. When the price of platinum was getting rather high I remember asking my foreman, who was a Russian, to write to his relatives in the old country and see if he could not obtain from them certain platinum articles which we could convert to manufacturing purposes. The answer came back that "the Germans were here—and there isn't a stove pipe of it left." This was my first intimation that the precious metal had ever been put to quite so prosaic a use. To-day an ounce of platinum costs between one hundred dollars and one hundred and twenty-five dollars—for the Ural Mountains deposits to this date have never been replaced.

TO-DAY the United States is the banner jewelry market of the world; and you cannot buy finer and better mounted stones anywhere in the world. Despite this fact, many Americans in their globe-trotting are continually looking for "bargains" in gems. I know of one man who took a leisurely trip around the world not long ago, picking up jewels and uncut stones here and there in foreign cities. He spent more than one thousand dollars for his purchases. On returning home he found, to his utter chagrin, that he could have bought the whole mediocre lot in America for about one hundred dollars.

One of his worst losses was sustained in India, where two "sapphires," just "smuggled from the mines," were offered him for five hundred dollars apiece. To show that they were "genuine" the native salesman ground them into the floor with his heel, declaring that they would be crushed if they were spurious. But the man decided to demonstrate his Yankee shrewdness by an appearance of indifference. After a long period of bargaining he obtained the two stones for one hundred and twenty dollars. He was very proud of his purchases until he showed them to a local jeweler—who pronounced them artificial gems worth hardly one dollar apiece.

In the past few years, when so many European royal houses have gone by the board, about every foreign gem market has a select collection of "crown jewels" for the American tourist. It is wise for the American traveler to remember that,

although many folks of high lineage have been forced to sell their gems, and other stones have been seized and stolen, yet all those of real value have passed into the hands of legitimate merchants.

With the development of America as a great gem market—and the coincident increase in the customs duties on imported gems—the practice of smuggling has taken on greater proportions. Custom officials are constantly unearthing new and clever schemes. I heard recently, for example, of a man who was detected in the act of bringing in ten thousand dollars' worth of diamonds which he had concealed in the barrels of two fountain pens and in a tube of tooth paste.

ONE of the cleverest schemes of which I have ever learned was devised by a trio of native sharpsters, very many years ago. One man, taking passage from a foreign port, would bring with him a large number of diamonds, and leave them in his stateroom on the boat. A second member of the gang would arrange for an eastbound passage on the same steamer and, with the assistance of a friendly clerk in the steamship office, be assigned to the same stateroom. When he went on board he would wrap the diamonds up in an inconspicuous package and hand it to the third member of the trio, a woman who accompanied him to "see him off." When the gong sounded for friends and relatives to go ashore, she would depart unquestioned, with the jewels. It is said that this particular scheme was unearthed when the woman fainted on the dock and was taken to the hospital. There the gems were found in her possession.

The story is told of a certain inveterate gem smuggler who, after buying considerable quantities of diamonds abroad, received word that he was being shadowed and that the customs officials were lying in wait for him. So he sent an anonymous letter to the American customs officials, in which he was supposed to be betrayed by a confederate. This letter declared that he was trying to smuggle in a large lot of diamonds; and it told just where they could be found in a certain trunk. Upon leaving the boat, the traveler was detained and a search was made of the trunk. Sure enough the stones were found in the secret hiding place. They were seized, but the man was allowed to go—since it was the diamonds the officials were after. Later, to their great chagrin, they discovered that the stones in their possession were paste. The smuggler had walked off with the real diamonds concealed under a porous plaster on his back. Following his arrest some time later, on another charge, the story came out.

The greatest diamond romance that I know of, however, is a matter of historical record. I refer to the discovery of the tremendous diamond deposits in South Africa. Perhaps a brief recital of it will not be amiss. When I picked up a newspaper fifty-four years ago and read that diamonds had been discovered in the southern reaches of the "Dark Continent," I never dreamed that the information marked the opening of nature's most astounding storehouse—a storehouse that has since produced nine tenths of the world's diamond supply. Beside this modern Golconda, the fabled treasures of the caverns of Ali Baba and his





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Valspar Varnish-Stains are the famous Valspar Varnish plus permanent wood colors. They will never turn white. They are proof against water, accidents, wear and all kinds of weather. They are unequalled for floors, front doors, furniture and all woodwork—indoors and out—that requires staining and varnishing.

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Have you seen it?  
An airplane writing  
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miles long—each  
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Forty Thieves sink into insignificance. As is often the case with happenings of great import, the discovery was made quite by accident.

The children of Daniel Jacobs, a poor South African farmer, found a bright-colored pebble while playing on a river bank near their father's home. The stone aroused quite a bit of interest and comment, but no one dreamed of attaching special value to it. Eventually the sparkling, oily "pebble" was given to a neighbor, who entrusted it to a trader traveling toward Hopetown, who offered to find out if it had any value. At Hopetown and Colesburg, several merchants ridiculed the idea that it might be a precious stone, although one of them did venture an opinion that it *might* be a topaz.

The trader, rather disgusted, was about to toss away a diamond that later created a furor at the Paris Exposition, much as you or I would pitch a pebble to the opposite bank of a creek. Had he done so, one may well believe that the discovery of South African diamonds might have been delayed for years. A civil commissioner at Colesburg, however, asked to see the stone, and examined it carefully. He was the first man to be struck with the idea that it might possibly be a diamond. That he was not particularly impressed with this possibility, however, is shown by the fact that, to save higher postage, he sent the "pebble" to the leading mineralogist of South Africa in an unsealed envelope. The mineralogist declared at once that it was a 21 1/2-carat diamond of fine quality, worth several thousand dollars.

The news, of course, attracted considerable public attention and set many people to searching nearby streams. The next important find was made by a simple Griqua shepherd boy, while he was tending his sheep on the Zandfontein farm near the Orange River. The amazement of the poverty-stricken native knew no bounds when he received for his find five hundred sheep, ten oxen, and a horse—possessions that represented untold wealth and power in his community. As a matter of fact, this payment was a mere pittance of the stone's real value. Its purchaser sold it for \$55,000, and the famous "Star of the South," as it was called, eventually became the property of Earl Dudley at a price of \$125,000.

**IT WAS** not until 1869, however, that systematic diamond mining was started in this vicinity. At intervals new discoveries had been made. One diamond weighing fifty carats was found near the settlement of Fauresmith, in the Orange Free State. In July, 1871, miners digging a water well at Bloemfontein uncovered a magnificent 87-carat diamond. This place was called New Rush or Colesburg Kopje, the present location of Kimberly, the hub of the diamond mining industry.

When you look at a diamond it is hard to reconcile its flashing beauty with the commonplace fact that it is composed of the same material as lampblack, the lead of your pencil, or the troublesome substance that shows up the mirror of your automobile. Yet it is nothing but carbon—pure carbon, crystallized by a wonderful process of nature. Many other minerals are found in mass, but diamonds are always discovered in single crystals among deposits of nature, crumpling

rock. Most often they are in the vents or pipes of ancient volcanoes, and show signs of having been hurled out of the bowels of the earth by the force of subterranean explosions. In its natural state, the diamond is not a thing of beauty. If you should happen to pick one up, you would be likely to cast it away after a casual glance. All its wonderful play of color comes with the cutting and polishing.

In mining diamonds, millions of pounds of fairly rich diamond ground must be handled through the mill to net a pound avoirdupois of rough diamonds. A stone weighing 2½ carats in the rough will often be required to make a one-carat finished stone, the average loss in cutting and polishing being about sixty per cent. But the diamond dust that falls from the diamond-cutter's wheel is caught and used in dressing other dull stones in sparkling robes.

Frequently people have attempted to describe a diamond to me and then find out what I think it ought to be worth. They might as well ask me when the next thunderstorm is going to occur. There are so many things that go to make up its value that it is impossible to put a price on an unseen diamond. One has to consider its make, shape, color, degree of perfection, brilliancy, proportion, and cut.

You must remember that quality, not size, governs the value of diamonds. You may be able to buy a fine stone at a price ranging from \$600 to \$800 a carat. Exceptional stones are worth much more. Of two stones, both flawless and the same size, one may be worth \$800, and the other—perhaps one of the fine, clean steel-blue stones, so dear to the heart of the true diamond lover—may sell for \$5,000.

**THE** best example of a flawless blue-white diamond, and in many respects the most remarkable diamond in existence, is the "Cullinan"—found near Pretoria, Transvaal, January 26th, 1905, and presented to the English king. In its original state it weighed over three thousand carats or more than one and one-third pounds and is estimated to be worth from two and one-half to five million dollars. Furthermore, it was determined that this amazing find was merely a fragment. It had been broken off from a mother stone—presumably by the same force that erupted it from the earth's inner crust. It was sent to Amsterdam and cut into nine separate stones, ninety-six brilliants, and a quantity of unpolished ends. All of these stones, from the smallest (less than five carats) to the largest (516½ carats), have been added to the crown jewels of England. The larger stones greatly overshadow even such famous gems as the "Kohinoor" and the "Jubilee" in size, brilliancy, and perfection of color.

In discussing the changing vogues in jewelry, I neglected to mention the tremendous increase in the popularity of the pearl—the genuine, the artificial, and the imitation. Nowadays, nearly every woman, from the reigning society beauty to the girl in most moderate circumstances, has a necklace of one kind or another. The so-called imitation and artificial pearls range from the cheap substitute that would deceive no one to the expensive counterfeit that would fool even an expert, at long range.

One of the most common imitations is the "Roman pearl." These are made by





New Hotel Statler, Buffalo  
Glen B. Fox 27 days' work

Painted by Charles Bennett  
Copyright 1923, P&L

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If you were E. M. Statler, and were building your greatest hotel, you probably would use Vitralite, *the Long-Life Enamel*, just as he did. Why don't you get the benefit of that enduring, porcelain-like surface of Vitralite, on the woodwork and furniture in your home? Available in white and several exquisite authoritative tints.

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How disappointing to get a print like the above! It would not have happened with the No. 1 Folding AnSCO, a fixed-focus camera that can be focused. An exclusive AnSCO feature would have automatically set the lens in the fixed-focus position and prevented it.

#### No. 1 Folding ANSCO

is an ideal all 'round camera. The beginner can get fine results with the fixed-focus lock. The expert can regulate his focus exactly. And this is only one of its many advantages.

This strikingly handsome camera has won a deservedly wide popularity with both inexperienced and experienced camera users. It is modestly priced and an especially convenient size. Ask your dealer about it. Let AnSCO do your remembering.

No. 1 Folding AnSCO, AnSCO F. 7.5 Anastigmat Lens.  $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ , price \$18.00. Others this size \$12.00 to \$70.00.

With any other camera it means better pictures than you are in the habit of getting. Its wider range of exposure makes the AnSCO Speedex Film the best on the market for all conditions of light. Look for the film in the red box with the yellow band. Ask for it.

#### Of course, AnSCO Speedex Film

With an AnSCO camera, AnSCO film insures the maximum in good results.



The red box with the yellow band

# ANSCO COMPANY

Binghamton, N.Y.

giving the inner lining of round glass beads a coating of a lustrous preparation made from the silvery scales of the bleak, a fish that is found in northern waters, and filling them with white wax. Other makers of imitation pearls achieve a soft, pearly sheen by the careful use of fluorine acid on solid opaque glass spheres.

The formation of the real pearl within the shells of certain oysters is one of the miracles of nature. Some irritating substance—such as a grain of sand or a small parasite—finds its way inside the oyster and irritates it in about the same way that a grain of dust annoys you when it blows into your eye. In its efforts to get rid of the invader, the oyster covers it with layer after layer of a nacreous liquid that gradually hardens. Thus the pearl is born.

In Japan the culture of pearls, in many respects equal to the natural product, has become a recognized industry. Instead of waiting for the foreign body to enter the shell, skilled workers take the oyster from its bed and insert a sphere of mother-of-pearl. Then they put it back and await developments. The death rate among "doctored" oysters is high, and the practice requires a high degree of skill. From each of those that live, however, a more or less perfect pearl is pretty sure to be obtained.

All of us are familiar with the expressions "pearl-white" and "pearly teeth." Strictly speaking, both are misnomers; for natural pearls are found in more than one hundred different shades—white, pink, yellow, purple, red, salmon, green, brown, blue, and black among others. This is one of the reasons for the tremendously high price of a perfectly matched pearl necklace. Sometimes it takes a dealer many years to get together enough pearls of the proper size and shade to make a necklace.

THE Indian Ocean, the Persian Gulf, and the waters of Australia and some of the South Sea Islands furnish the major part of the world's supply of pearls. Here the oysters are brought up by native divers, who have trained themselves to stay under water for an unbelievable length of time. Of course only a small fraction of the oysters brought to the surface are found to contain the much sought gem.

There is a rather profitable industry in the pearl fisheries of the Mississippi and other American rivers, but the products of the oysters gathered here are neither very valuable nor very numerous, compared with those in the other fields I have mentioned. A few years ago the waters of Lower California were worked with gratifying results.

From time to time stories are published in the newspapers of valuable pearls being found in the edible oysters of the United States. These stories are largely myths. Sometimes pearl-like granules, dull white or purple in color, are removed from these oysters, but professional shuckers have opened hundreds of bushels without discovering a single gem of more than nominal value. In spite of this the hope of finding a valuable pearl in oysters still springs eternal in the human breast. I have been visited again and again by the excited bearers of pearly pellets which they rescued from an impending stew. I am always sorry to have to tell them that their find has no cash value.



# Examine the mouth glands— physicians advise when teeth mysteriously decay

## The medical profession adopts a new point of view on tooth decay

**R**ECENT experiments show that the six little glands in the mouth are slowly drying up. This, according to scientists, is the real cause of tooth decay.

We have known for years that the acids which are constantly forming in our mouths slowly eat their way into the enamel unless we can counteract their effect.

Now scientists declare that the fluids from the salivary glands would permanently check the acids—if these glands could be made to work normally.

### A famous doctor discovered how to make these glands flow normally

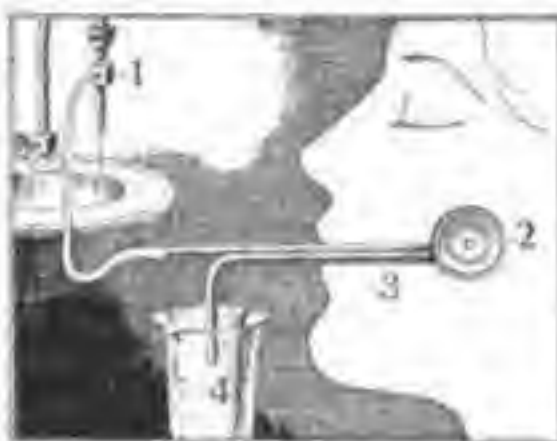
Pebeco Tooth Paste was first prepared by a famous specialist for this very purpose.

In studying certain troublesome mouth conditions some years ago, he discovered a substance which, without injuring or exhausting the mouth glands, restored their natural continuous flow. It not only kept their mouth glands active but it had also a tonic effect on the tonsils and the tiny gland cells in the back of the throat.

He found that the patients who used it experienced great relief and that the general condition of their mouths improved. Also it was unmistakably shown that as their glands returned to a normal condition tooth decay was checked.

At first the patients applied this substance directly to the gums.

Then realizing the importance of his discovery, the physician allowed a



The Sialometer—a new instrument physicians use to study the glands of the mouth

A small air pump<sup>1</sup> sucks the body of the instrument<sup>2</sup> tightly against the inside of the cheek, directly over the opening of the gland. The saliva passes from this chamber through a silver tube<sup>3</sup> to a measuring flask<sup>4</sup>. The instrument can be worn while talking and eating. (See Journal of Experimental Psychology, Vol. 1, p. 462.)

great chemical house to develop the now famous Pebeco Tooth Paste. Like so many other scientists, he received no material reward for his discovery.

### Why these glands no longer flow naturally

Experiments with a new instrument called the sialometer have shown the reason why our salivary glands no longer flow naturally.

Our diet today is so soft and easily swallowed compared to the food Nature intended us to eat that chewing has become almost unnecessary. And it is this chewing that makes the glands work. The sialometer shows they are 20 times more active when we chew.

### And then the acids destroy the enamel

When the glands slow down the acids of the mouth begin to eat their way into the enamel. Even though you brush your teeth several times a day these acids are constantly forming. Small particles of food are left, enough to feed hundreds of acid-forming bacteria.

Nature intended the fluids from the salivary glands to wash away these acids as fast as they form.



Photographed by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Strong white teeth are the result of healthy active mouth glands. The regular use of Pebeco keeps your mouth glands in a normal condition and your teeth sound.

### How Pebeco works

Pebeco has a peculiar effect upon the salivary glands. The moment it enters the mouth it causes the glands to flow copiously. This continues for a long time. Thus the teeth are cleaned and the conditions which Nature intended are established. The mouth cleans itself automatically. As fast as the acids form—the saliva washes them away.

Pebeco is neither acid nor alkaline. It does not attempt to change the quality of the saliva; that is regulated by Nature. It merely increases the flow to the normal amount.

Take home a tube tonight and note its invigorating taste. It will keep the glands of your mouth active and your teeth sound and healthy. 50c at all druggists. Manufactured only by Lehn & Fink, Inc.

### Send for test for your mouth glands and a ten-day tube of Pebeco

Send us ten cents today and we will send you the material for testing whether your mouth glands are active enough to protect your teeth. We will include a junior size tube of Pebeco and our booklet, "How the Glands Protect the Teeth." Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. F-5, 635 Greenwich Street, New York.



Investigations among Indians on the Northwestern Coast showed that less than 4 out of a hundred ever had a decayed tooth. Today 98 civilized people out of every hundred suffer with tooth decay. Because of our soft cooked foods our glands no longer protect our teeth.



## When "Good Night" takes on new meaning

Put on Faultless Pajamas or Nightshirts and "good night" takes on new meaning. Because Faultless Nightwear is tailored for fit and comfort—there is pure, unadulterated sleep in every stitch!

Faultless Nightwear is cut to conform to the lines of the body. At the shoulders, elbows, hips and knees, where the most room is needed, you will find Faultless just a bit more roomy, just a bit more comfortable. The sleeves and trousers are cut full length. The buttons, because of a distinctive Faultless way of reinforcing, keep their place opposite their button-holes.

Made of exquisite durable fabrics, carefully chosen, Faultless Nightwear is for those men who respect and demand style in every garment—whether for street wear or home wear and who love, most of all, sound, comfortable sleep and luxurious lounging. There is a Faultless Garment to fit any pocketbook and any stature. Ask for Faultless Nightwear.

The Faultless SleepCoat is something new—something original. A pantsless pajama, tailored like a coat. Exquisite in finish and fabric.

**Faultless Nightwear Corporation**

(E. Rosenfeld & Company)

Baltimore New York Chicago

**Faultless**

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation"  
Pajamas Sleepcoats Nightshirts

duced. That is a fundamental factor in every business.

"Our worst competitors to-day are the manufacturers who don't know what it costs to produce their goods. You can understand why this is true. They try to undersell us, because they actually don't know that they will be losing money at the prices they ask. Most of them eventually go to the wall.

"The situation in the nineties was far worse in this respect, and in many others, than it is now. The Washington Mills manufactured woolen goods, and the woolen industry was in terrible shape. Dozens of small concerns were struggling along, waging a bitter fight among themselves for materials and labor and markets. A good many of them were almost put out of business by the Gorman-Wilson tariff bill. The whole industry was demoralized."

In this emergency, Wood came forward, in 1899, with a proposal to merge a number of these unstable concerns into one large company, thus reducing costs and working together, instead of trying to cut one another's throats. Wood was not only the man who proposed the plan, he was, according to everyone's testimony, the *only* man who could have carried it through.

I WANT to stop here to quote something Mr. Wood said to me when we were discussing young men and their struggle to succeed. He is, by the way, a remarkably interesting talker. Very direct, keen, and quick, he puts an idea in an epigrammatic nutshell. His sense of humor is constantly flashing out. He is not a man of loud laughter—the kind that is given to guffaws—but his eyes have the gift of smiling. The dominating impression he gives is one of tremendous power; but there is also a constant play of humor and of imagination.

Well, we were talking of young men, and Mr. Wood said in his decisive way: "You can't keep an able man down! He is bound to rise. He does it whether he deliberately determines to, or not. There he is; and you can't escape the fact that he is bigger than the men around him. You take him because you need him.

"A board of directors meets for a conference. The president, sitting at the head of the table, presents a plan. He thinks he has worked out the very best one possible; and he goes on to lay it before his directors, building it up, detail by detail, until the whole structure is before them. And then, perhaps, someone sitting away down at the other end of the table, puts a question—and that question knocks out one of the pieces of the plan. He goes on, asking questions and presenting facts, knocking out the props one by one, until the plan totters and falls.

"What are you going to do? It isn't a question of whether you want to put that man forward; or even whether he wants to put himself forward. You know that he has ability. And every business head, unless he is a fool, knows that he *needs* men with ability. So you can't keep an able man down."

I quote this here because it applies to the man who said it. His insatiable curiosity about costs had made him better informed on that subject than anyone else in the industry. Because of this, he be-

came treasurer of the Washington Mills. He had only been in cotton mills before. Now he was plunged into the woolen industry—and he found conditions even worse there. The story of how he dug and delved for facts would make an epic of business. It is told of him that he even measured the drops of oil, used in certain processes, in his search for a complete understanding of the costs of manufacturing.

IT WAS plain to him that a mill could not go on running if it did not *pay*. He set to work to make the Washington Mills pay; and he succeeded. With this record behind him, he proposed the consolidation of seventeen mills, most of which were threatened with failure. Eight of them responded. Frederick Ayer, whose daughter Mr. Wood married, was the first president of the new company, but he was soon succeeded by Wood himself: "You can't keep an able man down."

By 1910, the American Woolen Company led the industry, and William M. Wood was recognized as a business genius. Lawrence, Massachusetts, was the center of the company's activities. Thousands of the mill operatives lived there. They were of a score of different nationalities, many of them not even speaking English. During that year they joined in one of the worst strikes New England has ever experienced. Before it came to an end, William M. Wood had been pilloried before the public as a sort of monster. To leave out this fact in telling his story would be to give only a half-picture of him. I wanted to hear his explanation, so I said:

"Mr. Wood, you have had the reputation of being hard on labor, an employer who had no human feeling toward his employees. How about it?"

"How about it?" he repeated. Then, very seriously, he went on, "Perhaps my side of it is not of great importance, but here is the truth: I have *always* sympathized with labor. I have always felt that conditions in an industry were not as they should be if the employees in that industry were compelled to put their children to work in order that they might live.

"That was the way I felt years ago, when I had my first position in a woolen mill. But the conditions were there! I had not *made* them, but I had to *meet* them. The first step was to improve them in the one mill with which I was connected; and the only means toward that end was to make the business sound.

"If you went aboard a ship that was leaking, out of repair, in imminent danger of sinking, your first duty to the people aboard that vessel would be to put it in shape to *keep afloat*. Isn't that true? Their comfort and their happiness would have to wait until you had made the ship capable of at least carrying them in safety.

"But in the case of a great industry, *one* concern is not the ship. The industry itself is that. And I found that one mill could not be run without being affected by the conditions prevailing in the whole industry. The American Woolen Company was formed in order to make the industry—the ship, as I said before—capable of staying afloat.

"Then the I. W. W. came to Lawrence. Up to that time we had not had them in New England. They began to work







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among the mill operatives. And the politicians, thinking that here was a chance to ingratiate themselves with thousands of workmen—which they thought meant thousands of votes—took sides with the I. W. W. walking delegates. The newspapers that were controlled by these politicians attacked me with a bitterness beyond description. I was the most execrated man in America. From the Atlantic to the Pacific, I was held up to the public as an object of hatred.

**T**HEN the politicians discovered that very few of the strikers were voters, but were foreigners who never had become naturalized. That seemed to change the point of view, and the papers began to print corrections of the reports they had previously published.

"But, so far as I was concerned, this change of attitude came too late. The attacks on me had been printed all over the country. People had read them with avidity. The corrections were in some obscure paragraph which few persons even noticed. In the public mind, I had been accused and found guilty.

"What could I do? Perhaps, I don't know, perhaps I could have met the situation differently. But a man is what he is. And I was a man whose chief concern was to make the industry sound and stable. That seemed to me then—and it seems to me now—the first requisite toward better conditions for the people employed in the industry.

"Then my son, Billy, graduated from Harvard. You must not think I am prejudiced, being his father. Everyone will say the same: that he had a remarkably keen mind and that he had also a very lovable character. In college he had studied social and economic conditions. He had got his ideas literally in another school from the one in which I had been trained. He saw possibilities, which I, in the grilling fight I had been making to stabilize the industry, had not seen.

"Dad," he said to me, "a business is something more than buying and selling. We can't think only of mills. We've got to think of the men and women in the mills."

"I had been thinking of those men and women, but in different terms from those in which my son thought. My ideas, I knew, were fundamental ones. I was willing and glad to let him show that his were fundamental too. My son had the idea of introducing a plan for the payment of insurance, in case of the death of an operative. We put it into effect; also a system of sick benefits. I believe we have paid almost two million dollars for these purposes during the past few years.

"He introduced other ideas. Some were good; some"—he shook his head smilingly—"were not so good. We have built a great number of houses which are rented, or sold, to our employees at a lower figure than they can be had from other sources. From the window here you can see Shawsheen Village, which the company has built for its employees.

"My son was the prime mover in these and other features of the company's relations to its employees. We have a Department of Labor, which he was instrumental in organizing. Perhaps you know that he was killed last summer in an automobile accident. . . . You have read that

the good that men do lives after them. I think my son has left a monument of good that will live a long, long time.

"But—" he looked up with a return of his quizzical smile—"I don't want you to think I abandon my belief that these things *would not have been possible* in an industry that was not sound and stable. To achieve this soundness and stability has been the main object I have worked for. And perhaps, in doing what I have been able to do toward it, I may have accomplished something as a philanthropist myself, although I don't pose as one. I have thought of the dollars and cents, because they *had* to be thought of; and, also, I admit, because that is where my ability, such as it is, lies.

"We have fifty-nine mills now, with about thirty-five thousand employees at the present time. That means that I, as the president of the company, cannot possibly attend to every detail of the organization. Someone asked me recently how I remembered all the facts I should know to conduct the business. I don't *try* to remember a mass of details. But I do know *where to get them* when I need them.

"What would be the use of my memorizing all the figures in our annual report for last year, for instance? I know the essential facts; and I can get the annual report in five seconds if I want to look up minor details.

"As for looking ahead, it's a clever man that can see more than twenty-four hours ahead with any real assurance of being right. The only thing you can do is to watch the signs as they come, and then use the best judgment you possess."

**B**UT you, of course, have constantly to make very important decisions," I said. "And I am told that you make them very quickly."

"Every executive has to do that," was the reply. "But because a decision seems to be made quickly, it does not follow that it is made *impulsively*. You might take the same question to two men; and one would give you an immediate answer, while the other would want time to think it over. That doesn't prove that the latter will give you a *better* answer. It may mean simply that his brain does not work as quickly as the first man's.

"Decisiveness is more or less a mental habit, anyway. Take the common matter of answering letters. I remember going, years ago, with my father-in-law, Mr. Ayer, to call on Mr. Henry Saltonstall, of the Pacific Mills. He was studying a mill report, sitting at a desk that was absolutely bare, except for a large blotter, a pen, and an ink well.

"When we came out of the office, Mr. Ayer said to me, 'William, if you can ever show me a desk as clean as that man's was, I'll be ready to believe that you are a master of your business.'"

"Well," laughed Wood, "I went back to my office and started to clean up everything that was on my desk—and there was such an accumulation of papers that I hardly knew where to begin. Before night I had disposed of the whole batch. Having cleaned my own house, I was in a position to demand that the men around me clean theirs. We have continued to observe that rule pretty faithfully."

"What is the commonest fault of young men in business?" I asked.

"Remissness," said Mr. Wood, after a moment's reflection; "lack of absolute dependability. That is the commonest failing everywhere; in business, in the household, in every relation in life. It is a great satisfaction to find an employee to whom you can assign a certain duty and then dismiss it from your mind, knowing that it will be done and done *right*. An immense amount of time is wasted in following up things, to see that they are carried through properly. An absolutely dependable man will never have to hunt a job. He is too valuable."

"You spoke of not wanting an eight-hour day when you were a young man," I said, "and of your love of work. But you know, of course, that your friends say you are killing yourself with work. Haven't you overdone the matter?"

Mr. Wood's answer to this question was emphatic.

**T**HERE is one word I wish could be wiped out of the language!" he declared. "And that word is—*rest*. I don't think it is possible to calculate the harm that has been done by the modern crusade against work. It has resulted in a weakening of the whole fabric of character. It has brought about a mistaken mental attitude.

"I believe, I *know*, that the force which enables us to achieve is spiritual. It comes from within. We don't get it on the golf course, or in the gymnasium. It is *here*!" He tapped his forehead. "Here in the mind. As a man *thinks*, so is he. If he thinks that work is a punishment, he will be punished by it. No! I am wrong. He won't be punished by the work itself, but by his false ideas about it. I believe, too, that our shoulders are fitted by some law of nature to bear any burden which we *want* to carry. That is particularly true of work. I don't think work alone ever killed anyone. Worry, anxiety, distaste for the work we are doing—yes! these will destroy a man, morally and physically. But not the work we do with a real love of it.

"This mania for shorter hours, for play, for *rest*, is because so few men love their work for its own sake. They do it for money, or for position, or for personal honor.

"Men call you an autocrat in business," I said. "Don't you believe in team work?"

"Of course I do," was the reply. "No one can get along without loyalty and co-operation. But"—he hesitated, then said slowly—"not all men are alike. I am what I am. Not perhaps what I would choose to be, but what I *am*. And in business"—he hesitated again—"I am a man that works alone, because I cannot work any other way. Most business men drift together in groups. Bankers, for example, seem to form little coteries. The members of a group discuss together their business problems and their plans. They are like a chariot team: two, four, six horses abreast. But I can't travel that way—hitched up with others. Whether I want to or not, I must travel alone. It is like breaking a path, or blazing a trail. *One* man does it. But," he added, "that man is not doing it for himself only! He is breaking trail for his companions and for those who will come after them. He may make mistakes. All he can do is to use his judgment, have the courage of his convictions, and keep on going! That's all I have done. It was the only thing I *could* do."





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# Animals Have Queer Streaks—As Well as Folks

(Continued from page 56)

much difficulty. They are as quick and bright as young children, and very soon learn to sit up at the table, to eat with a knife, fork, and spoon, and to use a napkin to wipe their mouths.

To get pictures of animals confined in a cage is a rather simple matter; but these pictures are not of much value beyond showing the creature's form. I have found that people are far more interested in pictures that show how animals really act in nature. To get pictures of this kind the photographer has to take his subjects away from the disturbing signs of civilization, such as observers and buildings. A picnic excursion to the woods with young oranges, the brightest of all the monkeys, has yielded many feet of interesting film.

ON REACHING the woods, I give the oranges their freedom. Since we have become good friends, they never run away. At first, after his release, the young orang is a bit excited, frisks about, and wants to play with me. Presently, we sit down at the foot of a tree and eat luncheon and after this, when he has quieted down, I leave him alone, withdrawing to a distance of a hundred feet—with my five-inch lens ready for action.

What happens then is never very dramatic, but it is exceedingly interesting. Very likely the young orang goes up a tree to a height of some twenty or thirty feet. He breaks off small branches, which he lays across stouter limbs of the tree. In fifteen minutes he has made himself a bed; and by this time I am up in another tree from where I can get a picture of what is going on. The orang does just what he would do if he were at home in the wild—sprawls out on his back, kicks his feet in the air, and enjoys himself.

Sometimes, by hiding a turtle or a lizard in the grass, I see to it that my fellow picnickers have some little adventures. When the orang—an unconscious actor before my lens—comes upon the turtle, he is usually startled and shows it by jumping to one side. But he quickly recovers, and seems to know that the turtle is harmless. Dragging it to an open space, he turns it over and over, investigating it for ten minutes or more, after which he seems to feel certain that he will know one the next time he sees it. Of the lizard the oranges have always been very suspicious and wary. Though the lizard is as harmless as the turtle, the orang never picks it up without using a stick, and even then he handles it very gingerly.

One day from behind a bush, I saw an orang go from the woods to a dry patch of ground beyond. Here he amused himself for some time by throwing pebbles, but presently I saw him stoop and scrape together a pile of dust. He seized a handful of it and threw it with all his might—and you should have seen his attitude of astonishment when the dust made a trail through the air! He was simply delighted with this discovery, and continued making trails of dust in the air until finally some of the dust got into his nostrils, and made him sneeze.

To me, the mental traits of trained

monkeys are even more interesting than the tricks they have learned to do, for these traits are usually revealed by some act which is quite spontaneous. A remarkable instance of this occurred with Suzette, the chimpanzee.

Suzette's fondness for applause had become an ingrained streak. On the stage she had become accustomed to much hand-clapping approval, for the things she could do were remarkable. She could roller skate, ride a bicycle, and dine at a table like a well-behaved lady. She smoked cigarettes, which she lit herself. If you gave her a box of safety matches, she knew they had to be struck on the box. An ordinary sulphur match she always strikes under the table, and she is very careful not to put the match down until it is entirely out.

One day, when three of us were watching Suzette ride her bicycle, it happened that she completed her "stunt" without our noticing it, because we had become engrossed in conversation. By the time we noticed her again, she had dismounted from the machine and leaned it up against a wall. Now we saw that she was watching us intently, but we remained perfectly still. Then, stretching out her hands toward us, she clapped them together vigorously, with all the significance in the world. Words could not have said more plainly: "What's the matter with you fellows? Don't you think I like applause? Can't you give us a hand on that?"

I must tell you something about one other monkey, Dinah, the most interesting animal I have ever known. Dinah was a gorilla that came to us from Africa when she was eighteen months old, the only one of her species that has lived for any length of time in captivity in the United States.

WHEN Dinah was two years old she weighed about seventy-five pounds, and her physical development was equivalent to that of a boy of about eight years. She was as gentle and playful as a child, with many humanlike "streaks." One of these was her fondness for pets. Her particular favorites were a terrier and a rabbit. She would pick up her pets very carefully, never roughly, and when they showed signs of wanting to be released she let them go. The terrier developed the greatest fondness for Dinah and was as pleased to be caressed by her as by a friendly keeper.

But Dinah was fonder even of dolls than she was of animal pets. She would sit by the hour on a little white enameled chair holding a doll in her arms, and I have seen her gazing into the face of one with the same affection a little girl displays toward her favorite doll.

After some months we noticed that Dinah was suffering from loneliness and that her mental condition seemed to improve only when she had human companionship continually. We saw to it that she was with people a great deal of the time, and we devised many recreations for her. The amusement she liked best was certainly very human in its tendency—automobiling. It was perfectly obvious

that she enjoyed riding through the streets and seeing crowds of people. She would sit up in the front seat of the car and look at everything she passed, just like any other motorist taking in the sights.

Even though she was contented with the company of human beings, we could not save Dinah. Her death seemed to be due to a tragedy of world-weariness, which especially affected her appetite. At first she had a splendid appetite and had eaten freely of anything we gave her, such as meat stews, soups, mashed potatoes, cereals, and fruits. But, one by one, she tired of each of these and would not touch a morsel. Then we gave her other foods, such as mangoes, red bananas, plantain, ginger root. We imported many different foods for her. She would take to each with zest for a short time, and then she would refuse to touch it any more. Finally, we came to the end of our resources. There was nothing new we could offer her any more. With no more dietary worlds to conquer, Dinah stopped eating altogether. Three weeks from that time she died a quiet, painless death in the arms of a keeper, who cried as though he had lost a member of his own family.

ANYONE who has had much to do with animals knows that the two factors which count most for success are the very same two that count most in dealing with human beings—patience and sympathy. If you become irritated because an animal receives your first advances hostilely, or because he does not learn promptly something you want him to do, you may as well give up your work until you are in a pleasanter mood. I have found that with patience one can teach even an alligator to be an actor. This creature is not endowed with much histrionic ability, yet we have one here at the Zoo that has played an important character rôle in a great drama, and did it very well, too.

Some time ago, when I was making films for "Evolution," a scientific dramatization which shows the course of evolution through the ages, I needed a creature to represent one of the great prehistoric dinosaurs, a type of animal that lived some fifty million years ago. No such animal being available to-day, I had to train an alligator to fill the part.

First, I went among our alligators, to pick out the most promising specimen for my dramatic school. Some of them exhibited ugly tempers, and were disposed to hurl themselves at me with that side-wise stroke or "swipe," which has force enough in it to break a man's leg. But one old fellow appeared perfectly blasé and didn't seem to mind me in the least. I took him to my office, which he shared with me for two weeks.

He settled down in one corner and seemed disposed to remain there. When meal time came I held out a piece of meat in my hand, and he edged over toward my chair. However, after looking me over, he declined to eat out of my hand and went back to his corner. I let him go. By and by, when he was hungrier, I repeated the offer. Several times he declined, but





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finally accepted; and during the rest of the two weeks he always took his food from my hands. I can't say that he ever displayed any real friendliness for me, but by the end of two weeks he had become submissive to my handling.

The next thing he had to learn to do was to wear a row of sharp spikes on his back. These I had cut out of black cardboard, to resemble in shape and size those of the real dinosaur. They were fastened on by means of a little under-jacket that went under the alligator's belly. He soon became used to these, and then came his real ordeal.

He had to let me put over his head a mask of modeling clay that weighed a pound and a half. From the mask protruded two horns, and there were holes for his nostrils, through which to breathe. When the mask was first put in place, he resented it, flung it off, broke it; but after a few more trials he took to the make-up with equanimity, and in the end marched across the stage before the camera's eye, giving a perfectly well-behaved representation of the age-old dinosaur.

Sometimes, with a little help from nature, it is possible to record on a film an amazing fact of natural history without much difficulty. At one time, I remember, I wanted to show how much water an elephant can drink when he is really thirsty. In preparation for this, I indicated on a big aquarium tank a scale of figures from one to fifty gallons, the figures being so arranged that they would show on the film and let a moving picture audience see just how much was consumed.

For this picture I waited until a good hot summer day, and it happened that on the afternoon of this day the elephants at the Zoo went on a rampage and heated themselves up considerably. When I thought one of the elephants had acquired a particularly good thirst, I gave him access to the tank and began a record of his operations.

At one draw of his trunk he reduced the tank by a couple of gallons, then squirted this down his throat, and kept on repeating the process. After a ten-gallon drink he had not even flicked his tail. At fifteen gallons he was going strong. At twenty he flapped his ear, apparently at a fly. At twenty-five he seemed to be a bit in doubt, and took a step as though beginning a hesitation waltz. But without any coaxing at all, he resumed. Not until he had squirted down five gallons more was he completely satisfied! If you think this picture isn't amusing, you should hear the laughter that comes from every audience when they see demonstrated before their eyes the fact that there lives a creature with a thirty-gallon thirst!

**E**ARLY in my experience in photographing animals I learned that deer have a very well-developed streak of humanlike curiosity. You can't set up a camera where people are about without drawing a crowd. The same is true in a deer park! When you enter, the deer may be moving about at the far end of the enclosure in very interesting groups; no sooner do you get your tripod and camera adjusted than you find them crowding close. Just like folks, they want to see what it's all about, and they seem perfectly willing to get into the picture too.

From my experience, I would say that

wild turkeys, owing to their shyness, are the most difficult of all living subjects for the camera. Pictures of them actually taken in the wild are very rare indeed. I succeeded in getting some once—the hardest task I have ever undertaken.

One spring, in a swamp in South Carolina, I discovered among low sand hills a patch of hard-packed earth some twenty feet in length—obviously a turkey "strutting ground." To get pictures of what would happen there during the mating season the next year, it was necessary to make preparations long in advance, and right away I proceeded to build a "blind," at a distance of three hundred feet, behind which to conceal myself and my camera when the time came.

The following spring I went to this blind with Sam, my old negro guide. The spring trip through the swamp was a battle with flies, mosquitoes, and redbugs. I was well covered with gloves and netting, and soaked with citronella and kerosene.

**A**FTER reaching the blind it was necessary to remove the netting from my head so that I could have a clear field of vision for operating my camera when the turkeys appeared. For a whole day and a half I bathed my face and neck in citronella to keep off mosquitoes, and soaked my socks in kerosene to keep off the redbugs.

At noon of the second day Sam and I began to think something was wrong, or the turkeys would have come out. We had made no noise that could have alarmed them. So it seemed that they must have detected the odor of citronella and kerosene. I abandoned the use of those protective scents, and presently the redbugs were burrowing through my socks and into my skin. Against the mosquitoes I had put a netting over my head with holes in it for my eyes. Through these holes the mosquitoes came in droves. But for hours Sam and I held the fort—and late that afternoon we were rewarded.

Out came the gobbler from between the little sand hills. He preened himself, ruffled his plumage into a beautiful bronze-green ball and, dragging his wings on the ground, strutted up and down, giving free play to the streak of vanity in him. His harem, several hens, came after. They walked up and down in the vicinity of their proud lord, but paid scant attention, I thought, to his mighty self-conceit.

Next to my turkey pictures, the films that have cost me the most in time and trouble are those showing the singing of insects. I have become almost as fond of the songs of insects as most people are of bird songs, and usually have in my house several different varieties of crickets, grasshoppers, leaf-winged locusts, or katydids. We all know that these creatures make very musical sounds, a trill, a chirp, or a slow musical tremor, while the tree cricket has a remarkable song, exactly resembling the music of sleigh bells.

Most people think that insects sing with their mouths, but the fact is that they sing by rubbing their wings together, or rubbing the wings with the legs, or by rubbing together the sawtooth edges of their hind legs. This singing is done by the male only; his song is a mating call.

You may have noticed that most insects, except some of the grasshoppers, sing only at night and in the dark. They are not even apt to sing when the moon is

bright. When I first tried to get pictures of their singing movements I discovered that they always lapsed into silence in the presence of a light strong enough for photography; but after considerable experimentation, I found that I could induce almost any insect to sing in the presence of a strong light by promoting among them a spirit of rivalry—akin perhaps to humanlike jealousy or competition. This is the way I did it:

I went to the fields and, by listening carefully, located some of the most lusty-voiced crickets under their flat stones, and brought home both males and females. I had already built a little sand pit which was surrounded by a glass six inches high. The pit was divided into two parts by a glass partition. On one side of the partition I put two males; on the other side three males and two females.

The two lone males, on seeing the females in the other part of the pit, immediately tried to get through the glass partition to the side where the females were. Finding this impossible, they did what they could to draw the attention of the females to themselves, tuned up their instruments and, in spite of the bright light, harped away with zest. Provoked by their rivals singing, the crickets in the sand pit with the females also began to sing. So I had a quartet, and got a perfect picture. On the screen the cricket appears as big as a terrier, and you can see perfectly how he sings by scraping together the brittle edges of the wings, little mica-like patches called stridulating organs.

I have tried to induce katydids and tree crickets to sing by making sounds on various stringed instruments, such as the violin and guitar, but the method has not been successful. By another method, however, I found I could get them to sing very well: When katydids are put into a dark room adjoining the light room where I am to make pictures, they start singing very readily. Then, in spite of the light, the katydids in the bright room cannot resist singing, either.

**S**OME people think that the song of the tree toad, which you hear everywhere on dark nights in the country, especially preceding showers in spring, is very mournful, but I am very fond of it. If you want to catch this songster take your flashlight and go along a highway ditch or into a boggy spot. Presently you will hear his quavering note. Go toward the sound, then flash your light. The singing will cease. Put out your flash, and it will resume. Thus, presently, you will be very near the creature, and when you next flash your light you will see him behind some broad leaf or twig, perhaps detect him by his quivering throat. To catch him you will have to grab quickly, but it is easily done when you know how. Take him into a lighted room of your house and you may get a fair solo from him if you play on a high E string of the violin; but there is a still better way of inspiring your tree toad to music. Put a thin sheet of brass in a vise and run a hack saw through it. This will send the shivers up your spine and set your teeth on edge, but the same noise will be an inspiration to the toad. If he is like those I have had, he will respond to this fearful racket with his best and most mournful-sounding quavers.





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## THE FAMILY'S MONEY

# Taking the Children Into Partnership

**S**INCE they started to school my two girls have had allowances of twenty-five cents each week. A year ago, however, when they were eleven and nine, they pleaded for a "raise" in order to gratify their growing wants and to start bank accounts.

Much as I wanted to encourage them, at first it seemed impossible. Then, because they are intelligent and reasonable, I explained to the children that my housekeeping allowance is seventy-five dollars a month. Out of that sum I must pay all our food and light bills, buy drug sundries, provide reading materials and recreation, supply the hundred-odd things the greedy house is constantly clamoring for—mops and polishes, saucepans and towels—and furthermore must dress the three of us. If they were in earnest and would help cheerfully we would try an experiment in economy.

**T**HIS was the simple, satisfactory plan: At the end of each month we would pay for our food and electricity. The balance of our seventy-five dollars would then be divided into three equal parts. Each of us would pay for our own clothing, tooth paste, "dutch treats"—and we'd set about building up three bank accounts.

The girls' eager enthusiasm surprised and aroused me. Serious thought hovered over our housekeeping. We made plans and stalked several predatory leaks to their lair. The most voracious of these leaks came from our scattering promiscuous invitations to lunch and dinner. We proceeded to throttle it. While we believe in spontaneous, whole-hearted hospitality, true friendship is not a matter of calories. In my scheme of discipline it became possible for the girls to have two chums to a meal once each week. Visitors to meals are events now. I estimate we have reduced our food bills thereby at least ten dollars monthly.

It follows naturally that our own meals were simplified. We spent more time in the kitchen, eliminating expensive canned luxuries and concentrating on simple, wholesome foods. We learned to use cheaper cuts of meat, and served it once a day instead of twice or thrice as formerly. Our meat bill alone has been cut more than ten dollars per month.

We use four quarts of milk daily now, whereas we formerly used two. We save

two dollars each month by having the girls go for it instead of having it delivered. Incidentally, the brisk walk before their eight-o'clock breakfast has played a big part in cheating the druggist. Certain articles of food which the girls were positive they detested became interesting when compared with magnesia. So prunes, dried peaches, spinach, and carrots are beginning to feel at home in our diet. It is a punishable offense to waste food.

The greatest good has come from the feeling of important responsibility which the girls have acquired. They check up the tags from butcher and grocer, and Ruth walked on air the day she found that by a mistake in addition we had been overcharged ten cents! They are less wasteful with crayons, paints, and drawing paper. They are more careful with their clothing. I do not need to remind them that if they want to climb trees they should don overalls. Careless Ruth spent twice as much last year as Elizabeth did for hose and handkerchiefs, and elastic for her bloomers. She managed, however, with one pair fewer of shoes than she ordinarily required.

Instead of buying lunches at school this year, the girls bought lunch kits and thermos bottles and prepare their own. We estimate this to save from two to three dollars each month.

A show once or twice a month is proving beneficial to purses and morals. Every week or every night is disastrous.

Interest grows. Elizabeth plans to buy a bicycle. I approve. She is twelve now and needs outdoor interests. Ruth is going to invest in equipment for poultry raising, and looks forward to becoming a great financier. As for myself, I have been able to buy the typewriter I've been praying for so long.

**W**E ARE all healthier, busier, and more congenial as a result of our adventure in thrift. Arithmetic has taken on a new meaning to the girls. Home is more than a place where one eats and sleeps. At least two girls in this country are going to be able to manage homes of their own some day.

In the month just ended we spent for meat, \$9.65; milk, \$10; vegetables, \$6; and for groceries \$14.55, and our electric bill is \$2.45. Which leaves for each of us almost eleven dollars! And we are starting a new year.

MRS. E. F. B.

## How You Can Contribute to This Department

**T**HE Family's Money Department of this magazine belongs to you. It is devoted to the financial problems of the average American family, and it tells in concrete stories how some of these families have increased their income or reduced their expenses. We look to you for these stories. Have you found some way to make money on the side, or to cut down the family's bills without sacrificing a

wholesome standard of living? Write us an exact account of your experience. Be specific! We cannot use essays or generalities of any kind. Get down to dots; give us the facts and the figures and let them speak for themselves. Manuscripts must not be longer than 1,500 nor shorter than 400 words. For all those we take we pay on acceptance at our usual rates.

THE EDITOR



1923  
The

January

25 Cents

# American

Magazine

19

23



“Teach Me, Mr. Deed!”  
By Booth Tarkenton

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The rug on the floor  
is pattern No. 534.  
In the 9 x 12 foot size  
it costs only \$16.20.



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There is only one guaranteed Congoleum and that is *Gold-Seal* Congoleum identified by the Gold Seal shown above. This Gold Seal guards you against imitation floor-coverings, and gives you the protection of our money-back guarantee.

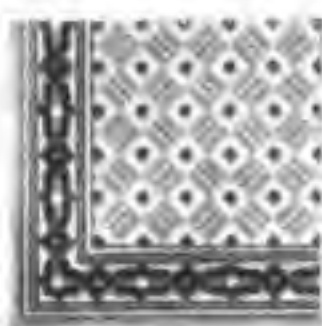
# CONGOLEUM COMPANY

INCORPORATED

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago  
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Pattern No. 530



Pattern No. 580

**"What a lovely rug, Bob  
—and so practical. I can hardly believe  
it cost only \$16.20"**

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Congoleum Art-Rugs lie flat without fastening—there's never a curled up edge or corner.

6 x 9 feet	\$ 8.10	Patterns No. 534 and 535 (illustrated) are made only in the five large sizes.	1½ x 3 feet	\$ .60
7½ x 9 feet	10.10		3 x 3 feet	1.25
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9 x 10½ feet	14.15		3 x 6 feet	2.25
9 x 12 feet	16.20			

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Gold Seal  
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BY J. KROGER HAYS

## The Seven

## Americans

By J. K.  
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The pattern on the floor is Gold-Seal Rug No. 524. In the 9 x 9 foot size the price is only \$13.50.



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Pattern No. 308



Pattern No. 548

**"They mopped 'em up almost as easy as your mother cleans this Congoleum Rug"**

Housewives find the smooth, enameled surface of a Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug so easy to clean. Every speck of dust and dirt vanishes like magic after a few sweeps of a damp mop or cloth.

Modern women everywhere are replacing their dust collecting woven carpets and rugs in every room with sanitary, easy-to-clean Congoleum Rugs. They come in artistic patterns and beautiful colors appropriate for any room in the house.

Tremendously durable, Gold Seal Congoleum Art-Rugs sturdily withstand the wear of busy feet. And they lie flat on the floor without any kind of fastening.

6 x 9 feet	\$ 9.00	The rugs illustrated are made only in the five large sizes. The small rugs are made in other designs in harmony with them.	11½ x 3 feet	\$ .60
7½ x 9 feet	11.25		3 x 3 feet	1.40
9 x 9 feet	13.50		3 x 4½ feet	1.95
9 x 10½ feet	15.75		3 x 6 feet	2.50
9 x 12 feet	18.00			

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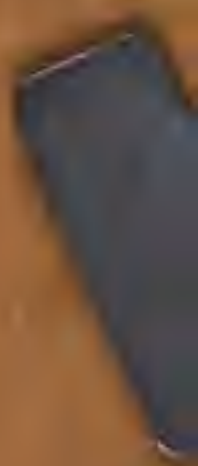
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